

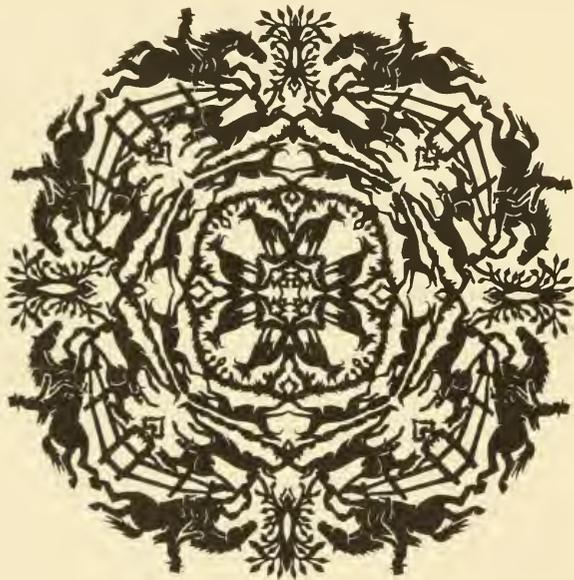
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Old "Q." : a Memoir of William Douglas, Fourth Duke of Queensberry, one of the "Fathers of the Turf," by John Robert Robinson, author of "The Princely Chandos," "The Last Earls of Barrymore," &c., illustrated, crown 8vo (pub 7s 6d) Low & Co.

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'OLD Q'

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Robinson





'OLD Q.'

'Old Q'

A MEMOIR OF
WILLIAM DOUGLAS
FOURTH DUKE OF
QUEENSBERRY
K.T.

ONE OF 'THE FATHERS OF THE TURF,' WITH
A FULL ACCOUNT OF HIS CELEBRATED
MATCHES AND WAGERS, ETC.

BY

JOHN ROBERT ROBINSON
AUTHOR OF 'THE PRINCELY CHANDOS,' 'THE LAST
EARLS OF BARRYMORE,' ETC.

*Manners with Customs,
Principles with Times.'*

POPE.

LONDON
SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON AND
COMPANY, LIMITED
St. Dunstan's House
FETTER LANE, FLEET STREET, E.C.

1895

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PREFATORY NOTE

FROM 'The Last Earls of Barrymore' to William, fourth and last Duke of Queensberry, better known as 'Old Q,' is a bold step. Readers of my last two works will allow and admit that the latter must be absolved from the riotous conduct of the Barrymores. Here comparison ceases.

The career of the Duke of Queensberry is one that has rarely, if ever, found its parallel in history or fiction.

To exist for close on ninety years in the enjoyment of rank and wealth, without accomplishing anything worthy of a country's praise or gratitude, is a feat still accomplished by many; but to be the 'observed of the observed' for over sixty years, and enjoy as much notoriety as an eminent statesman or hero, is accorded to few.

On the other hand, if the Duke's hereditary claims to notoriety are dismissed, he will stand forth in a light in which his lifelong patronage and support of the Turf supplies a reason for a tribute to his memory. In this pursuit he acquired a reputation for judgment and astuteness which will always keep his memory green. Though one of the Fathers of the Sport, no account exists of his grace's Turf career except the meagre record of the *Racing Calendar*.

Queensberry's passion for laying wagers is amply recorded in my book.

In my researches, I have come across many things reported of the Duke which are little better than idle canards; these have been disregarded as untrustworthy.

Eccentric as Queensberry's mode of living may appear to-day, I have been unable to find any authentic evidence that his grace was other than a nobleman of polished manners, and endowed with a much larger share of common-sense than is allotted to many.

Among the contemporary persons and topics chronicled, some account of the Duke's cousin, Catharine, Duchess of Queensberry, will be found.

The career of 'Old Q' shows how success on the Turf was accomplished in his time without other factors than discretion.

For his grace's foibles I plead no justification, though he somewhat leavened these by never forgetting his rank.

J. R. R.

CRICKLEWOOD, N.W.

May 1895.

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CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY

William Douglas, fourth Duke of Queensberry—His Birth and Ancestry, traditional and actual—The Drumlanrig branch of the Douglas family—Creation of the Earldom of March.

WILLIAM DOUGLAS, fourth and last Duke of Queensberry, in direct descent, was born at Peebles, December 16th, 1725—a year almost uneventful in the reign of George I.

The birth of one born to inherit an earldom and afterwards one of the dukedoms pertaining to his fortunate clan cannot well be passed over without a genealogical sketch, which must perforce be concise, as an ordinary recapitulation of the records of romance and history relating to the founders of the noble house of Douglas would fill many chapters. The relation in a condensed form must sacrifice much of the poetry of legend with which the early annals of this family are adorned. If, however, the founder of Clan Douglas be all but lost in the mystic shades of Scottish antiquity, that family largely

shares with other contemporary houses the halo of legend before their later accession to knighthood, accompanied by the designation 'of that ilk,' borne by chieftains until their heads were encircled by the coronet of nobility.

The earliest tradition concerning the Douglasses goes as far back as A.D. 767; and he who is thus handed down gained renown and fortune by a practical demonstration of the 'dash' of his race, afterwards commemorated by their motto—*Jamais arrière*.

The first Douglas acquired renown in the highest and most creditable cause possible—that of king and country. Tradition claims that this hero succoured Solvathius, king of Scotland, when most sorely harassed by an usurper, one Donald Bane or Bayne, who was utterly routed by the timely advent of one who bore a then common appellation, derived either from personal traits or characteristics.

In the latter originated the name of this family; when Solvathius asked how his zealous partisan was designated, the answer was, 'Sholto Duglasse—yonder black, grey man,' as the hero came forward to receive the thanks and favour of his sovereign.

This legend, fictional as it is, is only one of many which destroy their own poetry by a singular mis-

representation of facts; as between the troubles of Solvathius and Bane's true usurpation four hundred years actually elapsed—a mere trifle for legend-mongers!

However, when the space of four hundred years is bridged with fact, we find that a Douglas did assist King William, 'the Lion' (1165-1212), to repel the usurper Bane.

From about this era the chief records of the House of Douglas may be traced as fairly authentic. This Douglas seems entitled to be regarded as the first *bonâ fide* common ancestor of the family; for he was, beyond dispute, the first owner of Douglasdale, Lanark, and from that 'ilk' the later branches of the clan have sprung.

From Sir William Douglas of Douglasdale descended the friend and companion-in-arms of King Robert Bruce—Sir James Douglas, surnamed 'the Good,' who fell on the plains of Andalusia while carrying out his sovereign's behest that he should bear his heart in a silver casket to the Holy Sepulchre for burial. Hence the crowned human heart on the escutcheon of the Douglas family.

Sir James Douglas's brother, William, was the first of their race to be ennobled. He was created Earl of Douglas by King David Bruce in 1357. This

nobleman took strange measures to preserve his title, which neither law nor custom would now acknowledge as valid: by making a settlement under which the title and estates were to pass—in default of legitimate issue of his son and successor, James, second Earl of Douglas—to Archibald, illegitimate son of his brother, the 'good' Sir James. Through this Archibald the elder branch of the Douglas family was continued, for Earl William's settlement came into operation owing to the death of his own son, James, without legitimate male issue. He left two illegitimate sons; to the eldest, William, was bequeathed the lands and castle of Drumlanrig, and from him the most important of the cadet branches of the Douglasses spring, though enjoying the same birthright as the older. The other son, Archibald, was ancestor of the Douglasses of Cavers.

With the death of James, second Earl of Douglas, early reference to the family must cease; but the history of the Douglasses will repay independent study, interwoven as the name is with records of chivalry and war. Who has not read or heard of the deeds of Percy 'Hotspur' and his contemporary, the Douglas, who, when falling mortally wounded, thanked God so few of his ancestors had died in chambers! And is not the name of Douglas

inscribed in the chronicle of the famous fields—Agincourt, Poitiers, Verneuil, Lochmaben, Flodden, etc.? Their martial renown and their matrimonial alliances made them the most ‘kingly’ subjects of Scotland.¹ Early in the fourteenth century, the ramification of these alliances claimed five earldoms for their house—Douglas, Angus, Ormond, Murray, and Wigton. Nevertheless, in 1628, by a peculiar irony of fate, the head of the cadets of the Douglasses is found settled at Drumlanrig as a ‘plain’ knight. From which it would seem that the descendants of Sir William, son of James, second Earl of Douglas, had not achieved the distinction of the elder and collateral branches. Many reasons might be given for the *laissez-faire* policy of this branch, though perhaps one and all would be wrong. It is supposed, however, that the martial disposition of the Douglasses of Drumlanrig occupied them to the exclusion of other ambition.

During the following sixty years they made rapid strides in rank and possessions. Charles, third Earl of Queensberry, was created a duke in 1684: in this creation nine lesser titular dignities were included. The Earl’s influence and possessions were so

¹ James VI. of Scotland and I. of England was descended, on his mother’s side, from the house of Douglas.

large that he managed to add another peerage to the dignities already possessed by his fortunate race. The dignity of this new creation was the Earldom of March, for which his grace's resources provided in a befitting manner, as he purchased the castle and possessions at Neidpath, Dumfries, from the Hays.

The second Duke of Queensberry amplified the dignities of his house, being made Duke of Dover, Marquis and Earl of Doncaster, in the peerage of England, for his ability in concluding the Treaty of Union, 1707.

He was succeeded by his son, Charles, as third Duke (his heir, William, having predeceased him), who married Lady Catherine Hyde, daughter of the second Earl of Clarendon, a lady who will be frequently alluded to in this work.

William Douglas, first Earl of March, died in 1705, and was succeeded by his son, William, who married Lady Anne Hamilton, Countess of Ruglen, daughter and afterwards heiress of Lord John Hamilton, fourth son of William, Duke of Hamilton, created in 1697 Earl of Ruglen, with remainder to his heirs whomsoever.

William, second Earl of March, died in 1731, and was succeeded by his son, William, the subject of this memoir, then in his sixth year.

Thus, from very mines of genealogical and historic lore, I have extracted the descent of my subject, but that which I have set forth shows how, in default of living issue of his cousin Charles, third Duke of Queensberry, William Douglas, third Earl of March, became the fourth and last Duke of Queensberry. These facts are necessary to be understood as an introduction to the narrative that is to follow.

CHAPTER II

Early days of the Earl of March—Traits of the first and second Earls—
The third Earl's guardians—The Earl's propensities—Favours a town
life—Goes to Edinburgh—Initiated into the mysteries of the Turf—
Gambling propensities—Arrives in London—Awarded compensation
for loss of hereditary rights—Marriage of his lordship's mother—
Her death—The Earl succeeds to the Ruglen title.

OF the boyhood of the young Earl of March but little is known. The death of his father at Barnton, Edinburgh, on the 7th March 1731, deprived him of that care which might have had much to do in shaping his offspring's proclivities.

In justice to the Earl's father, I must here record that none of the foibles with which the career of his son was beset were characteristics of his sire. Nor does going back a generation aid my research for family idiosyncrasies. Mackay, in his *Memoirs*, gives the first Earl of March a commonplace character, describing him as a person 'of no great genius, but a good-natured gentleman, handsome in his person.' These attributes were inherited by his grandson in some degree.

The guardianship of the young Earl devolved on his uncle, the Honourable John Douglas of Broughton, Peebles, member of Parliament for that county from 1722 to 1732. In the latter year he died. A second guardian had to be found for his nephew. For this often thankless office his lordship's cousin, Charles, third Duke of Queensberry, was served 'tutor-at-law' as his nearest 'agnate.' Little evidence is forthcoming as to what extent his grace troubled himself concerning his charge. On the other hand, the Earl was one likely to take full advantage of his guardian's well-known kind and benevolent disposition, which a waywardness to please himself confirms. The young Earl, when but a youth, showed a dislike to a country life; indeed, neither the pursuits of his native vale nor the attractions of his natal town sufficed to satisfy the cravings of his lordship for a 'nook' of notoriety in the fashionable world. At last the Modern Athens—Edinburgh—was reached, as the primary goal of his lordship's desires.

It is hardly worth while to hazard conjectures as to the young Earl's curriculum, as his lordship got his knowledge and experience from the most fertile source of both—the world. Indeed, his well-known dislike to information gained from books testifies that he did not care to be esteemed a scholar.

This, however, must not be taken to show that his lordship was uneducated, but simply to assert that, having made acquaintance with the proverbial 'three R's,' combined with the elements of a classical course, also the 'mincing' of French, he was left to complete his education in that *alma mater* to which his birth and rank admitted him—Society.

The allurements of the Northern capital appeased his lordship's propensities for a time. To be true to his *rôle*, one study he entered upon—of which books never did nor can impart true knowledge—was the 'freemasonry' of the Turf. It is a matter for surprise how, or by whom, his initiation was performed, as 'Auld Reekie' was then, as it is now, sternly respectable in all appertaining to the 'sport of kings.' Nevertheless, the young Earl contrived to learn something of the 'craft,' and a very 'canny' something, too, of the 'Southron's' chief pastime. That his knowledge was sound will be proved beyond doubt, as, when he first put in an appearance at Newmarket, he was found less vulnerable than Achilles in the racing novice's most tender part—his pocket.

So far, the Earl of March was inclined to become a 'man of the world,' and 'worldly' he was to the close of his days. Then, as now, marriageable peers were as 'marketable' as heiresses of the *bourgeois*

have since become. It is therefore not surprising to find his lordship much sought after by match-making mammas of the Scottish capital. That a love for the Turf should beget a desire for cards, perhaps, was in those times a less singular sequence than at present. Then everybody who was anybody at all in Society played: from the 'trick-track' of the ladies after a 'dish' of tea, to faro of the sterner sex at the public gambling-hell or the less vicious but more expensive club.

I think it beyond dispute that the young Earl of March bought his experience in the playthings of Charles the 'Fool'—cards—at Edinburgh, especially as a noble relation of his lordship, Lady Cassillis, was or had been co-partner with another aristocratic dame in a public gaming-house in London,¹ so it is

¹ On April 29th, 1745, the House of Lords was informed that 'privileges' of peeresses were made and insisted on by the Ladies Mordington and Cassillis, as a means to intimidate the officers of justice from doing their duty in suppressing public gaming-houses kept by the said ladies in London and Westminster. As only the claim of Lady Mordington appears on the journals of the House of Lords, it would seem that this lady was a peeress in her own right, while her partner was the wife or relict of a peer (possibly she was the Dowager Countess of Cassillis). Lady Mordington's claim is set forth as follows:—

'I, Dame Mary, Baroness of Mordington, do hold a house in the great piazza, Covent Garden . . . where all persons of credit are at liberty to frequent, and play at such diversions as are used at other

not a flight of imagination to assert that his lordship may have learned, say, '*trente et quarante*' in his relative's company.

At last this Alexander of fashion sighed for other worlds to conquer, and, in the true spirit of the Greek conqueror, aimed at the capital of the world—London. His thoughts having tended southwards, his body soon gravitated thither. This desire was accomplished without the aid of Dr. Samuel Johnson's after-expressed assertion respecting the attractive power of the road to London for Scotsmen.

The exact year of his lordship's migration is doubtful. It was probably during the year 1746. On arrival in London, the Earl's rank and powerful connections

assemblies. And I have hired' [here follow names of various managers and servants].

'And all the above-mentioned persons I claim as my domestic servants, and demand all those privileges for them as pertains to me, as a peeress of Great Britain, personally.

{Signed} M. MORDINGTON.

'Dated *January 8th, 1744.*'

That so impudent a perversion of the prerogatives of a peer should be used, or stretched, to set the law at defiance, was regarded by the Lords as tending to bring ridicule on their hereditary chamber, who—'Resolved, that no person is entitled to privilege of peerage against any prosecution for keeping any public or common gaming-house, or any house, room, or place for playing at any game or games prohibited by law.'

gave him the *entrée* everywhere. This influence, allied to a handsome person,¹ of which he was particularly careful, coupled with means and ability to become a 'pink' of fashion, quickly made the Earl a beau.

In the year following his lordship's majority (1747), an Act for abolishing the hereditary jurisdictions of Scottish peers came into force. The Earl of March claimed five thousand pounds as compensation for the Sheriffship of Peebles and the regality of Linton and Newlands, but was allowed only three thousand two hundred pounds for the first, and two hundred and eighteen pounds, four shillings and fivepence for the latter; a very good award indeed. On the death of his lordship's maternal grandfather, his mother had succeeded him on December 2nd, 1744, as Countess of Ruglen; his first title, Earl of Selkirk, descending to his grandnephew, Dunbar Hamilton, Esq. His mother, after a widowhood of twelve years, again entered the bonds of wedlock; she married, January 2nd, 1747, Anthony Sawyer, Esq., 'late deputy paymaster to the Forces employed against the rebels,' so the announcement sets forth, and to this is added the fortune of the lady—twenty thousand pounds. The Countess's second essay in matrimony was brief, and its termination sudden, as she died at York on her

¹ He was, however, sparely built, and of medium height.

way to London, April 21st, 1748. Upon his mother's decease, her peerage devolved on her son, the Earl of March, who thus inherited the additional Earldom of Ruglen, with its estates in the counties of Edinburgh and Linlithgow.

CHAPTER III

The Earl of March and Ruglen's first racing essays—Formulates his famous carriage match—Excitement over same—Bets thereon—Descriptions of the vehicle and harness used—Difficulty in training horses to stand the ordeal—Names of horses eventually procured—Date and description of the match—Won by six minutes, thirty-three seconds—Effect on the racing reputation of Lord March.

THE decease of the Earl's mother does not appear to have stayed his desire for appearing to advantage on the Turf. Prior to his succeeding to the Earldom of Ruglen, he meditated, or had already taken some steps towards, forming a stud, which appears to have been of little consequence compared to after achievements of a similar kind.

The first notices accorded to the Earl in sporting calendars¹ are those of three matches in 1748,² which he won; a match in 1749, lost; and a match and sweepstake in 1750, both won. In these essays he gave proof of that soundness of judgment in matters of the Turf which has earned for him an evergreen memory in its annals. Further,

¹ See Racing Analysis. ² Two of these matches he rode himself.

the events just recorded introduce his lordship to the reader in a new light—that of a jockey, as it is not every devotee of the 'craft' who has the nerve or ability to ride his own horses in races or matches. It was this 'gift' to act in the 'pigskin' that enabled his lordship to know, of his own 'ken,' what his 'Pegasuses' could do, and he doubtless frequently asked them 'a question' before committing himself, or them, to a match or the 'market odds.' Indeed, this knowledge of jockeyship will be found to have saved him from machinations perhaps not yet wholly unknown in the present day.

Owing to the defective chronology of racing history at this period (1748), much remains unrecorded of the Earl's prowess; though it will be found that, with a better and more detailed record, which begins a few years later, enough and sufficient reference to his lordship's performances and racing career will be made to satisfy the most enthusiastic turfite.

In support of a former allusion that wagering on horse-matches or races was not the only form of gambling his lordship affected, he formed a desire to make, about 1748-1749, a 'record'—which still flourishes like a 'green bay tree'—against time. In arranging this affair, which resulted in the now

historic carriage match, his lordship seems to have called in the assistance of a brother peer, the Earl of Eglinton, as the bet accepted by Theobald Taaffie, Esq. (otherwise known as Count Taaffe), and Andrew Sprowle, Esq., was made conjointly with Lords March and Eglinton, who agreed, for the wager of one thousand guineas, to provide a four-wheeled carriage which should carry a man and be drawn by four horses nineteen miles in one hour!

That an attempt to establish a record of this kind, which outpaces many, very many, of our 'common' or slow passenger trains, should have set the racing and sporting world ablaze, was only to be expected. Clubland, in common with the more arid regions of Society, was agitated to its foundations, and it would be an interesting study in the gambling proclivities of the past could some of the old 'bet-books' (if in existence) be studied together with the pocket-book records of the members of some clubs. An extract from one recently published¹ will and must suffice for the whole. This is dated October 18th, 1749 (some ten months before the match took place), and records that 'Colonel Waldegrave betts (*sic*) Lord March

¹ The *History of White's*, published by the Hon. Algernon Bourke, 1892.

that his lordship does not win the chaise match. *N.B.*—Lord Anson goes Colonel Waldegrave halves—Paid.' The last clause appears to indicate that the gallant Colonel had at first underrated his shrewd lordship's ability in mundane affairs of the fleeting order, and showed some astuteness in displaying a knowledge of 'gardening pursuits—hedging.'

A match of so novel a character could not be decided off-hand; long and tedious were the preparations, both in the selecting and training of the horses, and in the designing and building of the vehicle. The latter, in these days of pneumatic tyres and steel 'spider-web' wheels, would have gone for nought, but it was very different then, when persons had to 'educate' coach-builders themselves for anything outside a massive chariot. We of the present day can but little appreciate the difficulties with which these noble lords had to contend in producing, with the mechanical skill then at disposal, a vehicle that complied with the transporting conditions of the wager, but of so slight a construction as not to tire either the 'wheelers' or 'leaders.' It may then be anticipated that perfection in so unique a machine was not attained without several failures. Two or three were constructed by the most eminent carriage-builders of the day, and found wanting on

trial. Wright of Long Acre at last succeeded in producing a vehicle, of which the following is a description :—

To satisfy the accommodating terms of the match, 'to carry a man,' it was not requisite to have a body fitted on the 'carriage'; this, then, was discarded at once as being unnecessary in weight and requirement. Therefore the term 'carriage' was adhered to pure and simple, and was on lines familiar to all—the 'break' used by horsebreakers, etc., but without the high perch or of the solid character these vehicles are. The back carriage of Lord March's machine was united to the fore by means of the usual bar, which had also cords fixed to springs from small uprights to keep the bar steady and in line, as well as to avoid the jolting and swerving of the occupant of the seat, slung on leather straps, and covered with velvet, between the two hind wheels. The boxes of the wheels were brass, to which were fixed oil drop-cans for lubricating purposes. The pole and bars were of thin wood lapped with wire to strengthen them, while steel springs were used in both carriage and bars. So much for the vehicle, on which much thought and money were expended before its satisfactory production.

For harness recourse was had principally to silk

and whalebone; the breechings of the horses were wholly made of the latter, while silk was used entirely for the traces. The latter were ingeniously housed in boxes, regulated by a kind of check-spring, so that should one of the horses—wheelers presumably—have 'held back,' the 'slack' of the trace would have run into the box and prevented entanglement.

The total weight of carriage and harness was two and a half hundredweight; a mere feather for four horses to draw, even though ridden by postillions. The horses by which this match was to be won or lost gave just as much concern to the noble lords as the vehicle. Here, again, the favourable conditions of 'time and place' on which Lord March had based the difficulties which would beset him, gave ample opportunity for trials and training. This fortunate clause was 'his own time,' perhaps somewhat hazarded by a two months' notice as to the week the match should take place in, but with liberty to select any day or time specified in that. Therefore, when horses able to undergo the ordeal were found, the only thing required was to keep them fit and well for two months; not by any means so easy a task as it appears. It is said that some six or seven horses died during training, at a loss to the co-partners of six or seven hundred pounds.

At last, four horses were got together who stood the ordeal of training; three of these were platers—indeed, had obtained winning brackets, or distinguished themselves otherwise. It appears, by inference, that to prevent the match falling through by the sickness of one or other of the horses on or before the day specified, either five or six horses were kept in training—a wise precaution.

The four horses who ultimately did battle for Lords March and Eglinton were:—*Tawney*, a brown, lately the property of a Mr. Greville—this animal was awarded the post of 'near fore'; his companion, *Roderick Random*, who fortunately belied his cognomen, was a dark grey, late the property of a Mr. Stanford. These leaders carried about eight stone each; this included saddles, harness, etc. The 'near wheel' horse, *Chance*, a chestnut, which had lately been in the possession of the Duke of Hamilton, a connection of Lord March, possessed the most appropriate name, perhaps, by which a racehorse can be called. The selection of the fourth, the 'off wheeler,' testifies that even dignitaries of the Church were laid under tribute to aid the match, as this horse, called *Little Dan*, a grey, was purchased from 'Parson' Thomson of Beverley, Yorkshire; though I shall record that his appearing as a competitor on

the day of the match was not altogether anticipated.

The 'wheelers' carried, including trappings, etc., about seven stone; a reference that will serve to bring the riders of the team into notice. That a match of this character required a nice judgment of pace goes without saying. Therefore William Everatt, Evatt, Ebertt, or Everett (he has been recorded by all four names), a groom in the employ of William Panton, Esq., was selected to regulate the rate of speed by riding the 'off fore' horse, *Roderick Random*. The riders of the three others were lads in Lord March's stable. His lordship's groom was the 'passenger,' who 'sported' his master's colours¹ in a somewhat curious manner: red silk stockings and black cap, while in place of the jacket usually associated nowadays with colours he wore a white satin waistcoat. The riders appear to have been looked upon more as postillions, as they are described as wearing blue satin waistcoats (jackets), buckskin breeches, white silk stockings, and black velvet caps; while only those who rode the leaders wore spurs.

Before describing the race, I must mention that *Little Dan*, of 'Parson Thomson' fame, was yoked to the vehicle in place of a grey named *Peeper*, who had

¹ Afterwards registered as 'red and black.'



LORDS MARCH AND EGLINTON'S CHAISE MATCH AGAINST TIME, RUN AT NEWMARKET, AUGUST 29TH, 1750.

fallen amiss; so foresight played a great part in the match! The post of 'course clearer' was given to a then well-known character on Newmarket Heath—Mr. Tuting—who showed the way, gorgeously apparelled in crimson velvet.

About seven o'clock of the morning of the 29th of August 1750, this remarkable and curious match¹ was run. The course was *viâ* the Warren and Rubbing Houses, through the Ditch, then to the right, three times round a staked piece of ground of four miles, and then back to the starting-point. It is said the horses ran away with their riders for the first four miles, a distance they covered in nine minutes! This may possibly have had some effect on the result, as their lordships upset the odds and won their wager by six minutes, thirty-three seconds, the actual time for the performance being fifty-three minutes, twenty-seven seconds. Three umpires, each with a stop-watch, testify that everything was done to ensure accuracy. These watches, on comparison at the termination of the match, were found not to vary one second. This proves they could not have been

¹ A painting of the match, executed by Seymour or Sartorius, with portraits from life of the persons engaged, changed hands a few years since. John Pond, of *Racing Calendar* fame, published a view of the match, with particulars of the articles appended, price 10s. 6d., shortly after the event.

tampered with, as it is safe to assume these gentlemen were respectively posted at various parts of the course.

To say that great interest was excited by the result would be simply repeating my former observations. The outcome of this match was of more importance to Lord March than its monetary value, as it at once raised him to a position of authority in racing matters, which he retained for fifty years.

CHAPTER IV

A doubtful match results in a challenge—The meeting and its termination
—Racing results for 1751—Lord March takes a house at Newmarket
—His lordship's rule in selecting jockeys—He disputes the validity of
an assignment of a bond made by his mother.

THE reputation thus earned was strangely significant the next year, which bears also the brunt of the following singular story :—

I must admit, however, that the story I am about to tell (though, so far as I can trace, never denied) is not of undoubted authenticity. True, it was published during his lordship's lifetime, and has since been reproduced; but I make bold to say that the dishonest conduct alleged does not appear to me borne out by facts. The most casual reference to the Earl's turf career will confirm this; also the honourable manner in which he always met his engagements when he was sometimes, in common with the most successful votaries of the turf, 'pinched.'

The circumstance referred to resulted—so alleged—from a match between a bay colt of his lordship's

and a celebrated horse¹ owned by an Irish nobleman of excitable temper and duelling celebrity. The jockey who rode Lord March's horse was of a lighter weight than he who rode the Irishman's champion, therefore recourse had to be made to the usual 'loadings' with a shotted belt. During the progress of the match the 'encumbered' jockey managed to get rid of his burden, which was picked up by a careful observer and adroitly slipped by him into the jockey's jacket on returning to scale. Nevertheless, the quick visual organs of the Celtic duellist and sportsman caught sight of this act of racing legerdemain, and with typical impetuosity he seized Lord March's representative by the shoulder and threatened to thrash him on the spot if he did not at once acknowledge his guilt as well as at whose instigation he had acted. The size and wrath of the Irish lord made the 'light-weight' tremble in his boots; who, having returned to scale as victor, after the usual 'Please, sirs,' and other hesitancies of that order, 'cast the vile reproach' upon his master! The now doubly incensed Hibernian taxed his lordship with the deceit, and the latter replied to the charge in a way that served only to increase the wrath of his brother-sportsman.

¹ Wrongly described in some versions as *PolSos*, who was not foaled till 1773!

The son of Erin now considered himself insulted indeed, and, with his characteristic 'fire-eating' habits, sought to avenge the outrage by the means gentlemen then used to arrange their little difficulties of honour by—the duel. He then despatched the following note to his lordship:—

'MY LORD,—I shall be happy to meet you by five o'clock to-morrow morning at —, and if your lordship will have the goodness to bring a friend, a surgeon, and a case of pistols with you, I doubt not but our little misunderstanding will be settled in less than five minutes. —I have the honour to be, etc. etc.'

To this summons the Earl of March and Ruglen returned a reply, in specially courteous and obliging language, accepting the bloodthirsty invitation. With a punctuality worthy of a better cause Lord March appeared on the ground, accompanied by second, surgeon, and other adjuncts to an exit from the world. Great, however, was his lordship's surprise to see his opponent appear on the ground with a like retinue to his own, but increased by a third person, who staggered under the weight of a polished oak coffin, which, *sans cérémonie*, he deposited on the ground, end up, with its lid facing Lord March and his party! Surprise, however, gave place to terror when his lordship read the inscription-plate

engraved with his own name and title, and the date and year of demise, which was the actual day, as yet scarcely warm!

The Earl at once approached his facetious antagonist, and, in faltering accents, upbraided him for so unseemly a proceeding. To the tremulous expressions of his trembling antagonist the eccentric Irishman replied: 'Why, my dear fellow, you are of course aware that I never miss my man; and, as I find myself in excellent trim for sport this morning, I have not a shadow of doubt upon my mind but this oaken box will shortly be better calculated for you than your present dress.'

This cool assertion of 'form,' together with the well-known duelling skill of his opponent, accentuated by the presence of the gruesome coffin, appealed more powerfully to his lordship's desire for life than whatever glory might appertain to the happy despatch of a brother peer.

However, Lord March did not halt for a moment between two opinions, but at once made a full and complete apology to his opponent, which was graciously accepted.

Such is the recorded version of an affair which I cannot bring myself to believe had any existence in fact, so far as its base character is concerned.

On the other hand, this circumstance may have arisen from some racing quarrel or other, as it is a singular fact that, beyond the escapade aforesaid, no proof exists of his lordship having accepted or made a challenge; a simple fact that speaks volumes for his common-sense, to which further tribute will be accorded.

By referring to the Racing Analysis at the end of this volume, under date of the year just noticed—1751—it will be found that the result of the match against time gave impetus to the Earl of March and Ruglen's racing proclivities. True, the success issue is poor, only one event out of eight gaining a 'winning bracket'; but that at this period did not trouble his lordship much, as it was the acknowledgment he chiefly desired at the hands of the English devotees of the Turf, that the young Scottish Earl was at least their equal in the 'mysteries' of the racing stable. In what better way, then, could this be shown than accepting or making matches with him? Having established himself as a supporter of the Turf, and, what was more, having obtained public recognition in that character, he 'capped' both by indulging in a luxury that very few of the then most ardent votaries of horse-racing could or did affect—namely, a house at Newmarket, which he acquired

about this time. Here his perception and judgment came into play. A house at the birthplace and home of racing might have been sufficient for a desultory owner or racegoer, but was not sufficient for Lord March, without other advantages.

It is therefore no surprise to find that the dwelling obtained or selected by this very 'wideawake' sporting peer overlooked the racecourse; thus giving him not only easy access to that arena, but undisturbed means and opportunities for watching and estimating trials.

I have alluded to his lordship's performances in the pigskin; but this ability to enact the part of his own jockey, as occasion or freak required, did not admit of his placing unbounded, if any, confidence in his professional brethren of the saddle at this period. For, although he was almost as particular in selecting his groom-boys and light-weight riders (whom he attired in scarlet jackets) as in selecting his stud, not one of the set knew who was to be intrusted with the guidance of a match or race until he was put in the scale to be weighed. This circumstance tends to support my belief that little credit can be put in the *contretemps* which led to the duel just related; as, in following this rule, I fail to understand how a person of so prudent a nature could have rehearsed so ignoble a part with 'all' his grooms or jockeys

as he must have done if he put into practice his 'at the hour' selecting rule. And, further, it is against common-sense to suppose that some half-dozen lads were made acquainted with a secret for their master to select—one.

The formation of a racing establishment and a 'villa' at Newmarket no doubt involved a heavy 'embargo' on Lord March's cash. Now, whether these anticipated and actually made outlays led our Nimrod to consider that a sum of some ten thousand pounds would be more useful to him than in the hands of its assignee, cannot be determined. But his lordship's contesting the validity of a bond for £10,575 which his mother had assigned to Mr. Sawyer, her second husband, on June 26th, 1747, certainly shows a desire to, at least, keep the money in the family.

In a work of this character it will be unnecessary to follow the legal quibbles resulting from Lord March's action against his stepfather. However, both commoner and peer carried their cause to its *dernier ressort*—the House of Lords, when his lordship or his legal advisers seem to have adopted procrastinating tactics, as the Earl of March was ordered to answer peremptorily Sawyer's appeal, and ultimately judgment was given in Mr. Sawyer's

favour. The point at issue appears to have been the competence of certain witnesses on Mr. Sawyer's behalf, whose evidence, once admitted, would have deprived his lordship from retaining a sum which his expenses then would have made acceptable.

CHAPTER V

Lord March's racing record for 1752—Catharine, Duchess of Queensberry—A witty letter by her and her *protégé*, John Gay—A second letter of her own writing—Bets of his lordship's, from 'White's' bet-book—Another curious match against time.

A GLANCE again at the Racing Analysis appended will show that his lordship retained in his stable two out of the four horses that won the chaise match,¹ *Roderick Random* and *Chance*. The last seems to have been a good animal, for in the following year, 1752, he won two of six events won by his lordship out of nine engagements, a fact which speaks well for the quality of the animals owned. One of these two events, credited to *Chance*, was a £40 match at Newmarket, in which Lord March steered him to victory.

So far racing matters only have been alluded to, and perhaps little else might be expected by the turfite, or even the general reader, of a person who

¹ Possibly bought in by Lord March on the sale of the team, etc., to close the co-partnery, as it is recorded that a sale was held at which *Tawney* fetched 100 guineas, *Roderick Random* 90 guineas, and *Chance* and *Peeper* 50 guineas each.

was one of the 'fathers' of the sport as we know it at the present day. But Lord March's tastes, rank, and connections led him into pursuits and society other than those of Newmarket, none of which shall escape notice. I shall have much to narrate that will interest not only the sportsman, the student of old customs and manners, but also the general reader.

In this place I may advert to a connection of the Earl of March and Ruglen—his cousin, the eccentric and historic Catharine, Duchess of Queensberry. His lordship was often with her; but, singular to relate, it is difficult to find any direct reference to their meetings. Perhaps the matter-of-fact clear-headedness of Lord March did not meet with sympathetic response from his ducal relative, whose eccentricities would make a charming book of small-talk for the boudoir. That this lady had once been one of the beauties of her time, we have on the authority of Pope, whose own personal defects gave the usual accentuated zest to the charm of beauty. Who, worthy the name of a reader, has not come across these lines by him on her Grace of Queensberry?—

'Since Queensberry to strip there's no compelling,
'Tis from a handmaid we must take our Helen.'

Others, including Prior and Gay, besides the 'note of interrogation,' sang her praises in choicer language

than her Twickenham admirer, though I shall not stop to dilate on their warblings. The last named, Gay, found kind and beneficent patrons in the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry. As, however, to cite a person as either witty or curious, without giving proof of his idiosyncrasies, is very much like an *ex parte* application to the Court of Reason without adducing proofs or citing the opposite party, public opinion, I lay before my readers two letters.¹ The first is a dual production of the pens of the Duchess and her *protégé*, John Gay, addressed to Mrs. Howard,² and shows not only wit but fertility of resource, by making a letter out of little or no news. The incident of the 'blot' or 'blots' is very clever, and the byplay between patroness and *protégé* full of polite sarcasm.

The second letter, to the same person, is wholly in her grace's hand, and excels, probably, the former one. Indeed, the critical references and inferences stamp the Duchess, in spite of her alleged madness,³ as a keen observer of 'men and things.'

¹ Appendices AA and BB.

² Henrietta Howard, Countess of Suffolk—mistress to George the Second.

³ It is recorded by Chambers that she had been confined in a 'strait-jacket.' Doubtless insanity is traceable in her composition, and it was inherited by both her sons.

It is possible that, these communications being addressed to one credited with reason and wit, a certain amount of 'sparkle' was imparted to their composition; but whether so or not, they are fine specimens of an almost lost art—letter-writing, in spite of school boards and—typewriters!

Walpole, who was given to emulating the great, borrowed, like the jay of fable, some of Prior's heroics on her grace, to indite some doggerel lines of his own on her vernal beauty, which, it is said, he left on her toilet:

'To many a Kitty, fair and young,
Love would his ear engage;
But Prior's Kitty, ever young,
Bespoke it for an age.'

If the tritons of verse had sung her praises, why should not the minnows?—so thought Walpole, who, with one of the lesser poets, Whitehead, celebrated her octogenarian charms. In fact, few—very few—ladies approached nearer a 'century of praise' than did Catharine, Duchess of Queensberry.

The aforesaid will suffice to more fully introduce this eccentric lady to the reader, though much remains for future reference.

Allusion has been made to the bet-book of 'White's'—of which club, with others, Lord March was a

member. It contains a curious bet made by him; curious, that is to say, in the sense that one who was then unmarried should have made it on the state of matrimony, into which so many of the young and inexperienced rush without due consideration of the responsibilities it creates. Indeed, the time-worn advice of 'Mr. Punch' is quite disregarded. But the bet I am about to recite would have lost much, if not all, its singularity had its maker ever married at any later period. As all the world knows, he never married, though in due course I shall allude to a 'match' or 'matches,' real or imaginary, that might have taken place. His bet, however, proves that at this period the Earl of March and Ruglen had no idea whatever of becoming a Benedick. The acceptor of the wager was one who afterwards became as shrewd a member of the Turf as his lordship. For what sportsman learned in racing lore does not know the name of 'Old Dick' Vernon, who appears by the record of the bet to have then earned nicknames, one of which, '*Reynard*,' or its more simple term, 'the Fox,' is typical of his racing sagacity. But why these should be entered in a bet-book of a club presumed to be an assembly of gentlemen, as if it were an 'Old Bailey' calendar, the waggery of those times must account for; good-breeding

cannot. The record of the transaction is as follows :

'Lord March wagers Captain Richard Vernon, *alias* "Fox," *alias* "Jubilee Dicky," fifty guineas to twenty that Mr. St. Leger is married before him.¹

'June the 4th, 1751.'

That his lordship won this bet my former remarks show.

Following this in the bet-book is another wager. His lordship is an acceptor, not the maker, though nothing peculiar enters into its composition, being but a simple race, or match, bet. It is, nevertheless, worthy of reference, as an instance, on undoubted authority, of his lordship's proclivities :

'July 15th, 1751. Colonel Vane wagers Lord March fifty guineas that the horse to which Mr. Vernon² gives a stone in October next wins his match.

'*N.B.*—This is understood to be the match with Lord Trentham. This bet is to be play or pay.'

These 'recorded' bets were mere trifles in his lordship's record of betting and gaming; a statement which shall be supported by the best of all proof—his own testimony—as I proceed.

Having attained notoriety by one contest with

¹ *The History of White's*, 1892, vol. ii. p. 22.

² Captain Richard Vernon aforesaid.

Father Time, by whose defeat he had earned racing fame, Lord March entered, in 1753, on another attempt again to lower the colours of the synchronising deity. In this neither horse nor vehicle played a part, though the conditions of the wager make it difficult, at first sight, to see how either was to be dispensed with. Indeed, its performance in these days of train and electric or pneumatic traction would not be bad.

The contest with earthly man's greatest enemy, Time, by which his lordship sought to attain further *éclat*, was a match he made with another noble sportsman, for a large stake, that he would cause a letter to be conveyed fifty miles¹ in an hour. To accomplish this almost seeming impossibility, Lord March engaged twenty expert cricketers, famed for their skill in throwing and catching. The letter was enclosed in a cricket-ball, and a rough calculation was made how far the cricketers should stand apart by his lordship, with the necessary number of throws each would have to make in circuit to fully cover the distance named. This being computed, on an appointed day Lord March's agile cricketers stood in a circle and nimbly threw the ball containing the letter one to another ; but their dexterity was so great that, on the

¹ Some records say a hundred.

stated period elapsing, the number of times the ball had travelled the circuit being recorded, and the ground carefully re-measured, it was found that the letter had traversed many miles over the allotted distance—a result which increased the fame of his lordship's shrewdness.

In 1753, Lord March, although he ran more horses, and made double figures of his engagements, did not achieve the success of the previous year, winning but three events.¹

¹ *Vide* Racing Analysis, under date.

CHAPTER VI

Gay and the *Beggars' Opera*—*Polly*, its successor, prohibited—Results therefrom—Probability of Lord March's inheriting the Dukedom of Queensberry—Racing record and topics—Lord March accepts Lord Orford's coursing challenge—His stud-farm at Saxum, near Bury—His carefulness in making matches with 'substantial' persons.

PROTECTION and asylum were afforded by the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry to Gay upon the suppression of the second part of the *Beggars' Opera* (first produced in 1728), called *Polly*, which (though not deemed so vivacious as the first) was prohibited by the Lord Chamberlain, who affected to see in it a satire on the Ministry. The Lord Chamberlain's action made a literary martyr of the poet, who, to revenge himself, had the prohibited production published and circulated by subscription. The share their graces took in this matter gave such offence in high places that they were forbidden to appear at Court, to which prohibition her grace returned a sarcastic answer. For Gay the result was decidedly advantageous, as, besides 'netting' some £3000 from the sale of the suppressed play, he gained powerful friends.

It was during 1754 that the Earl of March and Ruglen's chance of succeeding to the Dukedom of Queensberry brought him more prominently than ever into public notice. The contingency arose through the death of the Earl Drumlanrig, Duchess Catharine's eldest son, who beyond doubt was afflicted with his mother's malady. The cause of the death of Henry, Earl Drumlanrig, is stated in most genealogies to have been the accidental discharge of his pistol on a journey from Scotland to London, October 20th, 1754. The following facts may tend to suggest whether this is correct, or if another account, that he died by his own hand, is more probable.

Henry, Earl Drumlanrig, married, in the July preceding his death, Lady Mary Hope, daughter of the Earl of Hopetoun; a lady who had a most amiable disposition. The Earl loved her passionately. Whether it was this attachment that led Lord Drumlanrig to forego a contract he had previously entered into with another lady, results can only suggest, as authentic proofs are not forthcoming. It is said, however, that this broken promise weighed heavily on the Earl's conscience and created much unhappiness between the newly wed pair, who were frequently seen together in the grounds of Drumlanrig Castle, both weeping. This circumstance, preying on a delicate temperament,

it is believed, produced the fatal result narrated, though the version I am about to give differs from that usually received. According to this his lordship appears to have ridden on for some little distance before the coach in which his mother, and probably his wife, travelled, and shot himself.¹

On the death of his brother Charles, their graces' second son, born July 17th, 1726, became Earl Drumlanrig and heir to the dukedom of Queensberry. The young man was in delicate health, a fact well known at that period; very soon after the demise of his elder brother, he went to Lisbon to recruit, where he narrowly escaped the effects of the earthquake, fatal to so many. The knowledge that an invalid life only stood between Lord March and the Dukedom of Queensberry, with its vast possessions, increased his lordship's vogue at this time.

It may not be out of place to suggest that her troubles with her own sons gave Duchess Catharine just as much concern as she wished to bestow on the younger branches of the Douglas family, which marriage had connected her with; as it appears certain she did not care, even had opportunity offered, to add the racing foible of her relative, the Earl of March and Ruglen, to either her own or her son's idiosyncrasies.

¹ *Traditions of Edinburgh.*

Lord March's racing record in 1754 is a poor one, as he won only two out of fifteen engagements;¹ but there is no knowing how much so wary a follower of the sport may have benefited by 'performances in the ring.'

Opportunity is now taken to allude to a general omission. The disciple of the Turf will remark an absence of stud-book chronology in dealing with Lord March's equine favourites, either in the text or Racing Analysis appended. This is omitted in the interest of the general reader, who does not desire it; while its appearance would add but little to the knowledge of the turfite, who, if not letter perfect, knows where to put his hand on equine pedigrees. Therefore, except in certain instances, I have omitted reference to racehorse genealogy when mentioning, generally, his lordship's racers, either here or in the Analysis. The names of all his lordship's horses engaged during any one year are, however, to be found in the last-mentioned.

Lord March, though a firm supporter of the Turf, was not entirely absorbed by that form of sport; as it was only necessary to boast of some 'crack' performer, or assert some seemingly impossible condition, for this shrewd Scotsman to attempt its beating or

¹ *Vide* Racing Analysis, under date.

accomplishment. Thus, when Lord Orford challenged the world—at all times a 'large order'—to produce a greyhound to beat a famous dog he owned of that breed, who should step forward and accept his lordship's challenge but Lord March. At that time he did not possess a dog of that breed, and probably had never done so. The Earl of March, on completion of the conditions, resorted to a gentleman whose name frequently occurs in sporting anecdotes of this period—as an owner of racehorses? No, for that luxury was not included in the rule of life 'Old Elwes,' the miser, had laid down for himself; although, before his vice had grown on him, he kept at Stoke, his Suffolk residence, a pack of foxhounds and a stable full of hunters. It may be that the sight of sport, gratis, and seeing that dross he so highly prized in sometimes too rapid circulation, led this close-fisted eccentric to Newmarket. However that may have been, he is said to have been frequently seen there; and on one occasion so far forgot his part as nobly to assist a sporting peer to make up his money for a match, which he would have had to forego for the want of a ready few thousand guineas.

To this singular personage Lord March turned for advice; why, it is difficult to say. However, it is possible that Lord March had heard of a famous

courser who resided in Berkshire, to whom he was unknown, but desired an introduction. Elwes had for some time before his removal to Stoke lived at Marcham in Berkshire, a fact with which his lordship appears to have been acquainted, as he at once asked Elwes if he knew of an owner of greyhounds in Berkshire who could supply him with a first-rate dog. Lord March was happy in his selection; as Elwes at once recommended him to a Captain Hatt, from whom his lordship procured a dog that beat his rival's crack, and put Lord Orford's ideas of coursing empire very much out of order!

At this period Lord March laid another onerous burden on his purse—the establishment of a stud-farm at Saxum, near Bury, ten miles from Newmarket. This, an interesting fact, appears to have escaped both notice and record by those who have written short biographical notices on his lordship's life, as well as those who have compiled records of the Turf, in which, naturally, Lord March's racing career comes under review. I will, however, admit that although my authority is undeniable,¹ it appears in a portion of a book likely to escape any but thorough examination. I must defer now further allusion, as it deals with the sale of the stud of brood mares a year or so hence.

¹ John Pond.

The Earl of March and Ruglen was particularly careful to make his engagements and matches with those who would not be wanting on the day of settlement, when fortune favoured either his superior knowledge or prowess. He is said to have frequently laid under tribute the uncle of his Majesty George III., the 'great' Duke of Cumberland, a prefix bestowed for two reasons—his large size and his military celebrity. But the Duke found that, unlike that of Culloden, the 'field' of Newmarket did not favour his fortunes; defeat almost always attended his efforts to vanquish the Scottish Earl.

Another owner whom his lordship took delight in vanquishing later was a Mr. Jennings of antiquarian fame, who prided himself on his Chillaby¹ strain of racers. These nevertheless 'went down' one after the other before his lordship's horses of less noteworthy strains, but judiciously crossed. By this last it must not be inferred that Lord March's stable was not select, for so it undoubtedly was; and, though small in proportion to others, it was always choice and carefully selected.

