



LETTERS FROM JOHN JONES 1791-1822

Edited by Sarah Harrison

PROOF COPY

[Transcript of original letters so the numbering relates to letter pages front and verso. The letter scan names have not been inserted but are easy to find using the date of the letter. The pencil numbering indicate that some letters are missing from the original collection. The numbering was probably done by Juxon Henry Jones who owned the letters. The footnotes need to be checked and completed.]

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[pencil: 6]

[pencil: Feb 7/91]

Dear Jennefee,

As I did not return to chambers, last Saturday, till near six o'clock, & consequently did not receive your letter, till then, I did not notice it in the letter I wrote to my mother from the Oxford Coffee-house. In that letter I gave an account of the very curious manner in which the late curious match has been cobbled up. I shall forbear any further remarks on the subject, for I can offer none which you have not already suggested to yourself. It will be a friendly, though, I hope, not a fruitless wish, that the parties may live very happily. I approve of the plan, of noticing this junction (for I will not call it a marriage) in the Exeter Papers, and I would have it done in this form "27th January, 1791. Married at St Pancras's in Middlesex, Philip Stowey of Kenbury in Devonshire Esqr. to Miss Ann Sheldon"¹ for a longer tale than this would probably occasion more observation than is necessary for the credit of the well-adapted couple. As it stands, it will, no doubt furnish a lasting subject of conversation in your quarter, and I hope that may be the most disagreeable consequence. At my mother's resentment I am by no means surprized - and indeed, indignation is the only emotion which I feel, for I am never surprized by any follies arising from an infatuated attachment between any persons, for I believe it clearly within the reach of possibility, for a lad to fall in love with his toothless grandmama, & I hardly know whether to discredit the story of a young man's passion for his pussy. Visits & Congratulations will flow in a very shallow stream to Kenbury on this event, and the misfortune is that the channel is choaked by a certain obstacle which nothing can remove. My mother, I suppose, is now at ease with regard to the suspicions she once entertained of my partiality for Miss Ann, and the only consolation I can now offer her, is to congratulate her on the present impossibility of my perdition. Miss Radnor is "good enough for me" & she has vowed celibacy

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You ask me what Tom Sheldon² says on the business - destroy this letter & I'll tell you - He says nothing in direct terms, but when I begin, he always expresses himself in a ludicrous indignant, sarcastick manner. He rejoices that he was not present at the mock ceremony - I asked him, in jest, if he wd go down to the first Christening & stand Godfather - he replied that he never stood godfather to bastards - "What! not to your own nephews or nieces" - "No bastards are nephews or nieces of mine" - He complains that Mr S. behaved to him very improperly in the division of the furniture, but acquitted Miss Ann, who, he thinks, did so too, by Stowey's instigation. He does not think he will treat her well, from having observed that S. took every opportunity of teizing & tormenting her while they were together at his house. Upon the whole he treats the matter with more derision than anger & seems to think, as indeed he says - that it is no business of his - What says John Sheldon³? Pray let me know.

Miss Ann (not Mrs Stowey) must not have her recollection about her when she says she left Tom in better spirits than she ever saw him, for I believe, the week before she left town he said not three words to any one. Your conjecture that there is any, the least shyness between him and me is

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altogether as ill founded, for scarce a day has passed since I came to town, but we have been together, and as soon as I have written this letter, I shall again call upon him. A young man called Charles, who is a native of India, and of whom we have often heard Mrs Stowey & Miss Ann speak, is now at the house -

If you refer to my letter, I think you will find I did not send for the hospital Sermon.

Dr Jennefee
yr. affetc brother
J. Jones.⁴

Temple - Sunday Afternoon [pencil: 6th January 1791

February most likely as it is subsequent to the 27 Janry mentioned in the letter as past]

The former part of my letter was written yesterday afternoon, and as there are two or three things I want to say further, I shall employ this sheet as a postscript.

You will tell my father that I have not yet heard from my uncle Jones, which he gave me reason to expect. You will also tell him that if he wishes to be wigged by Ravenscroft there will be an opportunity of sending up his block with my things, and desire he will mark round the block with a pencil where the edge of the wig comes-thus [sketch] and I will communicate his directions to Ravenscroft accordingly.

I employed Ezekiel⁵ to engrave a plate of my arms for my books which, by this time, must be finished - Pray don't omit to send it, and you may let me have an impression enclosed in your next letter. My best affections to my father & mother

Monday afternoon

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6th of [co: January] Febry 1791

[addressed] To
Miss Jennefee Jones
at Mr. Thomas Jones's
Exeter

[stamped] FE 7 91

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[pencil: 8]

9th April, 1791 [torn]

Dear Jennefee,

Of a number of letters now lying in my scrutore, yours is the first in point of date, though, perhaps, the last in point of interest, therefore I shall avail myself of the opportunity of conveying this & a couple of books to you, in a packet of Sheldon's - the books are two invaluable original MSS. of my own composition and are supposed, by some eminent antiquaries, to have been written towards the close of the twentieth century, and contain a report of the trial of some iniquitous borough candidate for the crime of bribery. The elegance of the style and the interest of the subject are

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deserving of equal praise. It is requested that you or my father will let my uncle Jones have the first perusal of them, as my father will then have a good reason for having them returned to him for his information. Tell my father that I have not had the copy of the minutes of the decision - as soon as the cause was ended the minutes were lent to Tonkin⁶, & he has retained them ever since - at least, they were not returned to Sarel⁷ when I last called upon him for them; but I shall call again this morning and, possibly, I may be able to obtain and transcribe them into my notebook. My father will be pleased to take care that they are not lost or injured, as they may at some future time be of great use to me, and when they are done with, my uncle may send the spectacle glasses back with them.

I should like to have passed a few days with you & your party of Lardners⁸ in the assize week - but perhaps its as well as it is - for I should have been so anxious to keep up my superiority in height to these two little men, by reaming⁹ my neck & walking tiptoe, that dislocation & lameness are two of the least evils I should have suffered. - Besides, who knows but I might have fallen in love with the little bride, having so great a predilection for diminutive women, and then what with duels, bloodshed, divorce, doctors-commons, and alimony, I should have been in

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[torn]le, by the Lord. These and the like terrifick apprehensions have deterred me from spying [torn]he firebrand at No. 85 Cornhill. Upon my honour you are full of good intentions towards your beloved brother. It is not enough to send me in persuit of a girl, when I am already harrassed, beset and baited by them like a cat before a pack of hounds; but I must run the risque of being taken up and committed to Clerkenwell for an eves-dropper or an incendiary. If you chuse to give Miss Burn my address and inform her that I am to be found at home every evening between 9 and 11, I shall have no objection to receive her and be admitted to the honour of her acquaintance. My next letter shall give you an accurate description of No 85 & of its inhabitants &c, in the mean time, I beg you will enquire what fortune she has, and if it is not less than ten thousand, please to devise some method by which I may get introduced to the lady. I called upon Opie¹⁰ a day or two since, & gave him my uncle's¹¹ address, for the purpose of sending down the portraits - you will say, of Miss Ann's, that it is the best you ever saw. Do you perceive any alteration in Miss Ann, since her union? - I do not ask this question in a ludicrous way, but from a real desire of knowing whether any change has taken place in her manners & general behaviour, and whether she seems satisfied with her change of condition? Tom's rupture with my uncle, is, I fear, irreparable; both parties have been blameable.

I have not had the pleasure of seeing Mr Gibbs¹² since his return from the circuit; being extremely loath to encroach upon his time at this moment, as he is very much taken up with committee business. He says I study too much! I can give him the most positive proofs to the contrary; and with regard to the present state of my health - by g-d I was never better in my life, than I have been since I came, last, to town; except a very slight incommoditè yesterday, which en France s'appelle la migraine & in England, vapours, or fantasy, or spleen or what not - in short, it is such a distemper as prevents a man from giving a civil answer to any question that may be asked him, or from laughing at any jeu d'esprit that he may chance to hear - In plain English, then, it is vexation of spirit - At Le Texier's¹³ I yesterday saw an elegant agreeable woman, who was neither lively, young, or pretty. I should like to have known her. This circumstance led me into

a train of reflexions, of which I shall not give a Detail - But I thought there was an [torn] of real pleasure, of which my present situation entirely bereaved me - of domestick life, of the exercise [torn] social affections, of the conversation & esteem of that sex who form the supreme happiness of ours - I asked myself if the privation of these pleasures were compensated by the turbulence of a publick station, by painful studies, and by the prospect, however distant & uncertain, of future

honours & riches? I answered "yes" - at once, because I was ashamed to hesitate. But still, the imagination was at work, with the most inveterate obstinacy, in drawing these idle comparisons. I was displeased at my own perverseness & discontent - I eat very little dinner, drank no wine & adjourned from the coffee-house to Sheldon's, in hopes of a little diversion - in my way there I met Chissem¹⁴ and accosted him with such an unusual degree of volubility, that the little man seemed so confounded & perplexed that he did not know what to say; and while I was taking breath for a fresh volley of words, I had the most complete triumph in remarking his awkwardness. This did me wonderful service, and I recovered apace, and have been getting better ever since. I have given you a true state of my present complaint; and if you have any sagacity, you must discover that it is without a name - that it is occasioned by too much solitude - and that it is one of those disorders, of which the cure is more to be dreaded than the disease itself. This is my birthday - the first, I believe, I ever spent alone - and I shall however make merry, bye and bye, at the Oxford - I shall toast myself and family, and wish me many happy returns of the present day - I shall sing a good song, crack a joke or two in my sleeve, & abt .1/2 after 5 shall call upon Tom Sheldon, & make him stretch his long legs, in a long walk, & conclude the evening, in a sober game of cribbage with him.

I must have alarmed all the lawyers in my staircase with the vociferous laughter that was irresistibly excited by my mother's droll account of the calamities of the family in the close - yet I am concerned for the poor little fellow, and should really feel an excessive uneasiness if he were to do otherwise than well, for I am led to expect some satisfaction from my connexion, if he should inherit his mother's good disposition & his father's fortune & understanding. If the child should take a flight to paradise, there will be an annihilation of the family of JONES - I have vowed celibacy - & for you celibacy is already on record "in heaven's high chancery" - When

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[torn] into futurity, I imagine you & myself, in a pure state of chastity, like Miss Tarrant & [torn]arry - you stooping over the fire, skimming the chocolate for my breakfast, & I strutting in a [torn] wig and yarn stockings, conning a speech for my client - When you see Kendall¹⁵, tell I want to get a copy of his book for Mr Gibbs - ask him, if I can get one in town & where? & if not, beg he will send me one, which, I think, he will not refuse, especially when he is informed for what purpose I want it. How do affairs go on at the cottage? When you see Lardner¹⁶ make my service to him - he

is a good fellow, and I have a great regard for him - make my love to Betsy¹⁷. Is Nelson in Exeter? I have not seen him lately - he told me, I think, of some promotion of his old chum Bellew¹⁸ - is Bellew in Exeter, or has he been there lately? - I wish to know this. - Don't forget to let me know. With my best affections at home,

Dr. Jennefee yr. ever
J. J.

Temple - 9 April 1791.

I heard from Worcestershire on Thursday - heavy complaints of Devonshire silence - Betsy has never written - it's very, very wrong.

[Address:

To

Miss Jennefee Jones
at Mr Thomas Jones's
in St Paul's Street¹⁹
Exeter

[pencil: 9]

[pencil: May 4/91]

Dear Jennefee,

The books & letter which I sent in Sheldon's parcel, the former to my father & the latter to my mother, have, doubtless, been received before this time, & I hope they have both proved satisfactory to the respective parties. I should have written to you some days since had I not waited for last night, in order to give you an account of the lady mayoress's ball which I had the supreme honour of attending in company with Mr T. S. to whom I was indebted for my ticket. You can easily imagine to yourself a great number of large rooms lighted up with innumerable lamps, & crouded with a mob of company of all conditions, peers, shopkeepers, ambassadors, cheesemongers &c. The persons of quality whom I recognized there, were the dutchesses of Gordon, Leeds & Bedford, Lord Hood, the Bavarian, Siberian, & Venetian Ministers & their wives, & I thought I recollected the features of the Courtenay family, in a very pretty girl who was dancing in a small party in one of the passages. In the great room sate the Lady Mayoress, who is reported to be a vulgar woman, though her appearance does not, by any means, bespeak it, & before her seat, which was a sort of throne under a canopy, were danced the minuets, all by one man, whose office I take to be, minuet dancer to the Corporation of London. He was very much like Chronhelm²⁰, but shorter & fat - In a quarter of an hour I would be bound to teach China Taperell²¹ to dance better; & this rascal danced, minuet after minuet with many very pretty girls, to my utter dismay. The country dancers succeeded better, & if they had had more space they would have been better pleased; for you will conceive that it must be an enormous house which would receive two thousand people, without crouding. I did not dance, nor did Sheldon, but we amused ourselves from time to time with lemonade, negus, orgeat and perfumed coffee, of all which, I believe, he tasted, & could not have drank upon a reasonable computation, less than a couple of quarts. We went abt. 9 o'clock & were very near an hour getting from Newgate Street to the Mansion House, so great was the croud of carriages - he accompanied me to my chambers where I regaled him, literally with sea fare - grog & ships biscuits

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[torn]r, and remained at least two hours - that is, from half after twelve when we quitted the ball, till near three in the morning! I made him laugh by suggesting what the Devil, my father & mother would think of us, if they could have taken a peep at that moment.- Both of us full drest, that is to say, as smart as we could possibly equip ourselves - my room in dire confusion, my dirty cloaths being scattered about - the table covered with biscuits, bottles, snuff canisters & boxes, slop bason & coffee cups out of which we drank our grog - Sheldon lying upon two chairs, in his black poplin coat, with his eyes shut & a segar in his mouth - I, doing the honours of the repast, sucking my segar, with a huge cocked hat, upon my head, which I had been obliged to borrow of him & the room full of the fumes of tobacco, which, in some measure, compensated for the want of fire in my chimney - To a casual observer this scene would have furnished some subject for animadversion.

