HISTORY OF ENGLAND FROM THE PEACE OF UTRECHT TO THE PEACE OF PARIS, VOLUME 2

By Philip Henry Stanhope (Lord Mahon)

Extracts from the Grantham Papers, and Coxe's Collection, vol. lii. beginning on page 556 of the Appendix.

SECRET INTELLIGENCE FROM ROME.

[Grantham Papers, and Coxe's Collection, vol. lii.]

January 25, 1744.

On the 19th instant, in the afternoon, the Pretender sent his favourite Dunbar to the Pope, to let him know that his eldest son set out from hence in the night of the 9th of this month, in order to go to France as secretly as possible, excusing himself that he had not sooner acquainted his Holiness with this, because he thought thus to prevent the umbrage of those who might have hoped to stop this motion.

The Austrian minister and the ambassador of Venice were immediately informed of this notice; and the former, in particular, towards the evening of that same day, sent away an express by the way of Florence, that an information of this might be given, both at the camp of Rimini and at the Court of Vienna. On the 20th, the Pretender being at dinner, he declared publicly this departure of his son to all his servants and. others, adding, that at the time be was speaking, he thought that his son had reached the frontiers of France, upon which he received the congratulations of all that were present; and at night he was also congratulated by the Ministers of France, of Spain, of the Court of Frankfort, and of all those that concern themselves for that family.

As to the manner of this departure, the following account may be depended upon. On the 7th instant was sent out of town publicly, the hunting equipage and the harness for the service of the two brothers. On the 8th, notice was given to all those that were to be of their party, to set out at their ease in the conveniences that were assigned them. On the 9th, in the morning, the eldest son sent one of his servants to the Cardinal, Secretary of State, to beg of him to leave the keys of the gate of St. John with the officer of the guard, that he might not be obliged to wait till the hour that this gate is commonly opened at, he being desirous to go out that way for Cisterna, together with his brother, and that he wanted to get thither time enough to prepare every thing that was necessary for their hunting on the 11th, which request was complied with, so that he set out in the night of the 9th, a little after midnight, whilst his brother was asleep. He got into his own chaise with Dunbar, having no other followers than one of his grooms, who is a Norman, and who led another horse well saddled. Mr. Fitzmaurice who was privy to the

secret, was charged to tell the younger brother, when he should awake, that his brother, being excessively fond of hunting, had gone before, but that he would meet him at Albano, insomuch that the second son set out at the appointed hour, being 12 of the clock, according to the Italian way of reckoning, that is to say at 6 in the morning on the 10th, having all the retinue with him. After the eldest son had gone a few posts, be begun to complain that he was cold, and said that to warm himself he would get on horseback. This was concerted with Dunbar, to deceive the postilion that drove them and the servant that attended. Dunbar at first opposed his desire, but at last agreed to it, so that the other being got on horseback, was followed by his Norman groom, who accompanied him afterwards during his whole voyage (this groom is thought to be a man of consequence, though he has been for some time in the service of that house upon the footing of a servant belonging to the stable); and thus being come with his servant to the turning of the road which goes to Frascati, he stopped there and waited for Dunbar's chaise. When it was come, he feigned that he had had a fall from his horse, and that he had hurt his foot, upon which Dunbar desired him to go into the chaise again, but he insisted upon his getting on horseback to go quicker, and instead of going to Albano, there to wait for his brother, he took the road of Marino, to go straight to Cisterna, saying that he should there take some hours of rest, and that Dunbar might go to Albano by himself, there to wait for his brother, and to tell him of his accident; that the other should not stop but go on to Cisterna; and thus staying with his faithful Norman alone at the turning, after Dunbar was gone on in the chaise, he and his groom took the road to Frascati, and having coasted along the Marana,[1] they entered into the Consular Way, and then into the Florence road, from whence they went to Lerici and to Genoa, and then to Antibes, and that they did without any loss of time. In the meanwhile the Bailif de Tencia had despatched on the 6th, with great secrecy, his intendant, to Paris, not only to give notice to the Court there of the resolution that was taken here about this departure, but also to make proper dispositions both at Lerici and at Genoa, for his embarkation under a feigned name.

The second son being come to Albano, and finding Dunbar there, asked him where his brother was. Dunbar told him at first of the pretended accident; but it is said that in private he acquainted him with the truth of the thing, and desired him to go on to Cisterna, and to talk of his brother's fall, and to say that he would soon come to him. He also desired that nobody should publish this accident, for fear it should come to the ears of his father. He ordered the company to begin their hunt, and to divert themselves in the best manner they

[1] A small stream in the Campagna of Rome.

could. Dunbar himself remained at Albano, and went on every day in giving to the Duke of Sermoneta, to whom Cisterna belongs, an account of the eldest brother's health, saying that he grew daily better and better, and desired the said Duke not to mention any thing of this in the letters he writ to his friends at Rome, for fear it should come to the ears of the Pretender, but to say that the brothers had very good sport, and spent their time very well. The better to cover all this, the younger son sent some wild boars to Rome, in his brother's name and his, some of which were given as presents to the Pope, to Cardinal Acquaviva and to other people. This feint lasted till the 17th instant, when a letter was sent to Cisterna, in the elder brother's name, to let the company know that the weather being bad he did not care to go a hunting, and that he would go back to Rome, but that his brother might do what he pleased. Upon this Dunbar returned to Rome that very evening, with a young Englishman, son to one of the Pope's horse guards, who is about the same age with, and very like in the face to, the eldest son. Dunbar had had this young man dexterously brought to him at Albano: there were also come thither two servants of the second son, from Cisterna, who went back to Rome with Dunbar; so it was reported in town that the eldest son was come back.