¹ The Chillaby barb, the ancestors of Mr. Jennings's famous horses, was a white barb, brought with another, by Mr. Marshall, from Barbary, for his Majesty King William the Third.

CHAPTER VII

Racing engagements, 1755—W. M. Thackeray's allusions to Lord March in *The Virginians*—His lordship's stud of brood mares offered for sale—Anecdote of John Smith, *alias* 'Buckhorse'—Death of Charles, Earl of Drumlanrig—Lord March heir-presumptive to the Dukedom of Queensberry—Anecdotes concerning Catharine, Duchess of Queensberry.

THE year 1755 shows a marked decrease in his lordship's racing engagements, which numbered only eight, as against fifteen in the previous year; but the result was better from the smaller entries than the larger: he obtained three winning brackets to two.

It may be that the death of his lordship's relative, Earl Drumlanrig, dictated a less prominent appearance on the turf in 1755; but, however it was, this fact remains—a diminution of his racing engagements for that season.

One who earned so much notoriety in all circles—for his lordship's rank permitted him to enter any, although his good sense always dictated prudence and caution, which our latter-day erratics generally honour by their breach—it is a matter of surprise

that the career of the Earl of March and Ruglen has not been more fully used by writers of fiction. William Makepeace Thackeray, who has laid tribute on almost every person of note, eccentric or staid, that flourished during the time of the 'Four Georges,' marked down his lordship for record.

In his *Virginians*, Thackeray boldly alludes to his lordship by name and reputation. What led the novelist to record the Earl of March and Ruglen by his titles, without recourse to the usual wrapping as my Lord 'Racecourse' or 'Pasteboard,' I cannot say, unless it was to ensure that the mantle of Lord March's achievements should hang from the proper shoulders.

It would be beyond my province to give verbatim that which many have read, or could read, in Thackeray's notable novel. Nevertheless, a brief quotation from even a work of fiction will tend to show that my record indorses the old truism, 'Truth is stranger than fiction.' To make the reference suggested, Thackeray, in chapter xxvi., introduces Mr. Warrington at the 'White House Tavern,' where are Lord Chesterfield and Lord March:—

"My Lord Chesterfield's deuce is deuce-ace," says my Lord March. "His lordship can't keep away from the cards or dice."

“ My Lord March has not one, but several devils. He loves gambling, he loves horse-racing, he loves betting, he loves drinking, he loves eating, he loves money, he loves women, and you have fallen into bad company, Mr. Warrington, when you lighted upon his lordship. He will play you for every acre you have in Virginia.”

“ With the greatest pleasure in life, Mr. Warrington !” interposes my lord.

“ And for all your tobacco, and for all your spices, and for all your slaves, and for all your oxen and asses.”

“ Unfortunately, my lord, the tobacco, and the slaves, and the asses, and the oxen are not mine, as yet. I am just of age, and my mother—scarce twenty years older—has quite as good chance of long life as I have.”

“ I will bet you that you survive her. I will pay you a sum now against four times the sum to be paid at her death. I will set you a fair sum over this table against the reversion of your estate in Virginia at the old lady’s departure,” etc.

This extract is sufficient to show that Lord March’s propensities did not escape Thackeray’s research for imparting into works of fiction by the celebrated

novelist. Whether all his lordship's 'loves' catalogued by Thackeray will be found proven, I shall leave to my reader on the termination of my task.

The year 1756 does not appear to have been of much significance in his lordship's career. True, he resumed his position in the racing world; in fact, entered upon the largest number of engagements as yet recorded—sixteen. By reference to the *Racing Analysis*¹ it will be found that he won four events.

During this year the Earl of March and Ruglen's entire stud of brood mares² was offered for sale. These numbered eleven, and a cursory glance at the Appendix will show not only what their pedigrees were, but the prices they were offered at. Some of those prices were tolerably good, if the difference in the purchasing power of gold, then and now, be borne in mind. Why his lordship should have disposed of what, on the face of it, was a likely lot of animals for racing purposes, can only be guessed; either its monetary results did not answer Lord March's expectations, or his dislike to any pursuit of a farming or agricultural nature, which stock-raising of any description certainly is, influenced him.

One of the three lads who rode in his Carriage Match afterwards became a notability of the prize-

¹ Appendix.

² See page 46.

ring, so tradition says. This was John Smith, *alias* 'Buckhorse,' born *circa* 1736, who from scaling to ride scaled to fight. In his latter days this worthy became one of the eccentricities of the London Streets. He was in fact a real Cockney, being born in the salubrious Lewkner's Lane, now Charles Street, Drury Lane. The means this ex-prizefighter used to obtain a living were singular. One was permitting a person to play a tune on his chin for a penny; another way, scarcely so humorous, though it was mimicked by Shuter the comedian on the boards by his cry of 'Here's pretty switches to beat your wives.' These luxuries he retailed at one halfpenny each. The foregoing constituted his only sources of income, though of the two the real 'chin music' paid best.

During October 1756, the probability of the Earl of March and Ruglen's succeeding to the Dukedom of Queensberry was increased by the death of Charles, Earl Drumlanrig, in his thirtieth year. This, to the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, was another mark of the favour which Fortune so persistently showered on Lord March. What he had done, or ever did do, to deserve the fickle goddess's favours it is difficult to discern. That he did enjoy them for a period beyond the ordinary term of human existence remains an indisputable fact.

True, Lord March was only legally heir-presumptive, as many instances are known of heir-presumptives being disappointed in their accession by the birth of an heir-apparent. Charles James Fox is an instance in particular. Lord March, however, accepted the situation as it stood, and, meanwhile, continued to take the care of his health he appears to have ever exercised, and which many of his contemporaries neglected, as their early deaths confirm. That this precaution of his lordship's was a wise one will be seen, as he had to wait over twenty-one years before the strawberry leaves decked his brow.

It is not improbable that the knowledge of this exceeding good thing in store for him, as well as those reasons which his better sense dictated, had a great deal to do with Lord March's antipathy to the senseless practice of duelling.

Catharine, Duchess of Queensberry, does not seem to have come, on her son's decease, into much closer relations with her husband's heir-presumptive. Nor does Lord March appear to have cultivated, further than prudence and kinship dictated, his eccentric relative's society.

Her grace still maintained her position and character. Her extravagances of conduct and speech were attributed out of politeness to an agreeable freedom

of carriage and vivacity of mind. Though married to a Scottish noble, she did not conceal her antipathy to the manners and customs of the Duke's native land. One social fault troubled this singular creature immensely—the scarcely polite custom of eating off the end of a knife which many of her guests, who ought to have known better, practised when dining at Drumlanrig Castle. If the Duchess observed any guest eating his food in this fashion, she would scream out and beseech him 'not to cut his throat.' But such a warning was only prefatory to a lesson in gentle manners, as the Duchess would call a footman and bid him carry a fork or spoon on a salver to the offender, already bountifully supplied with fork and spoon laid for his use, in order to call his attention to the fact that those articles had been placed for use, not for ornament.

This strange woman also affected singularity in attire, always dressing as a peasant-girl when sojourning in the 'Land of Cakes.' This garb she wore to show her scorn of the grand costumes and the *hauteur* of certain Scottish ladies whose position entitled them to visit. A trick she played a more than usually bedizened party shows that there was a deal of method in her grace's alleged madness. The Duchess proposed a walk, she, of course, dressed

as usual; and this invitation the ladies were constrained to accept. Off the party went, and wended their way through the grounds, greatly to the discomfiture of those who wore highly starched frills and flounces. The Duchess led them on towards the farm buildings of the castle, and, affecting to be tired, she sat down on the dirtiest dunghill she could find, upon which she suggested, with the utmost nonchalance, her companions should rest themselves. The latter held their hostess in such fear that they obeyed her grace's malicious request, and thus she had the unwomanly satisfaction of spoiling her guests' handsome gowns. It will perhaps be wise to draw a curtain over the anger of those injured dames when they found themselves alone or had departed for home.

CHAPTER VIII

Lord March buys his gaming experience—His rule of play at public tables—He rides a match against the Duke of Hamilton—References to racing record and analysis—His lordship's residence in Piccadilly at this period—Its structural alterations in Cupid's cause—He makes love to the Prime Minister's daughter—Pelham's opinion of him—The match forbidden—Public comments—Miss Pelham's taste for gambling—Claremont, Surrey—Lord March's racing record, 1758.

THE Earl of March and Ruglen, shrewd as he was, did not pass through the ordeal of 'play,' as practised in the last century, unscathed; for he, in common with all who then indulged in that passion, had to buy his experience. But his lordship was fortunate in knowing when to stop, especially at public tables, though this knowledge was no doubt acquired at an early date. It is alleged that on his first entry into life he lost a large portion of those accumulations which young men of family and wealth often find themselves blessed—or cursed—with, when of age, resulting from careful 'nursing' by their trustees or guardians during their minority. Whatever those early losses were, Lord March wisely meant to profit by the knowledge and judgment he had gained.

Therefore he always followed one rule when playing at any of the public 'hells' which then infested London from St. James's to St. Giles's—*i.e.* to start from home with just fifty guineas in his pocket if bent on playing at the public hazard-tables. If in a 'lucky vein' he would follow the advice sometimes offered by those whom many regard as the descendants of the last-century 'hell' proprietors—*viz.* the present-day 'bucket-shop keepers'—'to run a profit and cut a loss.' Thus, if his lordship was winning, he would play till Aurora peeped through the blinds. If, on the contrary, he was not in 'vein,' he would depart from the temple of Chance on the loss of his last guinea. But his caution at public hazard-tables was not so rigidly observed when he was playing among his own 'set' at his various clubs or the house of a friend; then he fully bore out what Thackeray records, that when sure of his company he would cover almost any stake, trusting to his skill and knowledge to win.

At Newmarket, on May 5th, 1757, Lord March rode his famous match against a brother peer and sportsman, the Duke of Hamilton, whose descendant is still a supporter of the Turf. True, the match was not for a large stake (fifty guineas); but it was the then uncommon spectacle of seeing two peers in the 'pig-

skin' which commended it to more than usual racing notice. The horse his lordship rode¹ was a grey gelding. The Duke of Hamilton bestrode a chestnut gelding; weights respectively 11st. 3½lbs.² and 11st. 7lbs. The betting on this event afforded but a poor market for his lordship, being 4 to 1 on his winning—a price justified by Lord March dashing first past the post. On returning to scale, his lordship wanted half a pound to draw 'the scale,' and this caused the match to be awarded to the Duke.

I cannot find in published records an account of his lordship's explanation of this circumstance. It is, nevertheless, obvious that the discrepancy was scarcely sufficient to be attributed to an intentional action. It was probably due, perhaps, to some accidental escape of shot from extra weight carried.

This match, deducted from those recorded in the Racing Analysis under the year 1757, gives Lord March's winning record as three out of fifteen engagements.

Lord March took a house in Piccadilly some time about the year 1752. To account for his

¹ Racing Analysis, under date.

² It is recorded that his lordship could ride 10st. about this time.

lordship's occupancy of the mansion¹ next to that of the Honourable Henry Pelham's—who was for some time First Lord of the Treasury, and whose death caused his king to assert, "Now I shall have no more peace"—something more attractive than a daily recurring opportunity of seeing a portentous Minister depart in his chariot, surrounded by sycophants and despatch-boxes, actuated Lord March in his choice of this abode: no other than the bright eyes of Miss Frances Pelham, who had smitten the heart of this noble 'macaroni.' The connections of this lady, niece to the Duke of Newcastle, were as noble as his own; an alliance with her was eminently desirable, more particularly as that family was in a powerful position in the Government of the day.

The career of Lord March shows him to have been a man of expedients; it is no matter for surprise to find that he had a bow-window added to his house, which commanded the window side of Mr. Pelham's residence. By this means he could converse with his fair one, as he had not created such an impression on Mr. Pelham as to be free of his domicile. The courtship flourished for a

¹ This was in Arlington Street, therefore Lord March's must have been there at this period.

time: at last his lordship received his *congé* from the 'moral and regular' Mr. Pelham, who recognised in the Earl of March and Ruglen (who was not at that period heir-presumptive to possessions as large as those of the Pelhams, if not larger) 'a nobleman of dissipated habits, character, and fortune.' These are the words of one¹ who should know.

One result could but ensue from this decision of a father with regard to a suitor for his daughter's hand—an interdiction to their union.

This appears to be the true version of his lordship's first and last attempt to enter the bonds of matrimony. On the other hand, there was scarcely a person more 'given in marriage' than Lord March during his long career—by the diurnal papers. It was said that Lord March, on the death of Miss Pelham's father, withdrew his attentions, all chance of obtaining office in the Administration having ceased at Mr. Pelham's decease. This assertion is quite without warrant, for he cherished an 'ardent and permanent passion during seven years' for Miss Pelham.

Why Lord March did not marry Miss Pelham after her father's death must remain in doubt; many

¹ Sir Nathaniel Wraxall.

reasons were suggested, but the real circumstances which kept this couple asunder have never been publicly known.

The Earl of March and Ruglen's marriage at this time would have exercised a marked effect on his future career in one instance—much curtailed my narrative. But whatever prevented the marriage, a singular fact remains—that neither ever married.

Lord March was thought to be fortunate in having escaped the union, as Miss Pelham possessed gaming propensities to a marked degree, but was destitute of his prudence and caution. In fact, this lady became one of the most infatuated gamblers of her day, and dissipated her fortune at the card-table—so hopelessly, that in her latter days¹ she became dependent for support on her relatives.

Claremont, at Esher, in Surrey, is said to have been left by Mr. Pelham² to his two unmarried daughters, Frances and Mary.

Lord March's racing record for 1758 does not come up to the average either in entries or per-

¹ She predeceased her old lover five years—1805.

² This may be correct, although the estate is generally recorded as belonging to Thomas, Duke of Newcastle, who, on his brother, Mr. Pelham's marriage, in 1726, generously assigned him half the property he inherited from his father.

performances; these number thirteen and two respectively. A glance at the names of the horses engaged will show that his lordship was running some new animals, and these may not have answered his expectations.

In framing the Racing Appendix I have departed from the stereotyped plan of giving the matches and other entries *in extenso*. The reasons already advanced for omitting, in a measure, stud-book references again applies—a want of interest to the general reader. I therefore give, during the period his lordship owned racehorses, an analysis showing what horses he ran, the number of engagements, and events won in any one year. This at a glance shows what he owned in the way of horseflesh and the value of their performances, sufficient to deal in a popular way with his lordship's turf career. On the other hand, the sportsman desirous of further particulars—having the dates—has only to turn to records he knows either by repute or familiarity, and see what animals his lordship's stable was competing against. However, any important racing event his lordship was interested in will be found chronicled in the text.

CHAPTER IX

Lord March assumes the title of Earl of Cassillis—A brief account of his claim—Contested by Sir Thomas Kennedy of Cullean—Sir Thomas's claims in support—Protracted litigation—Final decree of the Lords against Lord March—Anecdotes of Catharine, Duchess of Queensberry.

It is curious that Lord March, whose acumen was as marked as his foibles, should have so often entered that fools' paradise—litigation. True, he brought or defended an action only when the matter in dispute was worth contesting, or when he was sure of his case. Thus, when John, eighth Earl of Cassillis, a family connection already mentioned, died after a lingering illness in Arlington Street, Piccadilly, on August 7th, 1759, without issue, Lord March purchased 'brievies' for having himself served heir of 'tailzie' and 'provision' to the late Earl.

To follow the legal intricacies that this claim involved would be quite foreign to my purpose, but it is necessary to explain on what grounds his lordship based his right. His lordship, William, Earl of March and Ruglen, was grandson of Lady

Anne Kennedy, Countess of Ruglen, daughter of John, seventh Earl of Cassillis. The last owner of this title married his cousin-germane, Lady Susan Hamilton, daughter of John, Earl of Selkirk and Ruglen, his stepfather; upon this several 'particular substitutions' in the Cassillis entail of 1698 were thereupon almost determined by the Ruglen family having a near prospect of succeeding to the estate of Cassillis, under the limitation, 'to the heirs whatsoever' of John, Lord Kennedy.

The intent of this deed was to eventually secure the Cassillis property and honours to the descendants of Anne Kennedy, Countess of Ruglen. This succession might have run its intended course, but for the faculty of perpetuation common to all mankind, which prompted John, eighth Earl of Cassillis, to execute a deed nullifying the previous settlement, which is borne out by the fact that Lord Cassillis did privately sign such an instrument on March 29th, 1759, when his Countess was at a ball, by which deed a settlement in nature of a strict entail of the whole lands and possessions of Cassillis was made in favour of Sir Thomas Kennedy, Bart. of Cullean (his lordship's nearest male relative); by which deed, in default of his surviving the grantor, several other heirs and substitutes were named therein.

This, in brief, is the history of the litigation which ensued, though the lawyers on both sides, as they frequently do, enlarged upon both the appellant's and respondent's case.

Lord March was not the man to let titles and 'bawbees' elude his grasp for want of trying to secure them; he therefore proceeded in the manner related. But, though his lordship claimed as 'general heir,' and assumed the Cassillis title—which, being an older creation than his own, he placed first, styling himself in his legal petitions and other documents William, Earl of Cassillis, March, and Ruglen—Sir Thomas Kennedy of Cullean also considered the prize worth contesting; so at it peer and commoner went, in the strict spirit of the motto of the family whose dignities they were fighting over—'*Avisez la fin*'—Consider the cause or end.

Having cited on what grounds Lord March based his claim, I now briefly relate how, other than by the deed aforesaid, Sir Thomas Kennedy sought to prove his title. This astute Scot and his legal advisers imparted a 'leetle' more ancestry into the case, whether to prolong the cause or to fatten the lawyers I leave for surmise. They therefore began with a charter dated 1404, by which the lands of Cassillis were granted by Robert III., King of Scotland, to Sir

Gilbert Kennedy; and after wading through a few grants and regrants from that period to the date of the deed¹ upon which Lord March chiefly based his claim, began to do what might have been done or urged at the outset—*i.e.* point out that the appellant, Lord March, was 'excluded by the most clear and express words from its benefits'; also, that the late Earl of Cassillis was bound by his own marriage settlement (which was an onerous deed) not to alter the order of succession established by the entail of 1698, and, therefore, could not cancel his own deed by making a gratuitous settlement in favour of the respondent. This is briefly the sum and substance of both sides of the case for which his lordship and the baronet litigated until January 27th, 1762, when the House of Lords dismissed Lord March's claim, and adjudged the Earldom of Cassillis to Sir Thomas Kennedy. Though unsuccessful, Lord March still 'considered the cause' worth contesting, and changed his tactics by litigating for the estates of the Earldom of Cassillis. Defeat again awaited his lordship's second visit to the House of Lords as a litigant.

It would be interesting to know what part, either by advice or monetary assistance (assuming one or

¹ The entail of 1698.

both to have been given), was played by his lordship's relative, Charles, third Duke of Queensberry, in aiding his heir-presumptive to add another dignity to the already long list of honours enjoyed by his fortunate family. Or possibly his grace may have deprecated his kinsman's attempt to triple his already dual coronet. Nor is any opinion of the Duchess's recorded on this matter, although she appears to have been well qualified for those duties which pertain to the sterner sex in the business affairs of everyday life.

This lady, though she had a shrewd regard for her own dignity and privileges, would no doubt have done her best to thwart even a baronet's acceding to an earldom; as she seems to have shown in a peculiar way her dislike to gentry either appearing to be more than they were, or 'aping' nobility. That her actions were hardly polite I have already recorded; the following will illustrate her views more fully.

If, while visiting, she was entertained with a 'dish of tea' served in a fashion she deemed too grand for the status of her hostess, she would sometimes manage to overturn the table and break the china. So skilfully was this done, and so much sorrow expressed at her carelessness, that few of her

injured friends perceived the malice aforethought that had prompted the action.

On the other hand, while dressing like a peasant, she expected her due, whether she was recognised or not. She frequently encountered unpleasantness at public meetings, by being taken for what she appeared to be by her attire. Thus, she attempted once at a review to cross the parade-ground to communicate with her husband, the Duke, who was present in his official capacity; but she was rudely pushed back by some of the soldiers keeping the ground. This threw her into such a passion that it was with difficulty the Duke could appease her, and then only by assuring her that the man, or men, who had prevented her passage had been placed under arrest and would be flogged!

So far did she carry her peculiarity of attire, that she sought to disobey Court etiquette by appearing in her apron, after an order had been issued that aprons should not be worn by ladies attending Drawing-Rooms. This the Duchess considered herself privileged to disobey, and at the next Drawing-Room she presented herself clad *à la paysanne*, apron and all; a garment which no doubt 'toned' down the scantiness of her rustic

costume. On approaching the anteroom, the lord-in-waiting informed the Duchess that he could not possibly grant her admission with that garb. The Duchess apparently knew to what portion of her attire the lord-in-waiting's remarks more particularly referred, as she immediately pulled off the offending apron, threw it into that official's face, and marched into the presence-chamber in brown stuff-gown and petticoats—a very 'daw' among 'peacocks.'

The foregoing are only specimens of many that could be recited concerning the vagaries of a woman who, it is said, was as brilliant in her conversation as she was witty in her letters. Nor was it only those of would-be rank who suffered from her satire; persons of her own station also came in both for her plain speaking and dealing.¹ A little passage-of-arms between her grace and the Duchess of Richmond will suffice as an instance. Duchess Catharine sent an invitation for Lady Emily Lennox to attend a ball she was about to give; but the Duchess of Richmond could not, or did not, make up her mind to let her daughter go—it is suggested partly on account of the recent elopement of her

¹ Walpole makes many allusions to this singular woman in his works.

daughter, Lady Caroline, with Mr. Fox. Therefore she gave a somewhat curious answer to her sister Duchess's invitation: 'She could not determine.' The Duchess of Queensberry appears to have thought this a singular reply, so again sent the same day for another, when a similar answer was returned. This piqued her Grace of Queensberry, who surmised the reason, and, not caring to be thought an abettor of runaway matches, sent a message that 'she had made up her company, and desired to be excused Lady Emily's,' adding a postscript which fully proves her quickness of wit and perception: 'Too great a trust,' are the simple words recorded, a home-thrust which conveyed to the Duchess of Richmond the full force of Duchess Catharine's sarcastic wit. This incident, it was thought, might be attended by a 'declaration of war' between partisans of the houses of Queensberry and Richmond.

CHAPTER X

The Earl of March and Ruglen's Turf record for 1759—A racing anecdote which shows his lordship's astuteness—Duchess Catharine and 'domestic economy'—Her visit to the Dean of Lincoln's—Lord March's Turf progress, 1760—An assumed aggravating circumstance in connection with his lordship's Pelham courtship.

THE luxury of the law did not prevent Lord March from still indulging his passion for the Turf; a fact which would almost prove that the Duke of Queensberry had supplied the sinews of war for legal matters connected with the Cassillis property. Reference to the Racing Analysis for 1759 shows that his lordship made the largest number of engagements as yet recorded in his Turf career—*viz.* nineteen. Of these he won six. In one race, a subscription of twenty guineas each, eleven subscribers, run at Newmarket, May 7th, he rode his own horse to victory. In this year's record confirmation of his lordship's gaming experiences will also be found in his racing. Following a 'lucky vein' at the October meeting, Newmarket, he followed up a match of 500 guineas, won by

his chestnut filly on the 5th, by another for the same sum the day following, and a further one on the 18th. These feats, allied to his other gambling, will make the present-day 'purist' assert his lordship had climbed with a vengeance into 'Satan's coach.'

Lord March's fortune on the Turf depended solely on his own ability and knowledge. Indeed, at this period few professional jockeys were his equal in the saddle, and none excelled him in judgment. So far did his lordship's initiation into the mysteries of the Turf bear fruit, that at times, and on certain important occasions, he would not trust one of his racing retinue. It was no doubt by these tactics that he obtained good service; for the glorious halo of uncertainty which he now and again saw fit to assume in 'working' his stable would appear to have caused his lads to steal a feather from their master's cap. In support of this I relate the following, which shows that the jockey knew that if he tried to 'dish' his lordship, his triumph would be short-lived, and assuredly retaliated. He, therefore, in obedience to the old saw, 'Like master, like man,' left the punishment of a Turf schemer to his wily patron.

Prior to a match, for some time looked forward

to, and concerning which certain speculators had taken liberties with Lord March's representative, these individuals, to save themselves and make a *coup*, managed to find out which of his lordship's lads would most probably have the mount: then a large sum was offered the latter to lose the match.¹ The jockey fortunately knew his lordship better than the blackleg; he also knew on what side his 'bread was buttered.' With a shrewdness that speaks well for his lordship's racing tuition, the jockey at once acquainted his master of the affair. 'Take it,' said the astute March; 'I will hold you blameless.' Though this is all the conversation recorded, it is possible that Lord March counselled caution; but here steps in his lordship's own 'bump.' He did not vouchsafe a word to his jockey or racing friends respecting what his *modus operandi* would be for thwarting the race 'speculator.' Therefore the jockey thought he was to ride, though he may have relied on his lordship forestalling, by some means, the confederacy who imagined themselves to have a good thing on.

All went well until the day of the race, for which

¹ The lad was said by some to be Dick Goodison. This I consider more than doubtful, as Dick and Lord March did not become interested in each other till some years after.

the jockey was attired to ride. During the saddling process in the paddock, who should stroll leisurely up to inspect the operation but Lord March, attired in a long coat similar to those worn in the paddock at the present day? 'Ha!' exclaimed his lordship, running his hand over the animal about to do battle for him, 'this seems a nice horse to ride! I think I'll ride him myself,' and, stripping off his coat, he was found to be fully accoutred in racing attire, with the exception of the cap, which was at once supplied. He mounted, went to the post, and won his match 'hands down.' As quiet and as smart a rap over the knuckles as ever racing blackleg had administered to him!

On the coronation of his Majesty, George III., during 1760, Catharine, Duchess of Queensberry, walked in the procession 'in her white locks,' a statement which presupposes that her grace did not follow the then prevailing fashion; but on so great an occasion she departed from her costume *à la paysanne*, and was richly attired. Indeed, although the Duchess upheld her station nobly, her subsequent conduct proves how deeply rooted her dislike was to outward show and ostentation. The morning after, she called her attendants round her, and, scattering the whole of her precious attire on

the floor, said: 'There, my good friends, I hope never to see another coronation, so share them amongst you.' In fact, she condescended to sit down with her maids, and assisted in ripping the point-lace, pearls, and other valuable ornaments from the dress and train.

The Duke and Duchess of Queensberry now found themselves in high favour, on the accession of George III., to whom they had transferred their allegiance, when Prince of Wales, over the Gay affair.

The Duchess's attention, with all her oddities, was not given entirely to the demands of fashionable life, as she would often take a journey to inform a friend of any little domestic hint. One day she drove post to Parson's Green,¹ where Lady Sophia Thomas resided, on whom she called to relate something of importance. 'What is it?' asked her ladyship. 'Why, take a couple of beef-steaks, chop them together as if they were for a dumpling, and eat them with pepper and salt; it is the best thing you have ever tasted. I could not help coming to tell you this!' After narrating this 'matter of little importance,' this 'woman of *some* importance' posted back to

¹ *Walpole Letters*, edit. 1857.

Queensberry House, Burlington Street, having no doubt relieved herself by this 'mountain in labour' episode.

Another good story is related of this eccentric lady by the same authority, Walpole.

The circumstances happened at the Dean of Lincoln's, whose guest she, with other noble dames, had been. On the ladies retiring, they were ushered into a drawing-room which had an only entrance from the dining-room, and was destitute of those necessaries polite society demands. The Duchess and her companions bore this species of confinement as long as their patience allowed. At last the Duchess took upon herself the part of 'spokeswoman,' and, opening the door leading to the dining-room, said: "Mr." Dean, you have given us an admirable dinner, good wine, and an excellent dessert, but you must remember that we are not residentiaries.' A more pointed rebuke than this might have been expected from so outspoken a dame as her grace.

The Earl of March and Ruglen raced during 1760 as if he had the whole of the Cassillis property in possession; but neither the adverse result of this litigation nor any other circumstance affected the buoyancy of his lordship's spirits. True, as he advanced in years his temperament became a little

irritable, due more to the infirmity of age than to his natural disposition.

To return to his lordship's Turf record: this shows twenty engagements contested by sixteen different horses, a number which, so far, outvies any previous year both as regards engagements and horses running. Nevertheless, the results were not so good as the last year,¹ as the events won amounted to six only, and these were of a less monetary value than those for 1759. By this it is proved that his lordship still rode his hobby hard, irrespective of the Cassillis 'Stakes,' for which he could only be a spectator; that 'event' being ridden for by 'legal' jockeys, who often ride as hard as the professional 'jockey' when the saddle-bags are money-bags!

The year 1760-1761 was passed by Lord March in much his customary manner. Indeed, the coronation of his Majesty King George III. brought with it the usual rejoicings, together with opportunity for his lordship to advance himself in Court favour by his cousin's (the Duke of Queensberry) restoration to Royal good graces.

There is a circumstance connected with the career of Lord March which I would rather not have mentioned, as I had determined to allude only to his

¹ *Vide* Racing Analysis, under year 1760.

lordship's *liaisons* upon his own authority. To this course I still purpose to adhere; for a reason will be duly set forth. However, there is an incident I am bound to mention briefly, as it may have been regarded as aggravating circumstances in preventing Lord March's marriage with Miss Pelham when all opposition or other reasons had been removed, and may be accordingly judged. About 1757 or 1758, an Italian lady, a Countess L——, wife, it is said, of a Count of the Holy Roman Empire, appeared in London. The Count had deserted his wife in a fit of jealousy while visiting Paris. The deserted Countess was befriended by a wealthy French official, who settled an annuity on her. Further it would be unwise to follow her career in the gay city; she is next found following an English nobleman who had once been enamoured of her to London. But her arrival here was a little tardy, as her English admirer, to her great chagrin and dilemma, had just married.

Soon after her advent, Lord March met the Countess at the *ridotto* in the Haymarket. To beg an introduction at the hands of a common acquaintance was the work of a few moments for the captivated March, who found favour with the Countess by asking her to walk a minuet with him. This

ceremony both accomplished so gracefully that it was considered the best performance of the minuet ever witnessed in those rooms.

The result of this meeting was the establishment of relations between the parties which lasted for some time.

CHAPTER XI

Lord March's racing results for 1761—Some matches lost and won by his lordship to and from 'The Duke'—An 'Ixionic' wager—His lordship all but caught 'napping'—He turns the tables on his adversaries and wins his wager—How Lord March sought to 'manage his bets' on a race—Mr. Edgeworth lays his lordship £500 that he can furnish the result quicker; its acceptance—The result.

THE racing engagements of Lord March for the year 1761 show a diminution. The decrease is only two; but, though his lordship had lessened his engagements, as well as decreased his winning record, by this number, the results show a much larger monetary benefit than he had yet made. On the other hand, his stable appears to have been kept in a condition of *statu quo*—as a reference to the Analysis will show—only four horses not recorded amongst those running in 1760 competing. Although the Earl won only four out of eighteen engagements, these ran into near £4000. One match, run at Newmarket, March 1761, for 2000 guineas, was won by Lord March's *Beechwood*, carrying 9st., over the trying Beacon Course, against Sir John Moor's *Grey*

Colt, Sst. But the gilt of this victory was somewhat taken off by two matches his lordship lost to an old racing antagonist, the Duke of Cumberland. As one of these, combined with another race, was the harbinger of a match for 1000 guineas against another of his lordship's representatives at the 'back end' of this racing season, I record it:

'*March* 25.—H.R.H. the Duke's¹ bay horse *Cato* beat Lord March's *Gaul'em*, Sst. 7lbs. ex.; 500 guineas, play or pay. B. C.'

This, taken with his lordship's previous defeat in a match for 300 guineas against another horse of H.R.H., made the latter think he had commenced the Turf year well against his racing competitor, Lord March.

The meeting at Newmarket, September 29, assisted his lordship to regain his 'laurels' from the 'great' Duke, whose crack *Cato* went down before Lord March's dun horse *Creampot*, over four miles of the Beacon Course; though *Cato* was giving his antagonist a start, 9st. 7lbs. against 8st. 7lbs. By this race 500 guineas passed from H.R.H. to the Scottish Earl.

It was, however, on November 13, at Newmarket,

¹ H.R.H. is often named in sporting records of the period by this laconic term.

that his lordship made up his book against the Duke, who appears to have been caught in the racing-net of the shrewd jockey-lord. Good a horse as H.R.H.'s old servant *Cato* appears to have been, it was asking too much of him to carry 10st. over the Beacon Course four miles against his lordship's bay filly by *Skim*, late Lord Portmore's, three years old, carrying a feather. By this, Lord March's loss of 800 guineas in the spring to the Duke was turned into a profit of 700 guineas in his matches with H.R.H. alone, not counting bets which, it is very certain, his lordship indulged in.

The reader by this time has gained a clear insight into Lord March's gambling ways, together with his shrewdness in those pursuits. Indeed, chance seems to have entered but little into his schemes or original wagers, as he invariably thought a bet, other than a turf one, well out before committing himself. But even if at fault in his calculation, he invariably found some means that had not entered his opponent's mind, whereby possible or assured defeat was turned into victory. In support of my assertion, I will now relate a wager made by his lordship which fully substantiates his acuteness and resource, but is not generally known.

A journeyman coachbuilder had often been noticed by Lord March trundling a wheel—a common sight of every day even now; one which would hardly furnish ‘food for reflection’ to an ordinary person. His lordship, however, saw ‘something’ in it. An acquaintance having been struck up between March and the journeyman, the former discovered that the man was singularly deft in running with the wheel on a smooth surface such as the footpath; this he quickly tested by his stop-watch. Lord March also knew a waiter at Betty’s fruit-shop, St. James Street, famed for his running; and this man’s speed he had ascertained by personal observation. Here, then, was the basis for a future wager when opportunity served. This came in due course (as everything does to the man who knows how to wait), when his lordship broached the matter of his journeyman coachbuilder. He spoke of this as though he were convinced that the wheel assisted instead of retarding the speed. The discussion led, as was intended, to an argument, whereupon Lord March offered to stake a large sum of money that the journeyman would run with the hind-wheel of his carriage, then at the door, faster than the waiter aforesaid.

The bet was taken up by those present to a considerable amount, and the time and place arranged.

His lordship likewise knew that large sums would depend on the contest outside those immediately concerned, as he, like other gamesters, had a following; so had his antagonists. He therefore correctly surmised that his competitors would be certain to try the pace of the waiter, whom he had quietly watched and his speed carefully ascertained when running trials. Having these data, he commenced experiments with his journeyman, and felt certain of success—a result which he communicated to his friends, who increased their bets accordingly.

Nevertheless, the most shrewd and calculating err sometimes. His lordship, in testing his flying wheelman's performance with the wheel, had not based his calculations on the hind-wheel of his carriage. Though overlooked by so wideawake a person as his lordship, this circumstance had played a very great part in deciding his competitors to accept the conditions. They noticed that the wheel the coachmaker usually ran with was much higher than the one upon which the match was to be decided. Visits by those interested to several coachbuilders confirmed their impressions that a man could not get up so great a speed with a small wheel as with a large one. Woe to March, thought

they, as the hind-wheel of his lordship's carriage happened to be uncommonly small.

The acceptors of this singular wager were jubilant; so much so that the cause of their exultation reached the ears of the 'canny' March, who appears to have been singularly dense on a matter which would have occurred to others with less quickness of perception.

Until the day before the match did Lord March dwell in blissful ignorance of the defeat awaiting him. With his lordship, however, to be forewarned was to be forearmed, and he therefore did that which prudence should have dictated before—he tried his Ixion with the wheel he was to use in the match, and found him wanting. Here, then, was a dilemma—his sporting or wagering acumen was at stake, and not twenty-four hours wherein to avert defeat; what was to be done? In his distress his lordship appealed to an eccentric fellow-sportsman, Sir Francis Delaval—whose name often occurs in chronicles of the period—and he suggested the 'skeleton' of a remedy, which his lordship quickly put into form. He then applied to a friend in the Board of Works for the loan of a sufficient number of planks to make a pathway upon the course where the match was to be de-

cided. By the aid of a small army of workmen, and the rays of the moon, these planks were raised on blocks to make a road for the wheel; by this the nave of the low wheel was raised to the height of the one which the coachbuilder ordinarily used. That so singular an expedient was allowed appears strange; but a reference to the Jockey Club decided that the match should take place—why, it is difficult to say, unless the Earl pointed out that no agreement had been made as to either the path or its height, but only that the man was to run with the wheel of his coach. This he did, and (owing to the altered condition of affairs) won easily.

Sometimes, however, Lord March was led to backing an opinion in which horses had not entered into the calculation of his opponent. One evening, at Ranelagh, his lordship met Mr. R. L. Edgeworth, F.R.S., to whom he expressed regret at being unable to attend Newmarket the next meeting. 'I am obliged,' said he, 'to stay in London. I shall, however, be at the Turf Coffee House, and I shall station fleet horses on the road to bring me the earliest intelligence of the result of a race; and I shall manage my bets accordingly.' Comment on this last assertion would

be superfluous. Mr. Edgeworth asked at what time he expected to know the winner. 'About nine o'clock,' replied his lordship. Edgeworth then asserted his ability to name the winner at four o'clock in the afternoon. This appeared so incredible that his lordship expressed his doubts of Mr. Edgeworth's ability. He thereupon laid Lord March £500 he would name the winner at five o'clock on the day of the race. Sir Francis Delaval, who was present, went 'another' £500 on Mr. Edgeworth's side; Lord Eglinton and others did the same.

The following day the wagers met at the Turf Coffee House to reduce their bet to writing; and this having got wind, they were quickly supported by friends of both opponents; while Mr. Edgeworth and his party offered to double his stakes. But Mr. Edgeworth's candour spoiled a lesson to Lord March (who wondered where Edgeworth was going to obtain his winged horses) by stating that he did not rely on horses to acquaint him with the name of the victor; whereupon Lord March and his friends wisely declined the wager.

Mr. Edgeworth was going to adopt means afterwards improved upon and used for Government purposes—a semaphore apparatus.

CHAPTER XII

A bad racing record—Lord March created a Lord of the Bedchamber—His lordship's character—A change of town residences—Lord March's friendship and correspondence with George Augustus Selwyn.

WHETHER the result of the Cassillis litigation upset Lord March's equilibrium this year (1762), or other causes tended to make his Turf record meagre and the results *nil*, can only be surmised. That something was wrong or wanting is certain, as seven entries bearing a duck's-egg testify.

Nevertheless, the Earl of March and Ruglen made a notable divergence, this year, from his ordinary mode of life; he accepted office. His countryman, John Stuart, Earl of Bute, had acceded to power as Prime Minister; and, with 'correct' party diplomacy, set about creating supporters, as the increase of the Lords of the Bedchamber from twelve to eighteen can scarcely be considered merely a supplement to his Majesty's state. However, Lord Bute made the addition, and bestowed on Lord March one of the new creations, which carried with it £1000 per annum. The duties involved cannot

be called onerous; but his lordship's attendance, *in rota*, on the King naturally occupied time he had previously devoted to other purposes. It is said that the Earl of Bute took a special interest in Lord March, and this may account for his being selected, though his relative the Duke of Queensberry's influence no doubt played some part in the affair.

This appointment gives me an opportunity to allude to his lordship's character, which neither tradition nor the diurnal writers¹ of this period have spared. This, however, is not prefatory to an attempt to 'whitewash' his reputation, as, whatever my record may show him to have been, I have omitted all but substantial facts.

It is said that a certain 'gentleman' is not so black as he has been painted, a truism the charitable will admit; therefore, it appears singular that the most well-'subdued' of the 'Four Georges' should have tolerated for near thirty years (the period his lordship retained his office) close communion with one who, some would have us believe, was all but a fiend in human form. This fact alone, then, tends to qualify much of the common report concerning the Earl of March.

¹ Some of these are said to have 'lived' on the copy they made, or invented, concerning his lordship's doings.

Nor must the different conditions of social life be forgotten—those which abetted Lord March's propensities as much as they led those sworn 'to love and cherish' to forget their vows, a peccadillo from which his lordship must be absolved. Whatever life he led, he broke no vows, nor posed as a 'Joseph Surface.'

Nevertheless, a singular choice, alteration, or registration of his racing colours in this year points to a desire to be thought spotless. At a meeting of the Jockey Club, on the 2nd of October 1762, a resolution was passed that jockeys should wear colours;¹ thereon Lord March selected the emblem of that cardinal virtue, purity—white.² A happy exposition of Shakespeare's line: 'Assume a virtue, if you have it not.'

About this period Lord March changed his town residence from Piccadilly to Marylebone, a neighbourhood then becoming fashionable. His house is not said to have been erected by his old acquaintance, 'Miser' Elwes, who built several houses in

¹ It would hence appear that distinctive colours were not compulsory before this date.

² I have mentioned that he previously adopted scarlet; indeed, he appears to have changed his colours once or twice before he settled down into the 'deep' red and black cap he is best known by.

Portman Square and its vicinity. Probably Lord March found his friend 'Skinflint's' habitations undesirable, though these were close to his lordship's residence in Seymour Place.

This year commences a correspondence with one with whom his lordship enjoyed a long and strange friendship—George Augustus Selwyn, whose careful keeping of his letters has permitted me to judge him by his own actions and words. However, I must disclaim the privilege of first making this singular correspondence public; as that pertains to the late J. H. Jesse, who, over fifty years ago, edited Selwyn's correspondence in a work entitled *George Selwyn and his Contemporaries*, in which many of Lord March's letters are found. To place these together in an Appendix, in conjunction with my own research and explanation, has been my task; one which sheds a considerable light on his lordship's sayings and doings, stripped from all error, miscalculation, or judgment of reporters or chroniclers. At this point I purpose to enlighten the reader, not versed in biographies, as to who George Augustus Selwyn was.

This eighteenth-century wit was senior to Lord March by six years: he was born at Matson, Gloucester, on the 11th of August 1719; the second son

of Colonel John Selwyn, at one time aide-de-camp to John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough. At twenty-six, young Selwyn, rightly or wrongly, was expelled from Oxford (though he had previously taken his name off the books of his college) for an 'irreverent jest,' which would seem to have been levied against a creed, but not against religion.

This gave Selwyn opportunity (had the 'custom' of those times permitted certain officials to do the work for which they were paid) of attending to his appointment as Clerk of the Irons, and Surveyor of the Meltings at the Mint—a post his father's influence had procured for him on entering his twenty-second year. The duties of this office being, however, executed by deputy, entailed no greater labour on young Selwyn than drawing his emoluments and condescending to present himself, when in town, at the weekly dinner of the Mint officials, which a then grateful and indulgent public provided gratis. Whether the performance of these arduous duties counselled the 'relaxation' of Parliament, his chronicler does not record. But in 1747 he 'graduated' at St. Stephen's, Westminster; his father's proprietary interests in the county of Gloucester enabled him to sit as one of its members for some years, and even to influence the return of the second representative.

On the death of his eldest brother, who had represented the city of Gloucester, George Augustus took this 'pocket' seat in the conclaves of his country, as he now did in the inheritances of his family.

In 1755, Selwyn duly proved the truth of the assertion that many men of mediocre abilities advance to fame and fortune by having once got into the 'groove'; for he was appointed paymaster of the Board of Works. The fact, although not recorded in his memoir, is substantiated by his re-election for Gloucester during that year on accepting the office.

Selwyn's public or private fortunes do not, however, concern my subject; neither do his singular characteristics, which were strangely contradictory. For, tender and kind-hearted as Selwyn is said to have been—indeed, to 'know and love' him were almost synonymous—yet no person of his station seems to have taken greater interest in seeing a malefactor meet his fate at the hands of the public executioner. Many anecdotes concerning this morbid taste of Selwyn's are told. Perhaps the following will show his friends' appreciation of this singular trait. Fox, the first Lord Holland, during his last illness was informed that his old friend Selwyn had

called to inquire how he was progressing. 'The next time Mr. Selwyn calls,' replied his lordship, 'show him up. If I am alive I shall be delighted to see him, and if I am dead he will be glad to see me.'

But the witty Selwyn—and no man of his time possessed a purer vein of wit—frequently turned the point of a 'deadly' joke against the perpetrator. Thus, when the brilliant but prodigal relative of the aforesaid nobleman asked Selwyn if he had witnessed the execution of a criminal who bore the same cognomen as his questioner, Fox — 'No,' answered George Augustus, 'I make a point of never attending rehearsals.'

Whatever was the nature of the 'bond' that united two men so similar and dissimilar as Lord March and Selwyn, the fact remains they were firm and 'singular' friends from the period under notice until Death deprived the younger man, March, of the other's society. Selwyn's passion for gambling may have been the first cause of this friendship; but that venality did not enter 'his soul' deeper than the length of a pasteboard 'deuce,' whereas Lord March's was empiric.

The reading of his lordship's correspondence¹ not

¹ See Appendiccs.

only throws considerable light on Lord March's characteristics, but shows who and what his connections and surroundings were. This series of epistles does not exhibit him as a proficient in the art, for no man esteemed education more lightly than his lordship.

But, for a singular combination of sense, good feeling, and a thorough insight into character, evinced with natural shrewdness, they will compare favourably, in time to come, with the epistles of young men of fashion of to-day.

On the other hand, the matter-of-fact sensuality and profligacy set forth in them must be deplored.

CHAPTER XIII

Morals of Society in the last century—Some March-Selwyn correspondence—*Chères amies* of Lord March—His chaplain and Wilkes's *Essay on Woman*—His lordship enters the lists against Wilkes—*Poses à la St. George*—Wilkes outlawed—Verses on Kidgell, Lord March's chaplain.

A CIRCUMSTANCE precedes the first published letter of the March-Selwyn correspondence which testifies that singular doings were permitted in Society at this time, even by those who considered themselves beyond reproach. Horace Walpole writes as follows in a letter addressed to General Conway from Strawberry Hill, September 9th, 1762: 'I have had Lord March and the Rena here for one night, which does not raise my reputation in the neighbourhood, and may usher me again into the *North Briton*.' It is unnecessary to dwell further on this incident, which shows the prevailing latitude.

In the letter to Selwyn noticed,¹ an allusion is made by Lord March to his relatives, the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, who were evidently

¹ Appendix A.

on terms of friendship with the Gloucestershire wit, as he refers his correspondent to their graces for political information—a circumstance which confirms Lord March's dislike to these matters, though now and again he throws light on some incident then on the political horizon. Indeed, the epistle is little else than a gossip as to how the world was wagging in the neighbourhood of St. James's. But his lordship, to be true to himself, 'drags' another *chère amie* into the society of her betters—a native of sunny Italy, as was her contemporary, the Rena. This person, the 'Tondino,' informs her friend of a circumstance which one would think he would have heard direct.

The aforesaid allusions to Lord March's mode of life form a curious preamble to his posing as the defender of decency. True, he may have assumed this part out of gallantry to the fair sex; a reason advanced in the preceding chapter, and now to be more fully discussed.

His lordship's opponent in this was John Wilkes, whose labours in the cause of liberty were no more notorious than his libertine character. His, however, was commonplace dissipation, and not tempered with either the novelty or refinement of his rival in the worship of pleasure.

What led Wilkes to indite and put in print his *Essay on Woman* nothing but a debauched mind could suggest. The few lines I have found, after a prolonged search, convince me that only a heartless *roué* could have compiled so indecent a pamphlet. Only twelve or thirteen copies were printed; but these were too many. Let us hope all were destroyed. Had, however, this immoral publication been issued from Grub Street, or similar founts of inferior and indecent literature, it would, perhaps, in those days have attracted little notice; but its emanating from one who posed as a patriot, and being brought to the notice of the authorities by Lord March, made not only the 'essay' famous, but that which its author did not bargain for—infamous.

The discovery was brought about in a singular way. Wilkes had intrusted the ms. of this precious essay to his own foreman to strike off; one of his subordinates, with more charity than judgment, gave a fellow-typist—presumably during his dinner-hour—employed at one Faden's, some butter in a pull of one of the sheets. It is not assumed that this was done purposely; but his friend, on unwrapping the butter, glanced at the matter contained on the sheet, which so interested him that he showed it to his fellow-workmen. At last it reached

the foreman's hands, who suggested that the recipient should prevail on his friend at Wilkes's to secure proofs of the other sheets; indeed, went so far as to give money wherewith to bribe the man if necessary. These wiles having succeeded, a complete copy was put by Faden into the hands of the Rev. — Kidgell, to whom Faden seems to have mentioned his find, and who, probably, suggested the plan, and supplied the means for its execution.