I approve of your intention of rubbing up your French, though I distrust your resolution. The book which I most strongly recommend to you, is Madame de Genlis's letters - which are usually styled "Adele et Theodore" - it contains much important information to a person of your sex & your years; & is written in an easy & polite style. Get Chambaud's grammar & read 4 or 5 pages a day with such attention as may enable you to understand perfectly what is written, but you need not burden

your memory with learning to recite. Of the letters, I recommend you to make a firm resolution, [c.o. (if you are capable of it)] to read so many pages, or what would be better, so many letters a day, & set apart a particular hour for it. Don't read much - abt. an hour or two a day will suffice - but be sure you understand what you read, particularly the grammatical rules - read the letters aloud - & keep Madame Boutmont's pronunciation in your mind - & to this old Lady, a few occasional visits, would not be amiss - Talk a great deal to her; endeavour to recount some long stories - the news of the day, or any popular occurrence at large, & let her correct you - The snip snap conversation of - comment vous portez vous - il fait beau - vous avez l'aire malade - vos angelures sont'elles queries! - does not conduce much to the solid knowledge of any language. When you have finished Madame de Genlis, in which you will proceed with deliberate perseverance, let me know, & I will take care to point out a fresh road, which, I think, will conduct you very safely to the end of your journey - One thing I had nearly forgot to mention - Chambaud's vocabulary, I believe, I gave you - Do not omit to learn

by heart, at least, a page a day.

Mr & Mrs Day, whom I saw yesterday, leave town to-day, & propose to make some stay at Ba[torn] Mrs D. favoured me with that natural production, which indeed was neither like fish, flesh nor fowl - I could have dispensed with it - if it be your wish to send me presents of this sort, I take the liberty of requesting you will convey them by younger messengers - the pretty girl at 85 Cornhill might have brought me two or three dozen & I should not have been displeased to receive them at her hands - her lips rather. I explored Cornhill & found that No 85 was a silversmiths shop and the master's name Godden - the sign of the shop is the Elephant, & it is within a couple of doors of the royal exchange. I have never passed that way without making a dislocation of my neck in searching for this little beauty at the windows - I, one day, saw, a very fashionable back, in the first floor, which presently faced about, and as I glassed her, & looked at her with some degree of attention, & kept my eyes on her as I proceeded, she very naturally looked at me with some sort of observation - partly from the stare direct, which I levelled at her, & partly from the little emotion, with which, I suppose, my figure struck her. I was not near enough to discriminate features, & should not know her if I were to see her again.

I have been once or twice at Le Texier's since I was honoured with your prudent counsel, & notwithstanding your grave advice, I am apt to believe, that I shall omit no opportunity of passing my evenings there, whenever it may occur. The last time I was there - last Friday - I saw Weston of Mamhead²² - I yesterday saw Tommy Popkins²³, but could not reach to speak to him. Meyers of Exeter, I very often meet, crawling & seemingly, skulking about the town, always alone - Churchill I saw yesterday - he is not to my taste, but I behaved civilly to him. I have not room left to explain my reason for enquiring about young Bellew²⁴ - I regret the Captain's death - I must now close my letter - I expect Miss Radnor, every moment, to take a walk with me in the Mall - Best affections at home, Dr. Jennefee - your loving brother

John Jones

Temple - Wednesday 4 May 1791.

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4th of May 1791

[address:

To

Miss Jennefee Jones
at Mr Thomas Jones's

in St Paul's Street
Exeter

[stamped: MA 4 91]

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[pencil: 10]

[pencil: May 26/91]

Dear Jennefee,

Your intention of employing some part of your time in perfecting your knowledge of French, I have, already, commended, and am glad to perceive that there are some symptoms of a perseverance in that intention. My motive in approving this application of your leisure hours is not founded upon a conviction of the necessity of a knowledge of the French language as an indispensable accomplishment in a young woman, either as a means of polishing her manners, or as an introduction to book-learning; for the former is best acquired by her own observations which her intercourse with the world will suggest, and the latter should be cautiously avoided as tending to estrange her inclinations from the necessary duties of the sex: but my approbation arises from a full persuasion of the truth of a hackneyed adage - that idleness is the root of all evil, and that the knowledge of French, though not of itself, an object of absolute utility & importance is nevertheless an elegant ornament of education. In the choice of books, I shall, therefore, always advise such as will inform the understanding, & regulate the moral conduct of the reader, in preference to those which discuss subjects of dark speculation, of ancient history, & particularly of fictitious history upon which subject there is an infinite number of french books. Dramatick writings I hold in great estimation as they entertain & improve with't fatiguing the understanding; but of these I almost incline to confine myself to what is usually called the serious or genteel comedy. I scarcely know one french poet who is not either too metaphysical, too licentious, or too poetical for a female reader - Boileau's Satires are an exception to this remark. However it will be early enough to speak upon this subject when you have gone through the book I have sent you. Two cautions I exhort you to attend to - read but little & thoroughly understand what you read, & never proceed to a fresh sentence till you have a perfect comprehension of the one which precedes it: rather than do this, it would even be advisable to communicate your difficulties to me, if your own enquiries are not sufficient to solve them. Your French letter is tolerably correct; the principal defect is

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[torn]matical expression, which a few months reading will, in great measure, supply. I do not answer you in French, for your books will furnish you with better French than I can write, and I should be loath to lead you into errors by my imperfect knowledge of the language. Indeed I am so diffident of my English, that I would not even propose it as a safe model either in conversation or in writing. Madame Genlis would have met yr hands sooner, but for the negligence of the book-binder, who did not bring them home till this day. The book which accompanies them is a well written work, or rather translation from an English book - a very popular one - "the Oeconomy of human life" - I think you would not do amiss to exercise your memory, sometimes, with learning to recite those passages or chapters which may best please you. The principal defect in this book, is a little tinge of enthusiasm & rhapsody, neither of which, in my weak judgement, are admirable in

religion or morality - a heated imagination is a degree of madness:- the principal failing of the other book - Adele et Theodore - is occasional frivolity - this will not escape your understanding. You will give some consideration to what she says, & you will not mispend your time, in communicating general remarks to me. I wish I had influence enough with you, to prevail on you to abandon an old practice of yours - while you pass the early part of the morning in indolent slumbers you must neither expect good health or good spirits - Perhaps if you had walked upon Northey²⁵ every fair morning for this fortnight past before 8 o'clock you would not have been tormented with the cold which Kendall's letter informed me of to-day. Inactivity of the body and of the mind, I firmly believe to be the principal sources of unhappiness - "Pray you avoid them". [c.o.]

Of myself I don't find I have any thing particular to say. Since my last letter I have read many leaves in many law books, the greater part of which, I flatter myself, I have forgot: I have eat some dinners in Coffee-houses, and some dinners in Commons: I have conversed with students, some of whom are clever & modest, & some are stupid & confident: I have been alternately in high, and in moderate spirits, but in constant good health: of amusements I have had few, except in my visits & walks with Tom Sheldon.

With regard to going into Devonshire in the long vacation, I have, as yet made no resolution. It was my wish and my intention to have gone down to Oxford at the commemoration

and to have spent a few days there which, according to the plan I had formed, might have been done without encrease of expence; but finding that it occurs in our next term, of course, I have altogether lain aside the project. My next country excursion will, most certainly, be to Twickenham in about a week, at which time term ends, - in this excursion, in going, tarrying, & returning, I have allotted one whole day. I met Mrs Winsloe²⁶ about a fortnight since in the Strand, with a party of whom, I believe, Mrs Peard²⁷ was one, & she (Mrs W) reproved me for my inattention. Let me know, if you can, whether Peard & his wife are at Twickenham, & when they decamp - I do not wish to meet them.

Tell my father that, a few days since, I recd. a note from Ritherdone²⁸, saying that diligent enquiry has been made for Prudeham & that "there was no such person in the India house" - last night I gave T.S. the name that he might enquire of a friend of his who is in office at the India-house, to make further search, of the success of which I shall give you timely information.

I have just finished the snuff which I brought from Exeter, and beg you will buy me a couple of pounds of Nation²⁹, one of his oldest potted rappée, and one of his Scottish, and you will send them when & how you please. It need not be in canisters, but in paper, as I have vessels enough of this sort, here. I shall pay you next time.

Mr Hele favoured me with a visit a few days ago & recd. (tell my father) the insurance money. He told me, with exultation, & what I sincerely believe to be true, that he is made completely happy by his nephew's marriage. Selby³⁰ has changed his name & arms (laugh aloud, there's a good girl) to those of Hele. He & his bride (whom I have heard called a "crooked rib") are gone to the continent, & there stay three months. I don't know whether I must retract what I have said in Selby's favour; at least, if I allow myself to be biassed by other people's opinions - take this example - When I called last Sunday on Johnson³¹, a common friend, to all appearance of Hele & Selby, I remarked on the marriage of the latter, that I was glad of his prospect of promotion, happiness &c, "as I believed him to be a worthy young man" - Johnson looked in my face & said nothing. In a tête à tête with Penneck I made the same remark, & perhaps in the same words, as I have not a great variety of expression - Penneck, with a face more than usually sour, said that no good could come of a profligate, or an unprincipled man, or to that effect, & gave, in substance, though not in the usual language, the sense of an old proverb which alludes to the devil's back & the devil's belly - Is all this slander & detraction or is it truth? Sheldon's virulence & violent invective, I impute partly to his personal animosity tow'd. Hele, but really the majority of voices is on his side. Notwithstanding all I have heard, I am not yet convinced, nor do I wish to believe that Selby is an unworthy object of

the [c.o. kindness] liberality with which fortune (to use the words of Malvolio) has "thrust" her favours upon him.

Just midnight & no more paper - Dr Jenefee, with hearty affections at home, yr. loving brother, as long as you deserve esteem & no longer, by my faith - John Jones

25. (I believe) of May 1791, Inner Temple &c

[written on fold] I shall soon write to my father & mother, perhaps before this arrives, as the waggon moves but slowly.

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25th May 1791

[Addressed:

To

Miss Jenefee Jones,
at Mr. Thomas Jones's
in St. Paul's Street
Exeter

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[pencil: 11]

[pencil: July 12/[torn]]

Dear Jenefee,

It is a long time since I received your last letter. You must be content to receive the debt in part, at present, for I cannot pay the whole, this time, much less the interest. I think you have done well to avail yourself of Mrs B.'s kind invitation in passing some little time at Sidmouth, where I don't doubt that you will find sufficient amusement. If you were to get introduced to Mrs. Grinfield I think you would like her much. The colonel is too imperious & colonellish to please me. I know no one besides at Sidmouth, though when I hear the name of Sidmouth, I think of poor Oxenham³²; his name brings Newhouse to my recollections; & Newhouse again reminds me of a world, of past pleasure, & a train of dark thoughts passes across my mind which is still more clouded by comparisons, that suggest themselves, between past & present transactions. If I were to marry a woman upon whom I might fix my affections, I should not have the fortitude to turn apostate to her memory by forming a second connection upon the coarse motives which have prevailed in a recent affair. Miss Fielding is returned Town & quits it again very shortly with the intention of passing the summer at Sidmouth. I do not, in the least, doubt but that she will make a visit of some duration at the park, or that this visit will occasion a little jealous uneasiness in her hostess. She laid out so many nets for Mr S & apparently, took so much pains to ingratiate herself with him that it is impossible it should have escaped Miss A's recollection. I sincerely commiserated the mournful situation of the former lady - but there is nothing which a woman will not do, to get a husband, when she "on her last legs" - The direct attacks which she made on Wat Groenhoff were as indelicate as they were unsuccessful; & the report she has wantonly spread of his intention to marry & that his arrangements at home were making for this purpose, has raised his displeasure to the highest extreme. He threatens to reprimand her seriously for her censorious levity, & he certainly

will be as good as his word. Becky & Nancy are also under the weight of his anger, from the same cause, & he has, even, desired me, with great gravity, to assure you all that he is not going to be married. The poor fellow has been, & still is very unwell in an inflammatory - (so I believe it is called & spelt) sore throat; I called to see him this morning, & what with his disorder, & what with his dread of matrimony, he is really so much out of humour that I could not get three words from him.

1v

[torn] could not suppress a hearty laugh at your account of Dr. M's sale of good goods. The conceit of the Doctor's calm surprise that nobody wd. buy his goods - the idea of Mrs. M's activity in burnishing & furbishing up the goods - the hawling forth the poor dumb things from quiet darkness, & the shame which they must have felt from being exposed to daylight - the indignant contempt of the Exeter brokers & sale-hunters at the goods - & the pitiable catastrophe of nonsale, & lastly the barbarous treatment of these innocent moveables, in hurrying & driving them from town to town & from county to county - from Cornwall to Devon, from Devon to Somerset, & from Somerset again to the lord knows where - in all the debility of old age and the infirmities from constant use and long service! I am so well pleased with the Bath road into Devonshire that it is highly probable that I shall take that route when I visit you next &, of course, shall not fail to look out for the Doctor. He is better adapted to Bath than to Exeter, & may perhaps pick up a little practice. It seems likely that Lady Call³³ will now pass more time at B. than she used to do, as the dignity of title must be kept up by resorting to these places & engaging in a numerous society. From this circumstance it may be expected that M. will derive some advantage. I wish he may. I should never make an Irishman a friend - I could never give him my confidence, trust to his opinion, or feel much esteem for him. They have no reflection, no feeling, no sense of religious obligations or at moral duty. They are the most savage of any civilised country - Yet Nature has given them some advantages which we seem to possess, upon the whole, in an inferior degree. They learn quickly whatever is taught them & this quickness of perception added to their inveterate impudence, qualifies them admirably for elocution - Sheridan & Burke, - are our first orators - & both Irishmen.

I have the honour of knowing "Mith Betsy Godvin" - she is a little harmless demure priggish talkative good tempered creature, but Mrs. S. I think must find her a little tiresome. Her sister, Mrs Ashwell³⁴, is a very opposite character, & I believe, has been a gay one in her time. She is somewhat of Mrs. Fulford's cast, only that the latter is more rural in her manners. She gave me, with Sheldon, an invitation to their house - Leaton³⁵ in Bedfordshire - a fine place as I hear - her husband is a tall old man something like pig Pitman³⁶, with a cataract in one eye & a gutta serena³⁷ in the other, over which he places an enormous pair of spectacles with a broad rim of black horn, round the glasses, & to this, there being superadded a large white wig, his appearance strikes the beholder with mingled sensations of terrifick admiration, & complacent wonder. He was intended for the bar &

went so far as to take the honourable degree of barrister, but not having taken the degree of industry or, perhaps, not being overburdened - that is to say - overpowered, or crushed down with the weight of understanding, he has never thought fit to enter Westminster Hall.