It is said in the best companies here, that some days before the setting out of the eldest son, Cardinal Acquaviva had desired Abbot Franchini, Minister of Tuscany, to grant him a passport for a certain Marquis Spinelli, his kinsman, who wanted to go to Genoa for his own business, which passport was immediately given at his request. It is also said that M. de Thurm, at the desire of the fore-mentioned Abbot, had given some letters of recommendation to the supposed Marquis. I can't say whether this is true or no, but I much question that these gentlemen should have been deceived by all the management of this affair. They seemed to believe that the Court of Paris had no thoughts of this young man, and gave out such reasons for it that appeared very natural; but perhaps they did this to disgust other people from hearkening to any accounts that should be given of this undertaking.

SIR THOMAS ROBINSON TO MR. WESTON.

Vienna, September 16, *N. S.*, 1744.

Dear Sir,

The last post brought no letters from England. We have Prince Charles[2] himself here; a better testimony of all that passed upon the banks of the Rhine than either Noailles's relation to his Court, or the Emperor's fourteen postilions at Frankfort. Don Rodrigue, of Cologne, has inserted the inclosed relation of it in the Brussels

[2] Prince Charles of Lorraine.

Gazette, and Königseck Erps printed it, I hear, for the particular edification of those who had been surprised with the French accounts.

I do not doubt but you will hear of many such victories from Bohemia, though perhaps preceded with the *real* news of the loss of Prague. That loss will fall heavy upon the poor inhabitants, but it will be the triumph, perhaps the conflagration, of a day; after which the Prussians must look to themselves. He[3] is supposed to have said, upon the news of Prince Charles's return, and the manner in which the French let his Highness pass the river, *Voilà ce que c'est que de faire, des traités avec des J—*. The French came to the Neckar, wondering the Duke of Wurtemburg would not join. "Prince Charles is so ruined he has not a grenadier left, and Bernclau is cut in the wood of Hagenau!" The Duke answered, that he had seen the Prince in good health two days before; that he had seen the whole army pass column by column, in the best order; that he had not perceived there was a grenadier wanting, and that, as for Bernclau, if they would be pleased to stay a little, they would find him returning back to teach them truth. Upon this the French retired, but not without threatening the Wurtembergers with corporal punishment, if they did not furnish the most exorbitant rations of all sorts. The Margrave of Baden has had the like compliments. The Court of Frankfort seems to have taken its iron sceptre into its hands. But I have the better opinion of things, as finding that they have never gone better for the good cause than at the very moment that the Court of Frankfort begins to be in spirits. So many illusions will at last open their eyes. I think I can prove by the poetical number *ter* the several distinct times that the French, the Imperialists, and the Prussians, have been for deceiving one another. Adieu, and believe me to be ever with more truth,

Yours, &c.

T. ROBINSON.

MR. P. H. CORNABE TO SIR THOMAS ROBINSON.

[Coxe's Collections, vol. cvi.]

London, January 25,174S.

THE day before yesterday Sir William Yonge moved in the House of Commons that the 28,000 English in Flanders should be continued for the present year, and gave the principal reason for it in few words, excusing himself upon his bad state of health. Mr. Wilmington seconded him *pro forma*, and hardly added any thing to what the Secretary at War had said; then Mr. Powlett, Lord Hinton's brother, got up and proposed that the said troops should be

[3] The King of Prussia.

continued for two months only, till the resolution of the Dutch should be known. Mr. Pelham, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, made a long discourse to show the necessity of carrying on the war with vigour, in order to attain to a good peace. Speaking of the Dutch, he said, he was afraid of saying too much or too little—too much for fear he should be thought to speak without foundation, too little because they had already given the most positive assurances of seconding the King's designs, and had given proofs of their sincerity by the remittances they had made to the Elector of Cologne and to the King of Poland: he showed the danger for Flanders in general, and for its maritime towns in particular; he entered into a great detail relating to the Queen of Hungary's and the King of Sardinia's present situation; in short, he spoke for about an hour with an universal approbation, which was perceived in every body's countenance.

Sir Watkin Williams Wynn gave Mr. Pelham great praise as to his abilities and his honesty: he said he was truly an English Minister, and that for that reason he would vote for this first time for the army, and that he did not doubt but all his friends would do the same, and that the whole nation would be unanimous in it, because we must all stand or fall together, there being no medium. Sir Roger Newdigate spoke much in the same manner, and made great encomium of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Lord Strange, Lord Derby's son, was for adjourning the debate till Lord Chesterfield had finished his negotiations: he talked *strangely* and was not minded.

Mr. Pitt made strong declarations of approving the measure proposed and supporting the new Ministry; he reflected on the late Secretary of State [4] in very severe terms; he recalled all the transactions of the three last years, and made his remarks upon them, finding fault with most things that were done; he made great compliments to Mr. Pelham and to Lord Chesterfield; insisted on the King's condescension in removing those that were grown obnoxious to his people; that out of gratitude, as well as for other reasons, the nation ought now to acquiesce in the desire of the Court; he took notice of the discredit in France, and of the good situation of the Queen of Hungary and our other Allies; of the King of Sardinia, he said that he was as immoveable as the rocks he so bravely defends; he spoke of himself as of a dying man, that came to the House purely to preserve the health of his country; he said, that for a good while he thought we were under great danger, but that now he saw a dawn, and would follow it in hopes it might bring us to salvation; he seemed extremely moved, used a good deal of gesture,

[4] Earl Granville.

employed all the figures of rhetoric, and made a great impression upon most that heard him.