So far, I have not shown how this matter concerns the Earl of March and Ruglen. The following will make that clear. The Earl added to his other luxuries a chaplain, and the office was filled by the divine just mentioned, 'the Rev. — Kidgell, A.M., Rector of Herne, Surrey, preacher of Berkeley Chapel, and Chaplain to the Earl of March and Ruglen'; his own statement of fact is so described in an essay on the libellous tract of Wilkes written by him. He says therein that his patron, 'my Lord March, was extremely offended' at the obnoxious essay, and promised his assistance to discountenance so shameful a production. This he accomplished by placing the copy in the hands of one of the Secretaries of State. Lord March then informed his zealous chaplain that proper steps would be

taken to punish this enemy to society—Wilkes. In fact, all that could should be done, as he was one of the three chosen to form a committee to investigate the matter. His lordship's coadjutors were the Bishop of Gloucester and Lord Sandwich, who was almost as free a liver as his brother temporal peer.

The result of this combination against the proprietor of the *North Briton*—who 'ran' Bute, allied to an animus which regarded the whole Scotch nation as good copy—is historic. Hence an invitation by writ to meet Lord Mansfield in the Court of King's Bench, in official audience, Wilkes declined by flying the country; whereon he was condemned as contumacious, and outlawed.

That the part played by Lord March in this matter caused much comment goes without saying. Nor did his chaplain escape satire. One who styles himself an 'M.P., and a friend to Wilkes and Liberty,' published some doggerel verses on Kidgell's narrative.

The title-page bears these references :

'Why should a reverend priest submit to fawn?'

'Pope has answered :

"A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn."

In the text, the author is supposed to enter, reading the title-page of Kidgell's essay :

' I, Kidgell, *Artium Magister*,
 For Wilkes's back have spread this blister.
 Of Herne, in Surrey, am I rector,
 And preach the Berkeley chapel lecture.
 And, as you see me, stiff and starch,
 Am chaplain to the Earl of March—
 Believe me, gentry, here 's no juggling—
 My master's other title, Ruglen.'

Then follow a few pages in similar metre, satirising him as informer against Wilkes. The incident caused so great a stir, that even the journeyman printer who pulled this chestnut out of the fire for Kidgell rushed into print to give the plain truth of the methods used to procure a copy of the *Essay on Woman*. Here I take leave of a subject which did not do his lordship's reputation the good so prominent a posing as St. George might have implied.

CHAPTER XIV

Mr. Commissioner Selwyn—Lord March's Ascot, 1763—The Tondino—Letter dated from 'Hôtel de Tondino'—His lordship's stockings seized by the Customs—Advice to Selwyn—Anecdote of Selwyn—Lord March at Fontainebleau—Fox and his lordship—Lord March's racing record, 1763.

THE close intimacy which existed between Lord March and Selwyn is evident from the little commissions the peer gave his witty friend. A brace given in a communication from Newmarket¹ also testify to the correctness of my previous statement as to Lord March's dislike of Wilkes; and likewise that he did not always leave Newmarket with his pocket-book well filled. But the next communication to his 'dear George' tells another tale (racing *Hope* is always so) from Ascot, which, then as now, seems to have been well entitled to its mournful prefix—'Black'; although in this instance Fortune smiled on the Earl of March and Ruglen, as he managed to win £2000 the first day of the meeting, and bring off about £1500.²

¹ Appendix B.

² Appendix C.

This news, and some fashionable gossip, Lord March addresses to Selwyn at Paris; though his concluding remarks are worth remembering for the future—his gastronomic capabilities, and a reference in Italian to the Tondino!

That March's commissions were duly executed by Selwyn his lordship's thanks prove;¹ at the same time he praises his correspondent's talent for letter-writing. Lord March does not seem to have engrossed all the little Tondino's attention, for he alludes to her as then writing Selwyn a letter.

Between the aforesaid communication and the subsequent one² Selwyn had returned from Paris. At first sight, the superscription of Lord March's letter might convey the idea that he had changed his habitation from London to Paris, as the address—Hôtel de Tondino—might imply this to the uninitiated in his lordship's Cyprian wit. But little Society gossip is forthcoming in this foreign-dated letter, while that which concerns himself and his surroundings is confined to the facts that he was going to Newmarket, had not risen till near two P.M., and that the Tondino was much better; items of information which probably caused 'George' much gratification.

¹ Appendix D.

² Appendix E.

On his lordship's return he found his very obliging friend gone to the French capital, whether to witness an execution or for other purposes can only be surmised; nevertheless, he appears to have been anxious to have his noble friend's company, who could not be made to make a definite promise.¹ The next letter² affords some curious information as to how wealthy and noble persons tried to defraud H.M. Customs. His lordship laments the seizure of some silk stockings his good Selwyn had sent him, that had been seized by the Custom-house officers. But, says this law-abiding peer, had they been taken out of the paper and rolled up, it 'would have made them pass for old stockings'! This letter imparts information seldom found in contemporary records—viz. his lordship's entertainment of his ducal relative.

The Earl of March and Ruglen, after the July Meeting, Newmarket, found time to make up his mind to go to France, where, from Fontainebleau,³ he addresses Selwyn, to whom he recites a circumstance that concerns his 'dear George.' The Queen of France had asked Madame de Mirepoix 'si elle n'avoit pas beaucoup entendu médire de Monsieur Selwyn, et elle? Elle a répondu: "Oui, beaucoup, Madame." "J'en suis bien aise," dit la Reine.'

¹ Appendix F.² Appendix G.³ Appendix H.

The last paragraph shows how much his lordship could rely on his friend's good offices, as he asks, 'Pray say something for me to the little Tondino,' pleading illness in excuse for inability to write both his friends at that time. March probably wished to acquire as much rest as possible prior to the arrival of Stephen Fox, for whom he had taken a room. Fox shared to the full the gambling proclivities of Lord March. But whether Lord Holland intrusted to him the worldly tuition of his boys or not, March gambled and raced with both Stephen and Charles James Fox.

Eccentric as Catharine, Duchess of Queensberry, was, both she and her husband were truly benevolent. A chronicler¹ of these days states that, as late as 1798, many of the Duke and Duchess's old retainers were alive, living in comfort on their bounty. This writer had special means of learning chit-chat about her grace through the medium of a former maid, one of her pensioners, a worthy spinster then bordering on the eighties, who was for ever lispings, 'Our dear Lord Duke,' 'the dear Lady Duchess,' expressions which she varied with contempt for 'that Lord March,' who succeeded to the title and fortune of my 'dear Lord Duke, though not to the dignities (*sic*) of the dear

¹ Angelo.

Lord Duke.' What his lordship had done to displease this retired lady's-maid or her old fellow-servants is unknown, but that he was not popular among his relative's retinue appears evident. Some of these fossils of servitude used to recount their recollections of her grace's evening coteries, when Pope, Handel, Swift, Prior, Dr. Arbuthnot, Kent, Jervas the painter, and other professors of literature and art would match their wit and raillery with those of the proud Duchess, as her Majesty Queen Caroline used to term her.

A little episode that occurred once between the Duchess and Swift may be recounted here; one which the admirers of Swift may thank me for, though he plays but a secondary part. One of the Duke of Queensberry's gardeners—presumably at Amesbury—wooed and won the daughter of her grace's dairy-maid. Parental consent having been granted, their graces' wishes were then consulted, and permission given; a course which no doubt meant more than the mere 'Yes.' On the wedding-day the Dean of St. Patrick's arrived, and observed to her grace: 'So you have a wedding to-day, my Lady Duchess?' adding, 'Why, all the village is up in arms!'

'Yes, Mr. Dean,' was her reply; 'silly, silly young people to choose this of all days in the year—'

“St. Barnaby bright,
The longest day and the shortest night !”

The marriage took place on the 21st of June.

The Duchess's *protégés* were numerous: neither colour nor race seems to have affected her selection, as she took an uncommon interest in a negro lad brought from Jamaica by a relative of the Duke's, who informed her that 'he had an uncommonly smart and intelligent Mungo.' Her grace expressed a desire to see him, and then begged the orphan of his master, promising to provide for and educate him. This she did, naming him Soubise. The lad, after his curriculum, as became a Duchess's *protégé*, aimed at entering the fashionable world, talked of becoming a general, and followed the footsteps of his patron's relative, Lord March, in gallantry: indeed, her grace's maids called him Othello. At last the good old Duke was taken with Master Soubise's martial vapourings; had him taught fencing and riding, in both of which he became proficient. Then allusion was made to one of the universities to finish his education; this was too much for Soubise-Othello's balance, who thereon assumed airs, boasting he was the son of an African prince. The Duchess's dislike of assumption and presumption has already been mentioned; so, when

her nigger wanted to assume the purple by descent and not by charity, she quickly said, 'Oh! if that is so, Master Soubise, I must lower your crest,' and immediately articleed him to a professor of fencing. I need not follow any further this Ethiopian gentleman, who faithfully portrayed the old, old adage, 'Set a beggar on horseback,' etc.

From a racing point of view, the year 1763 was a great improvement on the preceding one, as Lord March, out of thirteen engagements, won four matches, which in stakes alone brought him thirteen hundred guineas.

But that some cause must have prevented Lord March from pursuing his Turf career with his usual spirit, the next few years' records will make evident. What that cause was must remain a matter of doubt, although his correspondence with Selwyn may offer some suggestion.

CHAPTER XV

Vagaries in wagering—A wager made by Lord March recorded in the bet-book at 'White's'—Another singular bet—Lord March made a K.T.—His lordship and 'Savage' Roche at a St. James's Street 'hell'—Another marriage talked of—Racing record for 1764—Death of H. R. H. the Duke of Cumberland—Lord March mentioned in a letter by Lord Holland—His lordship meets with ill-fortune—Letters showing March's friendship for Selwyn—Racing record for 1765.

LORD MARCH spread his bets over men, quadrupeds, and things; in fact, to use a sporting expression, the 'dead-meat market' had no terror for him, if the wager concerned so fleeting a thing as life, in man or beast. Whether living or dead, he made his fellow-creatures bring grist to his mill, as the following curious bet shows—not his last of this description by any means. Nor did he fear staking his own life against time, an assertion which I shall prove in due course. To return to the wager¹ referred to :

'Lord March bets Lord Orford that Sir Robert Rich, Lord Ligonier, and General Guise are not all living on the 15th day of January 1765.

'White's, *July 15th, 1764.*'

¹ *History of White's.*

Bets of this nature were not then taken to indicate a morbid condition of mind, but simply something novel. Indeed, the difficulty seems to have been in obtaining new matters of chance to keep the circulating medium active with the bloods of those times. Walpole relates a story which, singularly enough, has for its venue White's. A passer-by happening unfortunately to be seized with a fit near the door, was carried into the hall, when the members hurried out to ascertain the man's condition. This was too good an opportunity for a wager to be let lightly pass; so at it they went, some betting the man was dead, others he was only in a swoon caused by his fall and fit. 'Send for a surgeon and have him bled,' said one with a little more feeling than the gamblers. 'No! no!' exclaimed the backers of the man's death, 'that may perhaps lose us our bets by bringing him to life!' And yet some of us sigh for the 'good old times'!!

The Earl of March and Ruglen obtained further favours this year, 1764: whether as an acknowledgment of his services to his Majesty, or on the further recommendation of his countryman, Lord Bute, cannot be stated, although the bestowal of the Order of the Thistle indicates Court and Government favour.

Unfortunately—or, then, fortunately—Lord March did not always act up to the motto that surrounded the glittering star on his breast: '*Nemo me impune lacessit*,' but perhaps his previous forswearing of the pinking-irons and hair-triggers of Honour—poor oft-shot, riddled jade!—had something to do with his pocketing an affront that was inflicted on him at Renny's 'hell,' St. James's Street, where many other similar places flourished at this period. During the progress of play between his lordship and an Irishman who had earned the prefix of 'Savage' to his patronymic Roche, a dispute ensued relative to the cast of a die. An altercation being started, March somewhat peremptorily contradicted his 'Savage' companion, who, true to his appellation, and with little ado, deliberately lifted his lordship out of his chair by the ears, and raising him above his head held him up to the derision of a crowded room. 'See, gentlemen,' exclaimed the irate Hibernian Hercules, 'how I treat this contemptuous little cock-sparrow. As a man he is too beneath me, or I would treat him like a gentleman!' An exhibition of mere brute strength, on a smaller and weaker person, even were he in fault, does not, nor did not, entitle Roche to be esteemed a gentleman. Indeed, this ruffian had a name for indulging in acts of brutality, and March

was perhaps wise in enduring the insult without recourse to gunpowder, steel, or law.

My statement that Lord March would have been a very much married man, had every report of his forthcoming nuptials been true, is substantiated by the following, which was current towards the close of the year 1764. The Honourable Thomas Townshend, a common friend of March's and Selwyn's, alludes to this in a communication to Selwyn, dated the 11th of November :

' . . . You have omitted informing me of a marriage which is here said to be agreed on between Lord March to Lady Anne Conway,¹ and we give that reason for his [March's] being absent at Newmarket last meeting, though we shall not be surprised if the report is contradicted.'

This was only a baseless rumour, as others had been, for it seems pretty certain that his lordship meant to remain a bachelor, however much the world married him.

Other reasons must then have accounted for Lord March's partial neglect of his hobby, the Turf. This year he only incurred ten engagements,² of which he won three, all at Ascot ; where the preceding year he had also done well.

¹ Daughter of the first Marquis of Hertford.

² Racing Analysis, under date.

The next year Lord March lost one of his most persistent Turf opponents—H.R.H. the Duke of Cumberland.

Some curious light is thrown on the character of the Earl of March and Ruglen by a letter addressed to George Selwyn by Lord Holland, from Kingsgate near Margate, July 19th, 1765. Perhaps the exact recital of the part which refers to his lordship will prevent misconception :

‘ . . . As to Lord March, I believe him to be a man of as much honour as any man, but every one who was at Paris lays the playing of Affligio to his door, and I hear his lordship still defends him. God forbid I should suspect any ill designs, upon my honour I do not ; but I have no patience with such a *travers*, as there must be in his way of thinking, who can doubt of Affligio being a sharper, and I heartily wish Stephen¹ had never heard it doubted. . . . ’

Direct attempt to explain this letter had, perhaps, be better left alone ; it will convey, however, to the reader’s imagination that Stephen Fox had lost heavily to one Affligio in Paris ; also, probably, to Lord March.

The year 1765 was doubtless unpropitious to the gaming fortunes of Lord March, who, in common with other votaries of the goddess or devil, Chance, had a run of ill-luck which he deplores in a letter

¹ His eldest son, died 1774.

to Selwyn, following one¹ concerning 'scruples' and the Tondino, etc. In this last, March regrets that Selwyn is still, as well as himself, 'throwing out,'² which he expresses, 'If luck does not come soon, it will find us at five-pound stakes, and it must be a d——d long run to bring us home at that.'³ This is from Newmarket, where both the gee-gees, the pasteboards, and the dice-box were harrowing his lordship's soul.

The next letter,⁴ undated as to the month, but closely following the last, shows the bond of friendship that existed between March and Selwyn. It also goes far to show that his lordship was not so sordid as many have stated, and could prove his friendship by acts, not by platitudes of sympathy, when hard cash was wanted. This letter also proves that March's coffers had been replenished either by his steward or at the board of green cloth, as, after trying to cheer 'George' up over the loss of a thousand pounds—a thing he had done twenty times before, and might again—he manfully offers his assistance, saying, 'I have three thousand pounds now at Coutts'; there will be no bankruptcy without we both are ruined at the same time.' Selwyn's loss seems to have been sustained at Paris, as his

¹ Appendix H. ² At hazard. ³ Appendix I. ⁴ Appendix J.

lordship assures 'George' that 'Almack's or White's will bring it all back again,' and with a wish for the continuance of their friendship concludes a letter very characteristic of his own and Selwyn's mutual sentiments.

The few following letters¹ of the March-Selwyn correspondence being undated, it is useless to attempt chronological reference, but it is evident they followed closely on the last-mentioned. I therefore leave the reader to follow them until less vague grounds are reached for direct reference.

The results of his lordship's Turf engagements in 1765 were meagre indeed; of ten engagements two were rewarded with a brace of £50 plates, meaning, no doubt, little pecuniary benefit in bets.

¹ Appendices K—R.

CHAPTER XVI

Lord March and riding orders—Opera-girls and *petit soupers*—Selwyn's cash to the rescue—Lord March and high living—Result of the 'd—d races' for his lordship's purse—A stomach at forty!—Mutual obligations of March and Selwyn—La Rena—The stage—Lord March takes his 'little girl' to Newmarket—Trepidations—A commission to Selwyn.

WHETHER Lord March is to be credited with the initiation of riding to order on the Turf, is dubious; but that this latter-day practice was not then considered *comme il faut* the following anecdote proves. When asked 'too soon' and 'too loud' by a lightweight at a race meeting, while Lord March was conversing with some fellow-members of the Jockey Club, 'how he was to ride to-day?' his lordship, knowing he was overheard, turned sharply round and exclaimed: 'Why, take the lead and keep it, to be sure! How the devil would you ride?' a clear proof that riding to order was then not common; also that his lordship did not gratuitously supply racing craft to bystanders.

A letter¹ of his lordship's to Selwyn, dated October

¹ Appendix S.

1766, shows that Royalty then indulged in *petit soupers* with opera-girls, to use his own words, as well as himself. Indeed, the opera-girls of those times have since become in name, to the *jeunesse dorée* of our days, actresses! Heaven save the mark! These in their turn become the milliners and dressmakers of the bourgeois.

The confidence existing between Lord March and Selwyn must have been very firm, as his lordship, with characteristic nonchalance, coolly informs his correspondent that he is going to Newmarket, and being deeply engaged (on 'his book,' assuredly, as the racing records do not bear the statement out) 'shall perhaps be obliged to make use of your money.' No doubt March knew how far he might trespass on his obliging friend's purse; besides, the reason given was laudable—to escape becoming a 'lame duck.' This equivalent for a defaulter his lordship, to his credit, never earned.

It is also singular that so accomplished an epicure as Lord March is generally acknowledged to have been—though he tempered this with moderation—should complain of the Duke of Northumberland's 'high living'; as a dinner he had partaken of at that nobleman's had given him 'an indigestion.'

Nevertheless, in the same letter his lordship, in

spite of his indisposition, records his being at Delaval's¹ to supper with the 'opera-girls, who are very pretty,' and asserts, 'We live high,' information scarcely foreign to his 'dear George.' With tender regards to *la cara Luisina*, his lordship concludes a very typical man-about-town letter.

The next communication to Selwyn² March dates from Piccadilly, perhaps from the house of a friend, as the after correspondence is written from Seymour Place. In this his lordship hopes that after 'these d——d races' (at Newmarket) he will have money and spirits to set out for Paris, where he had long purposed going. This letter is followed by one ten days later,³ after his return from 'those d——d races' with both pelf and spirits, for he says: 'I am returned with my pockets full by the second meeting, clear gain four thousand one hundred guineas!' plus the pleasure of being indebted to his 'dear George' for it, 'as without your money,' he coolly tells Selwyn, 'I could not have risked so much.' This proves Lord March to have been not only a shrewd, but a bold speculator in the ring; though in his jubilation he remarks, with true philosophy, that he 'does not forget he may be poor again.'

¹ Sir Francis Delaval, a singular character of those times.

² Appendix T.

³ Appendix U.

This letter also testifies to the Duke of Queensberry's seeking his lordship's services on some election matter, a fact which shows a better state of feeling between his grace and his presumptive heir than was supposed to exist. This letter is well worth reading *in extenso*.

The communication¹ which follows is one of doubts and fears regarding the much-promised trip to Paris; it also hints of *le malade imaginaire*—March at forty-one found out that he had a stomach, after more than a generation of 'high living.' But this is only in accordance with the established order of things: 'A man is either a physician or a fool at forty.' The latter his lordship certainly was not; and he showed some knowledge of the healing art by taking a good dose of Nature's own restorer—fresh air and exercise. However, in spite of his ailment, his lordship manages to conclude with some very chatty gossip, and a desire to be remembered to the Rena, who evidently was in Paris.

Following is a very '*rara avis*' of a letter; for his lordship—in as great a political age as our own, without its careless tendency—writes from White's² of a visit to the House of Lords, where he had sat out a long sitting, as one of the sixteen representative

¹ Appendix V.

² Appendix W.

peers for Scotland, on a Bill to lay an embargo on the export of wheat and flour. It is possible that he was asked to attend by Selwyn, who, as M.P. for Gloucester, desired March to acquaint him of the result, which he certainly did, as little if anything but legislation is mentioned.

Selwyn appreciated his friend's services by sending a muff, which his lordship, in acknowledging,¹ likes prodigiously, better than *tigré* or any glaring colour. Then follows a reference to certain commissions, and an expression of despair at visiting Paris. This, March believes he would have done, but for a violent fancy he had taken for one of the 'opera-girls,'² which he hopes will abate before the advent of George and the Rena, to whom his lordship is prepared to show 'every mark of regard and consideration, and be vastly happy to see her'; but his other remarks concerning her had better be taken from the Appendix, as also the topical chatter of that day mentioned in the subsequent letters.³

Lord March's study of opera-girls was not confined to dalliance at the *coulisses* or lounging in the green-room or box-lobbies. Strange as it may seem, this Mæcenas of the gambling world had an ear for music; indeed, for a member of the *haut ton*

¹ Appendix X.

² The Zamparini.

³ Appendix Z and A 1.



SIGNORA ZAMPARINI.

of those times, he was singularly proficient, for he could hum the airs of an opera almost through by ear, and, though he never boasted of his musical accomplishments, would sometimes be prevailed upon to sing a solo, accompanying himself on the harpsichord. The opera itself was indeed almost as great an attraction to his lordship as the artistes; moreover, in his times greater privileges were extended to patrician and wealthy supporters of the opera and drama than they enjoy in ours; hence the very true lines then :

‘ Now on the stage no modest woman goes,
But ’gainst some lounging lord she runs her nose.’

Indeed, such privileges were almost looked upon as a right. That they were abused is proved by the fact that the bated breath with which many singers and actresses were then mentioned earned for the stage a stigma that their abolition has even yet not altogether removed.

Small wonder, then, that a man of March’s gallant propensities found quarry when the boards were scarce so white as they are in these days of grace.

This year, 1766, is abnormally rich in March-Selwyn correspondence, which throws more light

on his lordship's mode of living than any of later date. Part of a communication,¹ dated November, sets forth some further little commissions requested of Selwyn. But what will they who dimly remember the solid magnificence of furniture in the early part of the century, when George the 'Magnificent' flourished, say of this remark of March's when seeking his friend's assistance in procuring a chest of drawers for him: 'Don't let it be too much ornamented—*J'aime le grand simple comme le Prince*'?

To those familiar with the advice as to not marrying the family as well, the taking 'his little girl'² out with her whole family to Newmarket seems a singular freak of good-nature; though he slyly adds, 'The beauty went with me in my chaise, and the rest in the old landau.' Who will say, then, that his lordship did not to the utmost endeavour to please the family as well! Happy as Lord March appears to have been in the society of his new charmer, his letter shows a vein of regret at not being really off with 'the old love before he, etc.'

Complexions in those times were as much matters of art as now; for does not a modern high priest of æstheticism say there are only two sorts of

¹ Appendix B 1.

² La Zamparini.

women, 'plain and coloured'? But will the following reference satisfy the colourist, as white is said to be no colour? Thus March writes: 'Lady Fortrose is so ill that they do not expect her to last many days longer. She has killed herself by putting on white' (white lead powder): so fashion then had its victims as now!

The next paragraph exhibits his lordship a votary of Bacchus as he was of Venus, Diana, and Nimrod; though his bottle capacity I have not been able to ascertain. But it is only just to state that no mention is to be found of his over-indulgence in wine or spirits. In drinking, as in eating, March was a veritable Lord Mayor's fool—'The best of everything did for him.' Thus 'George' is commissioned to procure 'the best Chambertin . . . and you may give any price for it.' A *carte blanche* his lordship was wise in giving, for, on his lordship's decease, *bon vivants* had their eyes on his cellar, as I shall duly record.

CHAPTER XVII

Lord March's racing record for 1766—His advice to Selwyn respecting a *vis-à-vis*—Fans—Zamparini *v.* Rena—His lordship on 'letters that go in trunks'—Another 'French leave' monetary transaction—Lord March made Vice-Admiral of Scotland—His supposed fitness for the post—Selwyn's wit in the palace—Intrusted with commissions for La Zamparini—Lord March's purchases not to be confounded with those for her grace—La Rena again—Anecdote of Catharine, Duchess of Queensberry.

THE preceding chapter shows that Lord March's racing record is not an incontrovertible proof of either his gains or losses, as in this year, 1766, out of fourteen engagements he won three; the stakes from these show that they did not equal the result of one meeting that he acknowledges to.

That the Earl still kept his friend Selwyn posted up on political topics¹ we learn from allusions in his correspondence to official changes made or anticipated.

From what has been recorded, it must not be thought that his lordship was not a highly polished nobleman and courtier, as, whatever his idiosyncrasies

¹ Appendices C 1 and D 1.

or proclivities were, he ever conducted himself to the outside world as a man of breeding, sense, and taste. In this respect he presented a marked contrast to many of his contemporaries.

March is found advising¹ Selwyn on a *vis-à-vis* he thought of importing from Paris. His lordship's advice is pertinent: 'Don't have a very fine one made, as it will not look well unless your horses and servants are very fine too'—sound counsel, pithily put, by one who knew Selwyn's resources did not warrant a turnout *à la Duc de Queensberry*. But the next piece of information given by his lordship is, that the Parisian coachbuilders of four-wheel carriages in those days were as far behind their London competitors as the latter are now in the rear of their Parisian brethren.

Lord March afterwards tempers his strictures by special reference to the body, its fittings and painting. 'You may then have your carriage² made here, which will be beyond all comparison better.'

Another export of coals to Newcastle—to use an expression now relegated to the shades of fiction since the use of Welsh coal for steamship purposes—is exemplified in this correspondence—viz. sending

¹ Appendix E 1.

² The under part, springs, wheels, etc.

Selwyn fans as presents, no doubt for his fair French friends. These, one would think, could have been better procured in the French capital; though perhaps their value consisted in their coming from noble dames in London, as his lordship sets forth that Lady Townshend was eager to get back two she had intrusted to his care for Selwyn.¹

In the letter just alluded to, Lord March betrays some trepidation as to how the Rena will take his *liaison* with the Zamparini; and suggests that Selwyn should break the news to her. What's the use of a friend unless you can make use of him? March doubtless asked himself.

The next letter,² however, shows a storm was brewing of 'Renate' depression; however, his lordship determines to have his own way, and, with another string to his bow, to go on as he did. But, if the lady objects, then, he coolly informs his go-between, Selwyn, 'there is an end to our society,' and proceeds, with the utmost *sangfroid*, to speculate whether his present inclination may or may not last.

The foregoing topic is pursued *ad nauseam* in the next letter³ the Earl indites to his obliging friend; indeed, this is so open a confession of his lordship's career at this period, that it would be

¹ Appendix F 1.

² Appendix G 1.

³ Appendix I 1.

unwise to attempt its analysis; I therefore leave the reader its perusal *in extenso* in the Appendix.

An undated communication¹ which follows commences with a statement that 'letters that go in trunks never arrive,' a reason, as the shrewd March opines, for one of six sheets not reaching him, a 'penny-wise and pound-foolish' mode of dealing with correspondence then, as now. His lordship was a true prophet when he foretold that, 'because he was rich now [after his four thousand guineas haul], he should never be poor again,' as he purposes using a cool thousand of his 'dear George's' to go to Newmarket; but what to do, supposing the date (December) to be correct, is uncertain. Something of a speculating character was on, either in pasteboard or horseflesh; though March, in taking French leave, locks the stable door before the departure of the steed Fortune, as, come ill- or good-luck, he had taken precautions to recoup Selwyn from another source, did his 'filly' Fortune break down in her gallop. This letter his lordship interlards with political gossip for his parliamentary correspondent, studying political economy at Paris!

During the year 1766² Lord March received further honour at the hands of his Majesty King

¹ Appendix J 1.

² August 31st.

George III.—the office of Vice-Admiral of Scotland. The technical knowledge his lordship possessed for this office was *nil*. Perhaps the influence of his ducal relative (who had held the appointment some years previously) was brought to bear. March's knowledge of the office was then, as now, of little importance, as it is generally admitted that the administration of some Government offices is best effected by lay persons.

While the flat-racing season was in the dim future, and other chronological facts in the career of his lordship are yet out of view, recourse must be again had to the March-Selwyn correspondence.

On January 12th, 1767,¹ March addresses Selwyn from 'White's,' and, after alluding to the 'Rena,' endeavours to put his friend in good-humour by stating that his Majesty had related a *bon mot* of Selwyn's while dressing. By this, Selwyn's wit had penetrated the walls of the palace, and reached King George's ear. What the 'good thing' was, his lordship does not say, as he leaves this subject and turns to the topic, '*la cara Luisina*'; an effort which appears to have created an appetite, as he then leaves reference to French affairs, and wants his dinner some four hours before the now fashionable

¹ Appendix K 1.

hour, eight, a fact almost too plebeian for record. Nevertheless, 'good digestion' waited on appetite, for Lord March adds a commercial footnote,¹ after appeasing the inner man. This shows a hankering still for Parisian wear; he asks Selwyn to forward a dozen pairs of silk stockings for the Zamparini—'a very small size,' says his lordship. Having provided for the lady's nether extremities, he turns attention to her head-gear. 'I should be glad to have some riband, a cap, or something or other for her of that sort.' But the confession he makes immediately after, 'She is but fifteen,' will make many readers start with indignation. His last reference to this poor child would imply a strange condition of affairs in Society of those days, for he requests Selwyn to consult Lady Rochford in his selection of the articles desired, 'who will choose something that will be fit for her.' This communication explains or prepares for the two which follow.²

So little is to be found referring to her grace, Catharine, Duchess of Queensberry, by her relative, Lord March, that, when found, a note should be made of it. Thus, in the following letter³ to Selwyn, a wish is expressed that his *meubles*, ordered in

¹ Appendix L 1.

² Appendices M 1 and N 1.

³ Appendix O 1.

Paris, will not be confounded with those of the Duchess of Queensberry, who doubtless did not require '*un lit à la polonoise*,'¹ etc. Indeed, the way this is conveyed scarcely implies that the *entente cordiale* between them existed. His letter shows that his lordship's trepidations concerning the Rena were unfounded, as they appear to have been reconciled; for she adds a postscript to his lordship's letter, asking *une petite commission* of her '*caro Georgino*.'

The Duchess, however, seems to have often heard Court secrets which his lordship, though in close attendance on the King, could not find out, as she informs March—possibly in reference to another appointment which he sought—that she 'thinks it decided against him,' information he faithfully imparts to Selwyn.² The Duchess prefaces her observation with, she 'does not like delays,' a fact scarcely so patent as her dislike to 'betterment'; a further instance of which may now be given, though one which shows her to have been charitable as well as eccentric. It was this virtue that often dulled the edge of her sarcasm by salving with 'golden' ointment the wound her reproach had made.

Mrs. Bellamy, a celebrated actress of those days,

¹ Appendix E 1.

² Appendix P 1.

went a few days previous to the date fixed for her benefit to request her grace's patronage. Though at home, the Duchess refused to see her, 'because she was dressed in a silk gown, and came in a chair.' But, notwithstanding her displeasure at Mrs. Bellamy's grandeur, the Duchess engaged almost all the boxes for the night of her benefit. Whether the actress's performance on that evening mollified her grace is not known, but she asked Mrs. Bellamy to call upon her the following morning, who no doubt went apparelled more in accordance with her patroness's views. Her grace then presented the actress with 270 guineas, a bill¹ for a considerable sum, and afterwards sent her home in her own coach—'Kitty's coach,' as the handsome vehicle was called.

¹ A cash bill.

CHAPTER XVIII

A poor racing record—The Turf about 1767—A worse racing record for Lord March, 1768—Stable matters—Lord March's racing, 1769 and 1770—The strange case of Lord March *v.* Pigot—Result.

WE are indebted to Lord March's correspondence with Selwyn in the year 1767 for what is known of his lordship's doings during that period. The communications¹ following those last mentioned do not, however, contain any matter worthy of reference, although they should be read in detail.

What has been recorded proves Lord March had but little time to engross himself with making racing engagements; but that did not by any means involve a resolution to quit the Turf. At this period he had scarcely warmed to the sport, as future records will show. Nevertheless, the fact remains that the 'opera-girls,' coupled with official duties, prevented that personal attention to his racing stable he had hitherto found leisure for. This is all but confirmed by only two of his horses running this year; indeed, he only incurred that number of engagements.

¹ Appendices Q 1 and T 1.

The turf had not then become the 'Tom Tiddler's ground' it has since become for peer and *pleb*; true, there was a fringe of 'blacklegs,' etc., round the noble sport as at the present day, but a glance at the Calendar will show that racing, at Newmarket in particular, was carried on by the *élite*. Further, the classic races, such as the 'Two Thousand,' 'Derby,' 'Oaks,' etc., are now termed, did not exist; so that if an owner desired to win a big stake, he had to provide it himself by making a match. Again, that ruler of the turf, the Jockey Club, was scarcely out of leading strings. True, it had then been established several years; but its members were few in number, and its rules and regulations nothing like the code now in existence, while many of its London meetings were held at the Star and Garter Tavern, Pall Mall. Such, then, was the condition of both the Turf and its 'master.' Nor would the Turf have reached the popularity accorded to it at the close of the last century, but for the exertions of men devoted to the sport, as the Dukes of Cumberland and Grafton, and Lords March, Clermont, Grosvenor, and Barrymore.

The year 1768 was a desultory one in his lordship's career; even his correspondence with Selwyn does not take it out of the 'rut' of commonplace. In

fact, Lord March's virtues or vices might be said to have run in the same groove—not a horse did he run this year except at exercise on the Heath; nor is anything recorded by his pen as to how his operatic 'flames' were flourishing, or as to his gains or losses in the betting or gaming world. Indeed, the letters¹ to his 'dear George' are almost tiresome in character, mixed with just enough fashionable chatter to tone them to Selwyn's palate. In the last, however, his lordship mentions having returned from hunting, a sport he is said to have been as great an adept in as horse-racing, but little if any record exists of his prowess in the hunting-field.

A thorough examination of the Racing Analysis appended will prove that his lordship had been reorganising or weeding-out his racing stable; as, with the advent of the year 1769, he resumed running horses. Only three engagements were made, and a £50 plate secured as trophy for this 'giddy' record. What his operations were in the ring or subscription-rooms cannot be even guessed; nor does he permit a surmise from his correspondence, which, during this year and the next, is conspicuous by its absence from the epistolary hoards of Selwyn.

¹ Appendices U 1 and V 1.

With the commencement of 1770, the Earl of March and Ruglen began racing with a vengeance. From May to November,¹ twenty-eight engagements were incurred; of these he carried off eight, value some fifteen hundred pounds, which, no doubt, was much increased by judicious bets.

From this period, and for many years after, his lordship raced in earnest, if his engagements are to be considered as the measure of his desire to excel in a sport he had already won laurels in. But Lord March never prided himself on the extent of his racing stable (which was small compared in quantity to some of his contemporaries), but its excellence in quality. So, if an animal did not come up to his expectations, after a few trials, out it went to make room for another that could at least earn its keep, if not 'pocket-money' for its owner.

The year 1771 is interesting, as it shows that Lord March looked upon wagering with a true commercial spirit. Then the subtle chicanery of the law had not arrived at the nice discrimination it has since, nor the subterfuge which until recently existed. A bet or wager, though considered an illegal debt, was, if made and paid by an agent, recoverable as money paid to the use of the loser. At the

¹ *Vide Racing Analysis.*

period under review, as now, all gaming debts were considered debts of honour; but record is not wanting of some of these being sued for and allowed by the blind goddess, Justice, who, though metaphorically blind for all time, nevertheless finds her balance frequently disturbed by that which was just at one time being unjust at another. Perhaps her distant—very distant—relative, Charity, assists to delude her leaden but sure-footed sister into believing that what is *is*, and that laws made by man can be unmade by the same authority; also, that statesmen and lawyers must live, whether they be law-makers or law-breakers.

For these reasons the following would be considered a nice point, if otherwise actionable, at the present day, and shows Lord March was not to be deterred from his own by any moralising on the subject of the wager, which was another of the *ante-* or *post-mortem* character. The Earl of March and Ruglen laid Mr. Pigot five hundred guineas upon whether Sir William Codrington or old Mr. Pigot would die first. By a singular coincidence, old Mr. Pigot had died, presumably unknown to both parties, on the morning of the day on which the wager was made. His lordship thereon claimed fulfilment of the obligation. To this Mr. Pigot demurred, setting forth the well-known condition

relative to bets on the turf, when a horse dies before the day of a race. Lord March did not consider the cases analogous; and, failing to get his due, brought an action in the King's Bench against Mr. Pigot for the amount in dispute. The case came before Lord Mansfield, and the defendant's counsel adopted the aforesaid line of defence—that the bet was annulled by the death of old Mr. Pigot prior to the making of the bet, though the event was unknown at the time. A host of witnesses versed in the rules of Turf and other gaming were heard on both sides. Noble and ignoble authorities were examined and cross-examined. Lord March, accommodated with a seat on the bench, sat quiet, observant, and apparently without much fear for the ultimate issue. Lord Mansfield, in addressing the jury, failed to see any similitude between the 'man and beast' aspect of the wager, which the defendant's counsel set forth, as both parties believed old Mr. Pigot to be in tolerably fair health when the bet was made; for, had either party known that he had died suddenly on the morning of that day from gout in the head, it was preposterous to imagine that the bet would have been made. On this the jury found for the plaintiff, for whom judgment was entered with costs.

The foregoing shows that Lord March did not

study feelings or any 'old-world craze' of that sort ; a bet was an obligation in his eyes of almost—well, commercial character. What the subject was, little troubled him, so long as it was a chance to attract the circulating medium to his pockets.

CHAPTER XIX

Excerpts from letters continued—Lord March and the 'grim tyrant'—
His valetudinarianism—A long list of racing engagements—Result
—His lordship's references to Colonel Crawford—Not affected by the
Colonel's position—Good advice to Selwyn—Madame la Marchesa
Fagniani and Selwyn—Letter written by her to Selwyn—Remarks
—Lord March's Turf record, 1772.

REFERENCES are made in a letter¹ which may assist the reader to form an opinion of the characters of Lord March and his friend Selwyn. Thus, the remark of Lady Townshend that Selwyn would be a good exponent of the great surgeon John Hunter's philosophy of death, gives opportunity for an allusion to the stoical disposition of his lordship. Though the allusion is some years antedated, it is scarcely out of place at this point to record Lord March's fearlessness of man's greatest physical enemy—Death. Those who have formed, perhaps, a prejudiced opinion of Lord March's character, and condemned him as morally, socially, and intrinsically bad, have been struck with this nonchalance of his, so different

¹ Appendix W 1.

from the written and pictured deathbeds of sinners. This many have been led to remark on most emphatically by the great fear one of his contemporaries, Dr. Johnson—recognised as a good man—had of the grim tyrant.

The Earl of March and Ruglen, whatever may be thought to the contrary, was always a valetudinarian ; thus, in the letter under notice, he is found sympathising with a common friend, 'poor James,' who was confined to his room with an inflammation of the gums. This gives Lord March an opportunity of telling his friend George Selwyn that he was suffering from a like complaint, and was likely to lose his fore-teeth. To prevent this he had given 'March fifty guineas to cure him, which he believes he will do, as he considers this a very serious thing.' But this was only what might be expected from one endowed with so great a share of that uncommon commodity—common-sense. Many might do worse than emulate his lordship by obtaining the best advice when their fore-teeth ache, instead of seeking it when the whole jaws are affected ; in other words, he took things in time, and, if his finger ached, did not wait till his arm shared the same pain before seeking surgical or medical skill, and that the best money could procure. Indeed, Lord March's career

is typical of how much our common mother, Dame Nature, will do for us if we only obey half her laws.

The year 1771 was a red-letter one in the Turf career of Lord March (though afterwards beaten), as he made forty-one¹ racing engagements, winning nine, which brought him over three thousand pounds in stakes, without bets. So, whatever had previously perturbed his racing tastes proves to have been only transient.

In February 1772, 'M. and R.,' as his lordship subscribes so many of his letters to Selwyn, writes² that much-epistled person: 'There is no news, everything is much as you left it'—poor 'everything'! He then relates how one of their gambling friends, Colonel Crawford, continues to lose, and has all but arrived at that common bourne of the habitual gamester—impecuniosity; having scarce 'anything now remaining of all his riches but bad debts; a crop always abundant and without season.' But this example did not deter his lordship, who still gambled and played without any fear of the 'shades' to which his militant friend had gone. But Lord March, as I have shown, knew the golden rule of gambling—when to stop. He likewise appears to

¹ *Vide* Racing Analysis.

² Appendix X 1.

have compared games of chance very much after the conduct of the average racehorse, 'Win to-day, lose to-morrow,' or *vice versa*. Therefore, whether at the board of green cloth or in the betting ring, he seems to have always seen these talismanic words before him, 'Sufficient unto the day, etc.' Prudence, always prudence, was the maxim with which he tempered the motto of his house, afterwards reduced to one plain Anglo-Saxon word—'Forward.'

The next letter March addresses from Ware,¹ where he had stayed the night; but whether in the 'great bed' is not recorded. This communication is typical of his lordship's clear, sound sense, as, after congratulating 'George' on obtaining from Lord Orford² (waiting only his Majesty's consent) a villa in the Green Park, he gives Selwyn counsel on matters sorely vexing his 'dear George,' to whom he gives this sensible advice: 'Pray do not plague yourself about imaginary evils. It is time enough when they really happen.' Which George's mother-wit could not gainsay.

Whatever was the relation, if any, that existed between March, Selwyn, and the Marchesa Fagniani, one indisputable action, which was asserted to have been done with the purest motive, was sufficient in

¹ Appendix A 2.

² Ranger of St. James's and Hyde Parks.

those days (as it would be now) to furnish scandal. This was the adoption of the Fagniani's daughter by Selwyn, a bachelor. What led to this strange proceeding must ever remain in doubt. Nevertheless, Jesse, who was privileged to go over Selwyn's correspondence, though refusing as a false affectation of delicacy to pass over in complete silence the mysterious reports respecting the true parentage of Selwyn's infantine charge, asserts that, although references occur in the 'most private papers' of Selwyn which unquestionably lead to the supposition that either Lord March or Selwyn was—or, rather, that each severally believed himself to be—the father of the child, yet no certain proofs exist. Further, a letter addressed by Madame Fagniani to Selwyn, July 31st, 1772 (of which Jesse gives a translation) does not express any but the most polite feelings of friendship for the guardian of her child. Lest I may be misrepresented in alluding to a matter that a faithful record of established facts, incident to my subject, warrants, Madame Fagniani's letter is inserted, in justice to all parties concerned :

' July 31st, 1772.

' MY VERY DEAR AND RESPECTABLE FRIEND,—I cannot find terms sufficiently expressive to thank you for all your kindness, and more particularly for the pains you take

in regard to my daughter. I can assure you that nothing is more sensibly felt by me than the proofs of friendship which I have received from you on this occasion. The more I know the world, the more I perceive the difficulty of finding a person who resembles you ; and I consider myself the happiest of mortals, solely from the happiness I have had in forming your acquaintance and obtaining your friendship.

I am enchanted in learning that my daughter is in good health, though I fear she will suffer much in cutting her teeth. I venture to beg of you to continue to give me tidings of her, as, without your kindness in writing to me from time to time, I should have been ignorant for the last three months of the fate of *ma petite*. My lord, on his part, is a little indolent, but I forgive him this little fault on account of the many good qualities of his heart which he has to counterbalance it.

I hope that your health is good. Pray present my compliments to Lord March, and tell him that I expect to hear from him. Preserve your friendship for me, and do not forget the most grateful and affectionate of all your friends, who makes it her duty and pleasure to be,—Your very sincere servant and friend,

'COSTANZA FAGNIANI.'

This must suffice for direct allusion now to *la petite* Fagniani, although it will be shown how both Selwyn and March befriended this fortunate child.

His lordship's racing record for this year, 1772, although showing additions to his stud, does not

equal his record for the previous year, as his engagements dropped to thirty-eight, while the winning brackets only numbered seven—value about seventeen hundred pounds. Nevertheless, March was no butterfly owner, but a thorough good old-fashioned 'give-and-take' sportsman, who stuck almost as close to his hobby as the proverbial shoemaker is supposed to do to his last.

CHAPTER XX

Gossip again marries Lord March—The lady—Verses on the anticipated marriage—Anecdote of Lord March at York races—His lordship's Turf records for the years 1773-1776—Remarks—Death of Catharine, Duchess of Queensberry—Dick Goodison, *alias* 'Hellfire Dick,' and Lord March—A continuance of the March-Selwyn correspondence.

ABOUT the period now under notice (1773), gossip again added another wedding to the matrimonial list. The lady Lord March was supposed this time to lead to the altar was the daughter of Lady Harrington, a family he often alludes to in his correspondence. This choice of the busybodies fell on her eldest daughter¹—Lady Henrietta Stanhope. But whatever may have led to the report, it is certain that no overtures were made by Lord March for the lady's hand; unless his visits to the family were thought to be rather in the interest of Cupid than friendship. The report, however, did not trouble March, who did not care a jot how often the world married him, as long as he himself was not present at the ceremony.

¹ Afterwards Lady Foley.

In accordance with custom, the aspirants to the Laureateship rushed into verse on the occasion;¹ indeed, his lordship furnished matter for their muse not only on this occasion but for many a year after.

The return of Selwyn to England naturally created a hiatus in the March-Selwyn correspondence, which for the next few years does not amount (among those previously published) to more than three letters. Of these the period of two is difficult to fix, for they are undated. Probably the one headed Wakefield² refers

- ¹ ‘ Say, Jockey Lord, adventurous Macaroni,
 So spruce, so old, so dapper, stiff, and starch,
 Why quit the amble of thy pacing pony?
 Why on a filly risk the name of March?’
- ‘ Consult the equestrian bard, wise Chiron Beever,
 Or Dr. Hebers’ learned sybil leaves,
 And they, true members of the *savoir-vivre*,
 Will tell the wondrous things that love receives.
- ‘ Why in the spavin of your days, sweet sir,
 Attempt to draw on *Cupid’s* little boot?
 Let Jockey Grosvenor’s fate, alas! deter;
 Ah! think, Newmarket Lord, what things may sprout!
 *
- ‘ Stick to the Jockey Club, attend your bard;
 Nor ever think of dancing love’s cotillon.
 For Ligonier, who galloped quite as hard,
 Was doubly distanced by his own postillion.’

² Appendix B 2.

* Two verses omitted here.

to occurrences during 1773. In this Lord March speaks of going to York for the races, a meeting he hardly missed during fifty years.

During one of these visits to the 'Minster' city, racing bound (than which city or Castle Howard he seldom went further 'towards his native heath'), he met a sturdy Yorkshire farmer in the betting-ring, who desired to bet with his lordship. The latter shrewdly replied, 'I do not know you; I am Lord March.' The farmer, nothing dismayed, rattled his money in his pockets and passed on. A little time after, his lordship was exceedingly anxious to get a bet covered for a race, at which the professional or amateur bookmakers looked askance. The farmer, who had overheard March, now approached and offered to take the bet, though he confessed he was doubtful about his money, as he had only his word for his being Lord March. This tit-for-tat so tickled his lordship that he soon proved who he was; and for many a year after, as the race meeting came round, March and the 'tyke' had their 'little bit' on together.