Mr Winsloe you say is in Devonshire - what's his errand? Don't fail to let me know when the Peards leave Twickenham. I do not chuse to meet P. and I am sure the sight of him wd. bring the cramp again to my stomach. Give my best remembrances to my uncle James³⁸ and his sposa carissima when you see them. How goes the park? I always think of it when I see the venison hanging at the pastry cooks in Cheapside. I am surprized that no accident has happened either at Kenbury or Exminster, for it will delay my journey into Devonshire, as I did not intend to go down till the christening. You say Nutcombe³⁹ enquired for me - I wonder at it for it's more than I

should have done for him. We never agreed & there is no one I have oftener contradicted or to whom I have shewn less good will than I have to him. He had a tolerable share of information, but he presumed too much upon it, and upon the station which his father holds & which consequently gives the family some respectability, to please me. Has he taken orders? I asked this question in my letter to my mother. He had some thoughts of the bar, which he had prudently given up, for he has a terribly embarrassed, hesitating, awkward way of expressing himself, which, notwithstanding the learning he might acquire, would, nevertheless, be an insuperable obstacle to his success as a counsel in open practice - The life of a chamber practitioner is abominably irksome - besides, his blunders stand on record, whereas some allowance for a speechifier, in the hurry & distraction of the business in the courts. Term ends on Wednesday, & business suspended till November. I have not determined, as you may suppose, about quitting London, but there is time enough to consider of this subject. My father suggested that I might have an invitation from some gentleman, whose name I have forgot, and who lives in Oxfordshire, but I have never seen him. George Dight⁴⁰ called this morning & desired, when I wrote, that I would give his duty to his uncle & aunt & his cousin - I promised I would, & engaged that he should have their blessing in return for his duty. I must desist or I shall have no room for my seal. By no means forget to make my cordial remembrances to Mr. & Mrs. Bruton⁴¹ & my humble service &c to Miss Maddern - You intimated that Mr B. was apprehensive of a relapse - I hope there is no foundation for his fears.

My best affections at home - Dr. Jennefee,
yr. affct. brother,

J Jones

Mr Wood is blowing his horn for Commons, by which he apprizes me of the hour which, is 3 o'clock, & of dinner, which I shall find at 4, in very good company. I wish you were here to dine with us - in a gown you would be much admired - "Bless me, this a fine banging Irish Lad, a stout fellow faith! Just come from Dublin I warrant you!"

Tuesday - Temple - - 12th of July 1791

1

12th July 1791

Addressed:

To

Miss Jennefee Jones,
at William Brutton's Esqr.
Mrs. Sparke's
High-Street
Sidmouth
near Exeter

[not dated but contents suggest it is Tuesday 12th July 1791]

My dear Sir⁴²

Mr Cosserat⁴³ with whom I have just dined in the Hall, offers to convey any thing I have to send to Exeter. Though I have but a few minutes to write &, indeed, very little to say, I shall avail myself of his offer. Your bill, was this morning brought to me for acceptance by a young man, & I

accepted it accordingly. I am at a loss about a part of your direction to me in your last letter, which I omitted to speak about, in my last letter to my mother, that is about Mr. Keir & Co.⁴⁴ to whom you have directed me to pay £3.4.- without telling me where he is to be found. I beg you will inform me in your next. Roe⁴⁵ the barber called about two hours since, & desired, When I wrote, that I would inform you that he is about to leave town, & if you want any thing "in his way" you will give him notice that he may bring it down with him. Your Ravenscroft wig is still in my chambers, & the delay of sending it down has arisen from Mr. Sheldon's request that some small packet for his brother might accompany it, which has not been prepared; but whether it is or not, your wig & the ebony shall be immediately sent. Sheldon, I noticed in my letter to Jenny of yesterday, is very ill in a sore throat, & when I visited him this morning I found him worse than on the preceding day, but his throat not being ulcerated, there is no apprehension of its being of much consequence, & especially as he knows how to treat it properly, from a frequent experience of this complaint. Johnson⁴⁶ has taken no notice of your letter - indeed I have neither seen or heard from him. Your question to Christie⁴⁷ was answered yesterday - with my best

Affection to my mother, I remain Dr. father -
yr. obt. son
JJones.

Temple - Tuesday afternoon.

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[pencil: 12]

[pencil: April 11/92]

Dear Jennefee,

My engagements have been so numerous since my father came to town that it has been hitherto out of my power to reply to your letter. This morning I had some business to do which would have taken up three or four hours and when I sat down to begin upon it I found that some pages which I wanted were at Mr Sheldon's locked up in my father's bureau & where to find him & get the key I do not know - so my business must stand for to-morrow, and the Leisure this circumstance has afforded me shall be devoted to you & my mother. My father's affairs, as I have repeatedly said, are in a favourable train, and there is some reason to expect that he will gain something by the event. At any rate the expences will be trifling even if he should not succeed, and the reason of our delay is the saving of those expences which would have accrued, had he followed his first intention of carrying his bill into the House of Commons. If he had taken this step at first there is little doubt that he would have succeeded, but then he must have paid the fees of the house of Commons, & afterwards the bill might have been rejected in the house of lords & consequently a considerable loss would have followed, whereas in the mode we are now pursuing, we have stronger expectations of success, and again, if the contrary should happen the fees will not be an object. In my father's letter of yesterday, he gave a particular account of the present state of affairs, & intimated his intention of going home. I imagine he will set off to-morrow and of course you will see him in a few days - His stay will be very short as his presence will be necessary as soon as the bill goes into the house, which I suppose it will the latter end of next week.

Though our days have been very well employed, yet our nights have been tolerably gay, for after so much labour & so much exercise as we are obliged to undergo, we it relaxation [sic] not only agreeable but absolutely necessary. We have been four times at the Playhouse & twice at the Oratorio - sometimes gratuitously, & sometimes not. I have twice seen Mrs. Siddons in Cordelia &

Isabella &, as my Mother sings, - "her eyes has undone me" - I think she is not only a most accomplished actress, but a very fine & amiable woman. I was told she was an Amazon, a Thalestris, a Jack - but Lo! when I beheld her, I found I could not behold her without such emotions as masculine beauty - or rather epicene beauty could not excite.

1v

The most striking faculty which Mrs Siddons possesses, is her inflexion of voice. Her pathetick tones cut to the heart. I have tried to imitate her in that speech in Lear which begins - "hadst thou not been their father these white flakes had challenged Pity of them" - & this I have followed up with a close imitation of John Kemble in Lear's Curse of Goneril - "hear Nature hear!" And it is the best piece of mimicry I ever yet acquired. I have succeeded so well in mimicking "the hoarse croak of Kemble's foggy throat" that when I want to put Papa or Tom Sheldon in a passion I always lead off with "hear Nature, hear!" and they are willing to do anything to stop my mouth. Last night Beard⁴⁸, my father, & I, after dining together (not B) at the Bath Coffee house with Mr. Templer of Stover⁴⁹, went again to the play & saw half of The Constant Double Couple Gallant, or some suchlike Play and the Critick. But my birthday I kept like a Prince. I dined at Tom Sheldon's very sumptuously & then went to - the Lady Mayoress's Ball! - Brooke,⁵⁰ a friend of mine - a lively, good-tempered, wild, hair brained, damned dancing fellow, proposed our going together a week ago. The tickets I got of Tommy Hopkins⁵¹, the Ld. Mayor's Son in Law, for whom I waited, in the morning, near two hours at the Mansion house, for that purpose. Accordingly I mounted a suit of deep mourning & Tom Sheldon's biggest cocked hat together with a new-fashioned queue or tail - about the shape & dimensions of my mother's flannel jelly bag & away we posted & got to the Mansion house a little before eleven o'clock. As Master Brooke is a gentleman who never pushes his way through a mob if he can jump over their heads, I lost sight of him presently & after an hour's absence he came towards me with bitter lamentations that though he could get a great many partners, yet in all the apartments, he could not find room to dance. He then proposed that we should sup, & as I supposed he meant to adjourn to a coffee house, I consented - but this was no part of his plan - The Aldermen were about to sup & by God he would sup with them, & desired he might introduce me. I asked if he was acquainted with any of them? "Oh no - but that did not matter" - however as I did not much approve of this species of introduction, I took my leave of him & went home to chambers. I yesterday saw him, from Ld. Guildford's⁵² (sic) window, where I waiting with my father, walking in Grosvenor Square - I went out to him & asked how he had passed the evening - I found that he had danced till three in the morning; that he had attempted to get into the private Supper Room, in which modest attempt he had the honour of being hustled & knocked down by the City Marshall.

Mrs Minchin I have seen twice - the first time she wished not to see me, & the second time she would not see me. When I ever meet her again, here or elsewhere I shall be more near-sighted than ever - that is to say - I shall never renew my acquaintance with her again.

When my father returns to town I shall be glad if your would send by him Woolmer's Catalogue.⁵³

With best affections to my mother, I remain, Dr Jennefee, Yr Affct. Brother

J Jones

Temple -11 April 1792.

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11th April 1792

[Addressed:

To
Miss Jones
at Mr. Thomas Jones's
in St. Paul's Street
Exeter

1

[pencil: 13]

[pencil: Oct 27/92]

Dear Jennefee,

I address myself to you, because I have many more things to say to you, than to my father & mother, as will be seen in the sequel of this letter.

This morning at 6 o'clock I arrived here safe, after two or three very narrow escapes from those dangers to which all mail-coach travellers are subjected, & which I shall detail in a future letter, or by word of mouth when we meet. The company, I had, was pretty miscellaneous, as many of the passengers went short stages only. A very sensible acute young man went the whole way & entertained me very much with his conversation, which was almost incessant; & from Honiton - I mean from Dorchester, to town, we had a spectacle man; whom I strongly suspect to be Coombe the taylor of London. Upon the whole I had a pleasant journey, excepting those perils which I have before alluded to. My father truly says, a miss is as good as a mile. I think so too - and I think more, for, in my opinion, a Miss is a much better thing, even than a league, which is three miles, over which space of ground I would most willingly travel, if thereby I thought Miss Elizabeth Spicer⁵⁴ would consent to be leagued with me. But alas! I have little hope, that this most beautiful of all Betsies will be won, like Sweepstakes at Haldon races⁵⁵ - namely, by running a three mile heat; though gladly would I run down to Wear, even as the modest Godiva rode through Coventry - namely, naked - to carry off this rich, this glorious, this all ravishing, all recompensing prize!

1v

You will, I hope, be particularly careful in the packing of the books which I left upon the sofa, & I think the most secure way, will be to wrap up each volume in paper. There is a book, which I could not find last Thursday, & which I shall be in great want of - namely, Pearce's Stannary Laws, a thin folio, & to this book belong some valuable papers of Polwhele's⁵⁶, which I hope you will find, and send to me with the other things. They consist of about an hundred loose papers of various sizes, & numbered on the back. Pray be careful of them. Nor will you forget my mahogany Grandmother's best bellows, & my sugar dish. The portraits of P. & K. you will pack with wool or cotton, in a deal box, & give it in charge to Miss Beck, to bring up with her, & be sure, tell her to take it inside the chaise. Besides these things I want some of the very coarsest ship-biscuit & my plate of the cathedral.

Please to tell my father that my uncle has the draughts of the deeds, & that as soon as he has settled them, let them be sent immediately to me.

I slept little, on Thursday night, I slept none, last night; & therefore I shall betake myself to my bed almost as soon as I have finished this letter - best love at home.

Dr Jennefee, yr affect brother

15

J. J.
Exeter. Oct. 27, 1792

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27th October 1792

[Addressed:

To
Miss Jennefee Jones
at Mr. Thos. Jones's
St. Pauls Street
Exeter

Stamp: O 2? 92

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[pencil: 14]

[pencil: Novr 15/92]

Dear Jennefee,

I received on Tuesday morning my father's letter of condolence, and, to say the truth, such were its contents that I presently felt the efficacy of his consolation.

The packing case containing my books, & other things were received on Monday morning, perfectly safe, & to my satisfaction; except that you have sent two books which do not belong to me, viz, Law's Serious Call - a book of Kendall's, & the 4th Institute belonging to my uncle, which I must send back again. The gown is perfectly well made, & I can discover no fault in it, except a little superfluity in the length. Respecting my bible, the directions which I left were these - "To be very neatly & strongly bound in calf, & filetted; but not gilt, lettered or any of the margin to be cut or scraped." You will observe that it is only the bible, apocrypha, new testament & the chronological tables, &c. which I want. In short, only omit the common prayer, in the beginning of the volume, & Sternhold & Hopkins at the end. Perhaps this may be done early enough to accompany my chairs, but it does not much matter whether it comes then, or at any future time. Andrew Brice's⁵⁷ Gazetteer, a book of which I have been in great want, was also left behind; without the assistance of this elegant writer, I fear I shall be unable to complete what I have in hand for Polwhele. I believe there is nothing further to be mentioned as to my next package, except a bed side carpet, which I wish to have, if possible, like the one which I have already.

By this time, you may well suppose, I am tolerably reconciled to my loss, of which I gave a most circumstantial account, well knowing that it would be eagerly read & universally disseminated, and as well relished as any bloody murder in Trewman⁵⁸ or Goadby. I own, that you ought to have received the information from me, before its appearance in the papers, but so it happened, that I was so extremely busy and anxious to detect the thief, that it did not occur to me to write; and I was truly surprized to perceive my disaster, insignificant enough

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find its way into almost all the papers, with my Christian-Name, Number of my chambers &c introduced at full length. It is a comfort, however, to be able to acquire popularity, by whatever means, and to have one's name & adventures, handed from one end of the Kingdom, to the other. Quidnunc⁵⁹ had the same ambition: for when he was bankrupt, he exclaimed, that, to be gazetted was a sufficient recompence for his ruin, for, says he, "My Name will be read in the Gazette - in the gazette, which gives the histories of kingdoms and their kings!" I have hitherto received no intelligence from Bow Street, nor any application, in consequence of my advertisement for my watch; nor am I entitled to expect any, as a week has now elapsed since the robbery. It was a most fortunate circumstance that the stop-watch & seals were in my pocket, at the time of the robbery, for I almost invariably, used to keep them on the chimney piece: on that day, after dinner, I changed watches, & put the old one on the chimney piece, but for no reason that I can assign. Brooke has, every time that I have seen him of late, urged me to take a large set of chambers in conjunction with him, sufficient to accomodate us both, which five rooms (two sitting rooms, two bed chambers, and a kitchen room) would effectually do. The rent would be then less than it is to me now, and he says that besides the pleasure of some sort of society, we should be a mutual protection to each other. What he suggests as an inducement, strikes me at this moment as an objection, for it is not unlikely that we should be mutual clogs to each other. Yet I have not decided as to this point, and am very willing to hear my father's opinion about it. I repeat, as I have fifty thousand times said, that, however my father may disapprove of my chambers, I am not dissatisfied; nor should I repine, if my destination were a cock-loft; at the same time I have no aversion to decent chambers, but I certainly have a strong antipathy to heavy rents. I will now proceed to notice your last Letter.