Sir John Barnard vindicated Lord Granville, saying, that the last three years were the most glorious which England had seen since 1710, that that Lord's conduct would bear the strictest inquiries, and that he wished it might be examined by the House to convince people at home who were unjust to him, that all foreigners did him justice, and looked upon him as the ablest statesman we had; he grew quite warm upon this subject, and, recollecting himself, desired the indulgence of his hearers if he had gone too far.

Mr. Bowes of Durham, and Lord Barrington, took him up one after the other, desired he would move for an inquiry, and they would second him; they commended the new Ministry and their plan, which they called the Old Plan, supported by wise Englishmen.

Mr. Cholmondeley, a young gentleman of Cheshire, attempted to put off the debate, but nobody minded him: the question being put by the Chairman of the Committee, Mr. Fane, there was no division; Lord Strange was the only one that put a negative against it, so that this may be looked upon like a perfect unanimity; the House was very full, there being above 400 Members. It is very observable, that not one word was said of Hanover in the whole debate; but I must not dissemble to you, that some severe reflections were made against the ministry at Vienna, that retained their old pride now they were a little elated, who insisted upon acquisitions, or at least equivalents, which could not be had but at the expense of the English nation, to whom they showed ingratitude, in not being more desirous of peace, and saving the treasures of the nation. It was a glorious day for Mr. Pelham, who had the praises of everybody, and whose character was extolled beyond all those that ever were in his place. Mr. Pitt's eloquence was much commended, but it is thought he cannot live long; it is said that if he recovers and outlives Sir W. Yonge, he is to have the place of Secretary at War.

HON. PHILIP YORKE TO HORACE WALPOLE (THE ELDER).

London, May 4, 1745.

DEAR SIR,

It is with the deepest concern I embrace so disagreeable an occasion of writing, as that of acquainting you that we have fought a battle to save Tournay, and lost it.[5]

[5] The battle of Fontenoy.

The news came early this morning, and was soon public; for the detail of this bloody affair, we must wait the arrival of another messenger. What I have been able to learn is briefly thus:—Our army was in sight of the enemy by 5 of the clock on Tuesday morning last; the attack of their entrenchments began about seven, and lasted till half an hour after one. The right wing (composed of English and Hanoverians) behaved most gallantly, and gained thrice ground upon the enemy, but were as often repulsed by the terrible fire of several entrenched batteries, which cannonaded them in front and flank without intermission during the whole time. It is said the left, where the Dutch were, did not show the same ardour. The retreat of our right was made in good order by Sir John Ligonier, the French not pursuing a step, nor have we lost a pair of colours, but what is much worse, a great number of brave men. The brigade of Guards has suffered prodigiously: Col. Conway's company has but 24 men left; Gen. Ponsonby is killed; Sir J. Campbell has lost an arm; the Colonels Dougins (of our house), Gee, Kellet, Montague and Ross are amongst the slain: Lord Albemarle, Lord Ancram, and Lord Cathcart are wounded. The Duke's behaviour is much commended; he was in every part of the action, encouraging the men and leading them on. My brother, who attended upon him, has, thank God! escaped without a hurt. Of particular corps, it is said, the Highlanders, Guards, and Blues, distinguished themselves. What we know at present is very general and imperfect, both his Royal Highnesscs and Sir Everard's[6] letters being short; but they promise a larger account in a few days. The army is now under the cannon of Ath. I dread the consequences of this disastrous opening of the campaign, and doubt the French were more numerous and better fortified than we thought them. I should be content if Tournay may be the single fruit of their success.

It is said (but I do not know upon what grounds), that the coming up of a reinforcement, led by the Dauphin, turned the fortune of the day. Lord Dunmore and the officers who went with him had not joined the army.

I am, &c.

P. YORKE.

P. S. Lord Petersham is likewise wounded.

HON. PHILIP YORKE TO HORACE WALPOLE (THE ELDER).[7]

London, May 16, 1745.

DEAR SIR,

[6] Sir Everard Fawkener. Military Secretary.

[7] Two extracts from this letter are already printed in Coxe's Memoirs of Pelham. vol. i. p. 235.

I SHOULD not have thought of replying upon you so soon, had you not invited me to it, by saying you expected from me a further account of the action; and had I done it sooner, it would not have been easy to have added anything material or explicit to the first advices, which resemble always the confusion of the battle itself. One must stay till the smoke is a little cleared away, before one can take a distinct view of any object. I think you very right in your judgment, that the French were *only not beat*. Our repulse was owing, not to their bravery, but their advantageous situation and the number of their batteries, from which they had an hundred pieces of cannon or upwards playing upon us without intermission. Nay, even under these difficult circumstances, the opinion of the most intelligent is, that had Ingoldsby done his duty, and the Dutch infantry behaved as gallantly as ours, there was the greatest probability of our carrying the day. I wonder the former was not superseded on the spot, and that Zastrow, who was sent to him with orders, did not take the command of his brigade, and march directly to the fort, which the enemy were beginning to desert. We might then have turned their infernal engines of death upon the artificers themselves. The Duke's behaviour was, by all accounts, the most heroic and gallant imaginable. He was the whole day in the thickest of the fire. When he saw the ranks breaking, he rode up and encouraged the soldiers in the most moving and expressive terms; called them countrymen; that it was his highest glory to be at their head; that he scorned to expose them to more danger than he would be in himself; put them in mind of Blenheim and Ramillies; in short, I am convinced his presence and intrepidity greatly contributed to our coming off so well. Nor must I omit doing justice to Ligonier, who, the Duke writes, fought like a grenadier, and commanded like a general. His Royal Highness seems determined to keep up strict discipline, and drew out a pistol upon an officer whom he saw running away. Konigseck was run over and bruised by the Dutch cavalry in their flight, insomuch that when the army marched to Lessines, he was left at Ath. I have not heard, as yet, that the French plume themselves much upon their victory. Their accounts run in a modester strain than usual. It was certainly a dear bought advantage. You see by the Gazette they have a great number of general officers killed and wounded; their loss of private men is said to be from 5,000 to 10,000. Ligonier writes that they confess it to be the latter, but whether he means the reports of deserters, or intelligence from the French camp, I cannot tell. We may thank Count Saxe for our ill fortune. It was he advised them to erect 90 many batteries, and to throw up entrenchments along part of their line, against the opinion of the rest of the council of war, who were for giving us battle *en rase campagne*. Perhaps you may not have heard that the French, who are generally reckoned a polite enemy, used the prisoners