His lordship's Turf performances in 1773 show a considerable diminution from the two preceding years—fifteen engagements, though credited with an abnormally large winning record in proportion—seven;

but the monetary results in stakes were sparse—only about eight hundred pounds.¹ To attempt any explanation at this lapse of time, unless quoted by competent authority, or from all but indisputable deductions, would be unwise. The next two years,² 1774-75, may likewise be passed over, as few, if any, facts of social interest occur in his lordship's life to warrant record. In 1774,³ he ran five horses in sixteen engagements; but won only three races—value a little over two hundred and sixty pounds. Nor do the twenty-three engagements, run by eight horses in the following year, 1775, show a better result; but indeed, in proportion to the entries, a poorer one than any of the three previous years, as four winning brackets, value three hundred and sixty pounds, prove.

In 1776, Lord March vacated the office of Vice-Admiral of Scotland, when he was nominated First Lord of Police, an office which then, as now, demands any amount of shrewdness or tact; an office where his lordship's acumen might find a better field than in the naval service.

The unsatisfactory results of his lordship's Turf career the past few years appear to have made him bestir himself to revive his seemingly falling prestige.

¹ *Vide* Racing Analysis.

² *Ibid.*

³ *Ibid.*

Thus, in 1776, he arranged forty-one engagements, of which he won twenty-two—a magnificent result from a racing point of view. Nor were the stakes meagre for those days, as they brought nearly four thousand pounds to his lordship's coffers.

In July 1777, Lord March was bereft of his witty but eccentric relative, Catharine, Duchess of Queensberry, who died from a surfeit of cherries, aged nearly eighty. This event Walpole compares to the death of the old Countess of Desmond, who died from the effects of a fall from a walnut-tree at 140! Both ladies were remarkable for the retention of their beauty to an advanced age.

It is during this year that reference is first found to a jockey, one Dick Goodison, or, in the Newmarket parlance of those times, 'Hellfire Dick'—a *sobriquet* earned by his 'flash of lightning' finishes. How Lord March and the Yorkshire¹ jockey became acquainted I have been unable to discover. The Earl soon found he had met one whom he could and did all but implicitly trust for the remainder of his racing career; though the real connection between them, as master and servant, afterwards became debatable matter. Nevertheless, Goodison served March well, and, though many of his professional brethren had a better seat,

¹ He came from Selby.

and were finer judges of a horse's points, no one was then, and few since have been, his equal in getting a horse on his legs, or in throwing him in at the finish, a knack the late Fred Archer possessed. It was on his lordship's *Rocket* gelding that Goodison earned his sulphurous *sobriquet* in quarter and half-mile matches which Lord March and he formulated about this period. Whatever Turf lore 'Dick' learned from his master, it is certain he did not imitate that dapper lord in neatness of attire, for 'Dick' was terribly slovenly, and not either choice or particular in his language. The reader will make his acquaintance later on in this volume. I dismiss him for the present with one anecdote. 'Dick' to the day of his death never appeared on a racecourse without a greasy old wallet containing several hundreds in notes. The reason he gave for thus incommoding himself was that he had once lost a 'sure thing' through being unable to cover a bet of £500. 'I lost that,' was his never-failing lament; an opportunity he never purposed to let pass again for want of the 'ready.'

Selwyn, *toujours* Selwyn, next claims attention; as in this year, 1777, March actually seems to have written his 'dear George'¹ at least twice. In the first letter his lordship finds fault with his friend for an

¹ Appendix C 2.

attack of brick-and-mortar mania—a disease still common, though contracted mostly by parvenus or successful traders—blaming him for spending money on a place he so rarely visits as his seat in Gloucestershire. It was no doubt his official capacity that permitted his lordship to convey to his correspondent early information of the discontented news from America, which after developed into the historic Boston riots, and later into the American War of Independence.

The next communication¹ was evidently quite to Selwyn's taste, if not in all, at least in one particular. After promising to write to Madame Fagniani at Selwyn's dictation, his lordship relates how the felon Dodd met his fate that morning, evidently to whet Selwyn's appetite for the more detailed account of how Dodd suffered, which was to be sent by their common friend, one Storer. Lord March, who claimed and enjoyed the services of a chaplain, could not help adding that the culprit prayed very earnestly . . . 'but that was his profession'!

¹ Appendix D 2.

CHAPTER XXI

Selwyn troubled—The cause—March 'parliamentises' Selwyn—His lordship's Turf record, 1777—The ducal coronet looms in the distance—The fourth Duke of Queensberry—His grace credited with a 'brick-and-mortar phobia'—Queensberry recrosses the Border—One of the new order of things devised by his grace at Drumlanrig—Brief description of Drumlanrig Castle—The herd of wild cattle there—Selwyn goes to France—A 'decorative' letter of Queensberry's to 'George'—His grace's racing record for 1778.

A LETTER from Lord March to Selwyn, dated Newmarket, July 9th, 1777, shows concern for the unhappiness of one who was 'wont to set the table on a roar'; a proof that the greatest wits are not always the happiest of mortals, even when possessed in abundance of the good things of this life. Who has not heard of the physician's advice to a woebegone-looking patient, who 'wanted taking out of himself,' as it were? 'Go and see Grimaldi, man!' And the sufferer answered: 'Alas, doctor, I am Grimaldi!'

What 'George's' troubles were is difficult to say; but reference to the text¹ suggests that the Fagniani

¹ Appendix E 2.

affair was the cause of Selwyn's grief. That this is not far from the truth is proved by a letter of Madame Fagniani's from Brussels, September 3, expressing regret at not having heard from her daughter's custodian before, and desiring that the girl shall be returned to her. The last paragraph of this letter refers to the obligation Madame Fagniani and her husband consider themselves under for his kindness to their daughter; but, for all this and other expressions of gratitude and esteem, much irritation is betrayed by the lady.

In his next letter,¹ Lord March expresses pleasure at his friend being so much better; and then rushes into political gossip. One of his lordship's references shows that 'the honourable member for ——' was not always the parliamentary cognomen of members of the Lower House, as reference will show; while those who wish for more of March's political small-talk will find it in his next two letters² to Selwyn.

The Turf record of his lordship for 1777 shows an increase as to engagements, which numbered forty-eight; but the results were only one winning bracket out of every four races, as compared to one out of two the year preceding. This is also singular, as showing that but little love or respect had existed between him and his then lately deceased relative,

¹ Appendix F 2.

² Appendices G 2 and H 2.

the Duchess of Queensberry. But he who hardly made little difference, if any, in his sporting, racing, or other amusements on the death of his mother, would scarcely do so on the death of a not too well-beloved cousin. Lord March allowed no conventional ideas of mourning to trouble or interfere with his pursuits.

The results in stakes of his lordship's thirteen winning brackets¹ this year were about two thousand six hundred pounds. This sum he no doubt fructified by judicious bets, on his own or others' horses.

Lord March at this period was very near the ducal goal, as the relative he hoped to succeed was then in his eightieth year, and since his Duchess's death had been in indifferent health. No wonder, then, I find through one of Selwyn's numerous correspondents information that his friend 'M. and R.' was in better health and spirits 'than he remembers to have seen him for some time'; adding, 'his lordship generally dines with the Duke of Queensberry,' a condescension that 'my dear Lord Duke' must have been proud of.

His lordship had not long to bore himself with his benevolent cousin's society, as that worthy nobleman was gathered to his fathers on October 22nd, 1778, when the Earl of March and Ruglen succeeded

¹ Racing Analysis.

as the fourth and last Duke of Queensberry,¹ then one of the richest dukedoms in the kingdom. The accession of his lordship to the dignities of his house placed him in a position to indulge his sportive and other pursuits to their utmost extent.

Miss Mary Townshend, another of Selwyn's correspondents, writes him under date of Guy Fawkes's Day this year (1778), in which she expresses concern regarding what the 'new' Duke of Queensberry may do with his late cousin's mansion in Burlington Gardens or Street, saying: 'His own is so much pleasanter, as to prospect and disposition of the rooms, that I do not suppose he will live in it himself, and I feel a little interest that he should not, as there will be "bricks and mortar" without end.' The lady resided, or her family did, near to the late Duke; but why she should fear the 'bricks and mortar,' I cannot say, as, except in the pulling out of the front of his house at Piccadilly some years previously, I cannot find that his grace's (for so the third Earl of March and Ruglen must now be styled) pockets were ever placed at the mercy of builders.

¹ This title is perpetuated through the female line by the Buccleuch family, who do not, however, possess the then 'concrete' possessions of Queensberry.



WILLIAM, FOURTH DUKE OF QUEENSBERRY'S MANSION AT RICHMOND, SURREY.

With the decease of his cousin, the 'new' Duke seems to have actually crossed the Border again, just to see how his late relative's affairs were being conducted, as well as to alter certain old-fashioned but kind-hearted ways the good old Duke had devised. Perhaps the most callous alteration be effected was turning out and selling several of his cousin's old equine pensioners, who had been superannuated in the domains of Drumlanrig, where, well housed and fed in winter, and with untethered liberty in summer, this good, kind-hearted Duke let his old horses live their natural lives; nor on any account would he permit one to be sold or killed. His successor looked on one of man's 'best friends' with a very different eye. A horse to him seems to have been merely a quadruped, *plus* its money-earning power. Therefore, seeing a portion of the park at Drumlanrig dotted with his deceased cousin's old coach and other horses, enjoying well-earned repose, he looked upon them as so much capital lying idle. To order his 'factor' to turn these poor brutes into money were words of small moment to his grace, but of incalculable suffering to the poor animals, who, after being dispersed at auction, were seen dragging overladen carts until death put an end to their half-starved and other miseries.

It will not be out of place to give a short description here of the castle and demesne of Drumlanrig. The design of this noble pile is attributed to Inigo Jones; it was erected for the first Duke of Queensberry, who, it is said, spent so much on it during the ten years it was building (1679-1689), that he indorsed upon the accounts a strange curse, to prevent his descendants examining them. The outside appearance of Drumlanrig Castle is not unlike Heriot's Hospital, Edinburgh; but here the comparison ends, as the interior of Drumlanrig, as might be expected, differs widely from the whitewashed plainness of the hospital. Grinlin Gibbons, the celebrated carver in wood, is said to have executed the carving in the gallery, which contained a fine collection of family and other portraits.

Perhaps the most interesting sight at Drumlanrig, after the castle, was, in 1778, a herd of white cattle descended from the primæval herds which at one time roamed wild in these parts, and retained all their wildness and ferocity. As shy as deer, they were 'stalked' in much the same way, having to be shot when any were required for use. They are reported to have been of middle size, with rather long legs, while the orbits of the eyes and the tip of the nose were black; but, at this date (1778), the bulls had lost the

manes attributed to them by Boethius. It is not assumed that the fourth Duke of Queensberry got rid of this ancient herd, but they do not exist there now; indeed, have not existed since the end of the last century.

The third Duke of Queensberry did very much for Drumlanrig and its neighbourhood—in fact, it might be said for the county—as he made a road between twenty and thirty miles long, at his own expense, besides fostering the woollen industries.

On acceding to the title of Queensberry, the Earl of March was in his fifty-fourth year—an age at which a man should be as good as he is ever likely to be—and, although he had waited nearly a quarter of a century for the honours he inherited, at one time little anticipated that he would possess the fortunes of the head of his house.

Having attained by sheer luck the highest dignity in the peerage, his grace intended to enjoy to the utmost its privileges and wealth, by a still careful regard to his living and health.

A letter¹ from Queensberry to Selwyn, evidently of this year, though undated, shows that Selwyn was about to leave, or had already left, England for France. In this his grace exhibits a little more of

¹ Appendix I 2.

the taste he is generally accorded to have possessed : here it descends to *bras*, or candle-sconces ; but to let his ' dear George ' have the very best fashionable advice, his grace consults the Duke of Northumberland on this question of *vertu*. On the other hand, Selwyn is asked to show his taste by bringing Queensberry patterns of silks for ' fur clothes ' and some ' spring velvets ' ; which makes one almost think, in these days, that it must have been a duchess, not a duke, who wrote. But at this period the upper classes had not begun to clothe themselves in Australian wool or German rags.

A reference to the Racing Analysis for 1778 shows that the Duke did not this year make any engagements after the death of his cousin, Charles, Duke of Queensberry. This is so remarkable a departure from his usual conduct on these occasions as to merit notice. For this reason his grace's engagements number only twenty-nine, of which he won nine ; value some eighteen hundred pounds. But his famous horse *Rocket*, with, doubtless, Goodison up, only won one match in this, against four the previous year.

CHAPTER XXII

The Duke of Queensberry busy—Dr. Warner asked to expostulate with Selwyn on the Fagniani—His grace goes to Scotland—Writes Selwyn by deputy—Dr. Warner and his grace—The doctor's opinion of his grace's characteristics—Amesbury, the Duke's English seat—His grace's racing record, 1779—A house-party at Amesbury, 1780—Conclusion of the Selwyn correspondence.

DURING the year 1779 the Duke of Queensberry was still occupied with business in connection with the Queensberry estates. About this time he was much troubled at his 'dear George's' grief concerning the loss of 'Mie-Mie,'¹ to which he alludes in a letter dated April,² as well as keeps his correspondent *au courant* with fashionable and political topics. The following communication³ shows the Duke was somewhat annoyed at Selwyn's conduct concerning the Fagnianis and 'Mie-Mie.' In this he suggests seeking the services of their common friend, a Dr. Warner, to expostulate with 'George,' to whom he writes: 'How impossible it is for me to be of any

¹ A pet name for Mlle. Fagniani.

² Appendix J 2.

³ Appendix K 2.

use to you.' Other references are made in relation to this matter, which, though they do not throw much fresh light on this controversy, show that Madame Fagniani was inclined to be wilful where his grace's wishes were concerned.

A subsequent letter¹ of Queensberry's emphasises all I have recited, as well as begging Selwyn to return to London, and cease vexing himself over a matter that 'will ruin your health,' says the valetudinarian Duke, who also informs his friend of his proposed journey to Scotland the following month. This visit to his principal Scotch seat the Duke seems to have looked upon as a fortunate means of ridding himself for a time from Selwyn's continued importunities respecting the affair Fagniani. That this was so a letter² dated Drumlanrig, September 8, confirms. This, however, is not indited by his grace, but written at his instance by Alexander Crawford, a person well known to Selwyn, who sets forth Queensberry's regret at being so occupied that he had been deprived of the pleasure of corresponding with Selwyn himself—manifestly a white lie. Then follows a page of political gossip, concluding with the usual expression of concern and kind feeling for 'George' and 'dear Mie-Mie.'

¹ Appendix L 2.

² Appendix M 2.

I should be wanting in my endeavours to place before the reader the characteristics of 'Old Q' if I failed to record what his intimates thought of him. Dr. John Warner, for some years rector of Barnes, Surrey, was a divine almost as broad in sentiment and language as the 'fox-hunting parsons' of that period. Nevertheless Warner, if a little worldly, was not what every Simon Pure of the Church is—a learned and eloquent preacher. Possibly his reputation as a wit led him into the society of men of the Selwyn-Queensberry type, though it must not be supposed that their company led him to forget the respect due to his cloth. That he knew both the Duke of Queensberry and his 'dear George' intimately his letters prove; indeed, I have already mentioned that his grace asked his services in requesting Selwyn to desist from importuning the Fagnianis concerning Mie-Mie.

Therefore Warner, in his character of 'plain' if not witty correspondent, writes to Selwyn the 12th October of this year, 1779, that he had been with his grace (Queensberry) that morning for nearly two hours, who is exceedingly well, and heartier than, he thought, he had ever seen him. 'Indeed, I made him confess as much,' says the examining divine; who continues: 'We ran over the whole

house'¹ (to which had been made back additions), and then walked to a Mr. March's² in Grosvenor Place. This communication has another point of interest—the recital by a common friend of what the Duke's regard, hopes, and fears for Mie-Mie were. Warner then goes on to say :

'At my *aboard*, in which he was very gracious and shook me heartily by the hand, he asked : "Well, and how is George ?"

'And, as soon as we were alone, "Well, and how does Mie-Mie go on ?" I thanked him in my heart for the question, as it gave me so fair an opportunity of telling him what I thought, and what an accomplished woman she would make, in the fond hope to please him. But he baffled and laughed at me, till I was mortified to the quick. "What would she learn ? What *could* she learn ?" "Why, everything." "Pshaw ! she will be praised for what the child of a poor person would be punished."—(So that it should seem, when she comes to music, if she should mistake a note in *Voi Amanti*, he would have her stripped and whipped.)—"Such sort of education is all nonsense, and such people never learn anything as they should do ; and if they turn out at all well, it depends upon the acquaintance they have at entering into the world."

This conversation is representative of his grace's cynicism and disregard for letters. Humanity and the World were his schoolhouse and college ; and to him

¹ Piccadilly, presumably.

² His grace's surgeon.

talent depended upon whether that arbiter of half mankind, Fashion, regarded it to be *comme il faut* or not. His grace's views, though fortunately not exact, are far from being devoid of truth. But what has been set forth, together with a lot more of the doctor's catechisations in a similar strain, at last attempts to force a confession from the Duke as to his real feeling towards Mie-Mie and her accomplishments, which was fenced by the wily Queensberry, who, though loving the child as the apple of his eye, was far too cautious to give it expression against himself as Selwyn did. That his grace intended Mie-Mie should have his regard, whether professed or not, will be proved.

In reference to this letter of Warner's, his grace's well-acted nonchalance brought forth this epitome of his character :

'I must do him justice to say that he seemed to rejoice in your happiness, and, as I doubt not but that you have received many marks of his sympathy, it is a just cause for your loving him. But as to myself, I have many acquaintances in an humbler sphere of life, with as much information, with as strong sense, and, as far as appears to me, with abundantly more amiable qualities of the heart than his Grace of Queensberry.'

Dr. Warner's estimate of his grace, derived from

irritation at being outmanœuvred by a man of the world, are not far from the truth, except that he somewhat underrated the Duke's common-sense, on which a far better authority later lays great stress.

In October, Queensberry paid a visit to his English country seat—Amesbury, in Wilts, a handsome pile, built after designs by Inigo Jones. This estate of the Queensberrys then consisted of about five thousand two hundred acres¹ of arable and other land, of which the mansion and its demesne occupied one thousand acres. It was here that Catharine, Duchess of Queensberry, spent most of her time; while the late Duke favoured this seat as well. By his successor the place appears to have been little cared for; indeed, he subsequently dismantled it to furnish a villa on the Thames, which Walpole describes as a palace. However, I am departing from chronological order in mentioning this now.

Though Queensberry made thirty-one racing engagements this year, he only won the same number of events as in the previous year—nine. The monetary value of these was all but insignificant to his grace—only some seven hundred pounds. Indeed, this and the two following years, Queens-

¹ Sold after his grace's death.

berry's Turf star was on the decline both as to engagements, events won, and stakes.

Early in 1780, the Duke of Queensberry¹ writes to Selwyn from Tunbridge, whither he had gone for the waters; although he seems dubious of their efficacy, but determines to give them a fair trial. By this his grace was unwell, not seriously, as he speaks of a visit to Brighthelmstone a few days later, and a return to London and its festivities shortly after.

In July the Duke went to Newmarket, and, though one of his horses won a fifty-guinea match on the 11th, he writes² on the 15th to Selwyn, speaking of his good luck the previous day. In spite of his losing four hundred pounds by a horse of the Duke of Grafton's breaking its leg, he had had success; indeed, but for that accident he would 'have made a very great day of it.' The match referred to was the only one his grace's stable won that meeting. These remarks clearly prove that if his horses were not making money by winning races or matches, their owner was in the ring. Hence it is difficult to judge the exact results of his racing, as, though I have just referred to the poorness of his racing records for this and the next year, his grace's own

¹ Appendix N 2.

² Appendix O 2.

statement shows he was satisfied with his Turf speculations.

In a subsequent communication,¹ which is undated, his grace refers to losing at the beginning of the week, 'but won yesterday, and, if I have the same good-fortune to-day, I shall be at home with a "duck."' These prove that the Queensberry rent-roll and honours had not the slightest effect in allaying his grace's love of wagering, or very much effect on his ordinary manner of living. True, he was able to maintain a larger establishment, but his additional expenses appear to have stayed there, as I cannot find that his racing establishment was much increased, if at all, after his accession to the dukedom: while the stake value of his matches and other racing engagements was much as usual; though, probably, extra metal told in his favour in the betting-ring or at the gaming-table—*i.e.* he could make larger bets, wagers, or stakes than when dependent only on the revenues of March and Ruglen.

A reference to the letter dated August 31st, 1780,² shows that Queensberry was preparing for a house-party at Amesbury, whither he was going, accompanied by several friends who had been fellow-guests with

¹ Appendix P 2.

² Appendix Q 2.

him at Becket. This letter is important in many ways, as it shows that Charles James Fox had dined with his grace at Amesbury on his way to Bridgewater, as well as showing, by events that followed, that this was almost the last time Queensberry entertained at Amesbury. Lastly, this letter concludes the Selwyn-March-Queensberry correspondence.

CHAPTER XXIII

The Duke of Queensberry's new cook—Dr. Warner's opinion of his grace—He acquires the Earl of Cholmondeley's residence at Richmond, Surrey—Queensberry's racing record for 1780-82—Loses appointment as Lord of Police—Sends racehorses to France—Turf record for 1783—A political bet made by his grace—A suggestive letter written at his grace's dictation—Racing, 1784-5—Created an English peer by the title of Baron Douglas—Walpole's opinion of his grace's Richmond residence.

A LUXURY his grace indulged in as part and parcel of an increased *entourage* was a cook at ninety guineas a year—a large sum in those times, but one a present-day *chef de cuisine* would consider journeyman's pay. Selwyn retained a cook at fifty-two guineas, on which Warner naïvely remarks, 'and yet we could live with her,' when alluding to his grace's higher-priced article, who he suggests ought to be twice as good as the Matson artist.

Another reference to his grace by the observant Warner is worthy of remark, as his blunt recitals afford considerable insight into Queensberry's character. In a letter dated September 13th, 1780, to Selwyn, he makes the following reference: '. . . I

forgot to tell you that, when I wrote to the Duke of Queensberry according to your directions, after giving him the information you desired, I ended with, "I should be glad to give your grace any piece of news I might now and then pick up, if I thought it would be agreeable to you; but I am rather short of paper, and, when your grace gives up your claim upon Mr. Selwyn's stationer, he says it shall be transferred to me." I hope you will think that the hint was a very gentle and very distant one, and by no means improper, as it cannot be supposed, with his princely fortune, that he would hold this claim but from mere inattention. But I have not heard from his grace, which, you will say, I had no need to tell you.' That this letter was a reproach on some matter now uncognisable is evident; but to place any construction on it without further evidence or facts being adduced, would be unjust.

The fourth Duke of Queensberry is an unique instance of a nobleman, with seats sufficient to keep up a peregrination round the calendar, localising himself almost as soon as the concrete possessions of his family devolved on him. Thus, this year, 1780, he purchased from the descendants of George, third Earl of Cholmondeley, the mansion which that

nobleman had erected at Richmond, Surrey, in 1708, upon part of the ground occupied by the old palace. Hither his grace removed the furniture and paintings from Amesbury. In the hall was hung the tapestry which screened the walls of the Court of Chancery where the father of his eccentric cousin, Earl Clarendon, had presided. Between this villa, Piccadilly, and his house¹ at Newmarket, his grace spent most of his time, deserting his ancestral seats. The world of London was quite good enough for his grace; indeed, he was once asked if he did not find London dull out of season, there being so few people about? when he replied, 'There's more people about London than in the country.'

The Duke of Queensberry's racing engagements for the year 1780 numbered twenty-two, with a winning record of three; value about three hundred pounds in stakes: which, *a priori*, gives no guide to the actual monetary results of his grace's Turf transactions for this or any year. A glance at the appended Racing Analysis for 1781 does not show a much better condition of affairs either for engagements or events won.

¹ Known as Queensberry House; it stood on the side of the town nearest the London road, and, fifty years since, was in a very woe-begone condition.

In 1782, Queensberry lost his office as Lord of Police, consequent on the abolition of that department; this gave him a little more leisure for his favourite pursuits. A portion of this time was devoted to overhauling his racing stable, when he came up to quite his old 'M. and R.' form, as, out of thirty-three engagements, he won thirteen; value about three thousand guineas in stakes alone. The most important event won was the Revolution Stakes of twelve subs., two hundred guineas each, won by his horse *Guido*.

The year following, Queensberry is credited with sending racehorses to France. Our volatile neighbours were then taking to the sport as a half-and-half sort of national pastime; though the stakes just referred to by name was a much more national 'amusement' to them, though not always won by 'shortened heads'; though racehorses win by lengths or heads. This, however, is too historical and political for these pages. What success his grace had across the Channel I cannot say. But his Turf record here did not equal that of the previous years. Out of thirty-six engagements, only seven were 'carried to credit'; value about thirteen hundred pounds.

In March 1784, Queensberry showed his contempt

for politics by 'punting,' or laying a bet he would not have 'insulted' any horse in his racing stable or on the Turf by laying. This appears in the 'bet-book' of White's, where is recorded :

'The Duke of Queensberry bets Mr. Grenville ten guineas to five, that Mr. Fox does not stand a poll for Westminster, if the Parliament should be dissolved within a month from the date hereof.

'*N.B.*—If a coalition takes place between Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox, this bet to be off.

'*March 3rd, 1784.*

Paid.'

'Politics' was evidently a species of chicanery that his grace, as a Turf and gambling professor, could or did not comprehend. Therefore, a desultory ten was quite enough for the 'black animal'¹ to carry of his money for any Parliamentary Handicap. But I doubt if Queensberry would have offered or accepted a similar stake to or from Fox on the racecourse, subscriptions-rooms, or at the gaming-table.

A month prior to the above—February 10th—Queensberry instructed his steward to write to his Scottish factor concerning a petition he had received by letter from Thornhill (near Drumlanrig) respecting a piece of land for a site to build a meeting-house.

¹ A term by which Charles James Fox was known.

The Duke grants the desire, but assigns quite a curious reason for not contributing towards the edifice. As the letter is brief, I insert it to show the point :

‘PICCADILLY, 10th February 1784.

‘SIR,—I have orders from the Duke of Queensberry to send you the enclosed petition, and to tell you, that, as he formally promised, so he now agrees to give the petitioners a bit of ground at Thornhill to build them [*sic*] a meeting-house ; and the Duke desires you will set off to them a bit of ground for that purpose. But his grace is not inclined to contribute anything more towards it, thinking it would be better to conform themselves to the Established Church.’¹

Reasons good and sufficient from one who was not a pillar nor an ornament of any religious sect : though, as I have shown, he at one time kept a ‘guide, philosopher, and friend’ in the form of a chaplain.

The racing form of Queensberry’s stable this year, 1784, was poor, as five winning results out of thirty-two engagements prove. The principal event won was the Claret Stakes, at Newmarket, which consisted of seven subs., two hundred guineas each, though without this the value of the stakes otherwise won would not exceed seven hundred pounds.

¹ From *Drumlanrig and the Douglasses*, by C. T. Ramage, 1876.

Nor did the year following repay his grace, viewed from a simple 'stake' point of view, for the increased number of engagements he incurred amounted to forty-four. Of these only eight 'obtained winning brackets'; value about eleven hundred pounds. Queensberry, however, was now in a position to well afford the pastime of racing, without troubling himself as to the monetary results. But did he ever say *Jam satis*? I think not: for he certainly never kept horses to look at.

It was not until 1786 that his grace was made an English peer, for which purpose he was created Baron Douglas of Amesbury, Wilts. This was the lowest honour that would entitle him to a seat in the Lords by right, independent of selection as one of the sixteen representative peers for Scotland. To one so betitled as his grace, baronage was, perhaps, the least burdensome of the various degrees of nobility the Crown could grant. However, it answered the purpose as well as if its recipient had been created Duke of Newmarket.

Everything was in order by this time at Queensberry House, Richmond, as Walpole¹ went over this year, 1786, under the chaperonage of Selwyn, a visit he records in one of his gossiping letters:

¹ Walpole's *Memoirs and Letters*.



WILLIAM, FOURTH DUKE OF QUEENSBERRY.

' . . . I went yesterday to see the Duke of Queensberry's palace at Richmond, under the conduct of George Selwyn "the concierge" [*sic*]. You cannot imagine how noble it looks now all the Cornbury pictures from Amesbury are hung up there. The great hall, the eating-room, and the corridor are covered with whole and half lengths of the Royal family, favourites, ministers, peers, and judges of the reign of Charles the First. Not one are original, I think¹—at least, not one fine; yet altogether they look very respectable. And the house is so handsome, and the views so rich, and the day so fine, that I could have been more pleased if—for half an hour—I could have seen the real palace that once stood on that spot, and the persons represented walking about . . . '

In a subsequent letter, Walpole mentions the Prince of Wales and Mrs. Fitzherbert dining with his grace, of which Queensberry had told him, and who also remarked, 'On the very spot where lived Charles the First, and where all the portraits of his principal courtiers hang. Queensberry has taken to that palace at last, and frequently has company and music there of an evening. I intend to go.' A Queensberry House now stands at Richmond; but, although erected on part of the site of his grace's palace, it is only the shadow of what once stood there, though

¹ This can scarcely be correct, as many of the art treasures of Cornbury were very fine.

almost a *resurgam* in some details of Queensberry's once famous villa.¹

¹ Queensberry House must not be confounded with the then existent Petersham Lodge, where Catharine, Duchess of Queensberry, had dwelt, and under whose protection Gay there wrote his fables. Petersham Lodge was demolished long ago, and its grounds incorporated with Richmond Park.

CHAPTER XXIV

A noteworthy omission from his grace's list of peccadilloes—A gluttonous wager—Racing in 1786—Goodison and Chifney—Turf results for 1787-88—A *faux pas*—His racing record, 1789-90—The Duke and Madame du Barry—King George III., Queensberry, and Madame du Barry—His grace's opinion of Chifney—'Old Q': why so called—Anecdote related of his grace by Lord Brougham.

OF the various forms of gaming and wagering the fourth Duke of Queensberry indulged in, it is to his credit that I have not found that he accorded any support to the 'noble' or 'ignoble' art of self-defence—*alias* pugilism. To assert positively that he never interested himself in the 'fancy' would be a difficult statement to corroborate. But I have not come across a reference which points to even a predilection for this 'sport.' Nor do I find his grace a patron of cocking, bull-baiting, ratting, dog-fighting, or any pursuit of a similar gentle nature (?), in which many of our hereditary legislators then sought recreation.

Perhaps the most bestial wager his grace made was that of a thousand guineas with Sir John Lade, as to which of the two could produce a man to eat

the most at one sitting. Sir John accepted the bet, and a day was appointed for the match, of which exact details are wanting, to test the capacity of the contesting gluttons. The Duke was prevented from being present, but appointed a deputy to look after his interests and acquaint him with the result. This person wrote the following laconic letter :

'MY LORD,—I have not time to state particulars, but merely to acquaint your grace that your man beat his antagonist by a pig and an apple-pie. (Signed) J. P.'

What other articles were consumed to permit the victor to win by the aforesaid dainty morsels, goodness only knows !

Queensberry made a desperate effort in this year, 1786, to increase his Turf success, so far as mere racing is concerned. He incurred fifty engagements ; but only won seven, and these did not much exceed seven hundred pounds in stakes. Independent of bets on other horses or matches, his grace can scarcely be said to have made his stable pay its way by this. But, for former reasons, that did or need not have troubled him.

In July 1787, Goodison (no doubt by his grace's instructions) engaged the then celebrated jockey, Chifney, to ride his horse *Mulberry* in a match against

Lord Clermont's *Markho*; though, good horse as *Mulberry* had run (and did run after), he was beaten. Chifney asserts that in this race he could not get him out, but 'Hell-fire Dick,' who had been watching the race, declared to several patrons of the Turf who were present that Chifney had ridden his mount 'booty.' This a certain James Barton, styled 'esquire,' resented, saying he 'would ram his stick down his (Goodison's) throat if he dared to say so again,' a threat this esquire should have left the performance of to his knight. However, Barton told Chifney what Goodison had said of the performance, and the latter henceforth, rightly or wrongly, never missed an opportunity of abusing Chifney.

Most of his grace's races in 1787 were won by *Mulberry*, four out of seven being placed to his winning record out of fifty-one engagements. The four events won by the latter horse amounted to some seventeen hundred pounds, out of about two thousand pounds in the aggregate. Next year, 1788, the Duke reduced his racing engagements to thirty-five; though he showed a far better record, winning seven events, value over three thousand pounds. It was in this year that his celebrated horse, *Dash*, first ran.

During 1789 the health of his Majesty King

George III. created much concern. The madness that unhappily ensued is historic; nor would that sad condition be alluded to except for its after-consequences to my subject.

Many were the speculations as to whether his Majesty would or could recover his mental equilibrium. Therefore, in a sense of the paradox, 'The king is dead, long live the king!' many paid their court to the Prince of Wales. Among those who made their way to this new fountain of honour was his Grace of Queensberry, who, though perhaps a little 'previous' in not waiting for Dr. Nature to solve the problem of his royal master's malady, did, however, that which a cautious and prudent Scot would do under similar circumstances. He journeyed to Windsor and made personal inquiries as to how his Majesty's health was progressing, and what hopes were entertained of his recovery. Nay, he even took professional advice on the King's malady, seeking Dr. Warren's opinion. Finally he reached the conclusion that his Majesty's condition was incurable, when he gave his allegiance to the Prince of Wales's party, and even went to the York meeting with him in the August of that year.

Eventually, when the King recovered, Queensberry was dismissed from office at the instance of the

Queen and Pitt. The loss of a thousand per annum was nothing to this Dives, but his *amour propre* was profoundly hurt. Nevertheless, other officials of noble birth, including the Marquis of Lothian, Lord Carteret, and Lord Malmesbury, received their *congé* for the same reasons. The Duke's desertion of his sovereign does not seem to have parted their friendship, for, in spite of this little peccadillo of his old lord-in-waiting, the King remained on good terms with him.

1789 has been recorded by superficial Turf writers as Queensberry's 'red-letter racing year,' an assertion which the reader could, if he liked, deny. True, the results¹ are better, if the stake values are alone considered, than for some few years past, amounting to over three thousand six hundred pounds, though the average of the events won to engagements is much as the past years—eight to thirty-two. However, the year under review records some good matches for fairly large sums, two thousand five hundred guineas alone being credited to three events won by *Dash*. The subsequent year, 1790, shows how fitful a thing even a cleverly managed racing establishment is; as, though he started at sixty-six with an intention to uphold his racing laurels, the Duke of Queensberry

¹ *Vide* Racing Analysis.

had to sit down at its termination and reflect whether nine hundred guineas made by winning four out of thirty-nine engagements incurred was worth 'th' pother,' though he had made up the difference between the cost and maintenance of his stud and its winnings in other ways.

Whoever sought and obtained Queensberry's services in committing the following breach of etiquette, the fact is indisputable that no better nor more appropriate choice could have been made than his grace to introduce Madame du Barry to his Majesty King George III. That this was done during September 1791 we learn from Walpole:¹ ' . . . "Old Q" —Queensberry—presented Madame du Barry to the King on the terrace at Windsor, and the King of England did not turn the same side that the late King of France used to turn to her, but the reverse, as he told Lord Onslow himself. It was a strange oblivion of etiquette in an *ancien gentilhomme de la chambre*, and more so of one dismissed.' By this, there may have been no instigator, except that the dashing courtesan had prevailed on the Duke to commit an act of folly. But what shall be said for the lady's *savoir faire*? The scribe of Marble Hill intimates that although his Majesty George III. turned his back

¹ *Letters and Memoirs of Walpole.*

on his late brother-monarch's favourite, his better-bred (?) son and heir did not.

That neither Goodison nor Queensberry considered Chifney a very 'clean potato' the former's assertion that he played 'booty' on *Eescape* proves, while the latter always condemned his conduct in that race. Perhaps this expression of his grace will tend to throw further light on that miserable affair.

As allusion has recently been made to his grace's popular nickname, 'Old Q,' it may not therefore be out of place to now explain its origin; a task I have not seen attempted by any latter-day reference to the eccentric Duke. On most of his vehicles his grace contented himself with displaying in place of armorial bearings a well-developed Q, surmounted by a ducal coronet. A passer-by, seeing a little old man snugly ensconced in a carriage thus distinguished, naturally concluded it was '*Old Q*' himself. However, his grace had other nicknames which, with the exception of one bestowed by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, need no mention. Nor can I fully explain why H.R.H. called the Duke 'Old Tick.' The nickname, in a measure, was suggested by a dame of Pomona—an applewoman—then a more privileged class at the entrance to clubs than their descendants have since been; but further reference is here impossible.

The Duke of Queensberry is not the only nobleman who then, or has since, disdained the outward display of heraldic insignia, as Lord Brougham had the same simple taste, and the initial on his carriage gave rise to the saying that though a B was outside there was a wasp within. Mentioning this great lawyer reminds me of an anecdote related by him when before the Lords' Committee on 'Lord Campbell's Libel Act,' in reference to the Duke :

'The Duke of Queensberry,' he said, 'was greatly alarmed, like many others, at the condition of affairs here and on the Continent in 1792, and thought the great climax was at hand. He used to abuse the seditious writings of that day, calling them and their authors very naughty names. One day some toad-eater who accompanied his grace added, "Ay, indeed, and full of such falsehoods too," animadverting on his patron's favourite theme. "No!" exclaimed the Duke, "not falsehoods. They are all so true; that is what makes them so abominable and dangerous."'

In 1791, his grace lost the only real friend he ever had, from whom he had not been above asking or receiving assistance, and one to whom he had tendered much sound advice—George Augustus Selwyn. The death of this old friend, at the age of seventy-two,

bereft Queensberry of a link with the past. But what of Mie-Mie in this affliction, of whom Selwyn had again obtained possession from the Fagnianis? The loss of her father by adoption, though it deprived the girl of one of the most tender and kind-hearted of foster-parents, did not deprive Mie-Mie of her benefactor's thoughtful care. Selwyn left her the bulk of his private fortune—some £33,000. Whether this magnanimous bequest had any effect on his grace's future conduct, after events must show.

CHAPTER XXV

Decline of his grace's racing 'star'—Richard, seventh Earl of Barrymore, and Queensberry compared as Turfites—Racing, 1791-3—Lord Grosvenor's losses on the Turf: an equal sum said to have been won by the Duke—The 'Father of the Turf': candidates for the honour—Recipe for making a jockey—Queensberry's Turf record, 1794—His grace killed by the press—Monody on his supposed death—Racing results, 1796—The Duke's appetite.

THE racing star of William, fourth Duke of Queensberry, may now be said to have reached its zenith, and began surely though slowly to decline.

In all outdoor pastimes, whether of sport or pleasure, where the physical powers of man or beast play an important part, age is a never-failing factor. Therefore Queensberry, 'within hail' of seventy, was not 'M. and R.' at forty as regards his ability to ride in matches or trials and to test first-hand the 'paces' of his racing prodigies.

The Duke of Grafton's remark to John Day, whom he accused of being a disciple of Hermes, by saying, 'You're a thief, John Day, you stole that race,' may be twisted into Father Time robbing 'Old Q' of

his racing energies, as well as some of his Turf acumen.

I have therefore to chronicle a blank as a winning record for his grace's stable in the year 1791, though he incurred twenty-one engagements.

But, among other shrewd owners, there existed at this period perhaps the best racing Proteus Newmarket had seen, Richard, seventh Earl of Barrymore,¹ who intuitively possessed as much racing knowledge as Queensberry, without having served so long an apprenticeship as the Duke had. Here the comparison ends, as the qualities that made his grace one of the authorities of the Turf—forethought, calculation, and judgment—were entirely lacking in the Irish Earl. Nevertheless, his grace's deep-red with black cap went down many a time before the blue-and-yellow jacket of Barrymore. On the other hand, when Queensberry thought he had the slightest chance, neither he nor his racing factotum, Goodison, left any means unused to secure success if they could not command it.

The result of the Duke's racing in 1791 seems to have had a chilling effect on his ardour—(at nigh threescore years and ten)—for the sport, as, in 1792,

¹ See *The Last Earls of Barrymore*, by John Robert Robinson, Sampson, Low and Co.: London, 1894.

he only incurred eight engagements; though he made a respectable show as to results, winning three. This led him to add four the next year, 1793, as to engagements, making twelve. Of these he won only a miserable £50 plate at Epsom.

A writer in the *New Sporting Magazine* of 1793 alludes to Lord Grosvenor's persistency in the 'sport of kings,' though the following of the pursuit was estimated to have then cost him £300,000—*i.e.* money actually lost. The Duke of Queensberry had been, I should think, a winner of a similar amount during his racing career.

The subsequent year, 1794, a discussion arose as to who should be called the 'Father of the Turf,' since Lord George Cavendish's decease. The competitors for this distinction were soon winnowed down to two—the Duke of Queensberry and Lord Clermont, who, singularly, were both 'built' on the same lines as to certain moral or immoral tendencies. However, zealous a sportsman as the head of the Fortescues was, he cannot be compared to 'Old Q' for thorough knowledge in the 'art and mysteries' of racing. What says the poetic prescription, *How to make a Jockey?*—

'Take a pestle and mortar of moderate size.
Into Queensberry's head put Bunbury's eyes ;

Cut Dick Vernon's throat and save all the blood—
To answer the purpose there's none half so good ;
Pound Clermont to dust, you'll find it expedient,
The world cannot furnish a better ingredient.
From Derby and Bedford take plenty of spirit—
Successful or not, they have always that merit.
Tommy Paston's address ; John Wastell's advice ;
And a touch of Prometheus, it's done in a trice.'

This clearly shows what sporting men thought of Queensberry's ability. Lord Clermont, nevertheless, followed his grace in some respects ; like him, he was not above going round his own stable, and preferred his own eyesight to others' tongues. Indeed, whether in the spirit of emulation or not, he even stuck religiously to the same form of headgear as his grace—the three-cornered hat, then out of vogue.

1794 was as a racing year humiliating to the Duke, as, out of seventeen engagements, not one caught the judge's eye ; but 'win or lose,' he stuck manfully to the sport, and increased his engagements to twenty-three the following year ; of these he won four—value about six hundred pounds.

The world—or that portion of it represented by penny-a-liners, many of whom are now honoured with the term journalists—thought 'Old Q' had lived long enough ; they therefore began this year, and for many a one after, to kill him with common con-

sent and printers' ink—a painless, unphysical sort of death, to which one becomes accustomed in time. Now, whether these manufacturers of events were either tired of the ill-success of their former ink-slinging, or whether they had as much nauseated their public as they had given pleasure to his 'do' and 'go-as-you-please' grace, I will not stop to decide: evidently, they felt that they had worn their subject bare for copy, and they now thought he might be worth more to them dead than alive.

Therefore, one of the 'fourth estate' wrote a monody on the Duke's death. This, it is affirmed, was recited at the Jockey Club, though a saving clause is inserted by my authority—*On the Supposed Death of Old Q*. Many of these rhymes and jests exist. I shall insert two or three of the best in due course; but the following is a somewhat scarcer, if not choicer, production than many:

'*Non mortes, sed mores, facient martyres.*'—ST. AUSTIN.

'Snug, but done up, a shepherd grey
Must rot beneath the sod;
Cherubs in cotton wrap his heart,
And bear it to his God.

'The "gem" of Piccadilly's lost,
The first, or last, of men.
"Take him, bright Heaven," Newmarket roared,
And Epsom groaned, "Amen!"

- ‘ Spadilli and Banti hung their ears ;
Pam snivelled and looked sad ;
 The “ Queen of Hearts ” with horror gazed,
 And all the “ Knaves ” went mad.
- “ He ’s borrow’d,” “ he ’s gone home,” “ he ’s dished,”
 “ He ’s thrown,” “ his race is done,”
 “ He ’s had,” “ he ’s smash’d,” “ he ’s tipt all Nine,”
 “ He ’s spilt,” “ he ’s cut and run ! ”
- ‘ He ’s willed Dame “ Phillips ” all his skin,
 To “ Liptrap ” all his spirit,
 His brains “ St. Luke’s,” his blood to “ Brooks,”
 To “ Boothby ” all his merit.
- ‘ When ragged virtue ’neath a hedge
 His dexter eye surveyed,
 Begashed and gored by sportive fate,
 He cheered the half-clad maid.
-
- ‘ Oh ! lifeless, luckless, starless Q !
Cupid’s bonne bouche and dread,
 The *Nymphs* ’clept *Cyprian* shall trim,
 And make him decent—dead !
- ‘ That is if *Death*, or *Hell*, or *Jove*,
 Or Tipstaff, which you will :
 While ladies finger his remains,
 Can the peer lie still ? ’

The customs—I cannot say manners—of those days,
 no doubt, called for this and similar tributes in verse
 and prose to those worthy or unworthy of public notice

or comment. It is almost certain that Queensberry's shortcomings would have been less pronounced, had they not been made just a little too much of for copy. The eager curiosity with which his movements and doings were watched, by both sexes of all classes, demanded reports concerning the object of their notice, true or false. For it remains an indisputable fact, that no man of those times did so little worthy of emulation, and yet had received so much notice, as his grace, as for nearly the allotted span of man's earthly career he was the observed of all observed. But enough—I am anticipating his funeral exordium.

In 1796, though the journals had killed him, Queensberry made fourteen racing engagements—result, a cipher; a condition of racing affairs he must have become accustomed to. Though he ran some half-dozen new horses in the year following, in twenty-four engagements he only secured a 'verdict' for three events, value £150.

The Duke's study of health found him at seventy-three with almost unimpaired appetite, if not digestion. Mrs. Trench, who dined with him in 1798, remarks, 'He is very ill, has a violent cough, but will eat an immense dinner, and then complains of a digestion *pénible*.' This lady gives some tittle-tattle concern-

ing Sheridan's translation of *The Death of Rolla*, under the name of *Pizarro*, which brought him £5000 a week for five weeks. The sentiments of loyalty uttered by Rolla were supposed to have had so good an effect, that his Grace of Queensberry, on asking his broker why stocks had fallen, received for answer: 'Because they have left off playing *Pizarro* at Drury Lane.' Who will say that the 'sock and buskin' is not a power even amongst 'bulls and bears'?

CHAPTER XXVI

Amesbury becomes a convent—The Duke's racing record for 1798—His renewed delight in music—Collects books, shells, etc.—Sir Nathaniel Wraxall's references—Racing, 1799-1800—Dines out—Dining then and now—His grace ill—Engages a resident physician—Purchases the Countess of Northampton's Richmond villa—Anecdote of Wilberforce concerning his grace—Orgies at Richmond—The Duke goes to law with the local authorities as to part of his lawn—Result and effect.

SOON after the dismantlement of Amesbury House, his grace either gave the mansion or let it at a nominal rent to a society of exiled nuns of the Augustine order, who had fled from Louvain on the breaking out of the French Revolution. Here they flourished for many years (until the beginning of the nineteenth century, when they removed into Dorsetshire), receiving what was then a great privilege—liberty to wear their proper habits, and to practise the duties enjoined by their vows.

On May the 18th, 1798, a quiet matrimonial alliance took place; quiet in the sense that the fashionable world did not array itself in the 'war-paint' of 'weddings,' and fill to overflowing the then

favourite sanctuary for those ceremonies—St. George's, Hanover Square. No, the then little town of Southampton sufficed for Lord Yarmouth (commonly known by the scarcely aristocratic nickname of 'Herrings,' to which some—in allusion, it is said, to his auburn complexion—prefixed 'Red'), to enter the bonds of matrimony with Mlle. Fagniani. I need not stop to inquire whether simple love dictated this match—very simple in its pure, unalloyed form—or the young lady's expectations, which gossip assumed were to be large—far in excess of Selwyn's legacy. To assert the latter motive might be uncharitable; therefore, for fear of injustice, I will assume that pure love and affection did dictate this match, and likewise influenced Lord and Lady Yarmouth to secure the next residence in Piccadilly to that of the Duke of Queensberry!