The Italian books you mention are Dyer's⁶⁰, to whom you will be so good as to send not only those, but all the other books, at home, which belong to him. Please also to tell him I want to hear from him, in answer to my letter respecting Gerrard. Dyer has first edition

edition of the Rambler, which I spoke to him about; Pray buy it, and send it to me. A man who lives in this infamous town, needs to season his mind with a little morality, or he will surely be seduced from his rectitude of soul, by the prevalence of evil example, and the universal acquiescence, which he sees adopted, with every [c.o. every] species of vicious habit. The gospel delivers precepts; but Johnson strikes the heart. My triangular handkerchiefs are not "vulgar", Miss. Would you make a puppy or a puppet of your solemn brother, at this time of Life? Three cornered handkerchiefs or I will have none. "If I don't eat gose, I won't eat nawthink:" and whenever the whim takes me I will - upon the pig. I wish I could sell those blackguardly long striped-muslin handkerchiefs which I already have; for I abhor them, & can't tie them in a double bow. Vulgar indeed! Let me have some or I'll surely set the fork to work. Vulgar quotha! When you see Polwhele, tell him I shall soon write to him about &c. &c. which is not yet printed. As an excuse for my delay, tell him the thieves stole all my pens ink and paper, and so I am waiting for a fresh supply of these articles from the shop at Dawlish, where we huckied for some of the same, when were together. Four different times I have called at Harriet Weldon's, & have not seen her. If she were an Exeter Tradesman, one might sue for a commission of Bankrupt, for her non-appearance. With regard to my mother, pray tell her, that I am confident, her indisposition arises from snail-hunting. I wish my father could afford to keep her a pack of hounds, to hunt more noble animals, & thereby to supply the table with provision; but a slug chase or snail coursing with Don, I look upon to be an ignominious, and ignoble sport; and being always carried on at night, I very much doubt whether my mother does not subject herself to the penalties inflicted on poachers, by the statute of the 23rd of Elizabeth, namely fine and imprisonment. If Nancy Bellew, should peep out of her window at some unlucky time, while my mother "thro' the dim air her sports pursues", and turn informer, what a figure Mummy would afterwards cut through the iron bars in Zowgit? John Bussell⁶¹ is perhaps to be pitied. Doctor Johnson would hardly have pitied him - he would have asked him if he took orders from

conscientious motives? John might have replied, that he was too young & too thoughtless to consider any thing about it. Whoever serves an apprenticeship at Oxford, for the purpose of following the trade of a parson, has no right to complain, though he find the profits too scanty for a maintenance, when he practises his calling. If Wm⁶². had stuck to business, & John were to stay at Oxford, all would be well. By no means omit to inform me of Miss Ann's health. I am sincerely concerned at Bent's⁶³ misfortune. Dr Jennefee - you have a good six penny worth, my girl, and so, good night.

John Jones

Temple-15 November 1792

Tell my father, I have called on Mr Hele, & seen my father's letter to him. H. will furnish him with what information he can. John Sheldon⁶⁴, & Becky are well. I have bought a noble print of Ld. Guilford⁶⁵, which I got for half a guinea. I shall send the dimension of the plate, in my next letter, that I may have a frame for it.

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15th November 1792

[Addressed:

To

Miss Jennefee Jones,
at Mr. Thomas Jones's
St. Paul's Street
Exeter

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[pencil: 17]

[pencil: Feb 3/93]

Dear Jennefee

Although you are a letter in my debt, yet I shall employ half an hour in your service. Indeed, I should not have written again so soon, were I not anxious to secure a few books out of Dyer's catalogue; for I know very well that a few days delay is sometimes fatal to our literary hopes, in these cases. The books, I want, are as follows,

No 285. Fiddes's Life of Wolsey, 6/+.+

303. Heylyn's hist. of the presbyterians, 2/6.

305. Heylyn's Life of Laud, 2/.

399. Strype's memoirs of Cranmer, 6/+.+

3068. P. Vergilii de Invent. Rerum, 3/+.+

3300. Salmasius, 2/.

8841. Lexiphanes, 1/6

9055. Rambler, 15/+.+

I do not mind the external condition of any of these books, so as the copy be clean, on the inside:

but if they are dirty, reject them. Those, which I most want, I have marked (+) but I shall be glad to receive the others also. When you go to Dyer's, you will be so good as to tell him, that Mr. Gerrard returns his grateful thanks to the gentleman who furnished him with the MSS. sermons of Dr Grey; but that he is sorry to find, upon inspection, that they are not original, but are really transcribed from printed sermons, the originals of which are quoted, volume & page, in the beginning of every discourse. The very first sermon that he began to decypher, is one of Nelson's; Mr. Gerrard consulted the collection, & found Dr Grey's reference right, & the manuscript, a verbatim copy. He has hitherto found but one original, which was a sermon preached by the doctor at Oxford. Mr Gerrard told me that he, at first, suspected they were transcripts, from the extreme neatness & correctness of the short hand. I am sorry, that I have, unknowingly given this industrious gentleman, the trouble of making himself master of a difficult system of short hand, to no purpose: but he says he is so accustomed to disappointment, that this circumstance affects him very little, and he acknowledges an equal obligation to the owner of the sermons, to whom he has repeatedly desired me to make his acknowledgements. You will ask Mr Dyer if this gentleman (Mr Burrington⁶⁶, I believe it is) has any wish to have the MSS. returned to him. I hope you will not omit to mention this to Dyer; and you may, if you please, read to him all I have written on this subject.

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Be pleased to accept my best thanks, for the elegant likeness of me, which you sent by my father. It is so flattering, that my modesty forbids I should believe it to be a correct me; for you cannot imagine, I have the vanity to suppose that I am so well built, or that I have that brilliant animation of countenance, that sagacious glare, which my little effigy so wonderfully displays. Brooke, who is not apt to flatter, declares it a most striking likeness, particularly in the back view - Sheldon carries his compliment no farther, than to say it is something like me. But I wonder that, instead of sending it to me, you had not kept it yourself, & worn it about your neck, with a string, as a miniature. If the artist, who performed this exquisite morceau, is at Exeter, I hope you will not refuse me the favour to sit to him for your own likeness, to be hung up in my apartment.

I gave my mother, I trust, a satisfactory account of my convalescence., which approaches very nearly to a recovery. Sheldon, who has been with me since I begun this letter, has afforded me great satisfaction, in giving it as his opinion, that I shall in a week be able to use my two legs, & that "I may take my flight, renewed with all my strength & vigour, an offering fit for - Elizabeth Spicer". Mr Addison's words are "fit for Heaven" but I have not deviated from my quotation, because Heaven & Elizabeth Spicer, are synonymous terms. To be sure it injures the measure, but then it improves the sense. I am almost quit of pain; and I have such an appetite that I could almost eat, what Mrs Kitson was once about to make a meal of, when, in the rage of disappointment, she tore & trampled on her green bonnet.

You may well suppose that my father's bill [in pencil above: in parliament for conveying water for Plymouth D Devonport]⁶⁷ takes up so much of his time, that I see but little of him - but, today, he is gone to keep Holiday. He & Gray⁶⁸ are gone to Mr Templer's⁶⁹ seat in Kent, to spend the day with him. It is, I understand, a fine place, about 20 miles from town, on the banks of the Thames. I regret that my indisposition prevented my being of the party. But, you know, as Mr Pope says, "Melody resigns to Fate".

Je n'ai plus rien à dire. You will attend to my commission, and make my best affections to my mother, from whom I hope to hear soon.

Dr. Jennefee, your Dr. Brother,

J. Jones.

Temple, 3. Feb. 1793.

I don't think letter writing, on a Sunday, quite Orthodox. I ought to have been saying my prayers, &

reading my bible that's coming up.

Dr. Jennefee,

The foregoing letter would not have been written in that strain of levity, had I been apprized of that melancholy event which I learnt by your letter of yesterday. It was written on Sunday; and my laundress having neglected to put it into the office yesterday, I have opened it, with the intention of adding a few words. I was extremely shocked at the recital of an incident which I so little expected; and I am very anxious for Polwhele,⁷⁰ upon whom, I fear, this disaster will make a deep* impression, which, added to his natural melancholy and his infirm health, leads me to apprehend bad consequences. I suppose his sister or some of his friends are with him. To be left alone in the midst of his children must be dreadful. I am afraid to write to him: indeed it would perhaps be improper at present - yet I scarce know what to do. I trust you will, from time to time, make enquiries about him, whether from Downman⁷¹, Collins, or the Bussells, & let me know particularly. Indeed, I shall hope to hear from you, before you receive this letter.

My father, I suppose, will not stay many days longer in town. He can best give you an account of his success in town, which I believe is as great as he could expect. I see, by the prints, that Mrs Parson Brutton⁷² is dead.

I received yesterday some poultry from Worcestershire, which we (Gray, my father, & I) demolished yesterday at Dinner in my chambers. I must make my acknowledgements in a letter to my aunt this forenoon, and having, besides, some other irons in the fire, I conclude, Dr. sister, yours
J.J.

Tuesday Mornng. 5. Feb. 1793.

* [pencil: the loss of his dear wife made so deep an impression, that in six weeks he came a suitoring to J.J. disgusting!]

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5th February 1793

[Address:

To

Miss Jennefee Jones,
at Mr. Thomas Jones's
St. Paul's Street
Exeter

[line crossed out]

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[pencil: 19]

[pencil: June./93]

Sunday Eveng.

My dear Jennefee,

In a letter to my father, some time since, either from you or my mother, a half a dozen letters were enumerated, which you had written to me and to which I had returned no answer. After what you must have heard from my father, it will, I am sure, be needless, to offer excuses on the ground of my incessant employment in the Hospital Business, &, since that has been determined, to offer additional excuses, on the score of want of time to attend to you, which I have been obliged to apply in forming plans & making preparations for our future movements. After having spent a very pleasant day at Mr Mudge's⁷³, at Newington, with Mr Bayly⁷⁴ & others I am returned to my solitary chambers, & instead of exposing my delicate frame to the inclemency of the weather, I shall dedicate the evening to you. As I have never seen much of Bayly till to-day, unless in a professional character, I am, at, this moment, under the impression of the greatest admiration, at his extensive erudition, elegant conversation, & most astonishing accuracy of memory. For these last eight hours I have been delighted and instructed in a superiour degree. You may easily guess the surprise & pleasure which one must feel at the discovery of brilliant accomplishments where you only expected to find a conversation supported with tolerable judgement, & sound plain understanding. To abate something of this pleasure, I have been making some very unflattering comparisons with myself. All the consolation I can bring home to myself, is, that I am younger than Bayly. But to return from

this digression.- That I might atone for my seeming neglect, I have taken an hour out of my sleeping time, to prick out a song, which I desire you will learn perfectly by the Time that I come down to Exeter. You'll find it a charming piece of composition, & if you don't do it justice, both in the cantabile & strummabile, I shall take it away from you, & give it to my uncle Jones to learn, in addition to "Kicky poh bandy gree." Miss Brooke,⁷⁵ who plays well, & sings better, lent it to me for this purpose. She hits off the recitative very well - it must be delicately done, & if you do not please me, I'll direct you as well as I can, by words, to do it better. There must be some chords which are not set down - descending to fifths, at the end of every strain - which I will soon explain.

I wish you would, by no means, neglect to tell Kendall, that, that from various circumstances, I have found it impossible to write to him: That, even now, I cannot enter into a detail of excuses, and that he must, at present be content with this assurance, that I could as easily swallow a crocodile, as bring my mind to write him a single line: that I shall soon be in Devonshire, & convince him, that however appearances are against me, I have not been wanting in attention to him. In short, tell him something that will puzzle him, & I'll pacify him at leisure.

By this conveyance, or perhaps earlier, (for this packet does not go till the day after to-morrow) I shall write to my father, & shall, before that time, fix, most probably, the day for my leaving town. I expect to pass some Time in Somersetshire on the Hospital business - but on this subject I shall write more fully in my letter to my father. If my chairs are not sent I wish they might be forwarded without delay. Best affections, at home, Dr. Jennefee,

Yr. affct Brother J Jones.

Temple - Sunday Night - June 1793. I don't know what day of the month it is.

1

June 1793

Si l'on vous fait des questions sur ce que j'ai ecrit ci-dessous, vous pourriez bien dire que cela a rapport aux affaires qui ont forme le sujet des lettres precedentes

I received your letter by this mornings post, but shall not open this packet to answer it. I must speak about it & not write. All I can now inform you, is, that you are totally mistaken in every one

of your conjectures: if there is not the least blame imputable where you imagine the greatest share lies - the very reverse is the truth. Tuesday mornng.

[Address:

To
Miss Jones
at Mr. Thomas Jones's
Exeter

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[pencil: 20]

[pencil: June 4/93]

My dear Jennefee

I regret that I did not reach chambers early enough to answer your letter by yesterday's post. The Post was gone out before I received it.

My decided advice is, That you immediately go to Exminster, or any other place you may think proper: That you forbid, in the most peremptory and unequivocal manner, his visits: That, if he writes to you, you return his letters unopened: That you feign no ignorance of the conversation which passed between him and my mother: and, if at any time he should gain access to you, you are to repel his familiarity, to forbid him to say any thing on the subject with which he has entertained my mother, and you are to refer him to me. All this I trust you will do; and if you neglect to follow my advice from any mistaken notions of delicacy or tenderness towards Polwhele's feelings, as you term them, it will give me inexpressible uneasiness. Be firm.

Polwhele has not written to me: he is afraid to write, for he may easily guess what reply I shall give him.

You have not told me in what light you consider his Addresses. Let me know directly your sentiments - open your heart to me - conceal nothing and fear nothing; for in me you will find an indulgent, affectionate, and, I hope, a prudent friend. It will be time enough for me to speak, when I am fully entrusted with your confidence. Till then, my lips will be closed; and I shall offer no opinion till then of your future behaviour to this

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weak man. That you are placed in an awkward situation is certainly true - it is your duty to conduct yourself with an intrepid firmness, and to pay little regard to any one's feelings but your own.

:

If I receive any thing from Polwhele, I shall most unquestionably send it to you. I shall open myself fully and without the least reserve to you, & as you value your dignity and happiness, and my friendship and affection, do the same by me.