whom they took at Bruffoel with great brutality, stripping the wounded, driving away the surgeons, and taking from them their instruments and medical apparatus. Sir James Campbell died in their hands the next day. Doctor Wintringham was sent to visit him by the Duke, and found him lying in a cottage within the enemy's quarters, who had not been humane enough to give him any assistance. This has occasioned a pretty warm expostulation between the Duke and Marshal Saxe, who denies knowing or authorizing the behaviour of their irregular troops at Bruffoel; but, by way of recrimination, accuses us of having first violated the cartel, by detaining Belleisle.

The orders which the States have dispatched for their *corps de reserve* to join the army, and for trying the delinquents, alleviate the clamour which would otherwise be raised against them, on account of the bad behaviour of several regiments, both horse and foot, in their service. One Appius, Colonel Commandant of the regiment of Hesse Homburg, rode off upon the spur to Ath, with the greatest part of his men, in the very beginning of the action, and with an impudent folly, equal to his cowardice, wrote from thence to his masters that the allied army had engaged the French, and been totally cut to pieces, except that part which he had prudently brought off safe. I hope after the loss of so much gallant blood, exemplary justice will be done upon the guilty.

Lord Chesterfield returned last Saturday from Holland, and looks much better in his health than when he left us: eating, negotiating, and the fat air of the country, agree with him. He has concluded a treaty regulating the contingents of force and expense for this campaign. I wish it could have been for the whole war. The States agree to bring 52,000 men into the field (including their corps on the Lower Rhine) to our 40,000. In sieges they are to furnish one-third, and we the rest. The expense of the land carriage of artillery is to be borne by the government in Flanders. I take it for granted they could be brought to no more, though it is a most unaccountable thing that we should be at so much trouble to persuade them into what is absolutely requisite for their own security and independence. Have you seen my Lord's speech at taking leave? It is quite calculated for the language it is writ in, and makes but an indifferent figure in English. The thoughts are common, and yet he strains hard to give them an air of novelty; and the quaintess of the expression is quite *à la Française*. You may observe it is intended to steer wide of the alert, and military, and invective turn which reigns through Lord Stair's harangue; and so far was prudent.

Besides the three regiments of Mordaunt, Rice, and Handasyde, there is a draught of 540 men, 15 per company, made out of the Guards, which embarked on Sunday for Flanders. With these reinforcements, and what the Dutch are sending, we hope to look the enemy once more in the face; and if Tournay does but hold out,

some attempt will be made, either by diversion or attack, to raise the siege.

Martin is returned as usual, *re infectá*. People imagined he was gone to the Leeward islands, in search of Caylus, who threatens to invade Nevis and St. Kitt's, where I doubt we are weak. There is an expectation that the Elector of Cologne will join his troops to D'Aremberg. If he does, and Bathiany's come down to the Rhine, we trust Monsieur le Prince must leave the coast clear, and that Smessart's corps, at least, may be detached for Flanders. You see, Sir, we follow the Roman *ne cede malis sed contra audentior ito*, and really people are less dispirited with this than I expected, and full of encomiums on the gallant spirit which has shown itself in our officers and private men.

And now, Sir, I must heartily beg your pardon for this long letter—I should rather call it dispatch. This I promise you, not to trouble you with one so long in haste, for I am naturally a lazy correspondent; but when the scribbling fit is upon me, it is as difficult to leave off as it was uneasy to begin. One question let me put to you, and then I have done. Why are you quite immersed i*n re rustica*? Put your papers in order; write some memoirs for the instruction of your friends, or, if you will, posterity, of your own negotiations and Lord Orford's ministry. Methinks I should be loath to go down to future times either portrayed with all the features of deformity which Lord Bolingbroke's pen can give, or what is as bad, daubed over with the sign-post colouring of the Gazetteers. But I run on insensibly, and you will excuse my freedom as the strongest proof that I can give you of the regard wherewith I am, &c

P. YORKE.

HON. PHILIP YORKE TO HORACE WALPOLE (THE ELDER).

London, May 27, 1745.