The year 1798 only brought one racing result, out of sixteen entries, to his grace's stud. But Queensberry had found consolation in other amusements than cards or horses. About this period he took great pleasure in attending the opera, oratorios, and concerts. Besides having his amusement largely administered to by *prima donnas* and other artistes, his grace took up the collection of books, shells, and such other *bric-à-brac* as a long purse and leisure

can procure. What he saw in tomes to make him undertake forming a library, can best be proved by a remark he made to Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, which I am about to relate. Or, perhaps, Pope's allusion,

'In books, not authors, curious is my lord,'

may explain his fancy for collecting volumes together. That he placed no special value on their contents is well known.

Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, traveller and historian, states in his *Memoirs* that about this time he lived in almost daily intercourse with the Duke of Queensberry, certainly during the last seven years of his lengthy existence; and that, although his frame had become all but a wreck, his mind was fresh and vigorous—another proof of the sword (the mind) wearing out its scabbard (the body). Wraxall records that no man ever retained sounder judgment, or displayed more animation, for his years, than his grace; that his manners were noble and polished, and his conversation was gay and entertaining, frequently original, though, adds the perspicuous writer, 'rarely instructive, frequently libertine.' But, for all that, sufficient might be gained from his conversation to show a strong, sagacious, masculine intellect, combined with a thorough knowledge of the world and

man. To sum up, this authority proceeds to say, if asked to name an individual who had been endowed by Nature with the keenest common-sense of his kind, he would have unhesitatingly selected the Duke of Queensberry. And this in spite of the then scarce faultless purity of his founts of knowledge—the turf, the theatre, the drawing-room, the gambling-table, and that portion of the civilised world called Society. For the study or reading of books his grace at all times manifested to Wraxall a great and unconcealed contempt, and he once put a poser to Sir Nathaniel by asking ‘what advantage or solid benefit he had ever derived from their study?’ (this was asked with more immediate reference to Wraxall’s historical knowledge). Wraxall confesses that he was unable to answer this satisfactorily either to himself or his questioner. Sometimes his grace and his newly made friend would fall out, brought about by the octogenarian being rendered irritable from some one or other of his numerous infirmities, but these tiffs were merely passing ‘ripples’ upon his otherwise placid temperament, caused by the ills of age. When they occurred, Wraxall knew they would be speedily forgotten and atoned for, as a note in pencil he received from Queensberry after one of these little ebullitions of irritability testifies: ‘I hope,’

writes the Duke, 'you will accept this as an apology for my irritable behaviour when you called this morning. I will explain all when I see you.'

The reader who has followed me thus far in my tribute to his grace's racing career will not be surprised to find that the 'winter of discontent' had now set in as to his racing. In 1799 he ran two horses in five engagements, winning one; while the following year saw eight races contested by two of his grace's horses; of these they won two—value about eighty pounds.

Though deprived in a great measure of ability to frequent races, as heretofore, in all weathers, his grace determined to appear in the fashionable world as long as he possibly could. On Sunday, February 2, 1801, I find his grace at a grand dinner given by the Duke of Norfolk at his house in St. James's Square, followed by a brilliant concert in the evening, 'which afforded a delicious treat to numerous amateurs his grace had gathered for the occasion'; among these were H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. That this concert was of the highest excellence, the names of Madame Banti, Viganoni, Rosedino, and others attest.

A grand dinner at the commencement of the present century, given by a great nobleman to whom

expense was no consideration, was a portentous function, and one wonders at the valetudinarian Queensberry attending such a feast at a period when good manners obliged the guests then to both eat and drink more than most modern men and women could stand for one season, while some of these bibulous gourmands passed through their fifties or sixties before they found, like 'Old Q,' an 'indigestion *pénible*.' Any one of these would have considered the nine o'clock dinner of to-day a pastrycook's repast, unworthy of an honest desire on the part of a host to give his best, and time to eat, drink, and enjoy it in. Why, some of our forefathers could not have got drunk in the three hours left before midnight. '*O tempora! O mores!*'

The Duke survived safely; but, on the 10th, I find him 'gazetted' in the fashionable news of those times as having been much indisposed, though now in a fair way of recovery. This incident permits me to refer to his medical attendant at this period—one he is said to have specially retained, though others were called in as necessity or occasion required. This person is thought to have been a Frenchman, named Elvizee, or Elisee,¹ to whom the Duke gave £600 per annum so long as he should live, but who

¹ Formerly physician to Louis xv.

was to expect nothing at his death:¹ a modern version of the ancient wisdom of the Chinese, who only pay a doctor while he keeps them in health, and nothing when they are ill. If this was carried into practice here, it would be interesting to know how many extra sales of physicians' carriages and horses would be held the first twelve months at the numerous repositories in London alone.

Already possessed of a beautiful villa at Richmond, I fail to understand why his grace, when nigh on eighty, should want to purchase another. If a speculation, then little can be said; but to one so well-housed as Queensberry was, this would appear a wrong construction. The residence purchased, for which the Duke gave four thousand guineas, was described as the beautiful villa of the Countess of Northampton, near Richmond. Nor was its situation in proximity enough to his grace's 'palace' to assume its being made an addition for purposes of enlargement. The Duke of Queensberry entertained largely in the early days of his Richmond residence. Some of these entertainments were offered to his peers, others to certain operatic and musical artists, and some were of a mixed character—so mixed, indeed, that Wilberforce, when a young man, is re-

¹ A legacy was, however, codiciled to him.

corded as being a guest at them. Surely his grace was latitudinarian in his company.

Wilberforce, however, asserts that the party of which he was a member was small and select, consisting of Pitt, Lord and Lady Chatham, the Duchess of Gordon, George Selwyn, and a few others. Dinner was served early, to enable some of the party to attend the opera. But, though he adds that the dinner was sumptuous, he tells how the Duke looked unconcernedly at the magnificent prospect from the windows of the dining-room, and, upon some one uttering an exclamation of delight at the beauty of the view and river, said: 'What is there to make so much of in the Thames? I am quite tired of it; there it goes—flow, flow, flow, always the same.' To one satiated with all the good and bad things of this life, such comment would come naturally.

Other tales are told, or hinted, of orgies indulged in by his grace at Richmond. Whether these are true or not is of small moment, as they would not find admittance here. What does it concern us if Queensberry enacted the part of Paris in his own drawing-room, or thought of building a seraglio on the Eastern plan as an adjunct to his Richmond establishment? Many of these statements may be regarded as 'copy,' especially the last, although its

author states he had seen plans for the proposed harem.

If any reason be assignable for his grace's purchase of the Countess of Northampton's villa, a dispute he had about this period with the local authorities, respecting part of his lawn, might be advanced. Queensberry was not the man to give up any supposed right without a struggle, and this one resulted in the ground he claimed being adjudicated the property of the town authorities. The result of this action led his grace to content himself with an occasional drive to Richmond, and thenceforth to almost entirely reside—year in, year out—in Piccadilly. So the project of a change of residence at Richmond, if ever entertained, came to naught, and must be dismissed.

CHAPTER XXVII

A visit to Newmarket, then and now, compared—His grace at Egham Races, 1801—An eye to the main chance still—The ways and means adopted by the Duke to fill his coffers—The estates of Neidpath and Drumlanrig denuded of most of their timber—Burns's verses—His lines on Queensberry—Wordsworth's sonnet on his grace's conduct in cutting down the trees—How some of the trees at Drumlanrig were saved.

THE times of which I am writing did not permit of one lying in bed till nine o'clock in London on the morning of a race at Newmarket, and yet arriving there in fair time for the day's sport. Preparations had to be made long beforehand, and, if the weather was unpropitious, the delays of broken chaises and quagmires called roads had to be taken into careful consideration.

The Duke of Queensberry, of course, journeyed in his own travelling carriage. The spirits of the venerable peer were as yet scarcely dulled by Father Time. But spirits simply were not equal (by reason of bodily infirmities—ossification of bones, stiffness of joints, and other trifling complaints of the 'church-yard mould-cure' order of things) to the racking of

a journey to the Mecca of the Turf—Newmarket. 'One visit, to be taken occasionally,' very occasionally, was the measure of his grace's flights to Newmarket Heath now.

Nevertheless, he continued to get what racing amusement he could near the metropolis, within an easy drive of Piccadilly. On Friday, September 4th, 1801, we find his grace at Egham Races, in a 'landau and six,' watching his horse *Egham*, 6 years, 8st. 13lbs., run fourth in the Town Plate—a race he had backed him heavily to win. This was one of the five engagements competed for in this year by *Egham* and a filly by *Whisky*, who fully upheld the cipher record of Queensberry's then waning Turf career. Indeed, he could with truth have exclaimed 'Ichabod, Ichabod!' as his horse *Egham* crawled into fourth place for a £50 Town Plate. To witness this humiliation he had journeyed down in a 'landau and six.'

Though not making money on the Turf, nor adding to that already acquired by a lifelong pursuit of that pastime, his grace, at an age when most men give up its pursuit, could not be happy without adding to his store. It must not be thought that the Duke was an Elwes in living or character; but his careful attention to the main chance was as much

'part and parcel' of his nature as the Scotch groats upon which he had been fed in childhood.

But why should the gathering of wealth trouble one without wife, child, or even near relative? To answer this now would be anticipatory. Therefore, the reader must be contented with knowing that, in his grace's mind, a reason existed for 'riding' the Queensberry and his other titular estates hard.

As tenant for life, without impeachment for waste, and with an almost moral, if not legal, possibility of issue extinct (and similar English law sophistries for which, no doubt, the Scotch law provides, either express or implied), the Duke enjoyed a singularly favourable position. I therefore recite the means used by Queensberry to 'sweat' his estates in Scotland, to assist in piling up the magnificent fortune he left. To show cause for my statement, I am bound to take the reader a few years ahead of events. After the decease of his grace, the Earl of Wemyss, who had succeeded as heir to the estates and dignities of the Earldom of March, brought an action¹ against the executors of the then late Duke of Queensberry to recover and reclaim lands alleged by the plaintiff to belong to the Earldom of March at Neidpath. Dur-

¹ Heard before the First Division of the Court of Session, Edinburgh, June 21st, 1820.

ing the hearing it was proved beyond doubt that his grace had granted tacks (a power the Earl of Wemyss contended he did not possess by the entail), partly for a yearly rent, and partly for *sums of money paid down*. The case went through the various Courts of Appeal; but the final result was singular, 'that both sides might recover if they could.' In this way the court found the late Duke's mode of granting leases wrong. But whether the executors 'have to relieve the Earl of Wemyss or the tenants of the property in dispute' was reserved for further deliberation. This is sufficient for my purpose—to prove how, in one way, Queensberry forestalled the unearned increment. Another procedure adopted by him was scarcely so unique as that just referred to; it was, indeed, but a mere conventional method by which impecunious noblemen and gentry 'raise the wind'—by denuding their estates of their timber.

Queensberry did this with a vengeance, indeed, the wholesale stripping of his lands of centuries of growth was neither more nor less than greedy Vandalism. Burns, in his day, saw a part of this destruction done, both at Drumlanrig and Neidpath, and bewailed it in verse:

'As on the banks o' wandering Nith
Ae smiling summer morn I strayed,

And traced its bonnie howes and haughs,
 Where linties sang and lambkins play'd :
 I sat me doun upon a craig,
 And drank my fill o' fancy's dream,
 When, from the eddying deep below,
 Uprose the genius of the stream.

'Dark, like the frowning rock, his brow,
 And troubled, like his wintry wave,
 And deep, as sighs the boding wind
 Among his eaves, the sigh he gave.
 "And came ye here, my son," he cried,
 "To wander in my birken shade ?
 To muse some favourite Scottish theme,
 Or sing some favourite Scottish maid ?

"There was a time, it's nae lang syne,
 Ye might hae seen me in my pride,
 When a' my banks sae bravely saw
 Their woody pictures in my tide ;
 When hanging becch and spreading elm
 Shaded my stream sae clear and cool ;
 And stately oaks their twisted arms
 Threw broad and dark across the pool.

"When, glinting through the trees, appear'd
 The wee white cot aboon the mill,
 And peacefu' rose its ingle reek,
 That slowly curled up the hill.
 But now the cot is bare and cauld,
 Its branchy shelter's lost and gane,
 And scarce a stinted birk is left
 To shiver in the blast its lane."

"Alas!" said I, "what ruefu' chance
 Has twined ye o' your stately trees?
 Has laid your rocky bosom bare?
 Has stripp'd the cleeding o' your braes?
 Was it the bitter eastern blast
 That scatters blight in early spring?
 Or was't the wil'-fire scorch'd their boughs?
 Or canker-worm wi' secret sting?"

"Nae eastlan' blast," the sprite replied;
 "It blew na here sae fierce and fell,
 And on my dry and halesome banks
 Nae canker-worms get leave to dwell.
 Man! cruel man!" the genius sigh'd,
 As through the cliffs he sank him down,
 "The worm that gnaw'd my bonnie trees—
 That reptile wears a ducal crown!"

This reference and others appear in Burns's poems on his grace, whom the poet's admirers thought not worthy of his verse. Burns was twitted once for not seeking a subject more worthy of his muse; whereon Robbie took out his pencil and dashed off the following stanzas on the Duke of Queensberry, as being one who was deemed particularly unworthy of the poet's notice:

'How shall I sing Drumlanrig's Grace,
 Discarded remnant of a race
 Once great in martial story?
 His forbears' virtues all contrasted,
 The very name of Douglas blasted—
 His that inverted glory.

‘ Hate, envy, oft the Douglas bore ;
 But he has superadded more,
 And sunk them in contempt.
 Follies and crimes have stain'd the name ;
 But, Queensberry, thine the virgin claim —
 From aught that 's good exempt.’

These lines are a slight departure from my subject—the destruction of the woods of Drumlanrig and Neidpath. But let us see what an English poet says on the Duke's conduct—Wordsworth, who sets forth in a sonnet, composed presumably at either one of the denuded estates :

‘ Degenerate Douglas ! oh, the unworthy lord !
 Whom mere despite of heart could so far please
 And love of havoc (for with such disease
 Fame taxes him), that he could send forth word
 To level with the dust a noble horde,
 A brotherhood of venerable trees,
 Leaving an ancient dome, and towers like these,
 Beggared and outraged ! Many hearts deplored
 The fate of those old trees ; and oft with pain
 The traveller, at this day, will stop and gaze
 On wrongs which Nature scarcely seems to heed ;
 For sheltered places, bosoms, nooks, and bays,
 And the pure mountains, and the gentle Tweed,
 And the green silent pastures, yet remain.’

Wordsworth's lines lack the fire and poetic genius of Burns's denunciation. Smollett, when journeying northwards, was attracted by the beauty of the woods

of Drumlanrig, as they were then. The spoliation¹ would have been more complete on the demesne of Drumlanrig than it eventually became. Shortly before 'Old Q's' death, the Earl of Dalkeith, afterwards Duke of Buccleuch, when commanding the Dumfriesshire militia, was in Dumfries, and heard that an English company had bought all the remaining trees in Drumlanrig park for cutting down as a commercial speculation. This the Earl desired to avoid, as heir to the property; he therefore bought back the timber from the company, who, no doubt, made this spirited nobleman pay dearly for his interference with what might one day become his own.

¹ *Drumlanrig and the Douglasses*, C. T. Ramage.

CHAPTER XXVIII

His grace still indulges his musical tastes—His tact in bestowing favours upon noble French *émigrés*—Michael Kelly's anecdotes concerning the Duke of Queensberry—His grace's racing record, 1802-3—Attacked with influenza, March 1803—In a critical condition—Recovers and goes to Bath—Additions to the balcony of his Piccadilly house.

To support his passion for music, his grace went to the 'Ladies' Amateur Concert,' under the direction of Signor Sapio, held at Lady Coll's, in Portman Square, on May 16th, 1802, at which the Duke of Clarence, Prince William of Gloucester, the Prince of Orange, and others were present.

At this time, and for many a year after, London was frequented by French *émigrés* of all ranks. Many of the old nobility of France, with genealogical trees emanating from Chilperic, or the more fictional but better known Count Robert of Paris, all but starved in neighbourhoods less fashionable than 'Laycestar Square.' True, some of them managed to keep up a decent appearance, and were to be met with in Society; many of whose not actually wealthy but good-hearted members did all they could to make

the lot of these unfortunate exiles less bitter than it was. It was, however, thought that the sensitive nature of these French aristocrats prevented many more openly proffering assistance.

The Duke of Queensberry did much, perhaps more than many expected him to do, in assisting these unfortunate members of the nobility of France, and for a considerable period—indeed, almost as long as his health permitted—gave two large dinner-parties a week, on Tuesdays and Saturdays, which mostly consisted of these exiled French nobles.

Michael Kelly, actor and theatrical manager, has left us a record of his grace's tact in dealing with these aristocrat *émigrés*. Kelly long enjoyed the Duke's friendship; while probably his position at the Opera House brought him into close contact with him, and no doubt he was discerning enough to show him a little attention, which was seldom lost on Queensberry. It is, further, refreshing to find that Kelly's opinion of Queensberry's character corroborates what others record of his grace. He comments on his taste for music and the opera, recording that, when it was fashionable for subscribers to the Opera to attend rehearsals, the Duke seldom if ever missed being present; if otherwise able, no weather deterred him from attending and taking his favourite seat on the

stage, 'muff and all.' Kelly, who possessed an extensive acquaintance with mankind in general, says he never met Queensberry's superior for astuteness and sheer knowledge of the world, nor any who excelled him in the 'polished manners of the *vieille cour*.' These remarks are made with a due regard to the Duke's faults, but the charitable Kelly dismisses the latter with a 'Who has not weaknesses?'

The manner Queensberry ministered to the pleasures of his French friends, without hurting their *amour propre*, was quite in keeping with his character. Knowing that the generality of French men and women are *désespéré* without a tolerably fair share of amusement, he hit on the following scheme. After coffee had been handed round, his grace would say, 'Who is going to the opera to-night? I long to use my family privilege.' Kelly was present at dinner one evening, when the Duchesse de la Pienna asked what this privilege was. The Duke replied, 'That of writing admissions to the theatres, for any number I please, without entailing any expense.' These were words of comfort and joy to the despoiled French aristocrats, and many, on hearing this explanation, went with his grace's written admissions, thinking they were under no pecuniary obligation, as he had only exercised a

prerogative. Had they known the real facts, scarcely one would have placed himself under obligation to their host.

Queensberry's 'family privilege' was one that custom has bestowed equally on peer and peasant—the pleasure of paying for what you may order or require. To give the appearance of truth to his statement, his grace had arranged with the managers of the opera-houses and the principal theatres that his written admissions were to pass for current coin, his steward having orders to discharge them on being re-presented. A more delicate method of conferring a favour, and making light of it at the same time, could hardly have been contrived.

The observant Michael Kelly also bears testimony to his grace's gastronomic taste, for he mentions he never was present at more comfortable dinners than those Queensberry gave; these were served *à la Russe*—a person at a buffet to carve each joint. Three dishes at a time on the table were then the Duke's limit, all *recherché*, and of the best money could buy or the skill of his French cook (whom he termed his '*officier de bouche*') could devise.

Kelly considers the Duke's musical accomplishments beyond those of most amateurs; indeed, he was an excellent judge of the art. A favourite amuse-

ment of his was to give instruction in singing. To Mrs. Billington and Kelly he was kind enough to offer his services, who no doubt enjoyed the fun immensely, for he desired to make them proficient in the rôles of Polly and Macheath in the *Beggars' Opera*. To humour their patron, both actress and actor would frequently ask his grace for a song, which he would sing to the accompaniment of a paid pianist, Ireland by name, who was a member of his grace's establishment, but whom Kelly calls 'Job.'

At last the failure of his grace's sight and hearing led to the cessation of his dinner-parties, as he told Kelly that his hearing was so bad he could not follow the conversation at table, which made him think of reducing his dinner company to a *tête-à-tête*. At one of these 'strictly-limited-to-two' entertainments, Michael Kelly was his guest. His grace thus recorded his increasing aural infirmity: 'Had I at table more than one person now, they would be talking one to the other and I sitting by not able to hear what they were talking about, which would be extremely aggravating; now, if I have but one to dine with me, that one must either talk to me or hold his tongue.' In other words, his grace did not believe in affording entertainment, in the form of 'paying the piper and not being allowed to dance.'

The racing performances of the Duke of Queensberry's stable for the year 1802-3 may be briefly summed up—two engagements incurred, result *nil*; in the subsequent year he did not run a horse, though he still kept a few in training.

On March 10th, 1803, the Duke of Queensberry was reported dangerously ill; and the following day a statement was current that he was dead. This caused some members of the press to make inquiries at his grace's house, when they were informed that, though he was still alive, little hope of his recovery was entertained. A few days later, his grace is recorded as being still alive 'and merry,' indeed, had eaten a very hearty supper the previous evening; while he was so much better during the day that, with his wonted gallantry, he had sent a footman to the Opera House to inquire if Madame Rolla had arrived. Later on the improvement was still maintained, and he was reported as laughing heartily at those newsmongers who would prematurely send him to that 'bourne from whence no traveller returns.'

Further reports set forth that it was that scourge, the influenza, that had laid his grace low, but he managed, at near eighty, to elude its grasp. Indeed, the Duke was so much better towards the end of March as to 'sport his nightcap' to the promenaders in

Piccadilly, as well as to talk of a 'renewal' for 'ten more jolly years.' 'Never say die,' was certainly Queensberry's motto at this period.

As a means of accomplishing his desire for a new lease of life, he went to Bath, on the 4th of April, to see what effect the waters would have in aiding his recovery to health.

During his visit to Bath, additions or alterations were made to the famous balcony of his house in Piccadilly; wherein he sat observing all, and being the observed of all—particularly by members of the *demi-monde*, to whom his grace was always a lode-stone of attraction.

Perhaps I may be pardoned this suggestion—does Queensberry's ghost haunt Piccadilly still? The addition made to the balcony appears, by the description, to have been a white canvas screen or awning, made somewhat after the fashion of a venetian blind; that is, it could be so arranged as to permit his grace to see the passers-by while he was protected from the sun, or, as it were, place himself *in camera*. Or, as was suggested by the reporter, 'enable his grace to play snugly therein at "blind man's buff," or "peep-bo," as best suited the taste of the moment.'

CHAPTER XXIX

The Duke's chair run into by a hackney-coach—Mrs. Billington and his grace—'How to live, after a ducal recipe'—Notes thereon—The 'milk-bath' fable—Other references to his grace's regimen—Verses on his supposed death, 1804.

DURING March 1804, the Duke narrowly escaped being upset and injured by a hackney-coach, which was driven against his chair as he was returning from the opera. This accident was humorously treated by a writer of that time, who suggested highway robbery as the motive for the attempt to upset his grace, who was going home enriched with the 'notes' of Mrs. Billington.

The friendship which existed between his grace and Mrs. Billington was also a favourite theme of many journalists of those times. A few days subsequent to the event just narrated, one of these remarks: 'The noble duke, who is learning his *sol-fa* of Mrs. Billington, has not entered the musical school at his advanced period of life with any view of reaching the *con amore* style of execution; his grace,

though he may have devoted himself to this harmonic study, has done it solely upon political principles, aware that, in sceptical times like the present, the best-intentioned statesman may fall under the malediction of the poet who has impressively declared :

“The man that hath no music in his soul
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils.
Let no such man be trusted.”

I have already referred to his grace’s powers of eating. These were exercised with more caution and care for his health than might be anticipated ; he was supposed for that by some to be a sort of human ostrich, if the following ironical essay on his mode of living is regarded. This I must give *in extenso*, as to curtail the dietetic programme would rob it of half its point :—

‘HOW TO LIVE, AFTER A DUCAL RECIPE.

‘ If the D—— of Q—— does not extend his life to a still longer period, it will not be for the want of culinary comforts and those other succulent arts by which longevity is best promoted.

‘ His grace’s sustenance is thus daily administered : at seven in the morning he regales in a warm milk-bath, perfumed with almond powder, where he takes his coffee and a buttered muffin, and afterwards retires to bed ; he rises about nine, and breakfasts on *café*

au lait, with new-laid eggs just parboiled ; at eleven he is presented with two warm jellies and rusks ; at one he eats a veal cutlet *à la Maintenon* ; at three, jellies and eggs repeated ; at five, a cup of chocolate and rusks ; at seven he takes a hearty dinner from high-seasoned dishes, and makes suitable libations of claret and madeira ; at ten, tea, coffee, and muffins ; at twelve sups off a roast pullet, with a plentiful dilution of lime-punch. At one A.M. he retires to bed in high spirits and sleeps till three, when his man-cook, to the moment, waits upon him in person with a hot and savoury veal cutlet, which, with a potation of wine and water, prepares him for his further repose, that continues generally uninterrupted till the morning summons to his lactean bath. In this routine of loving comforts are the four-and-twenty hours invariably divided ; so that, if his grace does not know with Sir Toby Belch that "our life is composed of the four elements," he knows at least with Sir Andrew Aguecheek "that it consists in eating and drinking" !

This is a verbatim copy of his grace's daily regimen, published in one of the leading journals of that day. Those who may choose to believe it may do so ; but a moment's reflection will make it clear that a 'machine' would be required to assimilate the constant succession of 'messes' poured down the Duke's throat during the twenty-four hours. It is certain that the digestive organs of an octogenarian could not do so.

One or two matters to which I have referred require further comment. The milk-bath was long reported one of his grace's many luxuries ; but no real proof can be found that it existed anywhere

except in the imagination of the populace. Indeed, persons were living a few years since who could remember the objection many had who resided in the neighbourhood of his grace's residence to using milk, for fear of drinking that which had been used for the Duke's ablutions, which, it was supposed, the purveyor bought back; though perhaps those pure-milk desiring persons were unaware of the 'flavouring' used, which, supposing these lactean ablutions to have been true, would have prevented the milk being retailed for household purposes. Many allusions to this exist, but one more will suffice. A wit of those times declared that his grace's real reason for bathing in milk was that he believed the nearest way to Heaven was *viâ* the 'Milky Way.'

Another point in the 'ducal recipe' worthy of comment is that no wine nor spirits find a place in it before seven in the evening, a wise and discreet observance—assuming, for the sake of argument, the regimen to be one really lived up to. Though his grace, having been accustomed to take alcoholic liquors, may have needed them at his time of life, it appears that whatever, if any, benefit he derived from them was meant to supply Nature during the day by their absorption the previous evening; therefore wisely, very wisely, he seldom resorted

to that 'flick of the whip'—alcohol taken during the day.

Cramming his grace like a turkey-cock was part of the journalists' and others' method of killing him; this they again did in 1804. The fresh report again stirred the muse of some would-be Laureate to quote a scrap of *Horace* and then rush into verse:

ELEGY

ON THE SUPPOSED DEATH OF THE DUKE OF QUEENSBERRY IN 1804.

'*Longa Tythonum minuit Senectus.*'—HORACE.

'And what is all this grand *to do*
That runs each street and alley through?
'Tis the departure of 'Old Q,'
The star of Piccadilly.

'The king, God bless him! gave a whew!
"Two dukes just dead—a third gone too,
What! what! could nothing save 'Old Q'?
The star of Piccadilly."

"Thank Heaven! thank Heaven!" exclaims Miss Prue;
'My mother, and grandmother too,
Can now walk safe from that vile 'Q,'
The star of Piccadilly."

'The jockey boys, Newmarket's crew,
Who know a "little thing—or two,"
Cry out: "He's done! We've done 'Old Q'!
The star of Piccadilly."

On Richmond's sunny bank there grew
'Midst violets sweet, a wanton yew,
Crabbed and old ; and that mourns "Q,"
The star of Piccadilly.

'The Monsieurs and Signoras too,
Like cats in love set up their mew,
" *Ah morto, morto, pov'ro* 'Q' !
The star of Piccadilly."

'Townshends, Macmanus, all the hue
And cry of Bow Street, each purlieu,
Each little corner, wants its "Q" ;
The star of Piccadilly.

'Poll, Peggy, Cath'rine, Patty, Sue,
Descendants of old dames he knew,
All mourn your tutor, ancient "Q,"
The star of Piccadilly.

'Old Nick he whisked his tail so blue,
And grinn'd, and leer'd, and look'd askew—
"Oho !" says he, "I've got my 'Q,'"
The star of Piccadilly."

'On wings of sulphur down he flew ;
All London take your last adieu,
There, there away he claws "Old Q,"
The star of Piccadilly.

'And now this may be said of "Q,"
That long he ran all Folly thro',
For ever seeking something new :
He never cared for me, nor you,
But, to engagements strictly true,
At last he gave the Devil his due ;
And died a boy—at eighty-two—
Poor "Q" of Piccadilly.'

While on this subject I may allude to other productions written after his grace's natural, not newspaper, decease. The following is more sporting than the former, which only illustrated the saying, 'Threatened men live long':—

To the popular tune of 'Come listen awhile to my lay,' etc.

' You've heard of the once sporting fame
 Of him who has now run his race,
 I mean that blood stallion, by name
 "Old Q," or some call'd him, "Your Grace."
 No meeting in youth would he shun ;
 Nay, the dog was so knowing and arch,
 He was "bang up" at all, was his fun ;
 And he tipp'd knowing jockeys—the *March*.
 Sing tol de rol lol, etc.

' As fix'd as the starting-post he,
 On Knavesmire and Epsom appeared ;
 He knew how to bribe with a fee,
 But he ne'er was himself to be—"queer'd."
 Well-train'd were his blood horses—fleet ;
 Like wind o'er the course they would scud ;
 While each rider so firm in his seat,
 Did honour to Queensberry's stud.

' But if for the sweepstake or plate,
 "Old Q" would with energy start ;
 'Twas equally order'd by Fate,
 He should race after every girl's heart.
 On the charms of dear woman he'd doat ;
 Nay, to speak plain, I'll tell ye, between us—
 O'er a post had you clapp'd petticoat,
 He'd have instantly sworn 'twas some Venus.

' But age, that will weaken the limbs,
And check the bold speed of *Eclipse*,
Dous'd one of this rare stallion's flims,¹
And made him grow stiff in the hips.
Ne'ertheless he would not yield an inch,
In loosening bright Beauty's dear zone,
'Twas his maxim—"The dog that can flinch,
Is not prime—But I'm blood to the bone."

' Well, what though the old buck 's done up,
He dash'd away while he was able ;
So his mem'ry ensures him Fame's cup,
With every true friend to the stable.
As for daughters of Cythera's isle,
They'll drain all the sluices of grief ;
Till "Four-in-hand blades" make 'em smile,
"Prime"—"bang-up-boys"—will bring them relief.'

The constant report of his decease, and other scurrilous shafts levelled at the Duke, never moved him to more than a—chuckle.

¹ He had a speck in one of his eyes which in old age caused partial blindness.

CHAPTER XXX

Further reference to 'a ducal recipe'—The Duke a great smoker at one time—His grace and the 'hack'—*Charity*—The last of the 'deep-red jacket and black cap' on the racecourse—Withdrawal from the clubs—On the balcony of his Piccadilly house—Alarming condition of his grace in 1807—Reported as one of three who intended to rebuild Drury Lane Theatre—Bets on his grace's death—He lays a wager on the same himself.

To return for a moment to 'a ducal recipe,' there would seem to have been some truth in the midnight meal administered. If the Duke awoke, an attendant had some restorative in readiness, either to aid nature or induce sleep. But I cannot discover that the restorative took anything in the shape of a veal outlet at 3 o'clock A.M.

Equally destitute of proof is the popular legend that 'Old Q' covered his face with raw veal at night in the interest of his complexion. No doubt the latter owed something to rouge.

The chroniclers—and their name was legion—of the Duke of Queensberry's movements do not mention whether he adhered to a habit to which he had been addicted to a great extent in his 'salad'

days — smoking — a vice much less general then than it is now. However, it would seem that the discretion of age, or physical disabilities, prevented his continued indulgence in the 'weed.' Nor can I trace that his grace indulged in the then more fashionable habit of snuff-taking, now happily almost out of vogue.

The Duke's racing in 1804 was represented by one horse, a colt by *Modrocock*, who belied his origin by persistently laying or earning 'duck's-eggs' in the five essays made to establish his character as a race-horse. Enough has been recorded to show that his grace was now unable to give that personal attention to the stable which had been his hobby for so many years. Nor did his racing right-hand, Goodison, wield the sceptre with the skill of the master. Indeed, 'Hell-fire Dick' had become rich under the Duke's auspices, and was now taking a good deal of ease on a farm of some three hundred acres which he owned or leased. No doubt Goodison could afford to rest on the Turf laurels of Queensberry.

Much has been made of the Duke's charitable disposition during his last years. That he did bestow large sums on various objects, assist some friend in a difficulty, or aid a candidate¹ in his parlia-

¹ He gave £1000 towards the Westminster election.

mentary election, are too authentically recorded to be denied. But these acts seem to me more sudden outbursts of generosity by his grace than emanating from the command of the apostle, in its benevolent meaning, 'Above all things charity.' This never had been Queensberry's maxim, except in a 'homely sense,' where it often stays. Nevertheless, if we cannot do great mercies, let us be content with small ones, seems to have been the spirit in which the Duke regarded his charitable contributions, which leads to the supposition: if a generous gift was made now and again by him who no more missed the *douceur* than the ocean a drop of water. Now, whether these few and far-between offerings can be deemed worthy of the name of that cloak, charity, which covers a 'multitude of sins,' I will not venture to say. If it should be so, then his grace was certainly endeavouring to 'macadamise' the narrow but thorny path of virtue with a vengeance.

One of the most popular of those charitable outbursts of his grace was his subscribing to the Patriotic Fund, a fund to which some little notice has been accorded of late by those 'nasty, prying papers.' Thus, on November 25th, 1805, he subscribed one thousand pounds, or, rather, his name appears for that sum in the list of subscribers issued on that date; while that

of the 28th shows that even his grace's conscience had pricked him for giving so small a sum, for one of his great wealth, to so good and righteous a cause. He therefore added another thousand to his former benefaction—one he could have made ten, or twenty, without depriving himself of the slightest luxury or suffering the least inconvenience. The Duke, who kept the largest balance at his bankers' of any of his peers—a hundred thousand pounds—as well as being, vulgarly speaking, 'consolled up to the eyes,' could have afforded to be magnanimous in those times. Nevertheless, the journals of the day acted upon the poet's hint—

'Praise the proud peacock and he spreads his train,'

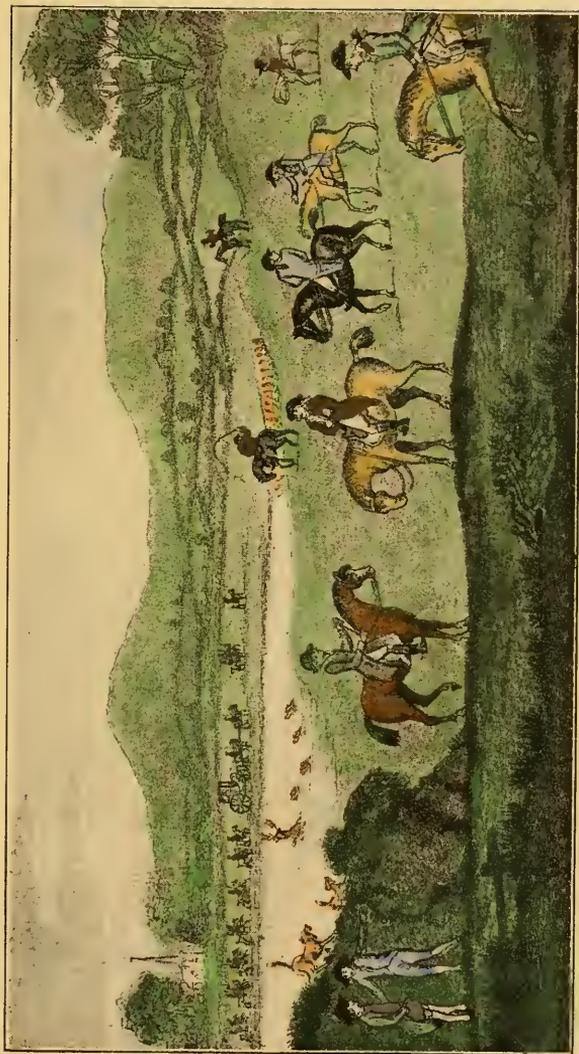
in the hope, perhaps, of future favours from the little millionaire of Piccadilly; and resorted to comparison, placing his grace's donation against that of a naval officer :

'The Duke of Queensberry has munificently subscribed another £1000 to the Patriotic Fund at Lloyd's towards the sufferers in the late glorious action—Trafalgar; while Admiral Peter Rainier, who has had all the rich naval gleanings of the Indian seas for these ten years, seems to have satisfied his professional feelings by a benevolence of ten guineas.' This thin

and shallow comparison did not escape the censure of toadyism.

The year 1805 saw the last of the 'deep-red jacket and black cap' of Queensberry on the Turf: the colt by *Competitor* was the last animal that bore his popular colours, and then, alas! not to victory. One engagement, and that lost, was the closing event of the Turf career of his grace, who had owned and run racehorses close on sixty years.

I think I may safely assert that the Duke had been *de facto* leader of the Turf for at least half a century. From a broad point of view, he had never been excelled, or perhaps equalled, during that period for a thorough knowledge of the sport, from stud-farm to winning-post. Associated in his mind, as the pursuit was, with the making or earning of money, he did not obtrude its cash character to the detriment of the sporting spirit which possessed him. The way in which the Duke of Queensberry met his engagements, while often, in his earlier days, hard pushed, testifies to a desire not to lower the name of Douglas by becoming a Turf-defaulter, a scruple which, then or since, has scarcely troubled the minds of many noblemen and gentlemen so much as it did one they would, in many ways, scorn comparison with.



Queen Charlotte in a Chariot.

Colonel Greville.

*Prince of Wales
(George IV.).*

*King George III.
Duke of Queensberry.*

Colonel Lake.

THE ROYAL HUNT (TIME OF GEORGE III.).

About this time the Duke withdrew almost entirely from the society of the various clubs which bore his name on their books.

His grace's name last appears in the Racing Calendar of 1806 as an active member of the Jockey Club. His increasing infirmities, aural and visual, doubtless dictated a course which must have been a great hardship to one who had enjoyed club life for over fifty years, with all its attractions of gaming and high living. To sun in his balcony at Piccadilly, to take an occasional drive, and receive the visits of his friends, and go when able to the opera or concert, was all that was left 'Old Q' of his former 'measure of pleasure.' But the 'Star of Piccadilly' was still an object of attraction on his balcony; though dwindling, he still scintillated, faultlessly dressed, while his dignity was not in any way lessened by a parasol, which was held by a stalwart footman in the Queensberry livery over his wizened head, encased in the, to him, unchangeable three-cornered hat of George the Second's time. Close at hand was his head groom, 'Jack Radford,' booted and spurred, on his master's pony, waiting to take a message or missive to any of his grace's numerous friends or acquaintances, male or female, who constantly passed. Thus did his grace pass the most of his time, except

*

when ill-health or the English climate prevented his appearing on the balcony.

In January 1807 the following announcement was made: 'The Duke of Queensberry has declined in health so rapidly within the last month that his physicians have but little hope of his surviving through the winter.' But life 'there was in the "old dog" yet,' as on the 5th of April following he was at his window, seemingly in 'high spirits,' again surveying through his glasses the fair visitants to and from Hyde Park.

In 1808 the Opera House, Drury Lane, was destroyed by fire. To assist the unfortunate proprietors many of the box-holders at this and Covent Garden gave up their boxes. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales set the example, which was followed by the Duke of Queensberry, the Marchionesses of Salisbury and Headfort, Lord Kinnaird, the Ladies Vernon and Louisa M'Donald, etc. etc. This was prefatory to an announcement that the Dukes of Queensberry and Bedford, together with Lord Kinnaird, would, it was anticipated, come forward and rebuild Drury Lane Theatre. Rumour added there were three plans almost completed for their selection, and odds were being laid at many of the clubs that the building would be erected, finished, and opened to the public

before the 1st of January 1810. I cannot find anything more substantial than the assertion made by the press of this *pro bono publico* policy. It probably never had any other existence. All the world knows that these noblemen did not build the present Drury Lane Theatre at their cost, although they may have assisted the rebuilding of the 'National' Theatre by giving subscriptions.

From betting on others' decease, the Duke had to submit to being the subject of such ghastly wagers: I record two bets from the *History of White's*—

'Mr. G. Talbot bets Lord Charles Manners ten guineas that the Duke of Queensberry is not alive this day two years. May 8th, 1809. G. Talbot.—C. Manners.'

Here is another—

'Mr. C. H. Bouverie bets Mr. Blackford that the Duke of Queensberry outlives the Duke of Grafton.

'Chas. H. Bouverie.—B. P. Blackford.

'Paid.'

But even had his grace been acquainted with these, it would not have ruffled his serenity, for he shortly before his death in the next year thought he heard the 'footstep' of the tyrant—Death; this idea took so great a hold on him that he made a wager of five hundred pounds that he would die at a

certain hour on a certain actual Saturday (shortly before his decease), which he lost and paid. To one so callous it could have little mattered had the betting on his decease appeared in the papers among the sporting intelligence.

CHAPTER XXXI

The Duke makes his will, 1809—His grace and Goodison—His later 'ways' at Newmarket—Magnanimous offer of the Duke to General Picton.

SPORTING with Death did not, however, delay the stealthy march of the conqueror who outmanœuvres all. 'Old Q,' with all his nonchalance, knew he was but mortal, 'dodge' 'Dr. Everlasting Sleep' as he would. On the sixteenth of January 1809 he made or subscribed the body of his subsequent much-codiciled will. I, however, need not at present refer to that instrument, as, in the spirit of a true old English culinary proverb, 'first catch your hare'—that is, from a biographic point of view, 'first kill your subject' before discussing his will.

Many of my sporting readers will miss a reference to the sale of the Queensberry stud, which had been disposed of privately year by year, so that when the Duke finally retired from the Turf little remained to sell. Possibly Goodison secured what was left, as that worthy was racing in his own name

at this period; indeed, for some years prior to these events, many Turf patrons failed to solve the real relations between the Duke and his trainer. I do not myself attach much importance to this statement: Queensberry knew he was well served by the 'tyke,' rough diamond though he was. Perhaps the following anecdote, which shows Goodison's independence, may account in some way for the rumoured partnership just hinted at:—'His grace and "Hell-fire Dick" fell out over some stable matter, when both went their way; three weeks, however, was the longest his grace could do without his racing factotum's "report" of Turf gossip, etc. He therefore went to Newmarket and made it up with Dick by asking him to come and see "a horse sweat," which Dick, nothing loth, did.'

Before taking leave of Turf matters, I must mention his grace's presence at Newmarket towards the close of his racing career. Though not so active as in his younger days, he would ride about the town and round the stables on a favourite old pony or diminutive cob; nor were his excursions restricted to the road, as, if anything handsome in a mob-cap and ribbons appeared at the bar windows of any of the numerous hostelries, he would put his mount at it, pull up, and ogle from the outside the

fair one who had caught the eye of this ancient 'Judge Clark' of the 'all aged' *Venus* Stakes.

Among the individuals who were benefited unconsciously by Queensberry's bursts of generosity was that fine old soldier, Sir Thomas Picton. I take from a Memoir of Sir Thomas, by a relative, Heaton Bowstead Robinson, the following anecdote of his grace's eccentric charity. This took place a few years prior to the period now under review, 1806, when Picton was proceeded against for alleged abuses, the chief of which was his ordering torture to be applied to a female slave while acting as Governor of Trinidad after its capture in 1791. But, though morally innocent of the charge, he was legally guilty in signing the order to torture the woman at the instance of a Spanish magistrate, who told Picton it was the 'custom of the country,' while he should have substantiated the assertion of the Spaniard, and also not have forgotten whose uniform he wore. Having briefly described the case for Picton's prosecution, which, I must add, was being conducted with all the rancour of party spirit, Mr. Robinson proceeds: 'A few staunch friends, however, still clung to him; some of whom had opportunities of witnessing his conduct in the West Indies, and others who knew him too well to believe for one moment

the charges which were brought against him. These were yet unchanged, though assailed with reproach for holding communion with a man whom the world condemned.'

During the progress of this prosecution, General Picton was one day dining at the Grosvenor Coffee House, in company with some of these friends, when Colonel Darling, who highly honoured General Picton, and was intimate with the Duke of Queensberry, joined the party. After some general conversation Colonel Darling observed: 'Picton, I have just left the Duke of Queensberry, and he has charged me with a message for you.' 'Indeed!' replied Picton; 'I am certainly much honoured, more especially as I never had the pleasure of being introduced to his grace.' 'I know it,' said the Colonel, 'but he has often spoken of you and your affairs in the most friendly and liberal manner.'

General Picton expressed his sense of the honour conferred upon him by the Duke. 'And now,' continued the Colonel, 'he wishes to show you his feelings with regard to the proceedings instituted against you by a more decided mark of his consideration.' 'What do you mean, Darling?' inquired the General with some surprise.

'Simply this,' rejoined the Colonel. 'The Duke

has watched the whole course of your prosecution with much interest, and he has now desired me to express to you his entire conviction of your innocence, together with the high sense which he entertains of your character.' General Picton bowed an acknowledgment of this compliment.

'But that's not all,' continued the Colonel. 'I have just parted with him, and, to be brief, he has desired me to say that, as he is aware of the great expenses which you must incur in defending yourself against a Government prosecution, and uncertain whether your fortune can support the heavy demands upon you, he is desirous that you should make him your banker during the remainder of the proceedings. He offers you the use of any sum under ten thousand pounds.'

Picton was for a moment silent, for this mark of consideration from a stranger astonished him. He could not immediately express his feelings; but at length he expatiated with much earnestness on the munificent generosity of the Duke, to whom he immediately wrote a brief note, afterwards handed to Colonel Darling for perusal. In this he stated how highly flattered he was by the opinion which his grace had expressed of him; while, in reference to his proffered munificence he added: 'Had it not

been for the kindness and generosity of a near relation [his uncle], who has lent me his fortune to defend my character, I should most assuredly have availed myself of your disinterested liberality. At present I am in no want of pecuniary aid, but shall ever feel grateful for the considerate manner in which you offered me your assistance.'¹

Picton had no further communication with his eccentric but generous benefactor until two days before the departure of the General for the Peninsula. He was again at the Grosvenor Coffee House, making preparations for his journey, when the Duke of Queensberry's card was brought in, with a request from his grace that he would oblige him by coming to his carriage-door for one moment. The General immediately complied, and the Duke, shaking him warmly by the hand, after having apologised on the ground of his infirmity for not getting out of his carriage, said: 'General Picton, I have ventured out expressly to shake you by the hand, and bid you farewell before you leave the country; and there is one request which I have to make which I hope you will oblige me in.' The General expressed in warm terms the satisfaction which he

¹ General Picton was found guilty, but judgment was reserved. A new trial being ordered, he was acquitted of legal guilt.

would experience in obliging the Duke in any possible manner.

‘Well, then,’ observed the Duke, ‘it is this: you know what vague and contradictory accounts we get in the newspapers about the proceedings of our army; now, I want you to write me a letter occasionally—that is, whenever you can find leisure—just that I may know the truth.’

General Picton promised to comply with his wishes by sending him the particulars of every affair of importance. This he did punctually; and whenever a letter arrived from the General, the Duke used to observe, ‘Ah! this is a letter from Picton; now we shall have the truth.’

The Duke’s death prevented any lengthy continuance of this correspondence; and on its occurrence Picton found himself the possessor of five thousand pounds, left him by his unsought noble friend.

CHAPTER XXXII

The Duke's foibles and the press—Another 'paper' marriage prophesied—
Illness and death of his grace—Character—The fair sex and the late
Duke—A reason why the Duke never married—His burial—Alterations
of the late Duke's Piccadilly mansion—A 'running footman.'

THE times to which I am alluding were then as rife in 'freaks of Nature' as at present, but the bolder front (to place as nice a construction as possible on the coarseness of that period) which Society showed permitted many of these objects of a perverse curiosity to be either visited by the *elite*, or exhibited in their houses, in much the same way as some of their descendants have since admitted dancing-girls and prize-fighters. However, for these and other reasons I refer the reader to the quotation from Pope on the title-page of this work. For the aforesaid reasons, combined with Queensberry's tastes, it is not surprising to find it recorded by the journals of that day that he was still a connoisseur in all things pertaining to the flesh—horse or biped. Though eighty-five, he no doubt created in the journalistic mind a belief

which Mr. Gladstone is now said to profess: 'A man is of service, at least to the State, till he is ninety'—or words to that effect.