I received this morning a letter from my mother nearly to the same purport as yours, which I shall soon answer. I think I need say nothing more for the present: in anxious expectation of your reply, I remain, my dear Jennefee, your most affectionate,

Brother

John Jones

Temple - 4. June 1793

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4th of June 1793

To
Miss Jennefee Jones
at Mr. Thomas Jones's
St Paul's Street
Exeter

Private

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[pencil: 21]

[pencil: June 10/93]

[The previous page has been torn off] said anything amiss, you must not fail to reply, and to reply without scruple or concealment; and I will make any further observations that may strike me to be necessary.

I expect to hear from you soon. Make my kind remembrances to Mr. Lardner & Betsy, and believe me, Dear Jennefee, your affectionate brother, John Jones.

Temple 10. June 1793

Since writing the above I have received a letter from Polwhele, so long, that if I stayed to transcribe it, I shall lose the post. He does not not speak in plain terms, but I clearly see his drift, and believing myself in possession of your genuine sentiments, aided by my own opinion of their propriety, I shall return him such an answer as will put an end to his proceedings, & save you the mortification of any further application from him. His sentiments are only to be collected from his letter, they are, by no means, delivered in express Terms. You shall hear more, soon.

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[Address:

To
Miss Jennefee Jones
at James Lardner's Esqr.
Exminster
near Exeter

stamped: JU 10 93

[pencil: 22]

[pencil: June 27/93]

My dear Jennefee

You keep a wrong reckoning. You say nearly a fortnight had elapsed since I had written to you. Your last letter I received on the 17th. inst. and I answered it on the 23d. being only an interval of five days, so that your fortnights are diminished by 9 or 10 days in Devonshire. That letter I directed to you at Mr Rudall's⁷⁶ at Crediton, as I was led to suppose you would be there to receive it; and I suppose by this time it has come to your hands. I am very willing to write to you as often as you can desire, but I am so incessantly employed that I cannot write so much at length nor so much to the purpose as I could wish.

My uncle's (Stowey's) account of my present state of health is a true one. I should hardly have supposed that my lameness had been so very perceptible as to have attracted his notice. It proceeds perhaps as much from habit, as from an attempt to avoid pain from the exertion of walking; but certainly not from a wish to appear a man of fashion. I did not till now know that it was an essential ingredient in the composition of a well-bred gentleman, that he should limp or hop or stagger: amongst the higher classes of women, it has undoubtedly been a fashionable accomplishment, and a decided proof of their birth and rank, ever since the days of the spectator, to be unable to walk *pie ferme*; but again I doubt whether this result from affectation, for they are so much accustomed to the use of carriages and chairs, that we may reasonably conclude that walking is painful to them. However since it is my fate to seem fashionable, I must content myself with the idea that I shall be a buck but for a very little while longer. I hope I shall drop the fashion altogether before we meet. Il y a dans le monde en general, et particulierement dans un certain endroit ou vous avez ete depuis peu, de gens a qui on ne peut se confier. Sans esprit, sans morale, sans religion, leur bût [sic] est leur propre

interet, et il n'y a point d'autre objet qui se presente a leurs yeux. Le [c.o.] projet dont vous avez parles est ridicule. Il faut se mefier de ses propos, lui repondre d'un ton reconnoissant; lui remercier de ses bonnes volentes, et s'excuser de les accepter. I cannot write French: I shall perhaps resume it, and make you write French too.

I wrote to my father a long while since, and although after writing that letter, I have sent down two packages, the one an Argand Lamp, and the other a box containing his clothes - I have advised him of another package sent by Peters - and sent him a design of the company's common seal, with a request to have his opinion and directions as early as possible, as the seal will take a very long time in cutting, and may probably be soon wanted; and though I was anxious to know what steps had been taken or were about to be taken, respecting the Hospital - Yet, I have not heard from him on any of these heads. I shall therefore be glad if you will remind him, for as I have little else to say, it would be useless to incur an additional expense of postage. Be pleased to say, also, that my Exchequer runs very low. I have paid a debt of my own of nearly five Pounds and about three pounds for him for engrossing the Athelstan Deed and for the Lamp.

Town empties itself very rapidly; and I suppose that in the course of a month, we shall walk the Streets without much jostling. There is nothing new. Venour⁷⁷ is appointed apothecary to the camp at Tunbridge - 10 shillings a day & no work - proportionate half pay when the camp breaks up, & a certainty of future promotion. I heard from Brooke yesterday - he is still at Weymouth, and though he says he spits blood, yet by his mode of writing he seems to be in good spirits. His family have

pressed me much to sleep at Islington, but I have neither accepted or refused the offer - they are all very sensible of the attention that was paid to B. at Exeter, and they talk so much about it, that it distresses me. I believe I told you that Brooke's engagement with Thellusson⁷⁸ was at an end.

Respecting the business of Wheble⁷⁹ I am rather disagreeably circumstanced. A friend of mine paid the money for me, while I was ill, and took a receipt but has mislaid it, or lost it. To-morrow I shall certainly go to Wheble's and clear up this matter. I am astonished at his making a second demand, when I have not the least reason to doubt the payment of the money.

I am really glad to find you have been so often with my aunt Jones⁸⁰ of late, and you must recollect that I have often expressed a wish that your visits to her were more frequent. I always found myself pleased in her company, for she has a great deal of good sense, an excellent disposition, and a plain unaffected mode of behaviour. But I know your objections, and though I can, by no means, disapprove of them, yet I wish they might be less considered.

Don't fail to remember me cordially to Kendall. He has no inclination to write letters, nor have I, time to write, so our correspondence is at a stand. Is his book nearly printed? [torn] promised to give me the Epithalamium in Catullus - I heartily wish he would [torn]form his promise, and I will excuse him forever from writing letters.

I must here break off. My best affections to my father & mother.

Dr. Jennefee your affct. brother

J. Jones

Temple. Thursday 27. June 1793.

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27th June 1793

[Address:

To

Miss Jennefee Jones
at Mr. Thomas Jones's
St. Paul's Street
Exeter

stamped: JU 27 93

[pencil: 23]

[pencil: Novr 2/93]

My dear Jennefee

I fulfill my promise of giving you an immediate account of my arrival here. We arrived here this morning at 6 o'clock - Mr. & Mrs. Sheldon Mr Newberry⁸¹ & I, without any material accident on the road. I think I never was so much fatigued and uneasy by any journey I ever took. I have been in bed, & have had about six hours sleep, by which I am entirely recovered. The weather was, and still continues most intensely cold. Mr Newberry, who is neither the wisest nor the best bred man in the world, could not abide the windows being shut, so I had a full enjoyment of the breezes for the whole night; but I don't believe I have caught cold. I found my Laundress in my chambers who had

just lighted up a good fire & aired the bed. Mr Newberry is not at all fond of eating. He wanted a hot woodcock this morning at 3 o'clock in the dark, & gave it as his decided opinion, that it should have no other sauce than melted butter. He says a rook pye ought to have a beef-stake at the bottom, & that chicken pyes are not the worse for being made in the same way. He hates spirits, and of all beverage, gives preference to a glass of good hot madeira negus, half & half, with a little nutmeg grated into it. Mrs. Sheldon provoked this conversation almost all night long, and though I was a good deal tired with travelling, I could not avoid being very much amused with these absurdities.

You will pack up my books carefully & send them soon. I shall write fully in a day or two, but hope to hear of your face in the mesne while. I feel a slight head Ache which I shall relieve presently by a walk. My best affections at home - Dr. Jennefee, yr .affectionate Brother

J. Jones.

London-Saturday Afternoon

I see I have but two pair of black silk stockings here. Surely some of them must have been left at home.

2nd of November 1793

[Addressed:

Miss Jones
at Mr. Thomas Jones.
St. Paul's Street
Exeter

Stamped: NO A 2 93

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[pencil: 24]

[pencil: Decr 3/93]

My dear Jennefee,

It was my intention to have devoted last evening to you: I meant to have answered your letter at large and was prepared to do it, but just as I [sic] about to begin, Hutchinson⁸² came in, and staid with me till past twelve o'clock, which I thought rather too late an hour to begin so arduous an enterprize. Your elephantine letter must therefore remain unanswered for a little while longer; but as I am unwilling to let the opportunity slip, of sending a few lines by the express, I shall take some of Mr Bayly's time, paper, & ink & let you know that we are still alive in this part of the world. Besides, there are two things of which I am in want & which I wish to have sent to me with all convenient dispatch, namely a Quart of Mr Turner's best ink, and one of Trewman's pocket-books for 1794 bound in calf and with a brass clasp as usual. The Ship-biscuit, too, which was long since sent me is nearly consumed; and therefore a maund of Do. very coarse & unscorched in baking, will not be an unacceptable new year's gift. Have you sent home Coke's Institutes to my uncle Jones? By Mrs Sheldon, who goes back perhaps next Tuesday, I shall probably send him a pound of Snuff, which I beg you will take care to get delivered to him when she arrives. It ought, indeed, to have

been sent before, but I have failed of an opportunity of sending it.

So, Polwhele is married!⁸³ I hope he is easy; for while his courtship lasted his children, his family, his friends, & his own concerns seemed to lie under a total neglect. So much for the exquisite, acute & tender feelings of a sensible mind!

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We have no news stirring in town. The people are in anxious expectation of intelligence from Lord Howe. Report says he has taken most of the French ships, and this wants confirmation. Report also says that the ships in question were only sent out of the French port as a lure to the English fleet, and that the whole French fleet have since sailed out of Brest, & that it is neither impossible nor improbable that our ships with our gallant admiral are by this time in the possession of the enemy. Now which report do you believe? I wish to know your opinion, as that will determine mine. Our domestick news is just as scanty as the foreign. An enlivening incident, however, happened last night - which was a most tremendous fire somewhere opposite Redriff⁸⁴, & near the water - the whole element seemed in a blaze, & the people were running towards it from all parts of the town, conceiving it to be much nearer than it was. I hear that several houses and ships are burnt. A gentleman at Putney (five miles from us) could almost see to read by the light - so says my hairdresser who shaved this gentleman - better authority to attest so singular & incredible a circumstance cannot be wished by any reasonable person.

I am still extremely stout and hearty and strong and staunch, and therefore the envy of Brooke, who cannot look on me without betraying his jealousy. Did you never see a picture of "The Frenchman and the Englishman"? The one a miserable, shapeless, meagre starveling - the other a bonny round red rough fat fellow - just such a contrast subsists between us - he really eyes one from top to toe as if he were taking my scantling, then looks on

his miserable self, with a most dejected countenance, the tear starts into his eye, an involuntary sigh escapes him, & he then bursts out into the most horrid execrations and complaints - taxes the fates with injustice, damns the pestilent air of London, and prays for retirement and good eating.

If I write any more Mr Bayly will certainly whip me, or at least make me stand behind the door, with my thumbs in my mouth like Edward Polwhele⁸⁵.

You shall soon hear again. I am in expectation of a letter from my father. My best affections at home - Dr. Jennefee, your affct brother

J. J.

Temple - Tuesday 3. December 1793.

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3rd of December 1793

[Addressed:

To

Miss Jennefee Jones
at Mr. Thomas Jones
St. Paul's Street
Exeter

To the care of Mrs Trewman

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[pencil: 25]

[pencil: Decr 17/93]

Dr. Jennefee

Young Chapple⁸⁶ is with me, & seems to expect that I should write. I have a good deal more to say than my time will now allow me. I shall perhaps write to you by Mrs. Sheldon, or by the post before she leaves town, as they have so frequently put off their journey from one Day to another. Instead of a letter I send you a book, which I meant to have carried down to you last August, but forgot it. I am very well, as Chapple may inform you if he has taken the trouble of looking at my face. You shall soon hear from me. dear Jennefee, yrs. sincerely & with speed,

J. J.

Temple - Tuesday 17. Decr. 1793.

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17th of December 1793

[address:

Miss Jones

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[pencil: 28]

[pencil: Jany 27/94]

Sunday Evening.

Dearest Jennefee ,

I take the precaution of sending this letter by young Chapple, who may find an opportunity of conveying it into your private hand, as it is intended for no other person's perusal. I have directed him to give it to Sally⁸⁷. I need say nothing of the uneasiness I felt from the news contained in your former letter; but such considerations - I mean; your reluctance [c.o.] to occasion me anxiety by withholding the communication of ill news, must never make you hesitate to be unreserved & circumstantial in such circumstances. Never fear to give me pain by such recitals - in such cases my feelings are probably less poignant than yours - my feelings are on your account rather than my own. It will be enough for me to declare my unlimited approbation of what you have written & what you have done, in the late disastrous & alarming business. You have a lesson of patience & resignation to those unavoidable evils & distresses which are inseparably & invariably attached to human life, & may the Almighty vouchsafe to make those trials of your fortitude a prelude to a more happy life in this world. & of more abundant blessings in the world to come. By such trials we attain virtue; & there is no virtue of a more exalted nature than patient submission to the will of heaven; nor any, by which, as we are taught, we can more effectually recommend ourselves to the

protection & love of the eternal disposer of all human events. I would strive to impress on your mind a sense of God's providence - that he permits the wicked to oppress the virtuous - that under the oppression of the wicked, the virtuous by humble resignation to his divine dispensations, are in the practice of virtues of the most happy consequences - Believe firmly that nothing is the effect of chance - that evil is permitted, for the accomplishment of wise purposes inscrutable to the understanding of man. But for your further comfort I am happy to assure you that the storm is blown over; and again, the danger was not so threatening as your fears had painted it. I, immediately on the receipt of yours, wrote to my father, & I avow that I feigned more alarms than I felt, purposely to induce him to give me such ample account as I could re-communicate to you, to quiet your apprehensions. I cannot yet (Sunday night) have received an answer to that letter, but shall keep this open to insert what I deem necessary for your information. I heard from him yesterday. He writes in these words. "I thought I should have been at rest, when Call & his troops were satisfied, but not so. I have not, from the moment I assigned over all the produce of the hospital, had a moment's rest.

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No sooner was that done, but the same game began for himself. At last (tho' not intended by me, nor could I prevent it) it came to the knowledge of your mother & sister, & yesterday (22d. inst) tho' against my inclination, I paid & secured to Hine⁸⁸ the attorney, on behalf of Stowey the whole debt principal & interest & to a considerable amount beyond it." Unless I could suppose my father capable of a deliberate untruth, fabricated for no purpose but to mislead me, I cannot hold a further doubt about the determination of this business. So much for your satisfaction, till I hear further from him.