DEAR SIR,

Before I leave the town, and conseqnently the fittest field for a correspondence which is not a mere idle one, I cannot help acquainting you with a very astonishing piece of treachery, which is but too true, and which has occasioned the so early surrender of Tournay:—Mons. Hertsell, a principal engineer in the Dutch service, and who was chiefly relied upon for the defence of the place, having been gained over by the French, made his escape to their camp the third day of the siege, and has assisted them with his advice and information in carrying on their approaches. He took off with him two persons who had the care of the sluices, which they had so spoilt, before they deserted, that the Dutch had, in many places, no water at all in it. It is likewise thought that the blowing up a powder magazine, with good part of a Dutch regiment, was owing

to the trains this traitor had laid before he went off. In order to disguise for some time the black contrivance, Van Hoey writ his master a Canterbury tale he had picked up at Paris, that some Frenchmen, fishing in the Scheldt, had found a dead body, which was taken up and judged for that of the above-mentioned engineer. Every body is much shocked and surprised at this perfidy in a man at the top of his profession, and esteemed as well honest as able. Perhaps you may have heard of his name (if I do not mistake it) in the last war, for both Lords Cobham und Stair say they remember him; neither is the governor's conduct approved in consenting to receive the sick and wounded into the citadel, which must create a great and useless consumption of provision, and I am afraid the supplies in it are not near sufficient for the subsistence of so numerous a garrison. Our military men say Monsieur Dort should have retired into the citadel, and left the *bouches inutiles* to the French mercy, which God knows our poor countrymen have found to be that of the wicked, which David says is cruel. Tournay, if well defended and provided, would hold the enemy at bay a whole summer, but I wish, in the present instance, it may find them work for three weeks longer. Upon receiving the news of the town's being surrendered, the States sat extraordinarily from eight in the morning till night, and, I hear, sent the governor orders to hold out to the last. Surely their old spirit has quite left them, as well as their old politics, or they could not see France makmg such large paces towards the conquest of Flanders, without exerting their whole force, and straining every nerve to oppose her progress. It was monstrous not to have even half the quota which they have agreed to bring into the field actually there; when the battle was fought, the whole confederate army, according to the best accounts I have seen, consisted of 46 battalions, and 73 squadrons, making in all 33,000 effective men; the French, of 102 battalions and 149 squadrons, making 60,000, a terrible disproportion, considering, at the same time, how advantageously they were posted, and lined with so many batteries. We have had few particular accounts of the action: some of those first dispatched were stopped on the other side of the water, and the officers write with caution and reserve. It is whispered about, that Prince Waldeck pushed us into this desperate attempt: the best thing that can be said for it now it is over here is, that our Johns love fighting for their money, and that there was no other chance for raising the siege.

EARL OF CHESTERFIELD TO MR. DAVID MALLET.

Dublin Castle, November 27, 1745.

SIR,

I HAVE just now received the favour of your letter of the 20th, which adds to my shame, for not having sooner acknowledged your former. The truth is, that the business of this place, such as it is, is continual; and as I am resolved to do it while I am here, it leaves me little or no time to do things I should like much better; assuring you of my regard and friendship is one of those things, but though one of the most agreeable, I believe the least necessary.

I cannot comprehend the consternation which 8000 of your countrymen have, I find, thrown seven millions of mine into; I, who at this distance, see things only in their plain natural light, am, I confess, under no apprehensions; I consider a Highlander (with submission to you) as Rowe does a Lord, who, when opposed to a man, he affirms to be but a man; from which principle I make this inference, that 49,000 must beat 8000; not to mention our sixteen new regiments, which must go for something, though in my opinion not for much. I have with much difficulty quieted the fears here, which were at first very strong, partly by contagion from England, and partly from old prejudices, which my good subjects are far from being yet above. They are in general still at the year 1689, and have not shook off any religious or political prejudice that prevailed at that time. However, I am very glad I am among them; for in this little sphere, a little may do a great deal of good, but in England they must be much stronger shoulders than mine that can do any good at that bulky machine. Pray let me hear from you as often and as minutely as you have leisure; most correspondents, like most very learned men, suppose that one knows more than one does, and therefore don't tell one half what they could, so one never knows so much as one should.

I am, &c.

CHESTERFIELD.

DUKE OF NEWCASTLE TO THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

[State Paper Office.]

Whitehall, December 1, 1745.

Sir,

THERE is a person whose real name is Broadstreet[8]. He is very conversant with the Jacobites, and has often given me intelligences relating to them. He sets out to-morrow for the rebel army, and will send me constant accounts by the name of Oliver Williams. If your Royal Highness will send in a countryman's coat any person you

[8] Dudley Bradstreet.

can depend upon, and order him to go to the head-quarters of the rebels, and inquire for Mr. Broadstreet, an Irish gentleman, and when he sees him to speak to him by the name of Oliver Williams, he will then open himself fully to him, and acquaint him with all the discoveries he shall have been able to make of the motions and designs of the rebels.

Though I am far from being sure that this will be of any service to your Royal Highness, yet at a time like this nothing ought to be omitted that has the least appearance of it.

I am, &c.

NEWCASTLE.

MK. BRADKEN TO SIR E. FAWKENER.

[State Paper Office.]

Warrington, December 4, 1745.

SIR,

I HAVE been trying to pass by the rebel army ever since Friday last, in order to bring His Royal Highness what accounts and intelligence I had, as well as my own observations on the force, &c. of it.

As I live in Lancaster, and was there while the rebels passed wholly through, I apprehend my account of them may be of use, and I hope it will contribute to their total overthrow. … I knew all their goings on in the year 1715, and have been used to see large armies abroad, so that I made my calculations without any hurry of spirits or surprise, and I am satisfied that their foot is not 5000, one third of which are 60 years of age and upwards and under 17.

As to their horse, they were counted by me in coming in and going out with little variation,and I make them 624, but scarce such as are fit to be called horse: they are so out of order and slender shaped.