With this confidence in the Duke's power of perception and diagnosis, a daily paper relates the visit of the then well-known 'Hottentot Venus' to his house, where his grace had 'a select party of amateurs of natural production' to see the black damsel. Whether this be true or not little concerns me, as it is the liberty with which Queensberry was treated I wish to show.

It is almost a matter of course that the papers should record his grace as giving his opinion on another puzzle of the early years of this century, the Chevalier D'Eon. The *Morning Herald* of June 2nd, 1810, has the following paragraph:—'The Duke of Queensberry, it seems, does not give credit to the discovery of the Chevalier D'Eon's being of the male sex, his grace having declared that they might as well attempt to prove him to be of the feminine gender; though he is ready to admit, with Mr. Garrick's song, that "Old women can do as much as old men."'

Many who have followed me thus far will think that Queensberry had already been sufficiently 'guyed'; nevertheless, the organ of the Prince of

Wales's party (to which Queensberry had given his allegiance at one time)—the *Morning Herald*—thought the anniversary of Guy Fawkes a good opportunity for the following squib: 'The Duke of Queensberry, so far from any intention of bidding this world "good-night," intends to take a more pleasant course and bid "good-morning" to the night-cap of a jolly dame, whom he means immediately to raise to the rank of a Duchess!'

But these and all similar witticisms were now to be brought to a termination by the decease of the ever-verdant butt, who, for so long a period, had proved the very '*Eclipse*' of canards and space-fillers; indeed, 'gigantic gooseberries, the first cuckoo,' etc. etc., were nowhere, compared to William, fourth Duke of Queensberry, as journalistic prizes.

On December 23rd, 1810, at about half-past three o'clock P.M., the last male descendant of the cadet branch of the noble House of Douglas expired. The malady to which his grace succumbed was said to have been a strangury, which he fought against for a fortnight, assisted by the best medical and surgical skill money could procure or Britain produce. Operation succeeded operation, but neither medical skill nor the unremitting care of his

attendants could save the patient. It was believed that although his grace's organs were impaired by that decay which all who attain so lengthy a span of existence must endure, he might have lived a few years longer, could he have refrained from over-indulgence in eating fruit.

William, fourth Duke of Queensberry, will ever stand conspicuous in the annals of this country as one who reached the height of notoriety without having done more than one single act worthy of a nation's praise. The much-vaunted contributions to the 'Patriotic Fund' excepted, nothing remains.

If, however, the Duke's worth be measured by the standard of the Turf, the Club, the Drawing-room, and Society, then the fourth Duke of Queensberry must rank *facile princeps* of his time. That this was so contemporary writers admit—'He was long considered the first figure in the brilliant circle of Fashion.'

Lacking his wealth and honours, he might have achieved considerable distinction as a jockey, gambler, and *roué*, but his name would never have been heard outside a racecourse, a 'hell,' or worse; but his high rank and his great wealth, allied to his polished exterior and his abounding vices, made of the Duke a centre of attraction for over sixty years.

Many of both sexes were found to offer sacrifice to

this 18-19th century Baal, Queensberry. Seventy letters and *billets-doux* lay unopened on the coverlet of his death-bed, from women of all sorts and conditions, from duchesses to members of the *demi-monde*, and for all kinds of requests, from the loan of a few hundreds or thousands to assignations. In this repulsive worship of gold did all that is best in human kind—Woman—join. Enough has been recorded to prove that the Duke was a devotee of the sex, though a matrimonial disappointment had grafted cynicism on to dissolute morals. For, whatever polite 'nothings' he might charm his fair admirers with, his perverted and debauched tastes never had a belief in the purity of their minds. His associations with frail daughters of Eve made him ignorant of the pure love of one woman, or he would never have declared 'he did not marry, because he would not place his honour in any woman's keeping.'

'Let the dead bury their dead' is an exhortation all have heard, but in these days this and other gospel aphorisms are disregarded, in the spirit of them. I therefore proceed to bury the earthly remains of 'Old Q.'

Though the bones of many of his species, as bad, good, or worse, rest in the national receptacle, Westminster Abbey, the last Duke of Queensberry's were

not suffered to add to nor detract from the sacredness of these relics. Why he is not interred there, if it was ever suggested, need not trouble the reader, who may or may not think the suggestion all but ridiculous. Nevertheless, the late Duke's family or executors seem to have thought his remains far too precious to rest among 'commoner' clay, and, in default of the vaulted shrines of Edward the Confessor's pile, the interior of his parish church, St. James's, Piccadilly, was selected. Here was interred, on December 31st, 1810, in a vault under the communion table, the body of William Douglas, fourth Duke of Queensberry. Let us hope his soul found as hallowed a resting-place.

Those of my readers not conversant with London who expect to find, on visiting the Modern Babylon, any trace of 'Old Q's' famed balcony in Piccadilly will be disappointed, as the Duke's domicile underwent extensive alterations soon after his decease. The house was first made into two—Nos. 138-139;¹ for this purpose it became necessary to remove the portico and balcony, though a greater alteration since has taken place—a whole or partial pulling down and rebuilding of the property.

¹ At this house Lord Byron spent the London season of his brief married life.

Some good traits exist in all, whether saints or sinners; it is therefore with pleasure I record that Queensberry was a good master. He never discharged, nor permitted to be discharged, any servant at his various establishments without positive acquaintance with his or her shortcomings, nor were these judged too severely till after reprimand had been found useless.

Allusion to the late Duke's household warrants a reference to his having retained the then almost, but now quite, extinct 'running footman'—now only to be seen on public-house signs. The incident I am about to relate has often been told, but if I omitted it from these pages I might be thought to have overlooked one of the commonest 'stories' of the Duke, much after the manner of the star-gazing philosopher, who, seeking galaxies, forgets the common objects under his feet. The 'running footman' was an institution long, long before 'Comet' coaches had displaced the more ponderous stagers. In 1730 they were generally employed, and many records exist of their exploits and endurance. The term was significant of their function—running with messages or letters to or from their master's town or country residences. When the man was running, the clothes worn, if so singular an attire can be

called by that definition, consisted of a short silk petticoat (no breeches) kept down by a deep gold fringe; in his hand was carried a long pole or cane, surmounted by a large silver ball containing a preparation of white wine and eggs to sustain him on a journey. 'Old Q' was very particular about the 'paces' of his running footman, and generally tried them himself with his stop-watch. In his latter days, he was only able to witness their performance from his balcony, and on a certain occasion one of the applicants for the post was paraded before the Duke in the Queensberry livery. His grace was pleased with the candidate, and said, 'You'll do very well for me.' 'And your livery will do very well for me,' replied the smart fellow, as he ran off, giving the Duke further proof of his capacity, and a last glimpse to his grace of his livery!

CHAPTER XXXIII

The late Duke senior Knight of the Thistle—Anticipations respecting his will—The reading—The numerous codicils—The beneficiaries, etc.—Litigation—Condition of his grace's library, bequeathed to E. B. Douglas, Esq.—Sale of the family plate—The wines—Further litigation anticipated—Sale of carriages at Tattersall's.

AT the time of his decease the Duke of Queensberry was senior Knight of the Thistle. Decorations of this character were then more worn, as suiting the attire of the period, than now. Once, shortly after its bestowal, his grace was returning from some place of entertainment in the small hours of the morning accompanied by a brother-peer, when an incident occurred somewhat like that recorded by Lord Brougham. As the two noblemen wended their way homeward, gorgeous in attire and decorations, the sight of them raised a guffaw from some dispenser of the pure and unadulterated, etc. 'Ah!' exclaimed his grace to his companion, at the same time tapping the star on his breast, 'have they found out this humbug at last?'—a sentiment, though

heartfelt by the Duke, he never intended to go further, for no man conformed more to the etiquette of the Court and Society than the last Duke of Queensberry.

The reading of the will of this modern Dives was awaited with solicitude by a numerous body of relatives, friends, and acquaintances, all expectant 'to be remembered,' if not enriched for life, by the ducal Cæsus of their time.

At last the portentous document was opened and read, but, alas! for many expectant legatees, the Duke had departed so far from the intentions first expressed in the instrument as to execute (in many cases imperfectly) some twenty-five codicils, many of which were written on half-sheets of notepaper. These either modified, struck out, or enlarged various legacies or annuities. As it is possible that this work may prove of value for future reference, I append the principal bequests:—

To Maria, <i>née</i> Fagniani, Lady Yarmouth,	£150,000
(Together with his residence in Piccadilly, stabling in Brick Street, his villa at Richmond, together with all furniture therein.)	
„ Lord Douglas,	100,000
„ the Duchess of Somerset,	10,000
„ the Countess of Dunmare,	10,000

To Lady Anne Hamilton, ¹	£10,000
„ Lady Hamilton, ²	per annum, 400
(And £1000; by a previous codicil, this was £1000 per annum, and £2000.)	
„ Mr. James,	5000
„ General Crawford,	10,000
„ General R. W. Crawford,	per annum, 500
„ M. Père Elvizee, his French surgeon,	5000
„ General the Honourable R. Fitzpatrick, per annum,	500
(In a former codicil it stood £10,000.)	
„ General Sir Thomas Picton,	5000
„ Colonel Thomas,	20,000
„ Viscount Sidmouth,	5000
„ Lady Wm. Gordon,	10,000
„ Sir James Montgomery,	10,000
„ the Lock Hospital,	5000
„ St. George's Hospital,	5000
„ the Clerk at Coutts' who kept his account, per annum,	600
„ Du Bois, his steward,	„ „ 300
„ John Radford, his head groom,	„ „ 200
(With all his horses and carriages.)	

¹ Sister to the 10th Duke of Hamilton. This lady's well-known devotion to Queen Charlotte is historic. She was also the reputed authoress of *The Secret History of the Court of England*. Though in reduced circumstances when this legacy was paid, she gave it intact to her brother, Lord Archibald Douglas.

² Not to be confounded with Lady Anne Hamilton, though a relative by marriage: the wife of Sir William Hamilton—Nelson's 'Emma.' Nelson, it is said, was jealous of 'Old Q,' who certainly liked the society of his notorious family connection; but his grace was too wary for her extravagant wiles. One of these was imploring the Duke to purchase Merton Place to aid her in discharging her debts.

To Burrell, his confectioner,	per annum,	£200
„ Michael, his footman,	„ „	200
„ his Italian valet,	„ „	100
„ Signor Salpeitro, formerly leader of the orchestra at the Italian Opera,	per annum,	100
To three French ladies of some celebrity,	each,	1000
„ Weekly allowances to poor people, etc., amounting per annum to,		300
(Wages to be continued, also, to 'Old Joe,' the gardener.) Etc. etc.		

Lord Yarmouth was left residuary legatee, by which it is thought some £200,000 further accrued to Maria Fagniani and her descendants.

Though the will shows much thought and consideration for many who either served or pleased his grace in some way, as well as providing bounteously for many of his male domestics, no female member of his household received the slightest acknowledgment. The same applies to his constant medical attendant, Mr. Fuller, who brought an action against the executors for his charges. However, that matter will be dealt with in due course.

The executors by the will, Sir James Montgomery, Bart., Edward Bullock Douglas, and William Murray, were desired to discharge all legacies within three months of the testator's decease. The annuitants were to be paid half-yearly; for this purpose the executors were empowered to invest such a sum from

the personal estate as would produce the income of the charge devised.

Unfortunately, his grace had defeated his own desire and practice of prompt settlements, by being forgetful of the fact that a man who acts as his own lawyer has a fool for a client. Therefore the estate was dragged into Chancery.

The wishes of his grace, sharp and expeditious as they may seem now to the common administrator or executor, could and would have been carried out. No mortgages or debts troubled the Duke's estate, nor did his executors have anything to do with the descent of the estates, which devolved by the laws of inheritance on the Duke of Buccleuch, Sir Charles Douglas of Kilhead—afterwards first Marquis of Queensberry—Lord Douglas of Douglas, and the Earl of Wemyss. The additions to the possessions of those families were not unimportant, as the income from any one of them would have sufficed its possessor to support its dignity.

The executors, then, had only the late Duke's personalty to deal with, or freeholds not attachable to any of his many titles. Thus, with personalty valued at one million sterling, or verging closely on it, of which sum four hundred thousand pounds was in cash, it would have been perfectly easy to accomplish the Duke's testamentary wishes, had he not defeated

his own intentions. The legacy-duty amounted to £120,000. List to this, ye owners of wealth, with the terror, 'Death Duties,' before you!

The reader need not now ask—Why were Drumlanrig and Neidpath denuded of timber, the estates of March leased for cash at nominal rents, Charles, third Duke of Queensberry's old equine pensioners sold, or large but 'canny' wagers made, or covered, in the ring or at the gaming-table? The result of one and all point, '*pour y parvenir*,' and that to benefit the daughter of Madame Fagniani, her husband and children. True, he might have left them all his ever-accumulating wealth, but he evidently did not wish to act in so pronounced a fashion as his deceased friend Selwyn. He had never encouraged the notion of the 'adopted' daughter in his case.

As residuary legatee Lord Yarmouth (who afterwards, on the death of his father, became third Marquis of Hertford¹) took the initiative in the legal proceedings. But notwithstanding the law's delays, many things could be and were done by the executors, under the eye of the court—the realisation of the deceased's personal property, as well as handing over specific legacies, if not 'codiciled' out of legal formality. Therefore I find as early as February 19th, 1811, the

¹ The Lord Steyne of Thackeray's scathing *Vanity Fair*.

founts of public information were running over with news of his grace's property changing hands.

The instance referred to is the Duke's library, which he left E. B. Douglas, Esq. The condition in which that gentleman found the books proves his grace's love of books was scarcely binding deep; for hardly one set of volumes was perfect. Some familiar friends had either purloined or borrowed copies, which never found their way back to their owner's shelves.

On April 4th, 1811, the late Duke of Queensberry's plate, etc., was sold. This gave opportunity for many who desired a memento of that singular personage to acquire one; therefore competition was the order of the day. So eager were persons to secure anything, that old family plate, out of fashion, massive and fit only for the melting-pot, fetched eight shillings an ounce, while everything else brought far more than its value, and this in a time when money was very scarce, not only with the middle but upper classes. On the 22nd the executors thought the public interest so keen that they, with true mercantile spirit, had another sale. This time the bait offered to those athirst for Queensberry 'ware' was Queensberry's wine. The result shows what it is to be thought a connoisseur: thus, Noyau his grace had purchased from the 'manufacturer,' in London, at six guineas a dozen, found

an eager purchaser at £16, 4s.—a transaction which would have greatly delighted the Duke in his lifetime. The cellar was scarcely so well furnished as was anticipated; this was due, no doubt, to the infirmities of his grace having prevented his hitherto lavish dinners and entertainments. However, Mr. Christie offered for competition twelve lots of 'veritable' Tokay, which the auctioneer in his harangue said 'had cost the Duke three guineas a bottle fifty years previous.' The precious liquor was then offered in lots of one dozen at fifty guineas; this was quickly run up to ninety-six, at which sum the first dozen was knocked down. The next lot had also reached that figure, when two gentlemen who had been bidding came forward and agreed to take the remainder at the same price, as they had no opponents. It was afterwards found that one of these gentlemen represented the Prince of Wales,¹ the other a Mr. S——, 'a patrician cabinet-maker of the City,' who wisely let H.R.H. have eight lots (dozens), being content with four.

Other wines were offered of no particular merit, except 'his grace's selection'; these one and all sold for immense prices. The sale terminated with the offer of a couple of dozens of liqueur, which no one knew,

¹ Another report states that some of this wine was purchased by the then Marquis of Blandford, but whether from H.R.H. or Mr. S——, I cannot say.

till a Scottish gentleman pronounced it an infusion of whisky, lemon, and some bitter ingredients, called, so he affirmed, north of the Tweed, the 'house-keeper's dram.' This Mr. Christie soon twisted into the '*liqueur de Drumlanrig*,' which so mystified some of the gapers round that it fetched a guinea a bottle.

I find it reported, the month following, that the heir-at-law, Lord Douglas, objected to the late Duke's personal legacies on the same grounds as I have already alluded to when relating the Earl of Wemyss's action against his grace's executors—letting the entailed estates at low annual rents in order to raise feus on the tenants, from which it was said his grace's immense personal property had sprung. But it will be found that, though some years elapsed before an amicable arrangement was made, all eventually obtained their legacies and annuities.

'Jack' Radford, as a specific legatee, thought to benefit by the 'craze' for souvenirs of Queensberry, but the realisation of his hopes was disappointed when his grace's string of vehicles were offered. These, although of the best taste and workmanship, were then old-fashioned, even the famous green *vis-à-vis*, usually drawn by long-tailed black horses, in which Raikes says he saw a little old man with a muff—'Q'—who swore like 'ten thousand troopers.'

CHAPTER XXXIV

The Dukedom of Queensberry held for one hundred years by two persons—A singular coincidence—Mr. Fuller's action against the late Duke's executors—Result—Caricatures of the late Duke—Legacies ordered to be paid—Conditions of order—Conclusion.

THERE is a curious circumstance in connection with the honours of Queensberry; its ducal dignities had been enjoyed by two persons only for the period of one hundred years.

Another remarkable incident is that about the period of his decease four dukes died, all inhabitants of Piccadilly: to this, as the reader will remember, his Majesty King George III. is supposed to refer in the verses on 'Old Q'—'Two dukes just dead,' etc. etc., though this is scarcely chronologically correct, as the decease of these noblemen occurred in the following order:

1. The Duke of Portland.
2. The Duke of Queensberry.
3. The Duke of Grafton.
4. The Duke of Devonshire.

On Thursday, June 11th, 1811, Mr. Fuller's (the apothecary of Piccadilly) action against the late Duke of Queensberry's executors was heard in the Court of Common Pleas. The statement of claim set forth for professional services rendered from 1803 to 1810, which included 9340 visits, besides 1700 night calls, out of which he remained with his grace 1215 nights. For these attendances, etc., he claimed £10,000—a charge which would seem to have been disputed by the executors, though the claimant had on his side Lord Yarmouth, the most interested person among his late grace's numerous legatees, who, with Dr. Home, Sir Henry Halford, Dr. Ainslie, testified to the reasonableness of the charge, when called upon by Sergeant Vaughan for the plaintiff, considering the sacrifice he had made of his business on his grace's behalf. Further, Lord Yarmouth and Dr. Home affirmed that the Duke had told them Mr. Fuller should be paid by his executors; this was corroborated by Mr. E. B. Douglas's answer in Chancery. But for their admissions, Mr. Justice Mansfield would not have deemed the action tenable in a court of justice, as he did not consider an apothecary could claim for attendance, a fact generally known. However, considering the justice of the case, and the testified wishes and admissions

he had heard, the judge left the award to the jury, who returned a verdict for the plaintiff for £7500.

Gillray, one of the most notable caricaturists of his day, and other wielders of the style, improved upon the late Duke's doings as much as their brethren of the pen. On April 17th, 1797, was issued his caricature plate of 'Old Q' playing pushpin with a Mrs. Windsor, a lady of unenviable notoriety. This was followed by 'Dilettanti Theatricals, or a peep at the Green-room,' in which his grace is seen behind the screen saluting Lady ——. These will suffice, though many others may be found among the satirical productions of those times.

In 1816 the good news came to the legatees under the late Duke of Queensberry's will that their legacies would be paid by order of the Court of Chancery from the funds paid into court by the executors, subject to the claims of the tenants, who had paid large sums, some of which had been reduced, for the renewal of their leases. This order had nothing to do with a cause pending between Lady Yarmouth and two of her children as plaintiffs, and Lord Yarmouth and others as defendants, probably an amicable suit to prevent others from instituting claims.

The first order could only affect the residuary legatee, Lord Yarmouth, who, it is urged, took indemnities from the various legatees more as matter of form than anything else, as the accumulations of interest on a sum close upon a million sterling, for the six years it had lain in Chancery, would not only satisfy the interest on the legacies, pay the costs, but go very far towards indemnifying those tenants who still held under the leases wrongly granted by the Duke.

With this I bring my task to a close. Though not so pure as could be desired, my subject is the career of one of the most curious men of the last and the early part of this century, one whose memory will always be green to every supporter of the Turf, but of whom no proper nor trustworthy record has as yet appeared. From further reference to the Duke of Queensberry's character I forbear, merely observing that, though Lord Lytton says, 'Man is born to be deceived,' his grace never was the dupe of that portion of the female sex with which his name was chiefly associated.

APPENDIX (to page 51).

TO BE SOLD

The Earl of March's entire stud of brood mares, crossed, and supposed to be in foal by *Blossom*, *Othello*, and his lordship's Barb. To be seen at Saxum, near Bury, within ten miles of Newmarket.

1. *Grey Snip*, price 220 guineas, in foal by *Blossom*. A grey mare, nine years old, got by *Snip*; her dam by the Earl of Godolphin's Arabian, her grandam by Conyer's Arabian, her great-grandam by Curven's bay Barb.

2. *Bay Roundhead*, 70 guineas, in foal by the Earl of March's Barb. A bay mare, ten years old, got by *Roundhead*; her dam by *Jig*, her grandam by *Makeless*, her great-grandam by *Brimmer*, her great-great-grandam by Place's *White Turk*, her great-great-great-grandam by *Dodsworth*, out of a Layton Barb mare. This mare was bred by Mr. Crofts, and this is a copy of his certificate.

3. *Bay Bajazet*, 150 guineas, in foal by *Blossom*. A bay filly, six years old, she was got by *Bajazet*; her dam by Lord Lonsdale's bay Arabian, her grandam by *Bay Bolton*, her great-grandam by Darley's Arabian, her great-great-grandam by the *Byerley Turk*, her great-great-great-grandam by the Paffolet Barb, her great-great-great-great-grandam by Place's white Arabian, out of a Barb mare.

4. *Nonesuch*, 50 guineas, in foal by *Blossom*. A brown mare, six years old this grass, got by *Nonesuch*; her dam by the Bampton Court *Childers*, out of a mare called *Bushy Molly*. *Bushy Molly* was got by the King's chestnut Arabian, her dam by the Chillaby Barb, out of Sir William Ramsden's famous Byerley mare; *Nonesuch* was got by *Fox*, out of the Earl of Portmore's *Lugs* mare; *Lugs* was got by Dadow's Arabian, out of *Bay Bolton's* dam.

5. *Chestnut Starling*, 100 guineas, in foal by the Earl of March's Barb. Five years old, got by *Young Starling*; her dam by *Grasshopper*, her grandam by Sir M. Newton's bay Arabian, her great-grandam by *Pert*, her great-great-grandam by *St. Martin's*.

6. *Blacklegs*, 150 guineas, in foal by *Blossom*. She was got by a full-brother to the famous *Conqueror*, out of a full-sister to *Partner*.

7. *Dainty*, 220 guineas, in foal by the Earl of March's Barb. A brown mare, five years old, got by the Earl of Godolphin's Arabian; her dam by *Crab*, her grandam by *Hobgoblin*, out of *Bajazet's* dam.

8. *Chestnut Roundhead*, 70 guineas, in foal by the Earl of March's Barb. A chestnut mare, twelve years old, got by *Roundhead*, out of Metcalf's old mare, which was the dam of *Squirt*.

9. *Godolphin filly*, 70 guineas, in foal by *Blossom*. A bay mare, four years old, got by the Earl of Godolphin's Barb, out of *Brown Snip*. *Brown Snip* was got by *Snip*, her dam out of the Godolphin Arabian, her grandam by the *Bald Galloway*, her great-grandam by the *Ancaster Turk*.

10. *Black Barb filly*, 40 guineas, in foal by *Othello*. A black mare, got by the Earl of March's Barb, three years old, out of *Brown Snip*.

11. *Grey Barb filly*, 40 guineas, in foal by *Blossom*. A grey mare, four years old, got by the Earl of March's Barb; her dam by a son¹ of the *Bloody-shouldered Arabian*, her grandam by *Terror*, her great-grandam by the Pelham bay Barb, out of a natural mare.

APPENDIX AA.

MIDDLETON, Aug. 9, 1729.

MY DEAR MRS. HOWARD,—

(a blot here)

You are resolved not to send the first blot, so you see I do: pray write something by the first opportunity, for though I am as fully employed as heart can wish, I find I have time to think of you. I am surprised you would not send me the good news of Lord Herbert's safe return, and a great deal of him. For though he has had nothing to say for himself, there must undoubtedly be a great deal to be said of him. What can be said for his inhuman usage to so many persons of wit is past imagination. Pray, tell me if Mrs. Herbert is

¹ The son of the *Bloody-shouldered Arabian* was out of a well-bred daughter of *Mixbury*. *Blossom* was got by the Godolphin Arabian, his dam by *Crab*, his grandam by *Childers*, his great-grandam by *Grantham*, his great-great-grandam by the Duke of Rutland's *Paget Turk*, and out of a daughter of Lord's Arabian called *Betty Percival*.

in waiting. If she is, pray make her say anything to me that she pleases; and pray, to please me, and tell me true, that Mrs. Howard is perfectly well. Now that I have written, I think I cannot fail of your answering, unless you are very ungrateful, which I will never believe till I have your own word for it. *Finis.*

Say something for me very obliging to Mrs. Meadows and Mrs. Casteret.

Mr. Gay borrows the rest of the paper for his use.

C. Q.

I think it may be of use to let you know that Middleton is near Bicester, Oxfordshire.

(The same blot that appeared on the other side has sunk through the paper.)

That blot¹ was of my making, and not on purpose, as witness. QUEENSBERRY.²

Now you know everything about the blot, I will go on with my letter. We do not play at cards, and yet the days are too short for us. I know that this will scarce be credited; yet it is true. We do not want one another's company, nor are we tired of one another. This, too, sounds a little incredible; yet it is true. You see that we that live in the country speak truth and are willing that others should think we do so. I wish this may not be interpreted a reflection³ by somebody that does not understand it: I will not say any more about truth.

¹ Paragraph written by Gay.

² The duke's signature appended to it.

³ An allusion to the interpretations given to passages of Gay's works, particularly the *Beggars' Opera*.

The Duchess made these blots,¹ and values herself upon it.

I desire you would send word whether white currants be proper to make tarts: it is a point that we dispute upon every day, and will never be ended unless you decide it.

The Duchess would be extremely glad if you could come here this day se'nnight; but if you cannot, come this day fortnight at farthest, and bring as many unlikely people as you can to keep you company. Have you lain at Marble Hill since we left Petersham? Hath the Duchess an aunt Thanet alive again? She says there are but two people in the world that love and fear me—and those are, Lord Drum(lanrig) and Lord Charles.² If they were awake, I would make them love those that I love, and say something civil to you. The Duchess hath left off taking snuff ever since you have; but she takes a little every day. I have not left it off, and yet take none; my resolution not being so strong, Though you are a water-drinker yourself, I dare say you will be sorry to hear that your friends have strictly adhered to that liquor; for you may be sure their heads cannot be affected by that.

General Dormer refused to eat a wheat-ear, because they call it a fern-knacker; but since he knew it was a wheat-ear, he is extremely concerned. You are desired to acquaint Mrs. Smith that the Duchess was upon the brink of leaving off painting the first week she came here, but hath since taken it up with great success. She hopes she will never think of her and my Lord Castlemain of the

¹ The paper is here smeared with blots.

² Her two children, born respectively 1722 and 1726.

same day. The Duke hath rung the bell for supper, and says, 'How can you write such stuff?'

'And as we conclude,
As 'tis fitting we should,
For the sake of our food ;
So don't think this rnde.
Would my name was "Gertrude,"
Or, Simon and Jude.'

P.S.—The writers of this employ great part of their time in reading *Les Contes Tartades*, and like them extremely—I mean the two principal writers.

For my part, I am forced to say I like them, to flatter the Duchess.

Duke Disney¹ is not yet come to Mr. Dormer's. The old soldier (General Dormer) is there, and can now lend you better fun. There is a cock pheasant at Child Grove that is certainly a witch ; Mr. White cannot kill it, though he shoots in a Portuguese habit.

There is a gentleman, that shall be nameless, that hath turned two or three brace of foxes into his garden to prevent being overstocked with poultry. The Duchess would not venture to keep a peacock here, if anybody would give her one. We liked our mushrooms here very well, till General Dormer told us they were tame ones.

J. G.

It is a pity—I should spell pity with a double *t*. It is a pity, I say, that so much plain paper should lie waste. We have a great deal more wit, but no more time. There is proper care taken that this may not be thought plain paper.

C. Q.

¹ A nickname given to Colonel Henry Disney.

APPENDIX BB.

EDINBURGH, *the 1st of June*, I may say
the first of Summer, 1734.

MY DEAR, DEAR LADY SUFFOLK,—The pleasantest thing I have met with a great while was your letter yesterday noon. I devoured that instead of my dinner, and found it better support than all the Scotch beef in the country. *Apropos*, you have half your wish: the cook maid is very dirty about herself; but she says it is her way; she was never otherwise. I ought to be satisfied, for I have known many so in a worse case, and convinced by arguments no better founded; a common excuse for folly, pride, impertinence, and a long *et cetera* of those pretty vices you mentioned—*it is their way*. God help them out of yours! for though disagreeable events give a flip to nature, the continuance is mighty wearing to the spirits, and by no means to be wished for.

O had I wings like a dove, for then I would fly away to Marble Hill¹ and be at rest! I mean at rest in my mind. I am tired to death with politics and elections; they ought in conscience to be but once in an age: and I have not met with any one in this country who doth not eat with a knife, and drink a *dish* of tea. This, added to many other cutting things, you must own, makes a dreadful account. My girl and I have been at an assembly; mighty happy she, and I much amused, by the many very extraordinary fashions. Notwithstanding, I can assure you my tail makes a notable appearance. Pray tell me your friend's name, for I know none here, except myself, who I

¹ Built by Lady Suffolk at Twickenham in 1724, who thus had Pope for a neighbour.

am sure is so. I have not seen the Duke of Argyll; he has been out of town with his aunt, Lady Mary; but his brother and I are great as two inkle-weavers. He has made me a visit.¹ I assure you my child is very sleepy, or she would answer Miss Hobart's letter to-night. She desires her service. She is improved, and danced mighty well. I was pleased much altogether: she was a very genteel pretty figure. I hope Master Hobart is quite recovered. Pray, with my best respects to Mrs. Carteret, tell her it is a terrible thing that my words have no weight. You say nothing of Mrs. Meadows; has she run away with her brother and Lady Fanny? She puts me in mind of some play, where the lady cannot bear the thoughts of being married, unless the man steals her out of window. The girl was in her own disposal to all intents and purposes. The Duchess of Leeds is an unhandsome beauty, and rather disagreeable than otherwise. My Lord Portmore is like Lord Essex and Lord Henry, which is saying all that man can deserve; yet one word more. He is about building a house; they proposed to him a very fine situation, where he might have a very fine view of the sea; but the fine gentleman cried out, 'O Christ! the sea looks so fierce it frights one.'

I write just on the style that Lady Dysart talks—very incoherent stuff; but remember I have your licence, that I believe you love me, and that I had no patience to stay till the next post, though I have not time to write so as to be read. If you can to the end you will rejoice with me, that the sun has shone to-day—that I am in hopes it will on Monday, that I may ride out; for on Sundays no such

¹ The Hon. Jane Leveson Gower, third daughter of the Duchess's first cousin, Lord Gower.

things are allowed in this country, though we lie, and swear, and steal, and do all sort of villainy every other day the week round. I shall be delighted to see you, though I believe not till next month. If you let me hear from you again, my time will pass the pleasanter; for I am, if I know my own heart,—Most sincerely and affectionately yours.

 APPENDIX A.¹

SEYMOUR PLACE, W., 20th October 1762.

MY DEAR GEORGE,—I have received your letters. You make me wish very much to be with you, though I should like to come, were I to stay but a week. The Rena² has not quite fixed her setting out, but I believe it will be in ten days at furthest.

As to any news from here concerning politics or administration, you are sure to have better information from the Duke and Duchess, than I can give you. I shall let Lord Huntingdon know, that you are thought to have a better pronounciation than any one that ever came from this country. Augustus Hervey will be appointed Colonel of Marines, and Keppel will have a flag. I dine to-day with Lady Hervey, have visited Lady Mary Chabeau, and had a note from her. How monstrously you envy me! This is all you can do at your return, and perhaps more.

¹ From *George Selwyn and his Contemporaries*. 1843.

² *Une chère amie* of Lord March, a beautiful Italian woman. Horace Walpole, writing to General Conway, 9th Sept. 1762, from Strawberry Hill, says, 'I have had Lord March and the Rena here for one night, which does not raise my reputation,' etc.

This cursed peace, that I have expected every day for these two months, I begin now to despair of. Hervey is waiting for me, so I shall finish this epistle after dinner.

I have just returned from the Hôtel de Milady (Hervey). At dinner, Lord and Lady Stormont, Mrs. Dives, Stanley, Morris, Augustus (Hervey) and myself. Never was anything so French as her dinner, and the manner of its being served. It is a charming home, and as I have rather a partiality for the French, I am very glad to have the *entré*. Horace Walpole, who was in town yesterday, tells me I am in great favour, and I always have a great deal of prejudice for those that like me, which is one of the reasons why I love you more than anybody else. I intend sending your gazettes of the King and Queen by Stanley, if he goes before the Tondino.¹

Monsieur de Nivernois is the most agreeable man in the world. The more I see him the more I like him. He is not yet got into his new house. I never had an opportunity of seeing Miss Newton, so I have not been able to make your excuses.

Metham recruits but slowly. He assures us he is to be married to Miss . . . (I forget her name—Lady Jane Coke's heir) as soon as he is recovered, and has told the Tondino, that he will immediately ask for a peerage. Perhaps he may be satisfied with an Irish one—Lord Viscount Montgomery, and Baron Metham of North Cove. None of your acquaintances are in town; scarce a number of any sort to make either a dinner or a supper here. I am just now going to Duchess Hamilton's, who is much better.—Yours most affectionately, M. AND R.²

¹ Another *chère amie* of Lord March's.

² March and Ruglen.

APPENDIX B.

NEWMARKET, *Wednesday morning*
(*April 1763*).

MY DEAR GEORGE,—It is decided to stay here to-day, to-morrow, and Friday, in order to dine in London with you at Old Almack's if you are not engaged, or at your own house, whichever you like best. Let them know at my house that I shall be in town between three and four. You talk to me of Wilkes's affair as if I had been in London. I only know that he deserves to be put in the pillory for his abuse of Government, and I shall be very glad to hear that he is severely punished. I have lost a little, on the whole, by the last meeting. Adieu! till Friday.—Yours most affectionately,

M. AND R.

P.S.—As my post horses will not be in town, I wish you would order your servant to have a coach for the Tondino, that she may have an equipage for Ranelagh.

APPENDIX C.

Tuesday after dinner,
June 1763.

MY DEAR GEORGE,—I received your letters from Paris at the lodge, where I stayed the whole week. I won the first day above £2000, of which I brought off about £1500. As all things are exaggerated, I am supposed to have won at least twice as much.

I can say nothing to you about Paris or Spa, because I

am quite undetermined, and there is always something to do here that I wish to stay for. The Duchess of Hamilton sets out for Paris Wednesday-week, and the Duke and Duchess of Ancaster will go about the same time. I was to-day at Leicester House, to kiss hands for the riband. Lady Augusta inquired after you in the most gracious and good-humoured manner that can be imagined. She said you had saved your fine coat for the king's birthday. I told her I was sure you would not be so economical upon another occasion, and that you intended to return on purpose to pay your respects to her. The masquerade was very numerous and very fine. Old Gunning was there in a running footman's habit, with Lady Coventry's picture hung at his button-hole, like a *croix de St. Louis*. Tom Hervey has advertised his wife, which advertisement Williams¹ is to give you an account of. The Bedfords are all arrived. Lord Tavistock dined here to-day, with d'Uson and M. de Henry. Madame de Boufflers was at Lady Mary Coke's for two days in the Ascot week; she is now at Sion Hill.

I have eat so much dinner that what I have already written makes my head ache, so I am just going to take a walk in the Park, it being now past eight, and the finest evening that ever was. I will write you again soon, and more intelligibly, and when I know what I intend doing, I will let you know it. *Tondino è in collera, dicendo che la littera non è andato subito*. Farewell, my dear George.—
Yours most affectionately,

MARCH AND R.

¹ 'Gilly' Williams.—J. R. R.

APPENDIX D.

SEYMOUR PLACE,
Tuesday, 21 June, 1763.

MY DEAR GEORGE,—*Vous êtes charmant pour les commissions*, and the best correspondent in the world; I like everything you have sent me as well as if I had chose them myself.

My tailor, Davenport, is going to Paris in a few days. I have given him directions about my clothes, and I have desired he will consult you, which I do that he may not impose upon me, as to the price, which you will take care of. My going abroad appears every day more uncertain, so that I am very glad you went without staying for me.

I have not seen the Duchess of Bedford and the Duke, only for a few minutes at Court. They are now at Woburn. Madame de Boufflers went there last Sunday, and from thence she goes to the Duke of Grafton at Wakefield. I have some thoughts of going to Woburn on Thursday: that is a visit I must absolutely take, and I should like to have done it when Madame de Boufflers was there: perhaps I may find her. The Margravine d'Anspach, and a great many foreigners are to dine here to-morrow. I believe you was gone before the Margrave came. You know he is nearly related to the royal family, and a sovereign prince. My dinner is a rebound of one we had at Eglinton's.

I saw Williams this morning at White's; he inquired after you. Coventry is going in a few days to the country to entertain the Duke of York, who is to make him a visit in his way to Scarborough. Pray make my best

compliments to M. de Nivernois. The little Tondino is now writing you a letter. She has had a *spriti bassini*. Adieu, my dear George; I have a visit to make the Duke of Queensberry, who goes to-morrow to Scotland. It is past six, and I am not yet dressed.—Yours,

MARCH AND R.

APPENDIX E.

HÔTEL DE TONDINO,
Saturday Morning.

MY DEAR GEORGE,—When I returned from Lord Shelburne's I was quite surprised to find that you were gone. I did not get up till near two, and I promised to be there at three; dinner being ordered at that time, that Madame de Boufflers might be in time for the play. I found them at dinner when I came; Lady Mary C. and Monsieur and Madame d'Uson. I expected it would have been a larger party.

I am now setting out for Newmarket. The Tondino is a good deal better; and, as she thinks the air of the country will do her good, I shall take her with me, though I return to-morrow. I have called on M. de Nivernois to take leave, but he was not up, so I shall call again. The d'Usons and Boufflers are set out this morning upon their progress. Adieu, my dear George.—Yours very sincerely and affectionately.

APPENDIX F.

SEYMOUR PLACE, 1st July 1763.

MY DEAR GEORGE,—Upon my return from Newmarket last Wednesday I found your letter, by which I find you wholly despair of me. Whether I shall come or not is rather uncertain. If I do, it will be immediately after Huntingdon, which is the last week in this month.

I did not go to Woburn, so I have that visit to make. This week I have been in waiting, and to-day, being Friday, I have nothing further to do. The king did not take his Lord of the Bedchamber to the review last Monday, so that I had that day and Tuesday at Newmarket. The horse-guards are to be reviewed next Monday; Elliott's the Monday following.

Since this letter was begun I have been at Madame de Boufflers, who returned last night from her expedition to Woburn and Wakefield, and seems perfectly satisfied with everything here. Beauclerk was at Woburn. She goes on Sunday to stay a week with Lady Holderness at Sion Hill in Lord H.'s absence, who sets out to-morrow for Yorkshire, and the 23rd for Paris. Williams suspects you begin to be a little *seccatored*, and that you would like as well to sit down to Saunders' turtle, which is just going to be served up, as to any dinner you can have where you are. I know of nothing new or entertaining to send you. Everything goes on as when you left us, and I am always as much as possible,—Your faithful and affectionate friend,

M. AND R.

APPENDIX G.

Tuesday, July 19th, 1763.

MY DEAREST GEORGE,—I shall send the message and things by Lady Holderness, who sets out on Thursday, and has promised to take them.

Madame de Boufflers goes on Saturday. They all dine with me to-morrow, and I go the next day to Newmarket, and from thence to Huntingdon, which begins next Monday. There is no such thing as lampreys at this time of the year, and they will keep, to be sent here, as the cherubin assures me, upon thorough information.

All my stockings have been seized, by not being taken out of the paper and rolled up, which would have made them pass for old stockings.

It is extremely uncertain when the marriage¹ will be, but I think undoubtedly not sooner than the latter end of September, therefore do not order any clothes for me till I write you again.

I have fixed nothing about moving to France. Lord Coventry talks of being at Paris in three weeks. I have been all the morning at Petersham with Madame de Boufflers. She dined at Sion Hill. The Duke of Queensberry, Essex, and Hervey dined with me, so that I have not had a minute to myself all day, and for fear this should be too late for the post, I have only time to add, that I am always yours most affectionately,

M. AND R.

¹ Between Princess Augusta and the Prince of Brunswick.

APPENDIX H.

FONTAINEBLEAU.

You desire to know what I intend to do, which is more than I can tell myself, but I shall certainly be here on Sunday, and for some days afterwards. I supped at Bruinghen's the first night, the next day made my visits, but found nobody but Mother Praslin. She asked me to supper, and has sent me another card since, so that I find I am quite well there. I sup to-night with the Prince Soubize, to-morrow, with Madame de Choiseul, and Monday, with the Duc de Chartres; in short, there is business for every night, and I am in no danger of being on the *pavé*. I dined to-day at what is called no dinner at Madame de Coingnie's. The Queen¹ asked Madame de Mirepoix *si elle n'avoit pas beaucoup entendu médire de Monsieur Selwyn, et elle?* Elle a répondu: '*Oui, beaucoup, Madame.*' '*J'en suis bien aise,*' dit la Reine. Monin will be excessively glad to see you. I have not had time to go to see him, though he is but a mile from here, and has pressed me much to come. Pray say something for me to the little Tondino, if I should not have time to write. I was not quite well this morning, and could not get up, or I should have wrote to you both. Farewell, for I must go out.—Yours, etc. etc.,

M. AND R.

P.S.—There was no room taken for you, so I have taken the best I could get in this house, which is not a very good one, but there are lodgings enough to be had.

¹ Consort of Louis xv.

APPENDIX H 1.

SEYMOUR PLACE, *September 28th*, 1765.

MY DEAR GEORGE,—I enclose a letter from the Tondino, who is very sensible of your attention. There would have been no scruple of remaining in your house, for we both know you too well for that, but she wanted to get back to all her *Chiffons*, contrary to my inclination.

Lord Folkestone has kissed hands as Earl of Malmesbury,¹ Lord Spencer as Earl Spencer. Lord de Spencer is to be an earl;² but by what title I do not know, as he has not kissed hands. There is a great entertainment to-day at Clermont. The Duke of Newcastle is very angry that neither the Duke of York nor Gloucester be of it. They are, I hear, much displeas'd at his free manner of inviting them *to meet the prince*, instead of his *meeting them*. So much for *Panto*! But I think our Princes much in the right.

The great B.³ was yesterday at the dressing, *comme un homme de qualité qui a les entrées*. Neither he nor any of his family were at the balls; they were only invited to the Duke of York's. Lady Hertford arrived last night with the *beau Richard*. Fortescue and his wife came with them. . . .

¹ ? Radnor.² Not correct.³ Apparently the Duke of Bedford.

APPENDIX I.

NEWMARKET, *Thursday, Oct. 1765.*

MY DEAR GEORGE,—I had your letter yesterday, and you would have heard from me sooner had I any good news to send you. Sir J. Lowther has won above seven thousand. Maxwell will bring you an account of our bad success with *Scapelflood*. It cost me much less than I expected, but more than I can afford, for I am at this time, as you know, exceeding poor.

I am sorry to hear you are still *throwing out*,¹ as well as me. I fear, if luck does not come soon, it will only find us at five-pound stakes, and it must be a d——d long run to bring us home at that rate. Adieu! my dear George! I will not think of desiring you to come here, because I shall see you in London on Monday. I have one little push to make on Saturday. Adieu!—Yours,

M. AND R.

APPENDIX J.

Sunday Morning, 1765.

. . . When I came home last night, I found your letter on my table. So you have lost a thousand pounds, which you have done twenty times in your lifetime, and won it again as often, and why should not the same thing happen

¹ At hazard.

again? I make no doubt that it will. I am sorry, however, that you have lost your money; it is unpleasant. In the meantime, what the devil signify the *le fable de parisor* [?] the nonsense of White's! You may be sure they will be glad you have lost your money; not because they dislike you, but because they like to laugh. They shall certainly not have that pleasure from me, for I will even deny that I know anything of it.

As to your banker, I will call there to-morrow; make yourself easy about that, for I have three thousand pounds now at Coutts'. There will be no bankruptcy, without we both are ruined at the same time. You may be sure all this will soon be known here, since everybody knows it at Paris; but if you come as soon as you intend, perhaps you may be here first. All that signifies nothing; the disagreeable part is having lost your money; Almack's or White's will bring all back again.

How can you think, my dear George, and I hope you do not think, that anybody, or anything, can make a *tracasserie* between you and me? I take it ill that you even talked about it, which you do in the letter I had by Ligonier. I must be the poorest creature upon earth—after having known you so long and always as the best and sincerest friend that any one ever had—if any one alive can make any impression upon me, when you are concerned. I told you, in a letter I wrote some time ago, that I depended more upon the continuance of our friendship than anything else in the world, which I certainly do, because I have so many reasons to know you, and I am sure I know myself.

Tuesday, after the Opera.

By your letter, which I had this morning, I find you were to set out last Sunday. I fear the roads are so very bad that you will not be here so soon as you imagine. A rebound of our dinners with Ch^{as}. Townshend is to be at my house on Saturday; we shall all be happy if you come in time to make one. Farewell, my dear George. I am afraid of being too late for the post.

Etc. etc. etc.

APPENDIX K.

MY DEAR GEORGE,—I have received from Bob, as I imagine, for I had no letter, but a cover in which there was nine hundred and fifty guineas in notes, payable to my order. As these wanted another £50 to make up the thousand, I was afraid there might have been some mistake, but as I shall pay none of them without endorsing, it will be of no consequence whether it is so, or not. I continue to lose everything I play for. I dine at Guerchy's on Sunday.—Yours,

M. AND R.

APPENDIX L.

MY DEAR GEORGE,—I have lost my match, and am quite broke. I cannot tell you how much I am obliged to you for thinking of my difficulties, and providing for them in the midst of all your own. Let me hear soon.—Yours very affectionately,

MARCH AND R.

APPENDIX M.

NEWMARKET, *Monday Morning.*

MY DEAR GEORGE,—Lord Edward brought me your letter yesterday. I was always afraid of having some bad accounts of you, though Bunbury told me you was higher than ever; but your bill of play lately has been so very desperate, that half an hour's bad luck was more than sufficient to lose a greater sum than you have lost.

I should be sorry, indeed, if I thought anything I could have done would have saved you. If you imagine it would, I believe you are mistaken, and then it only would have been an additional mortification.

The weather has been so very fine, that I have continued here in hopes it would do me good. My intention is to be in town on Wednesday; to leave Newmarket after the race on Tuesday, and sleep at Hockerel. Think of the *cento pensieri*! The having debts to pay does not make the present worse, and in the midst of your misfortunes, if you compare yourself to those you meet at Almack's, you are, perhaps, the luckiest man there in point of play. Adieu!—Yours very sincerely,

M. AND R.

APPENDIX N.

Wednesday morning, 6 o'clock.

MY DEAR GEORGE,—I am just preparing to conduct the poor little Tondino to Dover, and as I shall hardly be able

to write to you there, I shall endeavour to say two or three words to you while she is getting ready. I am sure you will be good to her, for I know you love me; and I can desire nothing of you that I shall feel so sensibly as your notice of her.

She will tell you all my intentions, and I shall write to you when I am more composed. My heart is so full that I can neither think, speak, or write. How I shall be able to part with her, or bear to come back to this house, I do not know. The sound of her voice fills my eyes with fresh tears. My dear George, *j'ai le cœur si serré que je ne suis bon à présent qu'à pleurer*. Farewell! I hear her coming, and this is perhaps the last time I shall see her here.