I rather incline to think you judge too severely of Hine - but I don't know. I cannot forbear to repeat my commendations of your conduct [inserted in pencil probably by Jennefee as an explanation for Juxon: I walked to Kenbury, and besought Storey's forbearance, but in vain, he sunk my poor father's fortunes & his health, no more to rise, the one or the other] - I applaud & love you for it. Notwithstanding the brutality of that unfeeling monster of Kenbury, I am aware of beneficial consequences resulting from your vigorous & masculine efforts. God grant you the same energy of mind, should such distresses again attend you. Your pride was "hurt" by the sight of Betsy's carriage & liveries, whilst you were trotting in ye mire upon your melancholy errand. I can hardly think your pride was hurt - if yours was, mine is not - it is elevated - I am proud of my sister - In that situation you reflected more honour on me, & raised my pride to a higher pitch, that if you had rattled through St James's in all the splendour & magnificence of the most costly equipage. I felt for your uneasiness, whilst I gloried in the firmness of your behaviour. In me, believe you have a friend - a firm friend - one who makes your happiness his own & who has you constantly in his heart - whose exertions are quickened by his affection for you, & whose hopes aim at that happy period when he may remove all those inconveniences which attend your present situation. Though he has not that degree of prudence & discretion which your partiality attributes to him. He is firm, steadfast & decisive. he is not to be allured from his duty & his fraternal love by the blandishments of the other sex - & though he remembers more than once, that suspicions have been formed of his making such connexions as might abate his affection for his own family, by bestowing a share of it on other objects, his rule of conduct is too rapidly determined to be warped by the childish notion of irresistible impulses.

Monday Evening.

Young Rudall⁸⁹ interrupted me last night, before I had closed the foregoing sentence, and he did not leave me till it was too late to go on any further. I need not resume the subject of it, nor do I know, indeed, whether I had any thing more to remark. I would only wish you to believe that your confidence in me will never be abused, nor, your hopes in my affection, ever be frustrated. I have received no letter from my father to-day as I expected. He probably supposes that what he has

already written is enough to pacify me for the present, & waits for leisure to give me the circumstances. In case I hear nothing by to-morrow's post, Chapple shall take this letter as it is. I am however fearful to enter on the other side of the sheet, least a letter from my father should come in the mesne while. Indeed there is nothing more to be said of much importance. I have had a trifling complaint - the thrush - but am nearly well. It does not confine me, for I am now just returned from Bayly's. Sam Codrington⁹⁰ was called to the bar last Friday - Saturday, I mean. He invited me, & I went to his dinner, but staid not long afterwards. All his company was composed of barristers except my noble self. A great honour, doubtless. Hutchinson met Gater⁹¹ to-day, who took from him my address - so I suppose I shall see him. Chapple gave me, of course, the pacquet containing the two books. Thank you. Dr. Jennefee, yr. affectionate brother

J Jones

Temple, Monday 27 January 1794 (My plan is to contrive some means of your coming to town for a while - Hint nothing of it.

The post brings nothing from my father, but you shall hear soon -

Tuesday eve.

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Received the last day of January 1794

To

Miss Jennefee Jones
at Mr Thomas Jones's
St. Paul's Street
Exeter

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[pencil: 29]

[pencil: Feb 17/94]

My dear Jennefee,

In a letter to my father, a few days since, I desired him to make my excuses for delaying so long to write. I assigned the true reason for that delay, which is owing to the great influx of business into Bayly's office, which has been so pressing, that during the whole term I believe I have had but one evening for my recreation - an evening here, is a portion of time between 10 o'clock and midnight - so you may guess that I have had little enough of leisure. On Saturday evening I lavished three shillings in going to the half play with Hutchinson & another Temple friend of mine, by way of shutting shop, & till next term I shall feel very much like a gentleman, notwithstanding the necessity there is for my applying myself to my manuscripts in the mesne time; & I shall be hard drove to finish them by the time that I open shop for myself - a period which is now advancing fast upon me. You are startled at my three shillings for a half play, when your theatre at Exeter, on a full benefit night, does not hold above twice as much more! The truth is that a certain impudent vanity which I possess prompts me to perch myself in the side box - not, I assure, from the desire of conquest or the cruel wish of making female hearts to ache; but to exalt myself into a gentleman after a long continuance of the drudgery of business, in which I might in time sink myself

down to the humble state of a hack-writer; & forget mine own supreme dignity. Though term be ended, yet my labours do not cease - To-day I have done a stiff day's work, but though my fingers are a little stiff with the constant use of the pen, I will devote the evening to you; entreating you however to consider this, as a letter spun out of the brain when almost exhausted by its previous exertions. I do not think my talent inclines either to letter writing or to conversation. But at any Rate you may derive little benefit from both - if it be but indifferent, you may correct yourself, by seeing defects in a stronger light, than you can contemplate your own - if it be good, the improvement is obvious. I may without difficulty pronounce that your style improves & that, very sensibly too. It is more easy, & more animated, &, in general, sufficiently correct. I would not have study too much, to polish it, for perhaps you may fail

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of your purpose, if you give it too much thought. Precision and grammatical correctness should be the chief object of your care; all the rest will come without effort.

I hinted Brooke's⁹² marriage in my last: I can now say a little more about it. I do not doubt that you were all surprised at this intelligence, considering the situation of the bridegroom. A young lad of three & twenty without any employment or even a prospect of it, marrying a young woman of the same age, widowed, & encumbered with a brace of children, after an acquaintance formed at a watering place, of a few months duration, is a true picture of wisdom & prudence. When Brooke left me at Exeter in April, he went, you know, to Weymouth, & his first letter gave me news of his having been introduced to a "pretty little widow", & then it ran on in the usual style of a young man's letter, about eyes & teeth & long fingers & so forth. Soon after we met in town, in November, I found out that Brooke's time was almost wholly taken up in his visits to Wimpole Street where this lady, as I afterwards found, resided in the house of a Mrs Alpress⁹³ of Jamaica. Brooke himself was either afraid or ashamed to say any thing to me about this connexion; but when I discovered it, I said every thing that I could think of to discourage it, & make him break off the connexion. I have often talked to him for two or three hours together, & had almost prevailed on him to promise never to see her more. When I saw he was bent upon marriage, I said not another word on the subject. I soon suspected that he was married, and about a fortnight afterwards he gave me the formal notice of it. I said not one single word. He was not embarrassed or offended. He is now gone to Bath with his wife & the old Mrs Alpress. The Lady's name is Lynch⁹⁴. Mrs A met her for the first time, at Bath, last year, and finding her a Jamaica woman, she has taken a fancy to her, and they have ever since been on a very intimate footing, insomuch that Mrs Alpress's family are alarmed by her partiality. But of Mrs Lynch nothing is known, as to her family, connexions or fortune - tis fair enough to imply that they are not worth mentioning. I don't know how Brooke's mother & sister like the match, but I can easily guess at the sentiments of the former. The father is enraged to an extreme, & has refused to see both him & her! I heard from Brooke to-day - he hardly says a word about his wife, & there is nothing like rapture in the whole letter. This rather surprises me.

Last Saturday I met Capt. Stribling⁹⁵ at St Clement's chop house & had some conversation with him. To-day I met Mrs Joe Burrow (a good name for her) & Mrs Coffin the postmaster, & had no conversation with them.

I must here close, & go to bed. I will write a nice letter soon - at present I cannot say good things. There is nothing particularly worth notice. Tell my father it was Smith's Manufactory that was burnt down the other day, and I hear 'tis uninsured. Write me soon & believe me, my dear Jennefee, yours most affectly.

J.Jones - 17. Feb. 1794

Temple - Monday Night - though a little more like Tuesday morning - God bless you.

I hear Stowey is again in town - Brooke saw his arrival in the Bath papers!!! I shall send word to

him to put in my porter's arrival

My mother has been a long while a letter in my debt. My best affections to her & to my father. Who is to succeed Pontius Pilate? I shall be glad to hear Moore⁹⁶ - now that is positively a good thing, for me.

Let me hear of your health particularly. Have you had any more tooth ache?

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[addressed:

[another hand: 17th of February 1794]

Miss Jennefee Jones
at Mr Thomas Jones's
St. Paul's Street
Exeter

stamp: not clear

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[pencil: 30]

[pencil: Mar 11/94]

Dear Jennefee,

When your much-loved uncle⁹⁷ returned from India, you may remember that in the first effusions of his newly-acquired eloquence; and before he had begun upon his proposed examination into my capacity & attainments, he was particularly anxious to rub off the rust which he thought I had acquired by too assiduous attention to study, and too great neglect of the great world. You cannot have forgot the iteration and magpie reiteration of that sublime exhortation - "John! you must dissipate - dissipate." In obedience to precepts dictated by such profound wisdom, and in humble hope of following the bright example of so accomplished & well-qualified a teacher, I have, of late, been scrubbing off the rust of my corroded & tarnished intellect, and have actually & bona fide "dissipated". It shall be the business of this letter to inform you of the cause, the nature, time place & consequences of this dissipation, & I hope 'twill entertain you to the full, as much as any single column of Mr Goadby's Yeovil Mercury. Hutchinson, who is very often with me, took an opportunity of asking me if had ever been at a masquerade. I replied that I never had, and I found that he was as great a novice as myself. After mutually encouraging each other, & warming our ideas of the pleasure of this species of dissipation, we both piously resolved to go together to the Masqued Ball at the Opera, which was held last Monday week, the 3rd inst. Being both enterprising men, we determined to go in character, he as a foppish French Marquis, & I as common Lawyer - a Barrister. Upon consideration however, I gave up my character, and I find I did right. A very rich court dress was procured for H and with this and my gold snuff box & my mother's paste ring! he was equipped. I mounted a pink & white domino⁹⁸, a bag⁹⁹, & your embroidered waistcoat, which, at last, I had made up for this occasion. We reached the opera house at eleven o'clock. I immediately got rid of Hutchinson, & left him beset by a croud of masques. The scenes were all removed, & the stage & pit of that enormous house were made one continued platform. I conjecture there were about 2000 masques, & the boxes & gallery were filled with spectators. The spectacle would have

been brilliant, but for the predominancy of black dominos, which ought certainly to be excluded, at all times.

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When the first impression wore away, and I had reconnoitred the company, I began to attack the characters, and said more witty things than can possibly be detailed in this letter. I was principally engaged with an excellent quack-doctor, a French Abbe, a Derbyshire collier, a Capuchin Friar & a capital Sultana. I presently descried Champernown¹⁰⁰ unmasked; I asked how were all his friends in Devonshire, & made some pretty observations on the rurality of Dartington. He was quite "gallied", pursued me round the room again & again, & at last I got into the midst of a croud & escaped him. I believe he did not go unmasked again for the evening. I presently espied Mary Ann Winsloe¹⁰¹ unmasked, by the side of a male domino; I accosted her & she seemed almost frightened - her companion begged me to show myself; I complied, & was then conducted to her mother, who was at a little distance. I saw & spoke to & puzzled a great many others. While I was a supper, of course I put my masque aside, & was roaring to a waiter for some Jellies - at this moment there came up a character, who personated extremely well a forlorn poet, with whom I had conversed in the course of the evening, under my disguise, and cried as loud as he could bawl for his Life "Here Waiters, rascals, you lazy scoundrels, don't you hear Mr Jones calling for Jellies - Jellies here for Mr Jones!" I had hardly got my jelly when a black domino on the opposite side of the table, leaned across & said in a very loud manly voice - "So Mr Jones - I mean you Sir - Mr Jones of Exeter! - these are your pranks Sir, are they? I shall see your father soon, and will take care to inform him how I left you employed." I caught hold of his domino, & swore I would not let him go until he told me who he was - he, in his turn, swore he would not tell. I pulled aside his domino & examined his figure but could not interpret him. He asked for you! and sat by my side some little while - "well - said he, at last - give me a glass of your wine, and I'll promise to say nothing to your father about the matter" - I gave him some Madeira in my glass & away he went. I cannot guess who those two were. For the Rest of the night, however, I had the precaution not to exhibit my face again. Upon my return to the masquerade after supper, I accosted, in a sedate manner, a lively girl who personated a Savoyard guitar-girl. I saw she was with a party, two of whom were unmasked - I found her a sensible girl; and difficult to be believed! I asked her to dance - she assented & we danced, as long as dancing was good, that is to say, as long as we could stand. I got into the spirit of the dance, though it was new to me, in a moment, & set them right, more than once, when they were dancing out of time. This is really true. I asked her afterwards what sort of dance we had been dancing - she told me it was a Scotch Reel. I fancy my aversion to dancing arises from bashfulness or fastidiousness, for I find that, when under a masque, I can dance as enthusiastically as the merest school-girl. These are bad symptoms, Doctor!

There was no character in the room, better supported than Hutchinson's, and very few, perhaps not half a dozen so well. He was obliged to talk almost the whole evening. A French hairdresser, had a great deal of conversation with Monsieur Le Marquis Fanfaron de Sans Terre, and was at length permitted to adjust the Marquis's coiffure, which he, did, to the great amusement of the by-standers. I routed a Spaniard with my Spanish, a french knight with my masqued impudence, and a clergyman with my Latin. The latter, though a scholar, I entangled in an argument about the authenticity of a disputed classick - I was conscious of doing it pretty well. We drew a large crowd of masques. I harangued them, exposed the doctor's ignorance, & raised a most vociferous shout of laughter against him. There were many gentlemen by, who understood the question. This was the first publick speaking I ever attempted, &, thanks to the black silk masque, I acquitted myself admirably well. I afterwards went & sat by him, & had a great deal of sober conversation, & apologized in as gentlemanly a manner as I could, for the merriment which I had raised at his

expeuce. He had three ladies with him, all unmasked, & he gave me leave to converse with them - a privilege of which I availed myself. A young Lady personated an Italian singer, in all the absurdity that characterizes opera singing: I followed her wherever she went, mimicking her, to her great dismay. My shake was admired by many - seriously. A young gentleman attempted to banter me about my spectacles imputing the use of them to a ridiculous but fashionable affection. I was nettled - I answered him very soberly, and by telling him that he did not employ well the little portion of wit which God seemed to have given him, in ridiculing men for infirmities which they themselves had so much reason to lament, & some more such stuff, he pulled off his hat to the ground & made a formal apology. I had one good rebuff from the quack-doctor, myself, but it is a man's joke, & therefore not worth relating. Hutchinson left the house at 5 in the morning, and I am almost ashamed to say I staid till 8, and still left a great deal of company behind me. Of course I slept all the forenoon of Tuesday, & therefore have not felt the least particle of indisposition or fatigue in consequence of this "dissipation". I cannot however forbear to observe, that though men, whose minds are commonly firmer than those of the sex [sic], may safely venture to a masquerade without fear of injury to their morals, yet the confluence of so great a number of dissolute women & of libertine men, occasions such licentious behaviour that, if I were to suffer a virtuous woman to go to such a place at all, I should take care to limit her stay to a few hours only in the beginning of the evening. In plain English, a masque is only a licence for doing that which one would be afraid or ashamed to do with a bare face.