The common soldiers are a most despicable crew, being in general low in stature, and of a wan and meagre countenance, stepping along under their arms with difficulty, and what they are about seems more of force than inclination.

I believe one might single out about one thousand fresh looking fellows amongst their officers and soldiers: the first I find are of desperate fortunes in general, and might as well be shot or hanged as go back. There are several very old fellows who were at the battle of Sheriffmuir, in the last rebellion, and have brought their sons and grandsons along with them now; so you will judge what kind of a show they must make, especially to a person used to the sight of troops fit for the field.

While they were at Lancaster, I happened to sup with their Duke of Athol, whom I knew in France, after he went off with the Pretender. There were at supper two Scotchmen who I found were

come over from France, and had been in the service of that Crown several years, and three other young gentlemen, some of whose names were Murray. What I observed by their discourse was, that they designed to push for London, with all speed, but did not themselves know the route. The Marquis of Tullibardine went so far as saying, it would be time for Don George to march off very soon. I observed also that they magnified their numbers exceedingly, and told confounded lies about their proceedings, but to repeat that part would be tedious.

As I came from Lancaster hither, I secured several of the straggling rebels, disarmed and sent them to our gaol, so that we have about nine or ten of them safe. Upon one of the fellows, dressed like an Englishman. I seized fifty-two letters, all dated 27th November, the day they left Preston, and I designed to have carried them to Field-Marshal Wade, but finding he was on Thursday sevennight last only four miles south of Darlington, I made a trial to pass the rebel army at or near Manchester, and finding I could not do it with safety, I went to Liverdown, and, as I am yet hindered by the bridges being pulled down, I sent this express by the post.

The letters were opened on my applying to Mr. Magnall, a justice of peace in Lancashire, and those from the great ones mention their full expectations that their King and Duke will be at London before this army, which they say gives them uneasiness.

Other letters tell their friends in Scotland that their army now consists of 24,000 men, and that neither dike, ditch, nor devil can turn them; but I hope these are no true prophets.

In general they are well armed, but I dare say most of them cannot charge quick, for their pistols are of the screw sort; and as to the common men, very few of them have any pistols, and the target, it is plain, is more for single combat than field fighting; so that when their army is fairly faced, it must be borne down entirely, it is so weak and light.

Their chief is about 5 foot 11 inches high, pretty strong and well built, has a brown complexion, full cheeks, and thickish lips that stand out a little. He looks more of the Polish than the Scotch breed, for he is nothing like the King they call his grandfather. He looks very much dejected, not a smile being seen in all his looks, for I walked a quarter of a mile with him on the road, and afterwards saw him in his lodgings amongst company.

His guards were in a horrible pother at Lancaster in the night, thinking they had lost him, but he was only gone for a little walk into the garden.

As to the 52 letters which I took from the footpost between the army and Edinburgh, they are gone to Lord Cholmondeley, who, I dare say, will forward them to the Duke of Newcastle’s office.

I am a practiser of physic in Lancaster. If you think proper to honour me with two lines of your receipt of this express, for which I intend to wait at Warrington, and for any orders from you that can be executed by, Sir,

Your most devoted humble servant,

HENRY BRADKEN.

ABSTRACT OF THE EXAMINATION OF MR. MURRAY, OF BROUGHTON, BEFORE THE SECRET COMMITTEE, AUGUST 13, 1746.

[From the papers of Lord Chancellor Hardwicke]

LORD TRAQUAIR acquainted him, in the beginning of 1743, that in 1740 an association was signed by the seven following persons, in favour of the Pretender, namely, Lord Traquair himself, the late Lord Perth, Lord John Drummond, uncle to the late Lord Perth, Sir James Campbell of Auchinbreck, Lord Lovat, young Lochiel, and Mr. John Stuart, brother to Lord Traquair. This paper was sent to Rome by Drummond, alias Macgregor[9], who carried at the same time a memorial to the Cardinal de Fleury, with a list of the Highland chiefs that were thought well-affected to the Pretender. Amongst them were the names of Sir Alexander Macdonald and the Laird of Macleod. Drummond, on his return to Scotland in 1741-2, acquainted Lord Traquair and the rest, that the Cardinal had received him very graciously, and promised, on encouragement from England, to send troops into Scotland, in autumn, 1742. Lord Traquair was employed in London to get this encouragement, and told the examinant afterwards, that the principal persons he had conversed with on the subject were, Sir John Hinde Cotton, Sir Watkin Wynn, and Lord Barrymore; that Dr. Barry, Colonel Cecil, and Colonel Brett were concerned as agents.

In March or April, 1743, the examinant was prevailed with, by Lord Traquair and Lochiel, to undertake a journey to Paris, in order to see whether the French assurances were to be depended on. During the short abode he made by the way in town, he talked with no Englishman whatever on the Pretender's affairs. When he arrived in France, he was introduced by Drummond and Sempill to Cardinal Tencin and M. Amelot, to whom he opened his commission, and the latter told him his master had the Pretender's interest much at heart, and would take the first opportunity of assisting him. The examinant came back to Edinburgh in the summer, and made a report of what had passed to the persons above mentioned. The scheme was, that 3000 French were to be sent to Scotland, 1500 to land at Inverness, and as many in the Western Highlands, and to be joined by the

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[9] Of Bohaldie.

disaffected clans in those parts. At the same time, Marshal Saxe was to make a descent with 12,000 men near London.

