

Letter from J. O'Hara, 2nd Baron Tyrawly, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, to Henry Pelham; 11th November 1745.

Dear Sir,

Newcastle the 11th of No.^{ber} 1745

By a Courier the Marshal is going to send to London, I have Onely time to acquaint you that I transmit to S^r Wm. Fonge a Memorial to the King, praying that my Rank, and S^r John Ligoniers may be Examined into. I have not time to send you a Copy of the Memorial but I send a rough draught of it to Mr. Tweiss to give you a fair Copy of. Nothing can be less founded that Ligoniers pretentions. We are to March after to Morrow, but hethertoo, not the least Preparation is made for it, and nothing appears amongst us, but hurry, irresolution and confusion. Wade must have a succession of Durouces about him, and so we have a Quarter Master General of that name. The Man means his best, but does not know his Right hand from his Left. What it will all come to God onely knows. Huske is the onely officer amongst us. Count Nassau is indolent, and seems not to give himself any trouble. Swartzenbourg is not a Puzzlepate but a too methodical officer. Wentworth is a Trifler, and the rest of the General Officers are boys and upon the whole I never saw so ill a conducted Machine as Our Army, and if we dont get into some better way of Acting before we come near the Rebels I wont Answer for what befalls us. This Everybody sees, and saies

that ever saw an Army. I pay my Court with Assiduity to the Marshall, and in the most respectfull Manner tell him my oppinions at propper times. I should not blame him for not following my advice, if he followed any at all, but nothing is determined, or done. In short we are no Army, but rather a Fair or a County Election, and I am ashamed that Sir Harry Liddal, and several Zealous Gentlemen of the Country should see, how little we know our business. I am Dear Sir

*Your most faithfull
humble servant,
Tyrawby*

Dear Sir

Newcastle the 11th of Nov^r 1795

By a Courier the Marshal is going to tend to London, I have
only time to acquaint you, that I have sent to Sr W^m Yonge
a Memorial to the King, praying that my Rank, and Sr
John Ligoniers may be Examined into. I have not time to
send you a Copy of the Memorial, but I send a rough draught,
of it to Mr Goring, to give you a fair Copy of. Nothing can
be left founded that Ligoniers pretensions. We are to March
a Week to Morrow, but hitherto, not the least Preparation is made
for it, and nothing appears amongst us, but hurry, irresolution
and confusion. Wade must have a Succession of Disorders about
him, and so We have a Quarter Master General of that name.
The Man means his best, but does not know, his Right hand
from his Left. What it will all come to God only knoweth. Huske
is the only Officer amongst us. Count Rastau is indolent, and
Sr H. Mr Pelham.

seems not to give himself any trouble. Swastrenburg is not a
Guerillade, but a ¹⁶⁰ Methodical Officer, Westworth is a Grifter,
and the rest of the General Officers are boys, and upon the whole
I never saw so ill a conducted Machine as this Army, and if we don't
get into some better way of Acting before we come near the Hills
I don't know for what we fall us. This long body, and I say
that ever saw an Army. I say my Court with affiduity to the
Marshall, and in the most respectful manner tell him my
opinions at proper times, I should not blame him for not
following my advice, if he followed any at all, but nothing is
determined, or done. In short we are no Army, but rather a
Fair or a County Election, and I am ashamed that ^{for} Harry
Liddell, and several zealous Gentlemen of the Country
should so little we have our business. I am Dear Sir

Your most faithful
Humble Servant,

Pyrawley