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I enclose you the hand bills distributed by 2 of the characters. The one with the skull & marrow-bones is the quack-doctor's. Pray take care of them: they are worth preserving.

I have so much exhausted myself by this over-grown letter, that I must defer the consideration of the particulars of yours to another opportunity. Dr Jennefee, yrs ever

J. Jones.

Temple 11. March 1794.

[pencil: The masquerade]

[addressed:

To
Miss Jennefee Jones
at Mr. Thomas Jones's
St. Paul's Street
Exeter

To the care of Mrs. Trewman

11th March 1794

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[pencil: 31]

[pencil: Mar 23/94]

It is all true. I have actually been at a masquerade: I have actually danced Scotch reels with a

Savoyard girl, & I have actually worn the embroidered waistcoat! It is veritablement vrai sans mentir, and I'll engage to swear it before any magistrate in the kingdom. Mrs Smith, the baker, used formerly to tell me, I was "a sad young Youth". But she never saw me at a masquerade, no more than my father. And yet I dare say, they would both find it in their hearts the one to rail at me, and the other to flog me. More than once I had, there, almost forgot who I was. I most certainly was as little like Master Jones as 'tis possible to conceive. Neither my dear father or mother would have known their own son; and if they had known him, they would have been afraid or ashamed to own their own baby. I have always asserted, & I shall always maintain, till I have good reason to beleive the contrary, that into whatsoever situation a man is placed, he feels himself always equal to that situation, & in a moment becomes completely reconciled to it. Could fortune at this instant of time, seat me on the papal throne of Rome, the highest pitch of power, might, majesty & dominion, that a human being can be exalted unto, I should directly feel myself every inch a pope, as much as Sixtus 5th. ever did, & should immediately exercise my authority spiritual & temporal over the souls & bodies of the faithful. Bottom the Weaver was ready for every & any and all the characters in the play - he could enact you the lion, or he could present you Thisbe - the gentle Thisbe - I have just the same powers that Bottom displays - I can assume what character you please, & I can aquit myself equally well in all. Mr John Jones, in the eyes of different people is by no means the same man. If it were possible to bring into one circle of company, my uncle Jones, Mr Bayly, Mr Brooke the married-man, Mr Thomas Sheldon, & some others of my acquaintance to whom I am tolerably well known, as they suppose, & each was to draw my character according to his own observations & judgement, good heavens what discordant, irreconcilable features should we see depicted! There would be no trace of the one true original which would not give the lie to the other. We would see Sobriety opposed to dissipation, Parsimony to Extravagance, Good-humour to austerity, meekness to arrogance, industry to indolence, learning to ignorance, candour to hypocrisy. And yet after all the confidence & free confessions, & the experience & scrutiny of my friends, I believe I am known to no one so well as you, except for some few foibles which may well be kept in the back ground of the picture, as they more concern myself, than any other person.

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Though I have confessed that I was amused by the dance at the masque, & that I enjoyed it with all due enthusiasm, yet you are by no means to conclude that my sentiments concerning dancing have undergone any revolution. Perhaps I am wrong. I cannot however forbear to express my full disapprobation of the practice. I think country dances indelicate in the extreme - I had almost said, licentious. The familiarity which it introduces between the sexes, the noise & nonsense, the uproar & confusion of the dance, men running after women, catching them by the arms & legs, whirling them first one way, then dragging & pushing them the other, treading upon one another's feet, tearing their cloaths off their backs, jumping, scampering & kicking, & the dissonant crash of the orchestra, repeating & still repeating the same vile jig - all this is incompatible with - it is destructive of that elegant & amiable decorum which ought inviolably to be observed between the sexes. There is an infamous book called the Sorrows of Werter¹⁰², in the first volume of which is an excellent description of a dance, & this I think will be acknowledged by every one who has ever once felt the Delirium of dancing. It may be said too that in this dance there is nothing inconsistent with the strictest decorum. With the decorum of dancing, I admit, it may be consistent, but it is to be remembered that the author of that book has very naturally made that dance the foundation of all the vice & misery with which his story abounds. The picture is natural - it is frightful! I am not too severe; for notwithstanding all I have said, I would not prohibit my daughter from dancing. She might dance the minuets till her heart ached, but she should never dance a third country dance on the same evening; and though I would suffer her to dance one or two, it would be only to avoid the

appearance of starchness & prudery. Dancing has been termed a rational amusement: so is drunkenness. For there seems to be as great an exercise of the reason in the one as in the other. Nothing can be rational where the pleasure is so intense - people are "passionately fond of dancing - they are transported - delighted - they can dance till day-break without feeling fatigue". This is the language of a lover of dancing, & furnishes a sufficient argument against the propriety of it, for it is enthusiasm; and enthusiasm, even that which is directed to future concerns, is a curse: and I do (witht. any reservation) assert that where a person feels an enthusiastick fondness for any pursuit of amusement or pleasure, he ought to get rid of his enthusiasms, or to force himself into a total forbearance [c.o. altogether] of those pleasures. But I repeat, that dancing is indelicate, and for that reason alone, it ought to be avoided by all young girls. After a woman is 60 I have no objection to her dancing. After all I shall be very glad to hear what can be said on the other side of the question. When we meet in London & there is a masquerade to be found, you may rely on it, that I'll take you, if the money is to be found above ground - for I neither allude to you when I sermonize in this way, nor am I such an ass as to wish to prevent your going to [c.o. these] places, from which I should probably keep Mary-Ann Winsloe!

I am glad to see that you passed your time agreeably at Sandford, for what Vellum calls a twofold reason - first, that I wish you always to be happy & secondly, that you have the good sense to like retirement, and the sober rational conversation of the worthy George Bent & his family. If he & his daughter press a repetition of your visit, & you feel no disinclination to it, I shall be pleased to hear that you accept it. To Miss Marsh¹⁰³ & to her father-in-law, whom I sincerely esteem, I beg you will not fail to say very civil things for me. Miss Marsh shall have my handkerchief soon, but upon this condition alone that she works me one exactly similar to it. Tell her I am a poor middle-sized miserable man enough, & being much wrapped up in my studies I cannot do it myself, & am obliged to lay my friends under contribution. If I had any intention of being ill soon, which at present I have not, I should be glad of her assistance as a nurse, in which capacity you say she so much excels. At present I must cease, and will give you a little more tomorrow. This is Saturday. I seize a leisure moment, though I shall not send what I have written till Tuesday, by Trewman's express. Cheap. The enclosed to Chave¹⁰⁴ - for a paper I want - you will immediately send to him. Tuesday morning - I had hoped to have written something yesterday or Sunday, but on the latter, the weather was so inviting, that I could not resist the temptation to walk the greater part of the day, and yesterday I was so busy that I could not command time. I yesterday heard from my father, whose letter I shall soon notice. Brooke's letter, is the letter of a gentleman who is passing his time very much at his ease in Bath, & is quite in the chit-chat style of that most indolent of all places upon earth. I shall not fail to ask him, in my father's words, "how the pain in his breast is now". I apprehend, entre nous, that his wife has £200 a year! This is one degree above nothing at all at all. Yet 'tis such a sheet anchor as to save them, at least, from pecuniary embarrassment. Brooke too, is not extravagant - he is even discreet in the use of his purse, as I have often observed. Take care of your voice. For want of due attention & proper treatment of hoarseness it sometimes becomes altogether incurable - you remember Charles Cutcliffe's¹⁰⁵ grating voice, which arose from the same cause. I would recommend a frequent but sparing use of linseed tea, strongly sweetened with honey; let it trickle slowly down your downy throat, & don't wash it immediately away with swallowing the saliva. Don't drink strong beer, ale or punch, nor strain your voice overmuch in speaking. Scolding is a great detriment to your cure, & swearing much only brings on a spasmodic asthma I am in earnest, however, about the Linseed. You would do well to walk in the fine weather we are like, from present appearances, to have. I am satisfied that the best time for walking is an hour before dinner. Please to tell my father that one Wellington¹⁰⁶, a mathematical instrument maker, has called on me to be paid for something done for him. Ask if I am to pay his bill. You must be content to pay for this letter, for I do not like to venture to Warwick Court in this mild shower. The moment I get into Parliament, all this expence will cease. My father speaks of your going to the

play, my mother & Miss Marsh. What sort of Enactors have you got? Best affections at home, Dear Jennefee, your beautiful Brother,

J. Jones.

Tuesday} 25 March Annunciation Day 1794
London }

Chave's letter must be deferred till I send by Trewman.

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25th of March 1794

[addressed:

To
Miss Jennefee Jones
at Mr. Thomas Jones's
St. Paul's Street
Exeter

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[pencil: 32]

[pencil: Apr 9/94]

Dear.Jennefee,

I had hoped to have given you a letter, yesterday, free of expense, but I was so straitened in time, that I could not accomplish it. This evening, however, shall be employed in your service, though my regularity of my hours will prevent me from writing a long letter. I will first despatch all matters of business.

The neckcloth, the kerchief, and the cravat are now no longer worn. We beaux have adopted the use of stocks, and nothing else is now worn by the fashionablest gentlemen of the town. Partly from this reason, and partly because my neck, my alabaster neck, is but ill clad, I have had to request you will make me one stock, according to the following pattern, viz.

[SKETCH]

They are tied, you observe, with strings of narrow tape, instead of being buckled, as in the last century; and the bits of the cloth to which the strings are fastened, should be no bigger than just to receive the strings. The exact circumference of my snowy neck is one inch more than the length of this sheet of paper from A to B at the bottom of the page. Please to make me one, with all convenient despatch; and if I like the sample I shall send you a further order. Lucy¹⁰⁷ may however go on with the neckcloth, unless she choses to work any thing else for me. I am reducing my toilet expenses very fast. I have, for some time past, dressed my own hair and tied up my own tail: so much did my two years' barber's bill frighten me, that I am resolved never more to employ those rascals, by which I shall save near 8 guineas a year. My shoes are made of waxed leather, and I wear yarn stockings pretty constantly. I must be economical, till my fees tumble in: I shall touch fees before this time twelvemonth. My time of commencing pleader is now so near at hand, that I have actually, all the sensations of a man of business; and I am looking out for a good second hand pair of scales to weigh my guineas.

You say a great deal in praise of Lens¹⁰⁸. He is undoubtedly an ingenious man, and a voluble

speaker; but he holds no very high rank in the profession. He is an unembarrassed, unanimated, monotonous

B

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orator, a good lawyer enough, and a mild modest and diligent man. But when you compare him to Gibbs - "Hyperion to a Satyr!" - Gibbs is as much superior to Lens, as perhaps Lens is to me, or as my present associate, Mitford¹⁰⁹, is to my quondam associate Brooke. I look upon his introduction into Bayly's office as my peculiar good fortune; for he is an excellent scholar, knows French and Italian au fond, has a very lively and brilliant imagination, vast good nature, and, what would most powerfully recommend him to ladies, is, that he is a very "hainsome mane". But withall, his peculiar misfortune is that he has a little dash of the coxcomb, and is thoroughly town bred, and my misfortune is, that his love of conversation prevents the business of the law from going on with exact regularity. The digressions are very frequent, but are too sprightly and entertaining to be rejected.

In the British Critic of last month, you have another review of Polwhele's history, in which you will see the most biting sarcasm, and the most exaggerated praise, & professions of respect. I have written the reviewers a very long letter, not absolutely in his defence, but to set them right in some points which they seemed to have mistaken, & have deprecated ridicule, though not proper censure. Say nothing of this out of the house. I will show you the letter some day.

By Mr Newberry's sister you will receive the kerchief for Miss Marsh. Newberry¹¹⁰, of course, you have heard is dead. Gresse¹¹¹ also is dead and has left Hele¹¹² all his property. Some men, I have heard, need only lie on their backs, and fortune, like Tom Taylor's wife, drops her favours into their mouths, when least merited or expected. Dr Higgins¹¹³, who my father knows, had his house broken open last week, and more than an hundred pounds worth of plate stolen out of it. This is all the London news I have for you; except indeed that the new Drury Lane, which is at last opened for Oratorios, is said to be one of the finest theatres ever seen. I have not seen it. Mitford tells me that the opera House will not bear a comparison with it.

I hear sometimes from B¹¹⁴ who is still at Bath, and seems to be leading a very easy life. He never mentions his wife to me, except to present her compliments at the bottom of the letter, though I never saw her. However she is no stranger to my captivating figure, for I know that B has pointed me out to her more than once. I wonder he would venture to do it; but he entertains no jealousy of me; and I am sure I would not for the world be the innocent cause of the drawing of the affections of his wife. Yet, you will allow, that he acted imprudently!

I wish there were any means of sending my [SKETCH OF A HAT] to town: for though I have not often occasion for it, yet I am sometimes forced to borrow a friend's, which is something like borrowing a friend's [SKETCH OF A TOOTHBRUSH]

Be pleased to tell my father, I anxiously wait for an answer to my last letter to him.

I want to send you down "un abrege de l'histoire du vieux Testament" which I shall take the first opportunity of doing. Next week is Passion Week. The beginning of the following week - the 20th - I suppose you will go through the whole service of the morning. I shall probably be engaged in the same way.

Dr Jennefee, Yrs most affectionately
J. Jones

Temple 9th. April 1794

What is this which I hear about a duel fought, or affected to be fought between booby Giffard¹¹⁵ &

an Exeter attorney?

What was Chantor Gordon's sermon¹¹⁶ about, which I have been told is advertised to be published?