About this time Drummond was a few days in London, and had meetings with Sir J. H. Cotton, W. Wynn, and Lord Barrymore, in relation to these matters, which, after the invasion was disappointed, slept awhile, till, in June, 1744, the examinant was persuaded by Lord Traquair to make a second journey to France, which he agreed to, took our army in his way, and had frequent conversations at Paris with the young Pretender, Sir Thomas Sheridan, Lord Elcho, Drummond, and Sempill. The young Pretender made no doubt of being supported by the French Court, but told him he would come, though he brought but a single footman.

The examinant, on his return to Edinburgh, reconsidered the whole matter with Lord Traquair, Lochiel, and Lord Perth. The two former thought it a rash enterprise; the latter had a better opinion of it. The Laird of Macleod declared that, though he looked upon it as a desperate scheme, he would join the Pretender if he came, and he informed Murray, in April, 1745, that the Jacobites in England were well disposed, but against stirring, unless France would assist them.

The first notice which the examinant received of the young Pretender's resolution to set out for Scotland, was in June, 1745, upon which he acquainted Lochiel and Macleod with it, who both disapproved it, as rash and unseasonable, and encouraged the examinant to write dissuasive letters, which he did accordingly, but they came too late; the young Pretender landed at Arisaig, and Mr. Murray joined him, and acted as his Secretary. He knows of no letters being sent into England, but one to Lord Barrymore from Perth, written with the young Pretender's own hand. Sir Thomas Sheridan told him he had sent Hickson to talk with people in the north, but named nobody. He knows of no letters received from persons not in arms, except Lord Lovat. He was not acquainted with Sir James Stewart's negotiation at Versailles, nor with Lord Clancarty's message to France in August last. He says Sheridan was the person in principal confidence with the young Pretender, who had the correspondence with France entirely in his hands. To the best of his knowledge there was no money remitted from England to the young Pretender, and, during the whole time of their being in England, they received no message nor application from any person in it, which vexed them extremely. He does not know that any body about the Pretender had any dependence on the late Provost, nor is he acquainted withthe private correspondences they might have in Edinburgh. He recollects that during the siege of Stirling Castle, Sir John Douglas came to Bannockburn, and was introduced privately to him in his chamber, that is, he was obliged to go to Stirling. Sir John was carried to his audience of the young Pretender by Sheridan, and only told him (Murray) in general, at his return, that

he had a message from the Pretender's friends in England, that 10,000*l*. was deposited in London for his use, and that a messenger was setting out for France when he left it; Sir John did not tell him by whom the message was sent to France, but he concluded it was by the persons above mentioned.

At Derby, the young Pretender was singly of opinion for marching on to London, against the advice of the whole council of war; but the examinant advised him to submit to the general sense of his offtcers. He does not believe the rebels were above 5000 men at Derby. They had little or no intelligence from any quarter whilst they were in England. He has heard the Duke of Beaufort named by the Pretender's friends as one that wished them well; but he does not know of any person that corresponded with him. After the battle of Culloden, Macdonald of Lochgarry offered to lie in wait for the Duke, between Fort Augustus and Fort William, and shoot him,but the young Pretender absolutely forbade him to attempt any such thing.

The declaration of the 10th of October, 1745, was drawn up by Sheridan and Sir James Stewart.

Being shown two letters, dated Paris, one signed Drummond Macgregor, and the other G. Kelley, he acknowledged both their hands, and recollected that the first had been read over to him by Sheridan. He also said to the best of his remembrance, the deciphering of the names over the figures was in Sheridan's hand.

These two letters are most remarkable ones, and were found amongst the papers taken at Culloden; but where, or in what manner, I can give no account. The first was written not long after the battle of Gladsmuir, and before the march into England. The writer speaks sanguinely of the French having a real intention to support the young Pretender's cause, and says he had taken great pains to persuade his friends in England to declare themselves; that he had, from the beginning, corresponded with the principal of them, who were connected with and trusted by all the Royalists in the kingdom, such as the Duke of Beaufort, Lord Orrery, Sir W. Wynn. Sir J. H. Cotton, and Lord Barrymore; that the latter was much relied on, and a great deal left to his management; that he did not doubt but, as soon as the young Pretender had made any advances in England, and shown his friends there an army able to protect them, they would flock to his standard from all quarters. He mentions his long and painful adherence to the Jacobite cause; that he was now worn out with age and infirmities, but could have wished to have ended his life gloriously in the field, fighting with the rest of his gallant countrymen in defence of his lawful prince and the liberties of Scotland. I think this letter is addressed to the young Pretender himself.

The other is a despatch to Sheridan from Kelly, who was sent to France after the taking of Edinburgh, to represent the state of the Pretender's affairs in Scotland, and solicit succours. After mentioning the narrow escape he had from being seized at Camp Veer,[10] by the Consul there, he proceeds to give an account of the conferences he had with the French ministry upon his arrival, and how strongly he had represented the necessity of their making a speedy diversion in favour of the Pretender, by a descent upon the south. He relates the particular answers he received from Marshal Noailles, the D'Argensons, and Mons. Maurepas: but the most remarkable passage is what fell from Cardinal Tencin, who expressed himself very hearty in the Pretender's interests, but complained of the backwardness of the Pretender's friends in England to appear in arms for him, and insisted that, before the embarkation then in hand was completed, Sir J. H. Cotton should give up his place, and that when his resignation was published in the Gazette, he (the Cardinal) should consider it as a sufficient pledge for his master to send bis troops upon. To which Kelly answered, that it was not reasonable to expect a rising of the Jacobites here till they saw an army capable of protecting them in the island; and as to Sir J. H. Cotton, his Eminence should reflect how hazardous it would be for him to resign at this juncture, since the moment after he would be sent to the Tower.