Take all the care you can of her. *Je la recommande à vous*, my best and only real friend. Farewell! Farewell! What she will tell you is really what I intend. . . .

APPENDIX O.

WHITE'S, *Friday Night, Post-time.*

MY DEAR GEORGE,—I have this moment received your letter from Newark. I wrote to you last night, but I quite forgot Raton. I have not had him to see me to-day, having been the whole morning in the City with Lady H., but I have sent to your maid, and she says that her *little king* is perfectly well, and in great spirits.

Lord H. dined to-day at Petersham; and H. St. John, Col. Craigs, and myself, dined with her ladyship, to try a cook Lord Barrymore¹ has sent from Paris, and he is an excellent one. *Le Chevalier* and his nurse are still at your

¹ Sixth Earl of Barrymore.

house. I am in haste to return to the *coterie*, having left them to write to Newmarket, and to send you this scrawl; so farewell, my dear George. . . .

APPENDIX P.

Monday Morning.

MY DEAR GEORGE,—I had your letter last night. The letters come here generally about supper-time. I showed Lady Spencer that part of your letter where you preach against poor Voltaire, who, by the bye, has done more real good by his writings upon tolerance than all the priests in Europe. Your sermon has had one good effect, though it has not converted me, for it has gained you some favour with Lady Spencer, which is a much better thing.

I have a card to dine with the Duke of Grafton on the Queen's birthday, but I am engaged to the Duke of Ancaster; at least, I suppose so. I shall set out on Wednesday or Thursday, but I will write to you tomorrow. Farewell, my dear George.—Yours most truly and affectionately,

M. AND R.

APPENDIX Q.

NEWMARKET, *Monday.*

MY DEAR GEORGE,—I take my chance of your putting off your journey another day; if not, you will receive this in France. The Duke of Grafton goes on Wednesday to the wedding, and I shall certainly go with him. We shall

be in town about six, and I shall set out the next day for this place.

The meeting begins well. How it ends is more to the purpose; but I think I shall have certainly won, in about two hours, two hundred at least. The odds are three to one on my side. Lords Gower, Bridgewater, and the usual Newmarket people are here. I expect to hear of the arrival of the Russians every minute, and have invited them to dinner, which is the only dinner I shall have at home this meeting.

Lord Northumberland is to be a duke by that title, and Lord Cardigan gives up his place, and is likewise to be a duke. If this is not known yet, it will be very soon. If you are in town, don't tell it as my news; but you may whisper it to some of our politicians. I wish you a good journey, and intend nothing so much as to be with you. *Di quelque chose bien tendre pour moi à la cara Luisina, et donnez lui mille baisers de ma part.* Adieu, my dear George! . . .

APPENDIX R.

The Monday after the Meeting.

MY DEAR GEORGE,—I had your letter yesterday, and was in some hopes that you might have received the one I wrote to you from hence last Wednesday, because I directed it to the Cherubim,¹ to be forwarded to you, according to the time you left London, either to Dover or Paris.

The meeting has ended very ill, and I am now near a

¹ A *sobriquet* for the then proprietor of 'White's,' of whose late proprietor, R. Mackeith, he was a relative.—J. R. R.

mille lower in cash than when we parted. Most of the White's people are gone to Sir J. Moore's. Bully, Lord Wilmington, and myself are left here to reflect coolly upon our losses, and the nonsense of keeping running horses; and yet, notwithstanding all our resolutions, if we make any, they will end as yours do, after being *doved* at Almack's. Scott has lost near three thousand.

Lord Northumberland has kissed hands, and is Duke of Northumberland; but the most extraordinary thing in the world is that Lord Cardigan wrote to the Duke of Grafton declining the offer that was made him of being a Duke. What his reasons are I don't know; I only know that he had desired it, and that he had the King's *promise* that whenever any were made, that he should be one.

Bully dines here, and I think of going to-night to Bury to the ball and fair. Farewell, my dear George; I wish with all my heart that I was with you instead of in this d——d place. *Mille choses à la cara Tondino*. Tell her I have had her letter, and will write to her soon. . . .

APPENDIX S.

October 13th, 1766.

MY DEAR GEORGE,—I suppose that the wind has been contrary and prevented me from hearing anything from you since you left Boulogne. I stayed at Newmarket with Bully till last Friday, and was to have gone back there to-day in my way to Lord Orford's, where all the Newmarket people are gone, if the Duke of York had not asked me to dine with him to-day, which I thought I could not refuse,

having supped with him last night *en parti fin*, with some of the opera-girls. I am going this morning to Watts', in order to be prepared for the next meeting, which begins this day fortnight. As I am very deeply engaged I shall perhaps be obliged to make use of your money, that in case of the worst I may not be a *lame duck*; but if I do, you may be sure that you need not be under any apprehension of confining yourself in any shape where you are, on that account. I shall be able, after Newmarket, to be more certain about my journey to Paris, which I still intend. The Duke of Northumberland does not go till after the meeting of Parliament, and wants me to stay for him, but I think that will make it too late. Lord and Lady Rochford set out next week. There are very few people in town. To-morrow morning I set out for Lord Orford's. The Duke of Northumberland's high living, where I dined last Friday, has given me an indigestion, which I have had ever since. I am something better now, or I should not venture to dine with the Duke of York; but I have been as bad as you were when you dined with Madame de Villais.

I long to hear from you from Paris, and to have your account of the little Teresina. Tell the Rena that I have had three of her letters, and will write to her either by this post or the next.

I had not time to finish this morning, so I give you two or three words after dinner. The Duke of Cumberland dined with his brother. Pembroke, General Harvey, and Sir Francis Delaval, with their families, made up the rest of the company. Delaval lights up Lord Leaborough's house who is in the country, and gives us a supper with the opera-girls, who are very pretty. *We live high*; but I

wish more to be where you are than anywhere else. *Mille choses de plus honnête et de plus tendre à la cara Luisina.* Tell her that there are great expectations about the opera, and that the *connoisseurs* like Giardini better than Manzoli.—Yours very affectionately,

M. AND R.

APPENDIX T.

PICCADILLY, 18th October 1766.

MY DEAR GEORGE,—Yesterday morning I received both your letters. I went after dinner to Guerchy's, where I found the Marquis de Fitzjames, and we have agreed to go together to Newmarket. They talked a great deal about you, and I took an opportunity of saying how much you thought yourself indebted to them for the civilities you receive at Paris. There is no harm in a word of that kind now and then, which, I hope, you will remember for me where you are, that I may be received well, if, after these d——d races, I should have money and spirits to set out.

After Guerchy's, I went to Lady Shelburne's, where were all the people that can be gathered together at this time of the year. Lady Hertford made a thousand enquiries about you; asked how long you intended to stay, and hoped you would soon be tired of blind women, old presidents, and premiers. Mademoiselle Guerchy gave me an account of the little Teresina, but I long to hear what you think of her, and I know you will be so particular, that it will be like having seen her myself. I

shall stay for the first night of the opera, which is next Tuesday, and shall go to Newmarket on Wednesday. Lord Cardigan has kissed hands for being Duke of Montagu, and keeps his place. There is no news. Lady Townshend has sent me a fan for you, which I will send you by the first opportunity, if I don't bring it myself. I shall see the Duke of Grafton at Newmarket, and will find out what they expect about your coming to the meeting of Parliament. The Duke of Northumberland intends setting out the day after the Parliament meets. I have had a very civil letter from Monsieur du Barri: say something for me in case I should not write.

I shall write to the Tondino by the post to-morrow. Adieu, my dear George, it begins to grow late, and I must go to bed. . . .

APPENDIX U.

28th October 1766.

MY DEAR GEORGE,—This time, my dear George, your money has been lucky indeed. I am returned with my pockets full; by the second meeting, clear gain four thousand one hundred guineas. This good fortune has come very *apropos*, and I have the pleasure of being indebted to you for it, which makes it still more welcome, for without your money I could not have risked near so much. Shafts and Parker have been the chief losers. In these high circumstances I must remember Dick Edgewcombe, and not think because I am rich now, that I shall never be poor again. I have ordered the Cherubim

to replace your money. If you had occasion for any, I should offer to be your banker. Pray let the Tondino know these lucky events, in case I should not have time to write to her by this post.

The Marquis de Fitzjames liked Newmarket, and everybody liked him. I hesitate a good deal about the journey to Paris, and have determined, if I go at all, not to go till after the meeting of Parliament. All the French expeditions are put off till that time. The Duke of Northumberland, and Sir Charles and Lady Sarah,¹ certainly go then. I have two fans for you from Lady Townshend, which you shall have by the first opportunity.

This moment your two letters are arrived. If you mean Fish Crawford, he is in perfect health, so you may comfort your blind woman. I shall take care to send her the tea you desire, as soon as I can get anybody to carry it. I hear and believe that the Bedfords are coming in. The Duchess of Hamilton has gone to Scotland for six weeks upon election business. I don't hear Grenville's name mentioned. Lord Gower and Rigby are gone to Bath to the Duke of Bedford. Farewell, my dear George! I must go to the Duke of Queensberry this morning. He desired that I would call upon him, I believe to talk to me about some election business. He interests himself for Captain Ross, so that I fear Murray of Philiphaugh will have a bad chance. I told the Duke of Grafton that you would be here whenever he thought it necessary. I found that he did not expect much opposition. Adieu, my dear George!—Yours very affectionately,

M. AND R.

¹ Bunbury.

APPENDIX V.

4th November 1766.

. . . I had your two letters last night, and I suppose you have had mine with an account of my success at Newmarket.

The Duke of Northumberland still continues his resolution of going to Paris immediately after the meeting of Parliament, and presses me to go with him ; whether I shall or not, I'm sure I don't know. I dined yesterday with the Marquis of Fitzjames at the Duke of Grafton's, and dine to-day at the Duke of York's. The town is very empty yet. Bully is not in spirits with the world, and continues at Newmarket with his girl, though he is as much tired of her as of anything else. The weather is excessively fine. I am just going to ride out to see if air and exercise will get me a stomach, which I have not had for several days. I don't know what the devil's a matter. *Mais j'ai l'estomac dérangé, et avec cela les grands dîners ne valent rien, et je ne puis pas rester à un coin de la table comme vous faites.* In case I have not time to add anything to you in the afternoon, farewell! Remember me to the Rena.

We had at dinner the Prince of Anhalt and some Germans with him ; Lord Huntingdon and myself, the Princess of B. and Lady Susan ; and the Duke's family. It was a very agreeable dinner without any form.

Lord Spenser and Lord Hilsborough are to move and second in the House of Lords, and Lord Lisburne and Augustus Hervey in the House of Commons. Lord Chatham and the Duke of Bedford have had a great deal of communication at Bath, and people expect the Bedfords

will certainly come in. I don't hear Mr. Grenville mentioned, and very little politics. Adieu.

P.S.—Vernon¹ wishes that you would send him a velvet, something of this pattern, for a coat, waistcoat, and breeches, and send it to M. Pierre Grandin à Calais, to be kept there till he has orders how to send it.

APPENDIX W.

WHITE'S, *Friday, Novr. 1766.*

MY DEAR GEORGE,—I intended to have written to you last Tuesday, but we sat so late at the House of Lords that I had no time. It was a dull debate, though it lasted a great while. Lord Chatham spoke very well, and with a great deal of temper, and great civility towards the Duke of Bedford; who spoke and approved of the measure, at the time of laying the embargo,² because of the necessity, but complained of Parliament not being called sooner, because what had been done was illegal, and only to be justified from necessity, which was the turn of the whole debate. Lord Mansfield trimmed in his usual manner, and avoided declaring his opinion, though he argued for the illegality. Lord Camden attacked him very close upon not speaking out his opinion, and declared strongly for the illegality. Upon the whole, I think we shall have very little to do in Parliament, and your attendance will

¹ The notorious 'Old Dick' Vernon, one of the Fathers of the Turf in those days.—J. R. R.

² Embargo on the export of wheat and wheat flour owing to its scarcity; a memorable enactment.—J. R. R.

be very little wanted. Coventry is not in town. I suppose he waits to see the turn that things are likely to take; so much so that I am persuaded he will be more attached to his old friend Pitt than ever. Farewell! my dear George; I have only time to add that I am always,
—Very affectionately yours,

M. AND R.

APPENDIX X.

17th November 1766.

MY DEAR GEORGE,—The muff you sent me by the Duke of Richmond I like prodigiously; vastly better than if it had been *tigré*, or of any glaring colour: several are now making after it. I send you by this post full directions about all my commissions, as I quite despair of coming to you. I wish I had set out immediately after Newmarket, which I believe I should have done if I had not taken a violent fancy for one of the opera-girls.¹ This passion is a little abated, and I hope it will be quite so before you and the Rena come over, else I fear it will interrupt our society. But whatever is the case, as I have a real friendship and affection for the Rena, I shall show her every mark of regard and consideration, and be vastly happy to see her. I consider her as a friend, and certainly as one that I love very much, and as such I hope she will have some indulgence for my follies. A contrary behaviour will only separate us entirely, which I should be sorry for, and upon the footing that we have lived for some time

¹ The Zamparini.

past it would be quite ridiculous and affected. You may talk to her a little about this at a distance.

I spoke to the Duke of Grafton about your being in France, and I will take an opportunity of saying something about it to him again, only to show your attention as to the Parliament. This moment my servant brings me your letter by *le Roi*. I will enquire for a lodging for the Rena, for I agree with you entirely, that you have no room for her in your house, and it is as well to avoid all the nonsense that would be said about it. I shall have everything in readiness, that she may immediately go to her own hotel, for she certainly cannot come either to yours or mine.—Etc. etc. . . .

APPENDIX Y.

Bully inquires¹ after you very often. Milady Bully² came last Sunday to Guerchy's, where I dined with the Bedfords and Lord G. I suppose she was not invited upon his account. Women are so much more impudent than men; I never saw anything like it. She came just after we had drunk coffee; handsomer than ever I saw her, and not the least abashed. *Pauvre Milor Gower, il ne savait que faire de sa personne.* I was sorry for him, because I know what he suffered.

¹ Lord Bolingbroke.

² Lady Bolingbroke, *née* Lady Diana Spencer, afterwards Lady Diana Beauclerk.

Bully is coming again into the world, and swears he will seduce some modest woman. I have no doubt he will. Williams never meets me without abusing you for being so affected, as to stay at Paris. We both agree that Coventry has stayed in the country to see what turn politics will take. Between Temple and Pitt, he is like Captain Macheath. 'How happy could I be with either!' The Bladens were at Crome when Williams was there, and is more enchanted with them than you can possibly imagine. Farewell! my dear George; I am determined to write to you every post, if only to say that I am always,
—Your very affectionate friend,

M. AND R.

APPENDIX Z.

Friday, 21st November 1766.

To town last night. Williams is in love with the Bladens; he found them at Crome. I have long known that they are the most agreeable women in London; but you know he never thinks anything can be so, but what he is accustomed to see every day.

Cadogan and Thomond are gone in the country to shoot. Lord Farnham¹ is gone to Ireland. Say something for me to the Rena, that she may not think she is forgot, which she certainly is not, and don't lose an opportunity, when it offers, of remembering me to my friends at Paris.

¹ Robert, first Earl of Farnham.

I told the Duke of Grafton that you was ready to order your post-horses whenever you were really wanted. Farewell, my dear George.—Yours very truly and affectionately,

MARCH AND R.

APPENDIX A 1.

November 1766.

MY DEAR GEORGE,—Jack Shelley has kissed hands for Lord Edgecombe's place. He was offered to be of the Bedchamber, which he has refused, and wants to have the Post Office, which they won't give him.

I find it is arranged that we shall be obliged to send troops into North America,¹ to bring them to a proper state of obedience. It is whispered about that the Cavendish's and Rockingham's friends will take the first opportunity they can to be hostile to Government, and likewise that Norton and Wedderburne will certainly oppose: if these things are so, we may perhaps have some more convulsions in the state.

The Duke and Duchess of Bedford are gone to Woburn. That set seems to be quite separated from Granville, but have made no bargain yet. I suppose we shall not know much what turn these things will take till after the holidays. I wish every day more and more that I had come to you.

I have not yet received some champagne that Monsieur de Prissieux has sent me, but I expect it every day, and

¹ The eve of the American War of Independence.—J. R. R.

I am looking out for a horse to send him. It is a difficult commission, though I have a great many that I wish he had, if I thought he would like them.—Etc. etc. . . .

APPENDIX B1.

November 1766.

At the Custom-house there is a red bed upon my list, which I have not made use of, and which you may take if you want anything of that sort, and think it worth while. Send my shoes to Mademoiselle Morel, at Calais, in case you find no opportunity of sending them directly from Paris, and I will find some method of getting them over.

Pray, don't let the *commode* be too much ornamented. *J'aime le grand simple comme le Prince*; but as it will be a principal piece at the end of the room, between the two windows, it must be handsome, so as to be an object.

Bunbury and Lady Sarah set out next week, and I will get them to take you tea and fans. I wish I could muster up resolution to come to you, if it was but for ten days. Besides French resources, you have a very good English set, which is always a great comfort.

I was prevented from writing to you last Friday, being at Newmarket with my little girl. I had the whole family and Cocchè. The beauty went with me in my chaise, and the rest in the old landau. I have intended a thousand times to have wrote to the Rena; something or

other, however, has always prevented me, but I certainly will write by this post. I would not for the world give her any mortification, for I really love her much, and it is for that reason that I wish her not to come here just now. Pray, say something to her for me for not writing, which I certainly should not have put off so long if I had not always said something about her in my letters to you. Contrive anything rather than she should appear to be neglected.

I shall endeavour to negotiate the £500, provided I can do it with Guerchy or Fitzjames. He has been confined for some days with a little fever, but is now much better.

Lady Fortrose is so ill that they do not expect her to last many days longer. She has killed herself by putting on white;¹ and I suppose has hastened her end a great deal by lying constantly with little Gimcrack. Though she has been up this great while, she is so weak that she has hardly been able to walk or speak.

Get me the best Chambertin you can, and you may give any price for it. Chavigny, I should think, will be able to advise you as well as anybody.

All I have learnt here is, that Keppel is turned out of the Bedchamber—he meant only to have resigned the Admiralty; and that Lord Harcourt's son is appointed. Augustus Hervey and Cadogan are in a long *bore*. When they have finished, if they tell me anything, you shall know it. T. Pelham does not resign, and everybody thinks that those who have are now d——d sorry for what they have done. Hervey tells me that Sir Edward Hawke is to be First Lord of the Admiralty.

¹ White *lead* powder.—J. R. R.

I cannot learn one word about the Bedfords; I suppose they make difficulties in order to have a better bargain. I wrote a short letter to the Rena last week, but will write her two or three words by this post. Farewell, my dear George.—Yours very affectionately,

MARCH AND R.

APPENDIX C 1.

3rd December 1766.

MY DEAR GEORGE,—I send you four fans and some tea by Lord Fitzwilliam, and shall send you two or three more fans by the Bunburys, who set out the end of this week, or the beginning of the next.

Sir Edward Hawke kissed hands to-day; Sir Piercy Brett and Jenkinson, Lords of the Admiralty, which does not look as if Bute was quite out of the question. The Duke of Ancaster is to be Master of the Horse. The Bedfords want to come in, but they would not give them the places they wanted.—Yours, etc.,

MARCH AND R.

After the Opera.

Vernon tells me that there is an end of the Bedford negotiation. Lord Chatham has filled all the places. Lord Lisburne is to be of the Admiralty Board. I have not heard who is to be Master of the Horse. I am quite astonished that Lord Chatham should have sent for the Duke of Bedford, and that negotiation not take place; surely our old friends are not very well treated.

The King was at the Opera, which he scarce ever misses, and Coventry was in waiting. Lord Temple has told him that this Administration will not last two months, but that he is quite attached to the King, and will go with it as long as it lasts. I think there is no danger, for if the King is in earnest there will be support enough. By the next post I shall let you know how everything is settled. My dear George, adieu!

APPENDIX D 1.

The Duke of Bedford is gone back to Woburn, so that negotiation is at an end; I am sorry for it, and so are they too. The Duke of Bedford wanted Lord Lorne to be made a peer,¹ and I believe would have stood out for that as much as for any other thing; but, in short, he could have nothing in his own way. Wedderburne does better than ever in the House of Commons; he and Norton both oppose. I fancy, by Jenkinson coming into the Admiralty, that none of Lord Bute's friends will be long in opposition. Lord Beauchamp, they say, is to have the other Windsor. Egmont is more gloomy than ever.

Pray bring me a dozen of the kind of gloves I bought at Dulais. They are lined with a kind of wash-leather, and the tops were lined in the inside with silk. I am sure they will remember them, for they sent me some of them after I left Paris. I am going to ride out, and will

¹ Made an *English peer*, by the title of Baron Sundridge of Coomb Bank in Kent.

finish my letter at White's, and send you the news of the day.

ARTHUR'S.

Lord Hillsborough has kissed hands for the Post Office; Stanley, Cofferer; Nugent, Board of Trade. The Duke of Bolton is named for the Government of the Isle of Wight.—Adieu, my dear George! . . .

APPENDIX E 1.

Friday Morning.

MY DEAR GEORGE,—Yesterday I received your letter, dated Thursday morning, which I suppose came by Mr. Granville. Pray let them keep to the first directions about the *lit à la polonoise*. They may vary as to the height, provided it will mend the proportions; in short, what I desire is, to have it of a good proportion, so that it may look well; and you will be so good as to give directions accordingly.

I sent you some tea and four fans by Lord Fitzwilliam, and I shall send you two more fans by the Bunburys, who set out to-morrow. Pray do not forget my *vin de Chambertin*; I only desire a packet of sixty bottles; send it directly to Calais.

I would not advise you to make a very fine *vis-à-vis*, because it will not look very well unless your horses and servants are very fine too. It can only come here by the means of some Foreign Minister. I suppose you will be able to get one cheaper than you could make it here, and if you think it worth while, I imagine you may depend

upon getting it over. But if you do not give very particular directions, it will appear very clumsy when you come to see it with our equipages. Certainly I would only have the body made in France, and that with particular directions to keep it as light as possible. You may then have your carriage made here, which will be beyond all comparison better, and your equipage will then be very handsome. The painting, and the fitting it up with cushions in the inside, will be better done in France, but I would avoid much finery, as the *grand simple* is the thing.

The Duke of Ancaster is Master of the Horse to the King, and Lord Delawar to the Queen. . . .

APPENDIX F 1.

9th December 1766.

MY DEAR GEORGE,—I received this morning your letter from Versailles. I have wrote to you very constantly lately, and do not recollect to have missed any post but when I was at Newmarket. I like your letters prodigiously, they are so descriptive. All our old Paris friends come round in their turn, but you never mention Madame de Jourlin. . . . I suppose she is not at Paris. By the neglect of my servant you did not receive two fans that I intended to have sent you by the Bunburys. They are finer than those which I hope you have received by Lord Fitzwilliam, but I shall have an opportunity soon of sending them. Did you ever get any from Lady Townshend? She sent me two when she thought I was going to Paris,

but she was in great haste to get them back again; I believe she was afraid they might be seized upon by some of the opera people if they remained in my house.

Charles Townshend, I hear, is to be Secretary of State in the room of Mr. Conway. Elliot thinks there is no danger from the Opposition. If Lord Chatham is strong in the closet, which in all appearance he is, and likely to be so, he will certainly be strong everywhere else. I think the Bedfords were wrong. They might have come in. There was no room for everybody. Gower was to have been Master of the Horse; Rigby, Cofferer; Weymouth, Postmaster. I would rather you did not speak to Lauregais' brother, it is not worth while; I shall meet Lauregais himself some time or other. Sir J. Moor and Thynne are just returned from Longleat, where they have been living in the usual manner. Sandwich has not been in town this winter, and does not come till after Christmas. I never heard his name or Lord Halifax's in all these negotiations. I am in waiting for Orford. I suppose Nugent and Shelley will kiss hands to-morrow.

Pray let me know exactly the day you are to set out, that I may secure a lodging for the Rena. I shall be very glad to see her. I hope she will have more sense than to affect any ill-humour about this opera-girl. There is no harm in your saying that you hear I am very fond of her, and that they have been down with me at Newmarket, which will prepare her for a hundred stories.—Etc. etc.

APPENDIX G 1.

Tuesday, near Four.

MY DEAR GEORGE,—I did not write to you by the last post, as some accident or other prevented me, but I certainly should have written to you if I had received your letter in the morning, but I only got it when I came home at night. For God's sake do not stay one minute where you are upon any idea you may have about what will happen when you arrive. The Rena must be mad if she takes anything of this sort in a serious way. If she does there is an end of our society; if she does not, we shall go on as we did. I am sure I have all the regard in the world for her, for I love her vastly, and I shall certainly contrive to make her as easy and happy as I can. I like this little girl, but how long this liking will last I cannot tell; it may increase, or be quite at an end before you arrive.

I am just dressed, and going to dine at Lord R. Bertie's, and am afraid of being too late, so farewell. Pray do not let anything prevent us having the pleasure of seeing you here, without you like to be better where you are. Adieu! . . .

APPENDIX I 1.

23rd December 1766.

MY DEAR GEORGE,—I never read your letters without wishing myself in Paris, which is a very vain wish indeed, when I am so fond of this little girl that I have not

resolution to go out of town for two or three days to Lord Spencer's, though I promised to go there. I still intend going. If I do, I must stop at Woburn, as it would not be decent to go by without making them a visit.

You see what a situation I am in with my little *Buffa*. She is the prettiest creature that ever was seen: in short, I like her vastly, and she likes me because I give her money. I wish I had never met with her, because I should then have been at Paris with you, where I am sure I should have been much happier than I have been here. As to the little Tondino's coming, I should wish it vastly, if I thought she would like it; but I am persuaded she diverts herself much better where she is than she would here.

The Zamparini has a father, mother, and sisters, but they all like their own dirt better than anything else, so that we dine very little together. They sometimes dine here, but not often; and we shall therefore have our dinners as usual, though perhaps not quite so frequently. I have had a letter from the Tondino to-day. She tells me that she never passed her time so well in Paris as she does now. '*Monsieur du Barri est un homme charmant, et nous donne des bals avec des princesses.*' Pray, my dear George, find out something that will be agreeable to the little Teresina. Consult the Rena about it; *une jolie robe*, or anything else she likes; and let her have it from me, *pour la nouvelle année*. I would send her something from here, but you will be able to get her something that will please her better where you are.

I shall write two or three words to the Rena by this post. I told her, in my last letter, that I was supposed to be very much in love with the Zamparini, which would

not prevent me from being very happy to see her. Our attachment as lovers has long been at an end, and when people live at as great a distance as we have done for some time past, it is ridiculous to think of it; but I have really the greatest friendship and regard for her, more than I have for anybody in the world, except yourself, and there is nothing I would not do for her. I have been too long accustomed to live with her not to like her, or to be able to forget her, and there is nothing that would give me more pain than not to be able to live with her upon a footing of great intimacy and friendship; but I am always afraid of every event where women are concerned, they are all so exceedingly wrong-headed.

I am just come from White's. I found nobody there; everybody is gone out of town. Pray bring me two or three bottles of perfume to put amongst powder, but do not let me have anything that has the least smell of amber or musk. I wish also you would bring me some patterns of spring velvets and silks for furs, and that you would make inquiry at Calais about my black silk coat lined with an *astrakan*; you have a memorandum about it. Farewell! my dear George.—Yours very affectionately,
MARCH AND R.

APPENDIX J 1.

PICCADILLY, *Thursday*.

MY DEAR GEORGE,—Letters that go in trunks never arrive, and consequently I have not yet got the one you say you have sent of six sheets of paper, which I long for

exceedingly. I have only received the one from Paris, which is dated from your bed, early in the morning, and in that you say nothing of the Teresina, so that I know not whether you have seen her or not. There is also little about the Rena, only that she is in good spirits and well.

Your letter, however, is charming, and I like vastly your account of everything. I see you like Paris better than ever, and even if I had no inclination to come, which I really have, you would make me wish to do so by your description, but I can come to no resolution till after Newmarket. If I have bad luck, there will be no money. I shall be obliged to take a thousand of yours to go down, but it will be replaced in a few days, let what will happen, the Cherubim having found a person who can let me have it.

Since I wrote to you last, I have continued here, and lived chiefly with his Royal Highness, le Chevalier Delaval, and the opera people, and now I do not propose going to Newmarket till Sunday. Everybody is at Orford's, but it would be too far to go there for one day.

I received yesterday the enclosed letter from Thynne. Jonathan Bray, who once lived with the Duke of Kingston, and understands horses well, is set out this morning with a horse for the Duke of B., which Charles Townshend sends him. I have given him a packet of mustard for you, and if you can do him any service I wish you would, for he is a very honest fellow, and you may venture to recommend him as such. Monsieur de Guerchy is expected to-day. I do not hear any news. Lord Chatham is at Bath, and there is very little talk about him here. I am told they want Huntingdon to go to Spain, but he likes to be where he is, which nobody wonders at, if he

can keep there. Our Spaniards are frightened lest some person should be sent that is not of their rank. Lady Rochfort is in great spirits about Paris.

APPENDIX K 1.

WHITE'S,
Tuesday, January 1767.

I conclude the foreign mail has not arrived, because I had no letter; and I am impatient to have one, because I want to know if you left Paris as you intended. I have not taken the old lodging for the Rena, because I waited for your letter; however, I saw a bill upon the door, and if I do not hear from you before night, I shall order it to be taken to-morrow.

The King talked of you at his dressing, and told me something that you had said of the Macaronis, that he thought very good. *Voilà de quoi vous encourager à vous présenter à la cour mille compliments des plus honnêtes à la cara Luisina*, and many happy years to you both. I do not expect you before Saturday. I have a nervous headache and want my dinner, so farewell, for it is past four.

Just come from the opera: the King was there. The foreign mail arrived and no letters; at least, I have not had any. Thomond and Cadogan are returned from their Christmas gambols. Adieu! my dear George.

APPENDIX L 1.

Tuesday Night.

MY DEAR GEORGE,—I want a dozen pairs of silk stockings for the Zamparini, of a very small size, and with embroidered clocks. I should also be glad to have some riband, a cap, or something or other for her of that sort. She is but fifteen. You may advise with Lady Rochford, who will choose something that will be fit for her, and that she will like.

Panton dined with me to-day with the Zamparini, and I write this from her house, with such ink and pens that it will not be easy to read it. Adieu! my dear George; pray remember to bring any patterns that are new and pretty.

APPENDIX M 1.

Monday Morning, 12th January 1767.

MY DEAR GEORGE,—By the last post, and the post before, I received several of your letters, by which I find your setting out is now rather uncertain as to the day, and that it may be still put off if the Rena does not come. The best way is to let her follow her own inclination, for if she should dislike her situation, and be very much *ennui*, which may possibly be the case, you will be blamed for having persuaded her to come; and though I shall certainly be, as I told you, very glad to see her, it is impossible to live both with her and the Zamparini, and that passion at this time is not at all abated.

You say that you saw my letter, and that I do not encourage her to come. I do not recollect what I said, but I meant, as gently as possible, to let her know that she must not expect that I can be as much with her as I used to be. After she has had the trouble of such a journey, I would not have her disappointed and vexed; in short, if she comes, we must endeavour to make her as happy and as easy as we can, for you know that there is not much resource for her here.

I promised to go to Lord Spencer's, but staid in town expecting that you would arrive. I intend going to-day, and shall return on Thursday, which will certainly be before you arrive. I would not go at this time if I had not a very particular reason, which I will explain to you when we meet. If this finds you at Paris, remember the commission I gave you about a cap or something for the Zamparini. I said that I wished you would get Lady Rochford to choose it. Adieu! my dear George.

P.S.—We had a dinner last week at Charles Townshend's, with Cadogan, Soame Jenyns, Lord Lisburne, etc. Coventry was there, and there is to be a rebound at his house on Sunday. . . .

APPENDIX N 1.

Friday, 15th January 1767.

MY DEAR GEORGE,—The weather is so excessive bad that I do not know when to expect you, particularly as I know you are a miserable traveller. I went as far as Woburn in my way to Lord Spencer's, but I found so much snow, and such roads, that I returned. I met Mrs. Pitt and Meynel at the inn at Woburn, and I went back with them to Dunstable that night, and came here the next morning.

Lord Lorne took his seat to-day in the House of Lords, and Lord Northington is given over with the gout in his head and stomach. People are gathering together as fast as snow and bad roads will let them. Everybody wishes to see you again, and I am sure no one so much as myself, *comme de raison*, for I am sure you love me more than anybody else does. There is but one thing that I depend upon in this world, which is that you and I shall always love another as long as we remain in it.

Farewell! my dear George; I am going to the Zamparini. *Nous avons boudé un peu pour deux jours*, but we shall make it up. This is an unlucky passion; I wish I had never seen her. She is the prettiest creature in the world, but the most complete coquette that ever existed. It is her trade, and she knows it very well. I had taken the old lodgings for the Rena, but I shall put them off. It is always best to let women have their own way.—Yours most affectionately,

M. AND R.

APPENDIX O 1.

Wednesday, 12 o'clock.

The letters have just arrived.

By one, which Lady Spencer had yesterday by the coach, we had the melancholy news of poor Tavistock's death, which gives everybody the greatest concern. I pity the Duke of Bedford very much.

What do you mean by my things being at Calais?—What things?—My furniture is to come by water from Paris, and I have had no letter from *le tapissier*, so I imagine that the *meubles* are not sent, or he would otherwise have sent me a letter. He must likewise send one to Mons. Roussac, as they must be claimed at the Custom-house in his name, specifying what there is. I hope he will not confound the Duchess of Queensberry's with mine.

I have had a bad night, but I have been better since I got up. My doctor thinks it was something which disagreed with my stomach. Farewell, my dear George! I cannot write any more now, as I am going to pour down more water, and then go out in the coach till three, for the weather is too bad for riding. Hervey keeps pretty well, and the Rena desires *mille compliments*.

(Here is inserted in the almost illegible handwriting of the Rena: 'Caro Georgino, vi prego di postarmi una di quelle piccole veste bianche, che vi comprò la nostra vecchia per tenervi caldo la notte.'¹) I believe she means a bed-gown, such a one as you had upon the road. Farewell, my dear George. . . .

¹ 'Dear George, I beg you to bring me one of those little white vests, which our old servant (vecchia) bought for you to keep you warm at night.'

APPENDIX P 1.

WHITE'S, *past Nine o'clock.*

MY DEAR GEORGE,—When I left you I went to Court, where I learnt nothing either concerning my own affair¹ or anything else that can interest either you or me. The Duke of Grafton dined at Pantons, and took Carlisle aside to tell him he is to have the *Order* given him at Turin,² with which he seems perfectly satisfied, as I think he ought to be. I am glad it is done, and that the Duke of Grafton has had an opportunity of obliging him.

Billy Vernon and Sir J. Moor are come from Bedford, and Ossory comes to-morrow. Carlisle is just gone to Lady Ailesbury's to meet the little B. I do not think he will wait there much longer than he has for his green riband. I would not bet high odds that he has not been already installed. I have deposited your cash as you desired. I am just going to Vauxhall, so farewell.—Yours most affectionately,

M. AND R.

P.S.—The Duchess of Queensberry says that she does not like delays, and thinks it is decided against me; otherwise, if it was intended, it would have been done with a good grace.

¹ Evidently some office that Lord March anticipated receiving.
—J. R. R.

² The Order of the Thistle, with which Lord Carlisle was subsequently invested by the King of Sardinia.

APPENDIX Q 1.

Saturday Night.

MY DEAR GEORGE,—I wrote to you to let you know that Carlisle's affair is settled. I wish mine was also, but I hear nothing of it. Vernon tells me that Miss Wriottesley says I am beat, and I say she knows nothing of the matter.

There are a great many people at White's every night. Bully has lost £700 at quinzé. I was last night at Vauxhall with the Princess, Carlisle, and Lady B. We go tomorrow to walk in Richmond Gardens, and they are all to dine here at three o'clock, that we may be in time. Adieu!—Yours, etc.,

M. AND R.

APPENDIX R 1.

PICCADILLY, Monday.

Mademoiselle Kobel is to be married to a Mr. Paine, a rich West.¹ The Princess² talked with so much concern for the loss of her friend, and showed such a real affection for her, that I am sure she loves her very much. I pitied her extremely. They have always lived together and love one another prodigiously, and it is hard to part when that's the case. They really suffer very much. It was all settled last Saturday, and the Princess was not prepared for such a stroke. She talked to me as if I had

¹ West Indian.—J. R. R.² Amelia.

known her all my life, and her confidence and manner affected me extremely.

They all dined here yesterday. We were to have gone to Richmond to walk in the garden, but the weather was too bad ; so they stayed and supped.¹ The little Barrymore was to have been with us ; but we had an excuse, so *the little lover* went, after dinner, to see Lord Holland.

About nine o'clock, in the midst of these new acquaintances, Allen brought me word that Lord Townshend was below, and wanted to speak to me. What he had to say was not easy to guess, and I am sure I had not the least idea. I found him in my dining-room with one of his *aide-de-camps*. I defy you to guess what it was. It was the civilest thing in the world. He had heard that Lord F. C.² was my competitor ; and said that he had taken him out of my way, by having appointed him his secretary, and that he was desirous that I should know it as soon as possible. He enquired very much about you ; in short, he was determined to be as civil as possible, and I hope he thought I was very much obliged, which I really was.

I have been at Petersham to give this information to my friends there,³ and I would not let the post go without your knowing it, who are my best of all friends, as I hope you believe I am always yours at all times, and upon all occasions. Farewell, my dear George.

¹ Lady Emilia Stanhope, wife of the sixth Earl of Barrymore, and mother of that extraordinary quartette that flourished in the days of the Regency.—J. R. R.

² Cavendish.

³ Lord Harrington's.

APPENDIX S 1.

Friday, 9th July 1767.

MY DEAR GEORGE,—I have this day received my account from Foley, and a letter from you. The Tondino has likewise received one, by which I find you are to have the caps she gave me completed. Since that can be done, I desire they may be made up a dozen, by which they will really be of use. Cadogan and Vernon dined here to-day, and were very glad to hear that you were well, and that you think of being here soon.

I do not know if I told you, that at the last review Lord Talbot's horse reared up and fell back with him. In rising, he struck the Chevalier Breton in the face, and cut his nose so that he was all over blood, not much hurt. The King advised Lord Talbot to be let blood, which he said he would be upon the field, if the King insisted upon it, but desired leave rather to go home, which he did. He was only bruised by the fall, but not otherwise hurt.

Williams and Lord Thomond went into the country this morning. The town is very thin, and there is nothing new of any sort. My coach is at the door, and I am going with Cadogan to visit Lady Hervey.—Yours, etc.,

MARCH AND R.

APPENDIX T 1.

Thursday, 31st December 1767.

MY DEAR GEORGE,—I have had both your letters; so that I suppose you will be in town the end of the week. I have fixed no time for my return. I want to make a

visit to the Duke of Grafton, but I like everything here so much, that I have no inclination to leave the place. I wish you were here. It is just the house you would wish to be in. There is an excellent library; a good parson; the best English and French cookery you ever tasted; strong coffee, and half-a-crown whist. The more I see of the mistress of the house, the more I admire her, and our landlord improves very much upon acquaintance.¹ They are really the happiest people I think I ever saw in the marriage system. *Enfin c'est le meilleur ménage possible.* I wish every hour of the day that you was with us. They would like you, and I am sure you would like them.

We are now all going on the ice, which is quite like a fair. There is a tent, with strong beer, cold meat, etc., where Lady Spencer and our ladies go an airing. Lord Villiers left us this morning. Adieu, my dear George! I am in haste to go to the great rendezvous upon the coral.—Yours very sincerely and affectionately,

MARCH AND R.

APPENDIX U 1.

Wednesday Morning, 1768.

MY DEAR GEORGE,—I had your letter yesterday. I wish you had come, because I think you would have liked it. The little king² is, I believe, perfectly satisfied with

¹ Lord March does not say who this happy pair were: probably Lord and Lady Spencer.—J. R. R.

² Christian, King of Denmark.

his expedition. When he arrived, which was about ten o'clock, every window in the town was lighted; and as the street is very broad, you cannot conceive how well it looked.

He was yesterday fox-hunting; the Duke of Grafton carried him in his coach. We had a great deal of leaping, and he would go over everything. I was very glad when we got him safe home, and he was mightily pleased with the chase, which put him in better spirits than I ever saw him. He has been magnificently and well served. I believe we have been both days about six-and-twenty at table. As we dine, you know, very late, he retired to his own apartment after coffee, and we all to the Coffee-house. He is to see a cock-match this morning, and sets out for London about one. I believe I shall be at the Duke of Northumberland's; I have got a great many tickets, and between three and four hundred by the horses.—Yours,

MARCH AND R.

APPENDIX V 1.

HINCHINBROKE, *Thursday Morning.*

MY DEAR GEORGE,—Our party at Wakefield¹ went off very well. We had hunting, racing, whist, and quinze. My horse won, as I expected, but the odds were upon him, so that I betted little.

After hunting on Monday I went to Ossory's, where I lay in my way here. He came with me and went back yesterday. I imagine he would have liked to have stayed

¹ The Duke of Grafton's seat.

if Lady Ossory had not been alone. They live but a dull life, and there must be a great deal of love on both sides not to tire. I almost promised for Bedford Races, but I believe I shall not. I go to Newmarket to-night, and to London to-morrow.

Sandwich's house is full of people, and all sorts of things going forward. Miss Ray does the honours perfectly well. While I am writing they are all upon the grass plot at a foot race. The Duke of Grafton and Lord Villiers were here on Tuesday, and Lord Farnham, Orford, Shafto, Blake, Bunbury, Lord Spencer, Hamilton, and Sir J. Hinde Cotton, are here now. The horse I ran at Wakefield runs to-day, but I think he will be beat. Vernon is expected from London. Farewell! my dear George; when I have absolutely determined about York, you may be sure that I will let you know. I rather think I shall not come, though I long very much to make Carlisle a visit, and therefore rather wish to persuade myself that I shall. God bless you, my dear George.—Yours,

M. AND R.

APPENDIX W 1.

WHITE's, *Monday post*,
11 o'clock, 25th Aug. 1771.

Last night M^{dme}. Fagniani was brought to bed. They wished it had been a boy; however, *cette petite princesse héritera les biens de la famille*; so that they are all very happy. She is vastly so, to have it all over, and to find

herself quite well, after having suffered a great deal, which I believe women do on these occasions, but particularly with their first child.

I dined to-day with the Spanish Ambassador. Pembroke, Hamilton, and myself were the only Englishmen, and Mrs. Hamilton and the beautiful Mrs. Matthews, and Madame Poustin, the women; the rest, foreign ministers.

I saw Lady Townshend the other day airing in Hyde Park. She made a great many enquiries about you, with all the usual affectation. She says that you will perform Dr. Hunter's¹ part better than you would Lord Carlisle's.

Poor James is confined with an inflammation in his gums, that gives him a great deal of pain. I have had something of that sort, without pain, which put me in danger of losing my fore teeth. I have given March fifty guineas to cure me, which he promises to do, and I believe will perform. As I consider this a very serious thing, I shall give him a fair trial, and as I find myself much better, I have no doubt of getting perfectly well, though I have been very much alarmed, and not without reason. Pray make my best compliments to Carlisle; I am sorry to hear that he has had such bad success at York. Adieu! my dear George.—Yours very sincerely and affectionately,

MARCH AND R.

P.S.—Lord Harrington is returned. The water at Paris almost killed him; he thinks, if he had continued there, that he certainly should have died.

¹ The celebrated surgeon, who in his last moments observed to Dr. Combe, 'If I had strength enough to hold a pen, I would write how easy and pleasant a thing it is to die.'

APPENDIX X 1.

February 1772.

MY DEAR GEORGE,—I thought that I should have heard from you before this. I set out on Friday or Saturday for Newmarket. I intend going to Rigby's for Ipswich races, to meet the Duke of Grafton, Vernon, Panton, Bunbury, etc. We shall go on Thursday se'night to Euston, and the week afterwards to Newmarket, for the July meeting.¹

There is no news. Everything is much as you left it. The Fish says that Colonel Crawford continues to lose, and that he complains he has no money, nor anything now remaining of all his riches but bad debts.

Adieu! mon cher ami. Let me hear from you what you are doing, and how you are. The Spanish *Ambassadrice* breakfasted at my house this morning, and went with me to see the Queen's house, which was a great bore, but they liked it. I hear that Mrs. St. John is *enceinte*. I will write to you from Newmarket when I return, and may, perhaps, make you a visit to Matson. *Adieu!*

ALMACK'S, *Monday after dinner.*

At dinner, Lord William, Sir W. Boothby, Lord George Cavendish, and myself. Bunbury² gives a dinner to-day to the Duchess of Devonshire and Lady Melbourne.

¹ Correctly recorded, but no doubt an error of his lordship's.

² Sir Charles Bunbury.

APPENDIX A 2.

WARE,
Wednesday Afternoon.

I came yesterday from Newmarket, and lay at Calvert's to hunt this morning. I have now just dined, and am waiting till Panton is dressed, to set forward for London. I should have written to you from Newmarket, but I did not know where to direct.

Orford has had many applications for the Deputy-Rangership, and one from the Duke of Gloucester. But he intends to give it to Shirley, which he has told his Royal Highness: so far that is settled; but you do not know what is settled likewise, which is, that you are to have the house,¹ provided his Majesty approves of it, which I am sure he will. I imagine that Orford means that you should give Shirley a hundred: by that means Orford gives him two hundred a year, which will be very convenient to him, as he is quite undone. You cannot think how happy I am that you are to have a house, and so pretty a one, so very near mine. It is, you know, what we have both wished so much. Orford was vastly obliging, and expressed a great deal of pleasure in having an opportunity of obliging both you and me.

You think much too seriously concerning what you talked to me about when we parted. It is impossible that

¹ Supposed to have been the house in the Green Park, till then recently occupied by Lady William Gordon; pulled down, 1843. Subsequent events show that George Selwyn was disappointed in obtaining this house, as no trace exists of his having lived there. Lord March's house was nearly opposite to it.

the D. of G. [Grafton] can mean to deal hardly by you. He can have no motive for so doing, but on the contrary, I am sure his inclinations must be to show you favour. I think, therefore, that you see all that business with a great deal too much warmth and quite in a wrong light, and I am persuaded it will end well. The chaise is ready. I shall add a word or two when I come to London.

Past seven : just going to Lady Harrington's. I go to-morrow morning to examine the house ; I am sure I shall look at it with more pleasure than I have ever done before. I want to see how long it will be before you can get into it. It is a charming house : how everybody will hate you for having got it ! Adieu ! my dear George. I have lost my money, but that is nothing ; I shall win some other time. Pray do not plague yourself about imaginary evils. It is time enough when they really happen. Good-bye to you. . . .

APPENDIX B 2.

WAKEFIELD, *Friday Morning.*

On Wednesday morning we had a party to see Wanstead. We dined at the Spread Eagle upon the Forest, and at our return home, between eight and nine, we saw a most violent fire which had just broken out in Marylebone Street, at the upper end of the Haymarket. It lasted till one in the morning, and has burnt a great many houses. I never saw anything so violent, and the crowd of people in the streets all round was beyond conception. The fire

burnt with such fury that no one could have any idea how far it would go.

We went afterwards to sup with Lady H. as usual, where your letter was brought me. I am glad to find you are safe and well at Castle Howard, and in possession of your pony. I hope you will make use of him, for you want riding and exercise. Whether I shall be at York or not, I do not know; but I should like to be there more for the pleasure of going to Castle Howard, than anything else.

Lord Bute was at the levee on Wednesday, and yesterday at the drawing-room. Lord Villiers tells me that he looks very well, but rather thin. I have not seen him, but I called at his house and saw his *valet de chambre*, who lived with mad Scrope, who has something of the manner of your Swiss you got from Williams. Upon my asking him after Lord Bute, he said, 'Heaven be praised, we have brought his lordship safe home.' I have not seen Raton, but I sent yesterday to take leave of him before I left London, and he was perfectly well. My best compliments to your landlord. Farewell! my dear George. . . .