I can recollect nothing else material in the letter. Mr. Kelly flourishes a little on the esteem and affection professed by every body at Paris for the young Pretender; and compliments Sheridan on the credit he had acquired by his conduct.

These letters were read over to us at the Secret Committee, when the drawing up a Report on the Rebellion was under consideration; but for what reasons I do not well know, it was afterwards laid aside. I have reason to think that the moderation of Mr. Pelham, and the Cabinet Ministers, then satisfied with having bronght the leaders of the Rebellion to the block, and having the rest at mercy, did not choose to push inquiries further. The Tories at first seemed very angry with us for letting the names of Sir Watkin, &c., slip out of Murray's mouth; and Prowse,[11] a Tory, but no Jacobite, asked Speaker Onslow, if some notice ought not to be taken of it in the House. Mr. Onslow intimated that he believed the parties concerned would not choose it. Prowse replied, "That I cannot help; others know themselves best."

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[10] Camp Veer, in Zealand.

[11] Mr. Prowse was M.P. for Somersetshire.

EARL OF CHESTERFIELD TO MR. DAVID MALLET.

Bath, March 9, 1748.

SIR,

I AM very much concerned at the continuance of your complaint, and am afraid that you increased it by the letter which you favoured me with. I shall put your eyes to that trial no more of a good while at least, for I shall be in town next Monday or Tuesday, and I hope for the rest of my life, except now and then a little excursion to this place, which always does me good. I can say to you now, without a compliment, what I could not with truth have said to you some years ago, which is, that I do not know a pair of eyes in which I interest myself so much as I do in yours. I use the word "interest" here very properly, for it is from the use of your eyes that I expect the best employment for my own.

By this time I suppose that I am a little out of fashion, as a subject of political refinements; and that new matter has shoved me off the coffee-house tables. I own I should not have been sorry to have heard, unseen, the various speculations thrown out, and facts asserted concerning myself of late; which I dare say were full as near the truth as those will be which some solid historians of these times will transmit to posterity. Not one of them will allow the desire of ease and quiet to have had the least share in my determination; but on the contrary will assert that it was only the pretence of disappointed ambition. Lord Chesterfield would be Cæsar or nothing, says a spirited politician; there is something more in this affair than we yet know, says a deeper; he expects to be called again, says a third; while the silent pantomimical politician shrugs at every thing eventually, and is sure not to be disproved at last. They are all welcome; let them account for my present situation how they please, this I know, and they do not, that I feel and enjoy the comfort of it.

Before I left London I spoke to Mr. Pelham concerning you; he told me that he had been exceedingly pressed by Lyttleton in favour of Thomson and West. I answered that I had a great value for them both, and should be extremely sorry to hurt either, but they had already something, and could therefore, in my opinion, better wait a little than you. Our conversation ended, as all those conversations do, with general assurances on his part, that he would do for you when he could. None but he who gives these assurances can know the real value of them; for he could not say more if he meant to realize them, and he would not say less if he did not: all that I can say is that he shall not want a remembrancer. The situation of your affairs makes me only more anxious, but not more desirous to serve you than I was before; as it was your merit, which I did know, and not your circumstances, which I did not know, that made me, what I ever shall be,

Your most faithful friend and servant,
CHESTERFIELD.

EARL MARISCHAL TO PRINCE CHARLES STUART.

Paris., May 18, 1754.

I AM honoured with yours in which you bid me name any person for carrying of your letters, except Mr. Goring or Mr. Boson. It is what I shall never take upon me, that I may not expose you to the danger of trusting new folks. Mr. Goring is known for a man of honour. I must beg your pardon in what you say of his "abusing of your situation." Had it been as happy as he has ventured life to make it, he neither would nor should have thought himself under any obligation to suffer the usage he has met with in return to the truth and fidelity with which he has served you. The fidelity of both the persons to whom you make exception is without dispute, by the plain proof of so long and so extraordinary concealment of your person.

My health and my heart are broke by age and crosses. I resolve to retire from the world and from all affairs. I never could be of use to you, but in so far as I was directed by some few honourable persons, deservedly respected by all who know them. The manner in which you received lately a message from them, full of zeal for your interest and affection for your person, has, I fear, put an end to that correspondence. And after your threatening to publish their names, from no other provocation than their representing to you what they judge for their true interest, and of which they are without doubt the best judges, can I expose any who may trust me with their confidence to such hazard? I appeal to your own conscience, and I may to the world—if I can. I here take leave of polities, praying God that he may open your eyes to your true interest, and give you as honest advisers and better received than those you had lately, and who are the only ones with whom I could serve you.

I have the honour to be, &c. &c.

PRINCE CHARLES (UNDER THE NAME OF JOHN DOUGLAS) TO EARL MARISCHAL.

[From a rough draught in the Stuart Papers.]

May, 1754.

YOU are the only friend that I know of, this side of the water. My misfortunes are so great that they render me really quite incapable of supporting the impertinences of low people. However, I am so much a countryman as to lay aside any personal piques, *pro re natâ*; but I do not think a prince can. He (the Prince), I am persuaded, will be able to show himself in his true light one day. My heart is broke

enough without that you should finish it; your expressions are so strong without saying where. I am obliged here to let you see clear at least in one article. Any one whosoever that has told you I gave such a message to England as you mention, has told you a d— lie. God forgive them! I would not do the least hurt to my greatest enemy were he in my power, much less to any one that professes to be mine.

For ever yours,

J. DOUGLAS.