APPENDIX C 2.

ALMACK'S, *Thursday Night.*

MY DEAR GEORGE,—I had your letter yesterday from Gloucester, and am glad, since you are at Matson, that you are pleased with it. What you are doing there would certainly be well worth while if it were near London, but con-

sidering how little you are there, it is a pleasure that is a very expensive one.

Bunbury is returned, and was last night at Ranelagh with Lady Sarah. He has bought *Gimerack* of Lauragais. Lord Harrington sets out on Saturday for Paris. Her ladyship takes it very ill that he does not take her and the daughters with him, and proposes that we should attend them upon some party abroad.

I find that there is some bad news to-day from Boston. They will not allow the Customs-house officers to do their duty; have used them excessively ill, and have almost, if not quite killed the collector; in short, they are in a state of rebellion. There are people here and at White's every night. Bully enquires very much when you are to be here again. Farewell, my dear George. . . .

APPENDIX D 2.

ALMACK'S, *Friday Night*.

MY DEAR GEORGE,—I have just now received your second letter.¹ As to what you said to me in your first about Madame Fagniani, I will certainly do what you like, though you know I have no opinion of my credit there; but send me the letter you wish that I should write, and I will send it. I do not go till Sunday morning.

Dodd was executed this morning. I saw nothing of it, and have no accounts but from a constable who had been there, and very near. *He said* that he never saw a man

¹ Endorsed by Selwyn, 'Ld. March, 27 June 1777.'

behave better, or die with more courage. He prayed very earnestly, that is true, but that was in his profession. Storer was there, and has promised to send you an account of what happened. He had three clergymen with him on the coach. Carlisle has won since you went, but not much. This place is very full every night, and constant play. I am glad to hear that Mie-Mie is so well. I am just going to Ranelagh.—Yours very sincerely,

MARCH AND R.

APPENDIX E 2.

NEWMARKET,

Wednesday, 9th July 1777.

MY DEAR GEORGE,—I had your melancholy letter yesterday. It is the greatest concern in the world to find you so very unhappy, and not to have the least hopes of doing you any service. To be sure I will write to Madame Fagniani, or do anything else that you desire. After all that has been said, what to say I don't know, or what hopes to hold out to you, when all that can be done has already been tried. I am sure, say or do what I will, she will be persuaded it can only be to please you that I write or mention the subject, after so much conversation as I have had with her upon it when she was here, and her having so often repeated to me the impossibility, whatever their own dispositions were, on account of their family.

I am in waiting next week, and shall be in town Sunday or Monday. I wish I could say or do anything to give you comfort, or show you any mark of that affection and

friendship with which I am always,—Very sincerely
yours,

M. AND R.

APPENDIX F 2.

ALMACK'S, *Tuesday Night*.

MY DEAR GEORGE,—I have had both your letters, and am very glad to hear that you find yourself so much better. We have nothing here but bad news, for Burgoyne's capitulation is believed by all people, though Government has not received any authentic accounts of it. To-day there is a report that he is dead, which comes by a letter from Franklin. B—— has made an opposition speech in his usual manner, full of damned metaphors and simile, that do not apply. In one part of his speech he said, addressing himself to Wedderburne, that though a squalling starling, he thought he had a right to reply to the learned canary bird. In another part he said, that though a poor apothecary and quack, he might prescribe a remedy with success, when the regular physician had failed:—that he should recommend anodyne plasters rather than corrosive blisters. The whole was in this style, and Burke said, that his honourable friend had spoken like an independent country gentleman, and a very accomplished orator.

Lord Gower made a most incomparable reply to Lord Chatham.¹ They oppose the adjournment to-morrow. I have lived at your house almost ever since you left London. My house smells of paint, and I thought it made me ill. Farewell.—Yours very affectionately,

MARCH AND R.

¹ On a motion to inquire into the state of the country.

APPENDIX G 2.

ALMACK'S, *Wednesday.*

MY DEAR GEORGE,—I wrote to you last night after I came from the Opera. No accounts to Government; but all the bad news about Burgoyne continues to be believed. I do not hear positively that anybody has seen Franklin's letter, so that I hope it is not true.

Lord Onslow has Sir W. Meredith's white stick; Lord Palmerston the Treasury; Lord Mulgrave the Admiralty; and Sir R. Worsley the green cloth in the room of Hopkins. They are now at the House of Commons upon the adjournment, and to-morrow we are to have it in the House of Lords. I believe I did not tell you that Galloway attempted to speak; stopped short; and desired to read his speech, which he had in his pocket. Crawford has come to town. He tells me that Foley will be enabled to pay his debts; there being a clause in the will giving the trustees that power, if they think fit to make use of it, which they are inclined to do.

Adieu! mon cher et bon ami. Take care of yourself and endeavour to regain your spirits and health, which will make all your friends happy, but no one so much so as myself, who am always,—Most sincerely and affectionately yours,

M. AND R.

APPENDIX H 2.

ALMACK'S, *Thursday.*

Lord Carmarthen is to be Chamberlain; Lord Jersey

is out. Lords Winchelsea and Guernsey are to have the Bedchamber; Lord Cranbourne is to have Fitzroy's place. He is to have something else; I do not know what. No intelligence is come to Government, but everybody believes, what you have in the papers, to be the Convention.

We had a short debate about the adjournment, which was carried by a very great majority. The house was very thin, and Lord Hillsborough voted against us by mistake. *Adieu! mon cher, je n'en vais dîner.*—Yours very sincerely,

M. AND R.

APPENDIX I 2.

MY DEAR GEORGE,—Yesterday I had your two letters of the 23rd. I shall write to you by the next post to Calais; so that, if you alter your plan, write to Dessein to forward your letters; but if you do, I conclude you will let me know by the next post.

Upon talking with the Duke of Northumberland about the *bras*, I believe it will be much the best way to have them, as I told you, in the *ruff* [*? rough*—J. R. R.], and so have them lacquered in England, as the *ormolu* will never stand here, and it is very dear; yours, you know, are grown quite black. However, I leave all this to you, and to the result of the inquiries you can make. The Duke of Northumberland is of my opinion, that the *ormolu* will not answer, though the patterns are much better than any we have here.

Pray, bring some patterns of silks for fur clothes, and some spring velvets. Also, try if my Astracan, that was

left in Calais, can be recovered: it was a very fine one. I send you enclosed a memorandum from the Duchess of Hamilton. Adieu, my dear George. If you see old Poligniac, tell him I have sent him a horse, as I don't know if I shall have time to write to him by this post. . . .

APPENDIX J2.

[Circa *April* 1779.¹]

MY DEAR GEORGE,—I have had three of your letters, and this is my first. If it was not very disagreeable to me to write, I should certainly write to you.

I was in waiting last week. The King talked a great deal about you. As he knows everything, he is perfectly well acquainted with your passion for Mie-Mie. I am sorry you did not find her at Paris, and I hope that you will settle all your matters so as to come back soon. Everything here is as you left it. We had the same motion made by Lord Bristol that Charles² made in the House of Commons, to remove Lord Sandwich. Lord Bristol was allowed to have a chair, and he spoke sitting. I went with the King to the play, but was in time afterwards for the division, which was not till between twelve and one. Lord Lyttelton spoke against us, but did not divide. Derby and Egremont went to Ranelagh, and were too late for the division. I do not hear who is to be Secretary of State.

¹ J. R. R.

² Charles James Fox: for dismissing Lord Sandwich from his Majesty's councils for ever.

The usual people are here. I have little to do, and shall certainly not lose as much as I did last meeting. Farewell, my dear friend.—Yours very sincerely,

QUEENSBERRY.

P.S.—Pembroke voted against us. Coventry said that he had no particular dislike to any one part of the Administration, and that he should have liked the motion better if it had been to remove the whole. I think Coventry right, for that is certainly what they mean. Our numbers were 88 to 39.

APPENDIX K 2.

June 1779.

You are always thinking of the same thing, but it is to no purpose to think, because you can do yourself no good, and if you let the Fagnianis alone, the child will certainly remain for the present where she is. This is as much as you can expect, and perhaps more than you would have been able to have brought about with most other people. I desired Warner to write to you, and to try and persuade you how very impossible it is for me to be of any use to you. If you thought one moment, and had any knowledge of Madame Fagniani, you must think that, at this time, if she knew anything that I wished, she would do directly the contrary. I am sure, in the present circumstances of things, you had better come here and be quiet for some time, for I think the mother perfectly capable to

send for the child to Milan, merely to plague you, if you continue your correspondence.

I have always understood, that when the child was to be educated in a convent at Paris, you were to be satisfied; and now you seem more distressed than ever. I am sure, if you continue where you are, no constitution can resist the agitation you must go through, and you will certainly bring yourself to a situation of health not to be retrieved. Everybody inquires when you are to return: I wish I knew when that was to be. It is necessary in all situations to determine something, and, I am sure, the worst thing you can do is to remain where you are. Farewell, my dear friend,—Yours, etc., Q.

APPENDIX L 2.

PICCADILLY, *June 15, 1779.*

Your letter, which I have just received, gives me the greatest concern. I plainly see that, if you continue where you are, your health will be irretrievably gone. You certainly cannot remain long in the situation you are in at present. You were well when you were here; you may be so again, if you would have resolution enough to leave Paris. I wish I could say anything that would make you take any care of yourself. You will ruin your health, and then all happiness is gone; and, besides, you are more likely, by what you are doing, to have *Mie-Mie* sent for back to Milan than by anything else you can do. Everybody inquires after you and wants to know when

you are to be here; I wish I could tell them. I go to Scotland some time towards the end of July. That would be a journey that would do you a great deal of good. I can send you nothing from here that would interest you. Carlisle and I talk very often about you, and wish you here. We are much afraid of a Spanish war. The letters from America bring good news. They are very tired of the war, and the Congress much divided. My dear George, do let me hear that you are coming to us again.— Always most affectionately yours, etc.

APPENDIX M 2.

DRUMLANRIG, 8 *Sept.* 1779.

MY DEAR SIR,—The Duke of Queensberry desires me to write to you, and to assure you that he regrets having been prevented for some time past from having the pleasure of corresponding with you himself. He has been engaged in a great variety of business, and what is most material for you to know, he has preserved his health and spirits surprisingly.

When the Duke came into this country, he found that there had been two very ineffectual meetings of the gentlemen of the county, called together for the purpose of supporting Government as far as their abilities would admit; but, like most other assemblies of that kind, they broke up without determining anything. Soon after his arrival he had a meeting of the county again called, and laid before them in a very masterly manner a proposal, in which he was seconded by Lord Stormont, and carried it

unanimously. Upon this a subscription was opened, to which the Duke put down his name for three hundred pounds, and Lord Stormont put down his for one hundred, and all the gentlemen belonging to the county, who were present, subscribed handsomely. The meeting was said to be fuller than they had had in the county for a long time ; and so great is the ardour of the people to sign the association paper, which I enclose, that there are above four hundred who have already put their names to it. By far the greater number are the Duke's tenants, and it seemed to be the opinion of the gentlemen in general, that he might get a thousand people to follow him whithersoever he might think it necessary to lead them. The result of the meeting, and the proposal as it now stands, are sent up to town to be laid before the King, and his Majesty's answer is expected next week.

I have given you a pretty full account of this business, as I know it will give you pleasure to be informed of how much consequence your friend is in his own country. Let me beg of you to write to me by the return of the post, and inform me particularly how you are ; how dear Mie-Mie is ; and whether you continue to enjoy your own place.

I am with the greatest regard, my dear sir, your most affectionate and obedient servant,

ALEXANDER CRAWFORD.

APPENDIX N 2.

TUNBRIDGE.

MY DEAR GEORGE,—I am much obliged to you for being so very exact in writing. I continue to gain ground.

I am, however, in some doubt whether the waters do me good or not, but I shall be satisfied on that point in a few days, and if I find that they are not doing me any service, I shall certainly not remain here.

I propose, when I return to London, to live at the house I have taken near my own, which I hope will be ready, and that I shall find you in your own house. I am now going to an Assembly at Mrs. Macartney's, a sister of Mrs. Greville's, where I shall meet Mrs. Murray and Mrs. Calender, two sisters that are very pretty and very agreeable. They are Scotch, which makes us quite well acquainted, though we have not known one another very long. Crawford and I dine generally *tête-à-tête*. I do not like the trouble of getting people to dine with us, and being obliged to do the honours of our hotel.

10th.

I am still here, but shall certainly go to Brighthelmstone to-morrow, and as surely be in London either on Friday or Saturday. The weather grows cold, and this place will thin very fast. The Duchess of Hamilton talks of staying till she is obliged to come to attend the Queen. Wedderburne and his sister came yesterday. I dine with them to-day; and little Selwyn, who is the only man here you know except Charles Price and Lord L. He would have been very glad to have seen you. You are quite well in that family, and they are all angry you did not come down. I should have persuaded you very much to have come, if I had thought of staying till this time. Upon the whole, I like my expedition very much, and should certainly have liked it better if you had been here. Adieu! my dear George. I expect to find something from you at Brighthelmstone, for my letters have been there since

Monday. Abergavenny pressed me very much to dine at Kidbroke, in my way to London, but it will make it so late that I believe I shall not. You see how dangerous it is to touch upon a tender point, even in joke. If you had not talked of ——, you would have been sure of him at Matson.—Yours, etc. . . .

APPENDIX O 2.

Friday.

MY DEAR GEORGE,—I desired Lauragais to send you most of my success yesterday. I lost £400 by a horse of the Duke of Grafton's breaking his leg; otherwise I should have made a very great day of it; however, I have done pretty well.

The French are very well pleased with Newmarket. I wish you had been here, as you would have liked it better than the last meeting. I think I shall be in town on Sunday or Monday morning.—Yours, etc. . . .

APPENDIX P 2.

Saturday.

MY DEAR GEORGE,—I have had your letter, and am much obliged to you. We shall set out on Monday, and will dine with you if you like to give us a dinner at your house; if not, order some at Almack's, that we may dine together.

I lost a great deal in the beginning of the week, but I won yesterday, and if I have the same good fortune to-day, I shall be at home with a 'duck.'—Yours, etc.

APPENDIX Q 2.

BECKET, 31st August 1780.

I have had both your letters. I saw Warner last Saturday when I was in London; he was to write you last night. I desired him to tell you I was glad to find you had made up your mind about Gloucester. The less trouble, I think, about all things, the better, as so few seem to me worth any.

I left London on Sunday. Charles Fox dined with me at Amesbury on Tuesday, on his way to Bridgewater. He thinks himself the better for Bath, but he has not recovered his voice. Lady Harrington, Lady Anna Maria, Lady Archer, the Crawfords, and all that are here, go to-morrow to Amesbury. I am glad to hear that you are so much better, and that Mie-Mie is well. I saw Carlisle in town, where he stays, I suppose preparing for Ireland. When do you go to Luggershall? I am afraid I shall be gone from Amesbury before that time.—Yours, etc.,

QUEENSBERRY.

GEORGE SELWYN, Esq.,
Matson, in Gloucester.

RACING ANALYSIS

Year.	Horses Running.	Ref. Letter.	No. of Engagements.	Events Won.	By	Date.
1748	Chestnut gelding,	1	100 gs. Match, Newmarket, ...		April 13.
1749	Grey gelding,	1	,, ,,		... April 23.
1750	Bay mare,	} 2	20 gs. Match, Newmarket, ...		May 1.
	Ches. gelding <i>Boh-tail</i> , . . .	A.		150 gs. Sweepstake, Newmarket, . . .	A.	Oct. 4.
1751	Roderick Random,	B.	} 8	50 gs. Match, Newmarket,	G.	April 9.
	Brown horse, .	C.				
	Osmyn, . . .	D.				
	Staring Robin, ¹ .	E.				
	Snip, . . .	F.				
	Chestnut filly, .	G.				
	Chance, . . .	H.				
1752	Chance, ² . . .	H.	} 9	£40 Match, Newmarket, .	H.	Mar.
	Camilia, . . .	I.		£50 Plate, Peterboro, .	J.	July 1.
	Wanton, . . .	J.		,, ,,	I.	,, 2.
				,, Nottingham, .	H.	,, 8.
				,, The "Whim" Plate, Bomkt.,	I.	Aug. 4.
		,, Great Marlow,	I.	Oct. 10.		
1753	Grey colt, . . .	K.	} 10	20 gs. Match, Newmarket,	K.	May 16.
	Dandy Cade, . .	L.		£50 Plate, Dunstable, .	J.	June 3.
	Wanton, . . .	I.		,, ,,	N.	June 6.
	Smokeface, . .	M.				
	Blossom, . . .	N.				
	Pleasant, . . .	O.				

¹ This horse was ridden in a match at Newmarket, September 23rd of this year, against the Duke of Hamilton's *Yellow Jack*, for which the Duke rode his own horse and won stakes 100 guineas.

² Ridden by his lordship.

Year.	Horses Running.	Ref. Letter.	No. of Engagements.	Events Won.	By Date.
1754	Pleasant, . . .	O.	} 15	45 gs. Match, Newmarket,	O. April 13.
	Bay gelding, ¹ . . .	P.		40 ,, ,,	S. Sep. 5.
	Grey horse, . . .	Q.			
	Matchet, . . .	R.			
	Grey gelding, . . .	S.			
	Macbeth, . . .	T.			
	Blossom, . . .	U.			
	Smart, . . .	V.			
	Wanton, . . .	J.			
1755	Chestnut horse, . . .	W.	} 8	40 gs. Match, Newmarket,	Y. Sep. 3.
	Bay filly, . . .	X.		50 ,, ,,	Y. ,, 4.
	Grey horse, . . .	Q.		100 ,, ,,	X. ,, 4.
	Macbeth, . . .	T.			
	Comfort, . . .	Y.			
1756	Wanton, . . .	J.	} 16	40 gs. Match, Newmarket,	A 1. May 12.
	Fair Maid, . . .	Z.		£40 ,, ,,	E 1. Oct. 6.
	Scrub, . . .	A 1.		100 gs. ,, ,,	H 1. ,, 9.
	Grey filly, . . .	B 1.		300 ,, ,,	B 1. ,, 19.
	Trial, . . .	C 1.			
	James, . . .	D 1.			
	Fearnought, . . .	E 1.			
	Bay horse, . . .	F 1.			
	White Legs, . . .	G 1.			
1757	Bay mare, . . .	H 1.			
	Wanton, . . .	J.	} 15	300 gs. Match, Newmarket,	J. April 16.
	Wellbred, . . .	I 1.		50 ,, ,,	K 1. May 5.
	Janus, . . .	D 1.		200 ,, ,,	D 1. ,, 3.
	Grey colt, . . .	J 1.		40 ,, ,,	F 1. July 23.
	Grey gelding, ² . . .	K 1.			
	Slender, . . .	L 1.			
Bay horse, . . .	F 1.				
White Legs, . . .	G 1.				
Alfred, . . .	M 1.				

¹ Ridden by his lordship.
² The Match is recorded on page 58.

Year.	Horses Running.	Ref. Letter.	No. of Engagements.	Events Won.	By	Date.	
1758	Wellbred, . . .	I 1.	} 13	100 gs. Match, Newmarket, O 1.		April 26.	
	Wiggem, . . .	N 1.		500	„ „	I 1.	Oct. 2.
	Gallant, . . .	O 1.					
	Fox, . . .	P 1.					
	Rose, . . .	Q 1.					
	Raven, . . .	R 1.					
	Brown Betty, . . .	S 1.					
1759	Brown Betty, . . .	S 1.	} 19	200 gs. Match, Newmarket, O 1.		April 19.	
	Gallant, . . .	O 1.		A Subscription, 20 gs. each;			
	Bravo, ¹ . . .	T 1.		11 Subs., Newmarket, .	P 1.	May 7.	
	Rose, . . .	Q 1.		200 gs. Match, Newmarket, R 1.		„ 9.	
	Fox, . . .	P 1.		500	„ „	V 1.	Oct. 5.
	Raven, . . .	R 1.		500	„ „	T 1.	„ 6.
	Grey colt, . . .	U 1.		500	„ „	Q	„ 18.
	Chestnut filly, . . .	V 1.					
	Creampot, . . .	W 1.					
1760	Colt, . . .	X 1.	} 20	200 gs. Match, Newmarket, X 1.		April 4.	
	Bay colt, . . .	Y 1.		300	„ „	W 1.	„ 15.
	Cream Pot, . . .	W 1.		100	„ „	T 1.	May 1.
	Bravo, . . .	T 1.		100	„ „	W 1.	„ 9.
	Mystery, . . .	Z 1.		100	„ „	A 2.	„ 13.
	Gaul'em, . . .	A 2.		200	„ „	D 2.	Aug. 1.
	Tarquin, . . .	B 2.					
	Beechwood, . . .	C 2.					
	Grey horse, . . .	D 2.					
	Spotless, . . .	E 2.					
	Terrible, . . .	F 2.					
	Plowboy, . . .	G 2.					
	Rose, . . .	Q 1.					
	Bay Colt, . . .	H 2.					
Fair Play, . . .	I 2.						
	Blossom filly, . . .	J 2.					
1761	Beechwood, . . .	C 2.	} 18	2000 gs. Match, New-			
	Fairplay, . . .	I 2.		market, . . .	C 2.	Mar. 16.	
	Grey Colt, . . .	K 2.		£50 Plate, Enfield, . . .	B 2.	Sep. 16.	
	Plowboy, ² . . .	G 2.		500 gs. Match, Newmarket, W 1.		„ 29.	
	Cinnamon, . . .	L 2.		1000	„ „	M 2.	Nov. 15.

¹ Ridden by his lordship.

² Carrying a feather against H.R.H. the Duke of Cumberland's horse *Cato*, aged, carrying 10st. over the trying Beacon Course.

Year.	Horses Running.	Ref. Letter.	No. of Engagements.	Events Won.	By	Date.		
1761	Cream Pot, . . .	W 1.	}					
<i>cont.</i>	Bay filly, . . .	M 2.						
	Gaul'em, . . .	A 2.						
	„ colt, . . .	N 2.						
	Tarquin, . . .	B 2.						
1762	Tartar, . . .	O 2.	}					
	Top, . . .	P 2.						
	Plowboy, . . .	G 2.						
	Adonis, . . .	Q 2.						
	Grey Legs, . . .	R 2.						
	Top, . . .	S 2.	7					
1763	Top, . . .	P 2.	}	400 gs. Match, Newmarket,	V 2.	Apr. 13.		
	Chestnut filly, . . .	T 2.		200 „	Ascot, .	V 2.	June 6.	
	Squire, . . .	V 2.		500 „	Newmarket,	B 3.	Oct. 10.	
	Filly (grey), . . .	W 2.		200 „	„	V 2.	„ 11.	
	Cerberus, . . .	X 2.		13				
	Bay colt, . . .	Y 2.						
	Bay filly, . . .	Z 2.						
	Rosemary, . . .	A 3.						
	Young Hermione,	B 3.						
1764	Young Hermione,	B 3.	}	300 gs. Match, Ascot,	V 2.	June 25.		
	Victory, . . .	C 3.		500 „	„	F 3.	„ 25.	
	Chestnut hunter,	D 3.		£50 Plate, Ascot,	B 3.	„	28.	
	Tip-Top, . . .	E 3.		10				
	Squire, . . .	V 2.						
	Proteus, . . .	F 3.						
	Scampton Cade,	G 3.						
1765	Young Hermione,	B 3.	}	£50 Plate, Ascot, . . .	B 3.	June 13.		
	Squire, . . .	V 2.		£50 „	Beccles, . . .	H 3.	„ 25.	
	Messalina, . . .	H 3.		10				
	Grey colt, . . .	I 3.						
	Vandyke, . . .	J 3.						
	Turnpike, . . .	K 3.						
1766	Young Hermione,	B 3.	}	1000gs. Match, Newmarket,	V 2.	April 24.		
	Turnpike, . . .	K 3.		£50 Plate, Brentwood, .	M 3.	Aug. 4.		
	Squire, . . .	V 2.		200 gs. Match, Newmarket,	P 3.	Oct. 24.		
	Grey horse, . . .	L 3.		14				
	Sly, . . .	M 3.						

Year.	Horses Running.	Ref. Letter.	No. of Engagements.	Events Won.	By	Date.
1766	Pucella,	.	N 3.	}		
<i>cont.</i>	Squirt,	.	O 3.			
	Shy,	.	P 3.			
1767	Pucella,	.	N 3.	}	2	
	Shy,	.	P 3.			
1768						
1769	Matchless,	.	NN.	}	6	£50 Plate, Huntingdon, . NN. Aug. 4.
	Plata,	.	P P.			
	Sportsman,	.	W 3.			
1770	Warbler,	.	Q 3.	}	28	200 gs. Match, Newmarket, U 3. May 24.
	Bay filly,	.	R 3.			£50 Plate, Whittlebury, . W3. July 27.
	Minos,	.	S 3.			£50 ,, Huntingdon, . W3. Aug. 2.
	Bellina,	.	T 3.			£50 ,, Egham, . X 3. Sep. 14.
	Cataline,	.	U 3.			100 gs. Match, Newmarket, T3. Oct. 23.
	Carina,	.	V 3.			300 ,, ,, Z 3. ,, 23.
	Sportsman,	.	W 3.			500 ,, ,, Z 3. ,, 27.
	Shy,	.	P 3.			200 ,, ,, B 4. Nov. 10.
	Rosetta,	.	X 3.			
	Ramjam,	.	Y 3.			
	Piccadilly,	.	Z 3.			
	Regina,	.	A 4.			
	Sober,	.	B 4.			
1771	Sportsman,	.	W 3.	}	41	500 gs. Match, Newmarket, T 3. April 2.
	Rosetta,	.	X 3.			200 ,, ,, U 3. ,, 2.
	Ramjam,	.	Y 3.			100 ,, ,, Y3. ,, 6.
	Piccadilly,	.	Z 3.			200 ,, forfeit, pp. B 4. ,, 27.
	Cataline,	.	U 3.			£50 Plate, Chelmsford, . X 3. June 18.
	Sober,	.	B 4.			500 gs. Match, Newmarket, T 3. July 9.
	Pall Mall,	.	C 4.			1000 ,, ,, Z 3. Oct. 5.
	Regina,	.	A 4.			200 ,, ,, B 4. Nov. 6.
	Chestnut filly,	.	D 4.			200 gs. Sweepstake, New-
	Baashaw,	.	E 4.			market, . . . Y3. ,, ,,
	Cynthia,	.	F 4.			
	Benuevento,	.	G 4.			
	Lady Thigh,	.	H 4.			

Year.	Horses Running.	Ref. Letter.	No. of Engagements.	Events Won.	By	Date.
1772	Cataline, . . .	U 3.	38	200 gs. Match, Newmarket,	Z 3.	April 23.
	Piccadilly, . . .	Z 3.		300 ,, ,,	Y 3.	May 11.
	Ramjam, . . .	Y 3.		£50 Plate, Guildford,	I 4.	June 11.
	Benuevento, . . .	G 4.		300 gs. Match, Newmarket,	Z 3.	July 8.
	Mist, . . .	I 4.		300 ,, ,,	M 4.	Sep. 28.
	Miss Gibson, . . .	J 4.		300 ,, ,,	N 4.	Oct. 12.
	Sister to Grey Gib- son, . . .	K 4.		200 ,, ,,	Z 3.	Nov. 7.
	Skyrocket, . . .	L 4.				
	Larrpi, . . .	M 4.				
	Pan, . . .	N 4.				
Omar, . . .	O 4.					
1773	Chestnut filly, . . .	P 4.	15	300 gs. Match, Newmarket,	Y 3.	April 12.
	Ramjam, . . .	Y 3.		200 ,, ,,	Z 3.	„ 16.
	Piccadilly, . . .	Z 3.		£50 Plate, Epsom, . . .	Z 3.	May 19.
	Chestnut filly, . . .	R 4.		£50 ,, Burford, . . .	Z 3.	July 21.
	—by Rocket, . . .			£50 gs. Handicap, Burford,	Z 3.	„ 27.
	Miss Gibson, . . .	J 4.		£50 Handicap, Egham, . . .	Z 3.	Sep. 13.
Treasurer, ¹ . . .	S 4.	45 gs. Match, Newmarket,	S 4.	Nov. 4.		
1774	Pan, . . .	N 4.	16	50 gs. Match, Newmarket,	T 4.	Nov. 4.
	Slim bay colt, . . .	T 4.		100 ,, ,,	W 4.	„ 5.
	Rex, . . .	U 4.		100 ,, ,,	W 4.	„ 7.
	Slender, . . .	V 4.				
	Rocket, . . .	W 4.				
1775	Grey colt, . . .	X 4.	23	200 gs. Match, Newmarket,	Z 4.	April 7.
	Slim, . . .	T 4.		£50 Handicap, Peterboro,	C 5.	June 18.
	Kouli-Khan, . . .	Z 4.		£50 ,, Chelmsford,	D 5.	„ 23.
	Valiant, . . .	A 5.		£50 ,, Lilly-Hoo,	D 5.	Aug. 9.
	Grey colt, by Sweepstakes, . . .	B 5.				
	Roan Horse, . . .	C 5.				
	Harbinger, . . .	D 5.				
Rocket, . . .	W 4.					
1776	Slim, . . .	T 4.	}	£50 Plate, Newmarket, . . .	Y 4.	April 12.
	Bay filly, by Herod,	E 5.		100 gs. Sweepstake, New-		
	Rocket, . . .	W 4.		market, . . .	E 5.	„ 12.

¹ Ridden by Lord March.

Year.	Horses Running.	Ref. Letter.	No. of Engagements.	Events Won.	By	Date.	
1776	Elk,	F 5.	41	100 gs. Match, Newmarket,	W4.	Mar. 5.	
<i>cont.</i>	Skirmish,	G 5.		100 "	" "	W4.	" 11.
	Lydia,	H 5.		150 "	" "	T4.	" 13.
	Shylock,	I 5.		100 "	" "	T4.	" 13.
	Kouli-Khan,	L 4.		100 "	" "	W4.	" 13.
	Rosalba,	K 5.		50 gs. Handicap, "	" "	T4.	July 8.
	Smart,	L 5.		50 gs. Fourplate, "	" "	G 5.	" 9.
				100 f. "	" "	T4.	" 13.
				£50 Handicap, Chelmsford,	T4.	" "	22.
				£50 " Huntingdon,	F 5.	Aug. 6.	
				500 gs. Match, Newmarket,	W4.	Oct. 1.	
				300 " " "	W4.	" 3.	
				50 gs. Match, Newmarket,	G 5.	Oct. 5.	
				450 " Compromise, "	W4.	" 14.	
				200 " Match, Newmarket,	J 5.	" 14.	
			300 " " " "	K 5.	" 15.		
			200 " " " "	J 5.	" 21.		
			100 " Sweepstake, "	G 5.	" 22.		
			200 " f. " "	T 4.	" 23.		
			200 " f. " "	I 5.	" 30.		
1777	Lydia,	H 5.	48	500 gs. Match, Newmarket,	W4.	Mar. 31.	
	Rocket,	W 4.		200 " " " "	W4.	April 21.	
	Slim,	T 4.		300 " " " "	J 5.	" 23.	
	Smart,	L 5.		£50 Handicap, Ascot,	T 4.	June 3.	
	Blast,	M 5.		40 gs. Subscription, Thet-			
	Skirmish,	G 5.		ford,	T 4.	July 5.	
	Kouli-Khan,	J 5.		£50 Town Plate, Thetford,	T 4.	" 5.	
	Glory,	N 5.		200 gs. Match, Newmarket,	W4.	" 10.	
	Rosalba,	K 5.		100 " King's Plate, Not-			
	Pointer,	O 5.		tingham,	T 4.	Aug. 5.	
	Pleasant,	P 5.		£50 Handicap, Notting-			
	Prodigal,	Q 5.		ham,	T 4.	" 6.	
				200 gs. Match, Newmarket,	P 5.	Oct. 3.	
			200 " " " "	K 5.	" 4.		
			200 " " " "	K 5.	" 23.		
			300 " " " "	W4.	" 29.		
1778	Slim,	T 4.	}	200 gs. Match, Newmarket,	W4.	April 20.	
	Rocket,	W 4.		500 " f. " "	K 5.	" 22.	
	Rosalba,	K 5.		200 " Match, " "	S 5.	" 25.	

Year.	Horses Running.	Ref. Letter.	No. of Engagements.	Events Won.	By	Date.
1778	Fulmine, . . .	R 5.	29	50 gs. Match, Newmarket,	P 5.	May 25.
<i>cont.</i>	Hydaspes, . . .	S 5.		£50 Town Plate, Thetford,	T 4.	July 4.
	Pleasant, . . .	P 5.		£50 Hdcp., Peterborough,	T 4.	,, 21.
	Bauble, . . .	T 5.		£50 ,, , Huntingdon, .	T 4.	,, 29.
	Harlequin, . . .	U 5.		300 gs. f., Newmarket, .	R 5.	Sep. 29.
	B. C., by Dapper,	V 5.		200 ,, Match, ,, .	K 5.	Oct. 16.
	Raspberry, . . .	W 5.				
1779	Rosalba, . . .	K 5.	31	100 gs. Match, Newmarket,	K 5.	April 5.
	Slim, . . .	T 4.		40 ,, ,, ,, .	R 5.	,, 26.
	Colt, by Dapper, .	V 5.		200 ,, (forfeit), ,, .	U 5.	,, 29.
	Rocket, . . .	W 4.		£50 Plate, Epsom, . . .	T 4.	May 12.
	Fulmine, . . .	R 5.		£50 ,, ,, .	K 5.	,, 12.
	Harlequin, . . .	U 5.		£50 ,, Ascot, . . .	T 4.	June 8.
	Agis, . . .	X 5.		£50 ,, Salisbury, . . .	T 4.	July 2.
	Vengeance, . . .	Y 5.		50 gs. Match, Newmarket,	Y 5.	,, 6.
	Grey Legs, . . .	Z 5.		100 ,, ,, ,, .	W 4.	Nov. 2.
	Grosvenor Square,	A 6.				
1780	Tycho, . . .	B 6.	22	200 gs. Match, Newmarket,	B 6.	April 17.
	B. C., by Herod, .	C 6.		50 ,, ,, ,, .	D 6.	July 11.
	Grey Legs, . . .	Z 5.		£50 Hdcp., Huntingdon,	Z 5.	,, 25.
	Hammer, . . .	D 6.				
	Slim, . . .	T 4.				
	Rocket gelding, .	E 6.				
	Br. C., . . .	F 6.				
	Phillidor, . . .	G 6.				
	Thunderer, . . .	H 6.				
1781	Golden Dun, . . .	I .	29	200 gs. Match, Newmarket,	I 6.	April 2.
	Grey Legs . . .	Z 5.		£50 Plate, ,, .	Z 5.	,, 20.
	Phillidor, . . .	G 6.		200 gs. Match, ,, .	W 6.	,, 20.
	B. C., by Sweet-	J 6.		100 ,, f., ,, .	I 6.	May 7.
	william, . . .			£50 Plate, Ascot, . . .	Z 5.	June 19.
	Drowsy, . . .	K 6.		£50 Town Plate, ¹ Chelms-	I 6.	July 18.
	Pineafter, . . .	L 6.		ford, . . .		
	Whitenose, . . .	M 6.		100 gs. Match, Newmarket,	J 6.	Oct. 18.
	Filly, by Protector,	N 6.		100 ,, ,, ,, .	J 6.	,, 20.
	Bro. horse, by	O 6.				
	Dapper, . . .					

¹ Entered in his grace's trainer's name, R. Goodison.

Year.	Horses Running.	Ref. Letter.	No. of Engagements.	Events Won.	By	Date.
1782	Drowsy, . . .	K 6.	33	Revolution Stakes, of 200		
	Guido, . . .	P 6.		gs. each, 12 subs., .	P 6.	April 1.
	Br. C., by Herod,	Q 6.		20 gs. Match, Newmarket,	K 6.	„ 6.
	Sweetwilliam, .	R 6.		70 „, Plate, „	S 6.	„ 24.
	Slender, . . .	S 6.		50 „, f., „	R 6.	„ 26.
	Pineafter, . . .	L 6.		£50 Plate, Ascot, .	P 6.	June 5.
	Piccinino, . . .	T 6.		£50 „, Stockbridge, .	P 6.	„ 21.
	Henley, . . .	U 6.		His Majesty's Purse of 100		
	Whitenose, . . .	V 6.		gs., Ipswich, .	P 6.	July 1.
	Chub, . . .	W 6.		200 gs. Match, Newmarket,	U 6.	„ 9.
	Brutus, . . .	X 6.		£50 Town Plate, „	S 6.	„ 10.
				£50 „, Egham, .	P 6.	Sep. 5.
				£50, Gent.'s Purse of, „	U 6.	„ 6.
				150 gs. f., Match, New-		
		market, . . .	W 6.	Oct. 23.		
		90 gs. Sweepstake, „	W 6.	Nov. 14.		
1783	Quicksand, . . .	Y 6.	36	300 gs. Match, Newmarket,	P 6.	April 7.
	Guido, . . .	P 6.		100 „, ea., 4 Subs., Sweep-		
	Slender, . . .	S 6.		stake, at Newmarket, S 6.	„	21.
	Brutus, . . .	X 6.		150 „, f., Match, „	P 6.	„ 23.
	Gonzales, . . .	Z 6.		£50 Subscription, „	P 6.	„ 24.
	Piccinino, . . .	T 6.		£50 Plate, Epsom, .	A 7.	May 23.
	Regent, . . .	A 7.		£50, Stockbridge, .	S 6.	July 14.
	Knight Errant, .	B 7.		500 gs. Match, Newmarket,	D 7.	Oct. 18.
	Drowsy, . . .	K 6.				
	Wisdom, . . .	C 7.				
	Pleasant, . . .	D 7.				
	Br. Colt, by Atey					
	Bey, . . .	E 7.				
1784	Quicksand, . . .	F 7.	32	Claret Stakes of 200 gs.		
	Gonzales, . . .	Z 6.		each, 7 Subs., Newmar-		
	Pleasant, . . .	D 7.		ket, . . .	Z 6.	April 12.
	Fulmine, . . .	G 7.		£50 Plate, Egham, .	C 7.	Aug. 26.
	Wisdom, . . .	C 7.		250 gs. Match, Newmarket,	M 7.	Oct. 20.
	B. C., by Florizel,	H 7.		100 „, forfeit, „	K 7.	„ 23.
	Ch. C., . . .	I 7.		300 „, „ „	C 7.	Nov. 6.
	Regent, . . .	A 7.				
	Arrow, . . .	J 7.				
	Collector, . . .	K 7.				
Cutter, . . .	L 7.					

Year.	Horses Running.	Ref. Letter.	No. of Engagements.	Events Won.	By	Date.	
1784	Bonduca, . . .	M 7.	}				
<i>cont.</i>	Mopsqueezer, . . .	N 7.					
	Furioso, . . .	O 7.					
	B. F., by Fulmine, P 7.	P 7.					
1785	Fortunatus, . . .	Q 7.	}	200 gs. Match, Newmarket,	K 7.	Mar. 28.	
	Collector, . . .	K 7.		£50 Handicap, ,,	C 7.	May 11.	
	Pleasant, . . .	D 7.		£50 Plate, Guildford, .	J 7.	,, 18.	
	Gonzales, . . .	Z 6.		£50 ,, Reading . . .	J 7.	Aug. 23.	
	B. C., by Pumpkin, R 7.	R 7.		300 gs. Match, Newmarket,	U 7.	Nov. 1.	
	Arrow, . . .	J 7.		200 ,, ,,	K 7.	,, 1.	
	Wisdom, . . .	C 7.		200 ,, ,,	K 7.	,, 5.	
	Cutter, . . .	L 7.		} 44			
	Champion, . . .	S 7.					
	B. F., by Highflyer, T 7.	T 7.					
	Young Giant, . . .	U 7.					
	Nectar, . . .	V 7.					
	Ambrosia, . . .	W 7.					
	Nerina, . . .	X 7.					
	Guido, . . .	P 6.					
1786	Nectar, . . .	V 7.	}	200 gs. Match, Newmarket,	K 7.	April 13.	
	Collector, . . .	K 7.		100 ,, ,,	K 7.	May 15.	
	Nerina, . . .	X 7.		100 ,, ,,	Y 7.	,, 19.	
	Wisdom, . . .	C 7.		50 ,, ,,	K 7.	,, 20.	
	Cutter, . . .	L 7.		£50 Plate, Salisbury, .	W 7.	Aug. 9.	
	Young Giant, . . .	U 7.		50 gs. Match, Newmarket,	C 8.	Oct. 6.	
	Hackwood, . . .	Y 7.		} 50	200 ,, ,,	D 8.	Nov. 13.
	Ch. G., . . .	Z 7.					
	Ch. F., . . .	A 8.					
	B. C., by Amber, B 8.	B 8.					
	Ambrosia, . . .	W 7.					
	Magnesia, . . .	C 8.					
	Mulberry, . . .	D 8.					
1787	Magnesia, . . .	C 8.	}	200 gs. Match, Newmarket,	C 8.	April 23.	
	Inca, . . .	E 8.		200 ,, ,,	D 8.	May 12.	
	Mulberry, . . .	D 8.		A Sweepstake of 100 gs.			
	Young Giant, . . .	U 7.		each, 4 Subs., Newmar-			
	Lampo, . . .	F 8.		ket,	D 8.	July 9.	
	Amber, . . .	G 8.		100 gs. Match, Newmarket,	J 8.	Oct. 3.	
	Buff, . . .	H 8.		200 ,, ,,	M 8.	Nov. 1.	

Year.	Horses Running.	Ref. Letter.	No. of Engagements.	Events Won.	By	Date.					
1787	B. M. by Highflyer,	I 8.	51	A Sweepstake of 300 gs. each, 3 Subs., run by,	D 8.	Nov. 1.					
	<i>cont.</i> Dash,	J 8.									
	Daphne,	K 8.									
	Flirtilla,	L 8.									
	Goliah,	M 8.									
	B. C., by Mamgot,	N 8.									
	Prodigal,	O 8.									
1788	Goliah,	M 8.	35	500 gs. Match, Newmarket,	P 8.	April 8.					
	Magnesia,	C 8.							Q 8.	22.	
	Cheveley,	P 8.							P 8.	22.	
	Mulberry,	D 8.							P 8.	May 2.	
	Roscus,	Q 8.							V 8.	Sep. 29.	
	Ch. Mare,	R 8.							D 8.	30.	
	Trusty,	S 8.							W 8.	Oct. 2.	
	Filly, by Highflyer,	T 8.									
	B. C., by Conundrum,	U 8.									
	Toss,	V 8.									
	Dash,	W 8.									
1789	Dash,	W 8.	32	1000 gs. Match, Newmarket,	W 8.	April 25.					
	Goliah,	M 8.									
	Mulberry,	D 8.							D 8.	May 11.	
	Magnesia,	C 8.							£50 Handicap, Brighton,	M 8.	July 24.
	Feenow,	X 8.							£50 County Plate, Lewes,	M 8.	Aug. 4.
	Grey gelding, by Juniper,	Y 8.							500 gs. Match, Newmarket,	D 8.	Sep. 28.
	B. C., by Conundrum,	U 8.							900	W 8.	Oct. 5.
	Ch. F., by Florizel,	Z 8.							200	C 9.	17.
	Ralpho,	A 9.							600	W 8.	27.
	B. C., by Garrick,	B 9.									
	Burgundy,	C 9.									
	Gaillard,	D 9.									
	Stag,	E 9.									
1790	Amaranthe,	F 9.		P. of W. Plate, 50gs., Ascot,	G 9.	June 9.					
	Cheveley,	P 8.							M 9.	Oct. 15.	
	Mulberry,	D 8.							M 9.	19.	
	Bashful,	G 9.							£50 Town Plate,	M 9.	20.
	Bro. to Mousetrap,	H 9.									

Year.	Horses Running.	Ref. Letter.	No. of Engagements.	Events Won.	By	Date.	
1790	Dash, . . .	W 8.	} 39				
<i>cont.</i>	Phalanx, . . .	I 9.					
	Burgundy, . . .	C 9.					
	Sister to Dash, . . .	J 9.					
	Sandiver, . . .	K 9.					
	Gr. filly, by Mans- trino, . . .	L 9.					
	Bustler, . . .	M 9.					
1791	Mouse, . . .	N 9.	} 21				
	Filly, by Bordeaux,	O 9.					
	B. H., by Conun- drum, . . .	P 9.					
	Bashful, . . .	G 9.					
	Burgundy, . . .	C 9.					
	Bustler, . . .	M 9.					
	B. C., by King Fer- gus, . . .	Q 9.					
	Hermione, . . .	R 9.					
1792	Bustler, . . .	M 9.	} 8	£50 Handicap, Epsom, .	M 9.	May 22.	
	Dash, . . .	W 8.			300 gs. Match, Newmarket,	M 9.	Oct. 29.
	Bl. C., by Phara- mond, . . .	S 9.			50 ,, ,, ,,	M 9.	Nov. 5.
1793	Brush, . . .	T 9.	} 12	£50 Hdcp. Plate, Epsom,	M 9.	May 18.	
	Fergus, . . .	U 9.					
	Bustler, . . .	M 9.					
	Gr. C., by Bordeaux,	V 9.					
1794	Bustler, . . .	M 9.	} 17				
	Ch. filly, by Pot Sos,	W 9.					
	Quicksilver, . . .	X 9.					
	Luna, . . .	Y 9.					
	Woodman, . . .	Z 9.					
	William, . . .	A 10.					
	B. F., by Diomed,	B 10.					
1795	B. C., by Highflyer,	C 10.	} 23	500 gs. Match, Newmarket,	Z 9.	May 5.	
	William, . . .	A 10.			£50 Plate, Ascot, . . .	A 10.	July 12.
	Pecker, late Wood- man, . . .	Z 9.			£50 ,, Hdcp., Ascot,	A 10.	,, 13.
	Whitenose, . . .	D 10.			50 gs. Match, Newmarket,	A 10.	Oct. 27.
	Gr. F., by Magog,	E 10.					
	Ch. C., by Falcon,	F 10.					
	Crawler, . . .	G 10.					
	Cripple, . . .	H 10.					

Year.	Horses Running.	Ref. Letter.	No. of Engagements.	Events Won.	By	Date.
1796	William, . . .	A 10.	} 14			
	Pecker, . . .	Z 9.				
	Ch. C., by King					
	Fergus, . . .	I 10.				
	B. F., by Pumpkin,	J 10.				
	Piccinino, . . .	K 10.				
1797	Ch. C., by King		} 24	£50 Sub. Plate, Newmarket,	A 10.	May 3.
	Fergus, . . .	J 10.		£50 Hdep. Plate, Ascot, .	A 10.	June 22.
	Parrot, . . .	L 10.		£50 ,, ,,	A 10.	,, 24.
	Crawler, . . .	G 10.				
	William, . . .	A 10.				
	Br. C., by Balloon,	M 10.				
	Br. C., brother to					
	above, . . .	N 10.				
	Molly Mog, . . .	O 10.				
	B. F., by Meteor,	P 10.				
	B. M., by Highlyer,	Q 10.				
1798	Young Peg, . . .	R 10.	} 16	£50 Town Plate, New-		
	B. C., by Pumpkin,	S 10.		market, . . .	T 10.	Oct. 4.
	Br. C., by Balloon,	M 10.				
	Molly Mog, . . .	O 10.				
	Egham, . . .	T 10.				
	Admiral, . . .	U 10.				
	Br. G., by Fidget,	V 10.				
1799	Admiral, . . .	U 10.	} 5	Sweepstake of 100 gs. each,		
	Egham, . . .	T 10.		5 Subs., Newmarket, .	U 10.	Mar. 26.
1800	Egham, . . .	T 10.	} 8	£50 Hdep., Newmarket, .	W 10.	May 16.
	Hearts of Oak, . . .	W 10.		30 gs. Match, Newmarket,	T 10.	Oct. 30.
1801	Egham, . . .	T 10.	} 5			
	B. F., by Whisky,	U 10.				
1802	Sister to Grey Pilot,	V 10.	2			
1803						
1804	B. C., by Moorcock,	W 10.	5			
1805	B. C., by Competitor,	X 10				

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