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9th of April 1794

[addressed:

To
Miss Jennefee Jones
at Mr Thomas Jones's
St Paul's Street
Exeter

A

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[pencil: 33]

[pencil: May 12/94]

My dear Jennefee

It has not been in my power to give an earlier answer to your letter, and as I have so long been detained at Bayly's this evening, I shall proceed to the business of the correspondence, at once, least I should nod over my paper before it is half filled. The stock does very [inserted above: pretty] well, and I thank you for it, and shall trouble you to make me one more. Please to make the ends wider, and the stock itself much fuller: it should fill up the whole space between the chin, and the end of the neck, without the aid of a stiffening. Our "fashionable best beaux" do not have their stocks wrought. As to the pattern for Lucy - for as our acquaintance is now so intimate, I may be allowed the drop the surname - I profess myself unable to undertake it. I can, indeed, draw; but I draw only Law-Pleadings, which perhaps would not be considered as very ornamental in a dress. If she is absolutely disposed to work me a neckcloth, it must not be a long one, there should not be above 6 inches hanging down, when the knot is tied. I shall certainly prize the handkerchief very highly, & shall tell all the people in these parts whose work it is. As to the cocked-hat; it is not from any ambition to be a Smart, that I use it. I am not so weak. Whether it be becoming or unbecoming, is here a matter of no importance. It is the custom in this town, never to wear a round hat upon some particular occasions - to go to a dinner, a playhouse, to a great man, to an assembly, in short to any place where a man is obliged to assume a reserved deportment, or whenever he is to join a large publick company; it forms a part of dress which, by common usage, seems indispensable; & without it he would possibly be as remarkable, as the most extravagant dress could make him. A tye wig¹¹⁷, too, is a part of dress not more becoming, possibly, than a cocked-hat, & if a [c.o. man] lawyer were to wear it on ordinary occasions, he would be as much ridiculed, as if on proper occasions, in the publick exercise of his profession, he were to go without it. To violate rules of dress and deportment is beneath the dignity of a sensible man. Fools plan fashions, & wise men follow them. As to the absurdity of dress, I see nothing in it. One modern dress is as proper & as

becoming as another. The fashion of the present day will be, in ten years time, as much an object of derision, as square toed shoes, ramlie-wigs¹¹⁸, slashed sleeves, ruffs, and vellum button holes, now are.

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I continue in excellent health & high spirits, & am sorry that I should have been so foolish as to express myself so strongly about my late petty embarrassments, as to give you, or any at home such a degree of uneasiness. You do not know me yet. I am not made of that sort of stuff that yields to slight impressions, when I alone am concerned. I have too much pride to be touched with these accidents - I have something of my own in reserve, which all the calamities of the world cannot snatch from me. I have that which will never suffer my spirits to droop - a submission to the almighty Providence, without whose permission & intervention not a sparrow can fall to the ground; & sound hopes of becoming worthy of being received, in a few years, into a state of [c.o.] life, [c.o.] of which the happiness is inconceivable. A man must be a coward who pines for the want of a guinea or two, with such expectations as these before him. I look upon impatience, as an act of impiety.

The professour¹¹⁹ is a good natured, clever, superficial, sly, avaricious, thoughtless man. Though one cannot much dislike him; yet tis impossible to feel esteem for him. Whatever his resolutions may be, as to quitting Exeter¹²⁰, I am confident he is chiefly actuated by a childish love of novelty; for he has too little reflexion to be hurt by the neglect he has incurred from his foolish conduct. He never will succeed any where - whatever his talents may be, & in his profession I believe he is extremely able, yet his disposition renders him the most unfit person in the world to be a Surgeon. He has neither feeling nor delicacy - the former, perhaps, he cannot help - still I never can think of the mummy he keeps in his house, & the story which accompanies it, without sensations of exquisite pain and indignation! Good God! what a heart must that man have. What a spectacle daily before his eyes! I do not know what claim he could have upon Gresse - long acquaintance, forsooth! Hele had some claim; for he had assisted Gresse in his necessities, & had lent him upon good security, very large sums.

I have by no means given up Hutchinson for Mitford: for Hutchinson, though distasteful to you, and perhaps not without reason, is a very good kind of man. Mit is, however, of a totally different stamp, for he has enough in all conscience to say for himself; and no woman will ever I think, complain of his dullness or taciturnity. He says very high flown things in commendation of [c.o.] mother's ham, upon which he has, for these two evenings supped. I am glad to find he likes it, for I have lost much of my partiality for hams, & its a great pity good things should be spoiled. Thus, you see I entertain my friends. A groat's worth of porter, my ham, butter & bread, make altogether an elegant and plentiful supper. Mit, I think, sacrifices something; for at Sir John's he would certainly have a more costly supper, & better company. Hutchinson, I repeat, is a very good

kind of man. He has some odd notions. I heard him say very seriously the other day, that he thought it improper for a man to speak to a woman the first, or even to bow to her in the street unless she first noticed him. When I saw he was absolutely in earnest, I shouted with laughter, & absolutely disconcerted him: & soon after it brought to my mind your letter in which you described your conference - last Xmas I believe. He is however a good fellow - liberal and manly, though on some occasions he seems rather timid; especially when he thinks he has not acquitted himself well. Mit, on the contrary, knows no such sensation - he had the happiness of being born in Yorkshire where people are remarkable for that strength of mind, which in some countries is called Impudence, and his education he finished in London. He is a hearty eater, a fierce loyalist, & the best draughtsman I ever met with: he has a very correct taste in musick, prefers an organ to all other instruments, and Handel's to all other compositions. So much for my two companions. I have said more of them than

perhaps you desired to hear; but I wish to let you know a little, with what sort of people I pass my time.

I am sorry for Mrs Hall's unhappy fate. Had she known more of mankind, her husband's infidelity would not, possibly, have had such tragical consequences. Fielding somewhere admirably observes that the extreme delicacy of women makes them incapable of seeing the distinctions a man draws betwixt different persons of the same sex. They cannot suppose that a man may form an illicit connexion with a woman without withdrawing the affection he has for his wife. The very contrary is the truth. Though he may be seduced into a criminal intercourse with a vicious woman, his heart in the main, may be undepraved, & perhaps his respect and love of his wife even encreased by the subsequent consciousness of his guilt. Not so with women. The loss of modesty is attended by the total depravation of morals, & they sink gradually into such an abyss of vice, that the distinctions of right and wrong are totally forgotten. If there be a class of persons completely vicious and depraved it is those miserable outcasts of human society, who infest the streets of this town: and yet men there are, whose thoughtlessness or frailty leads them to an intercourse with them, who nevertheless, in all other respects preserve their moral rectitude. This is worth knowing: men, bad as they are, are not so bad as they are thought to be. I pity Hall - I pity his wife - the agonies of both must have been insupportable.

Dr Jennefee, I have filled my paper & wished you a good night - you are probably sleeping while I write - Receive my best affections and believe me yours most truly,

J.J. Temple Wednesday night 12/13 May 1794.

Remember to take exercise - If I don't see you look healthy & chearful when I come down, I shall scold with a vengeance.

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In your future letters leave room where I have marked it out at the top of this page - leave so much as I have marked out; I have occasion to write something upon it.

You'll think I exaggerate, but I am correct, when, I say, I have not time to carry this to Warwick court, in [c.o.] season, to go by the express; so you must e'en pay - & a dear bargain perhaps you'll think it.

13th of May 1794

[addressed:

To

Miss Jennefee Jones,
at Mr Thomas Jones's
St. Paul's Street
Exeter

stamped: 13

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[pencil: 34]

[pencil: June 17/94]

My dear Jennefee,

The same reason which I must assign for having omitted to give you a letter by Piper, must occasion this letter's being but a short one. I now write at Bayly's in the midst of business, papers & law-books. I had intended to have risen early this morning for you, but some porter I drank, upon my return to chambers last night, set me so heavily asleep that I did not rise this morning till near 9 o'clock.

Your account of the illumination¹²¹ & other rejoicings made me laugh, and if the joy of the Exonians was individually as elegantly demonstrated as Mrs Weldon's, Mrs Gore's, and Mr Micheau's, I think the absurdities must have been exquisite. I congratulate you on your escape from the rocket. In Town the illumination was not indeed, general - it was universal, & those few houses of Jacobins & uninhabited houses, which had no lights, had their windows demolished. There was no notice of the illumination - they began with one accord at a late hour on Wednesday night - many people of course were gone to bed - they were all made to rise & light up their houses. L. Stanhope¹²² was gone to bed - so was his next door neighbour, a Mr King - the mob mistook King's for L. Stanhope's, & by the time his windows were beat down, the mistake was discovered. They then assailed the Jacobin Peer, & they left him not one single pane. The Thursday night was the grand scene. Mit & I traversed all the principal streets which were literally filled with people, shouting, dancing, singing, & playing musick. "God Save the King" might be heard from some hundreds of barrel organs. The illumination at the Admiralty was grand, but simple. An enormous anchor, & an enormous crown with an enormous star & Cross, composed of white lamps. Whitehall (the street) was full except a passage left in the Middle of the horseway through which M. & I attempting to pass, we were assailed by the whole mob, & were without difficulty prevailed on to pass before the admiralty with our hats off, hallooing, & god saving the king, with all our might. Carriages in abundance were traversing the streets to view the spectacle. The

1v

people seemed all of one mind - not the least dissent - not the least irregularity - no riot - plenty of noise, but no mobbing or confusion. Ld. Howe is in town, & this night I suppose there will be an illumination again. This will be the fourth!

The package I am to expect this morning. It is not yet arrived, being now but just turned of noon. I shall not be able to stay to notice its arrival, being so very busy. In a day or two, I will write at large. Bayly is at this moment waiting.

Best love at home. Give Miss Tremlett¹²³ - or rather lend her a kiss in my name which I shall claim to have repaid me, when I see her.

This goes per Mr Shirley¹²⁴. Adieu. Yr. affectte. Brother,

J. J.

Temple - Tuesday 17. June 1794

I give you joy of your last birthday!

You ask if Mit is the Son of Sir John - he is his nephew - Mit's father is the elder brother, a man of very large fortune & Colonel of the Yorksh. Militia.

M. has a brother a pupil of Gibbs's- a fashionable kind of man who lives in the Temple - M. has lodging at the other end of the town, & makes his uncle's what he calls his coffee-house.

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18th of June 1794

[addressed:

To:

Miss Jennefee Jones
at Mr Thomas Jones's
St Paul's Street
Exeter

To the care of Mr Woolmer

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[pencil: 35]

[pencil: July 1/94]

Dear Jennefee

It seems as if I should have a few minutes of leisure this morning, and recollecting it is Tuesday, I will employ them in your honoured service. This day's post, I conclude, will give me notice of my father's coming, in pursuance of the letter I wrote him last Friday. From the certainty of the nature of his business in town, I don't doubt that it will turn out to his advantage. I conclude his stay here will be very short. Indeed it will not be prolonged by my means, for I am so tied down by the work, of what Mitford calls, the pleading shop, that much of my time, cannot be passed with him. I am writing this very letter upon the Counter; & had it not been for Bayly's casual absence, you would not, most probably, have been thus favoured.

I mentioned in my last, that I had been a little incommoded by head ache. I believe it is occasioned by the strife of two contending elements, namely Fire & Water. - The Fire of this sultry weather, boiling seething & cooking into a ferment the water of my washy habit of body. I act very much on my own judgment in cases of sickness, & I insisted upon Sheldon's applying a good large blister on my ivory back. He approved of my suggestion without reserve, & last Saturday made the application to the said back. The event justified my surmise, for a most prodigious quantity of water was produced by the blister - at least a quart. This load about my head, you may imagine could not add very much to my comfort, or to the usual fervour of my imagination. The stupid letters I have of late written, must be ascribed to this load of water quenching & well nigh totally extinguishing or putting out that fire of fancy with which you are so often entertained. In sober truth, my head-ache immediately began to subside - I felt little of it on Sunday, less yesterday, and to-day I have not the smallest degree of it, whatever. S advises me to keep it open three or four days more, that my brain-box may be thoroughly purged & scoured. You see how excellent a physician I am.

1v

I have observed the weather to have similar effect on many other people. They complain of extreme weariness; even my robust friend here at my right hand, has been considerably more weakened than myself. It does not arise so much from intense heat, as from the closeness and apparent heaviness of the air. The thermometer has hardly been above 60, & last Summer, when I really enjoyed the weather, without feeling any inconvenience, it was for some days at 90. This proves that it is not from excess of heat.

Town begins to pour itself out into the blest solitudes of the country. All the shopkeepers are retiring into the inmost recesses of Islington, Hackney & Newington Butts, to enjoy the serenity of a

pastoral life, to wander through the romantick mazes of their shady retreats, to inhale the fragrant gales wafted from their tile kilns & soil pits, & to cheer their hearts with tobacco & politicks, & to recreate & exercise their bodies in skittle playing & trap ball. The higher classes will be no more found amongst us in a fortnights time. It is yet impossible for me to fix, with any degree of precision, the time of my going down, though I shall certainly leave town as early as I possibly can. I shall hardly know how to conduct myself towards S. and L¹²⁵. The former, I think, I most certainly shall never visit again; and I have great doubts about the latter.

I would not have you refuse Miss Davys¹²⁶ invitation, unless you dislike the inviters. Indeed a visit there can be of no disservice to you, & if you are pleased with their company I see no reason why you might not repeat your visit, on a future invitation. There is one small advantage attending it; which is that there will be no necessity of receiving their visits in turn, nor can there be any reluctance on your side, on that account, considering the channel through which their invitation comes - I mean through Bent's family. I do not know whether I am intelligible. I would say that as you are invited as a visitant at Bents, you are not expected to invite them in turn, & this being the case, the circumstance of your being a visitant, will take away all reluctance you might feel in accepting their invitation, from that supposed necessity of being obliged to invite them.

Dix¹²⁷ is in town and has been at Sheldon's. He is come to consult Dr. Warren¹²⁸ about his eyes. Sheldon's tells me he will certainly lose them, by that disease called Gutta serena¹²⁹, which is a desruction [sic] of the organ of vision.

The post has come in and I don't hear from my father as I expected, yet I suppose he will have left Exeter before you receive this.

I must now shut up for Bayly is come, & wants my assistance. I will write again soon. I always think myself at liberty to write pretty much at random, when I send free of postage - When I write by the post you are sure of better writing, better paper, & greater sublimity both of style & sentiment.

Dr Jennefee yr affte. brother

J. Jones

Temple. Tuesday 1. July 1794.

Best affections at home.

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1st of July 1794.

[addressed:

To:

Miss Jennefee Jones
at Mr Thomas Jones's
St Paul's Street
Exeter

To the care of Mr Woolmer

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[pencil: 36]

[pencil: Aug 2/94]

Dear Jennefee

I have this moment (Saturday afternoon 3 o'clock) received your letter, & though this will not leave town till Monday evening, I shall begin it now, & go on as opportunity of time occurs. There is a great deal for me to do, before I leave town, and as all unemployed time is just so much taken out of my intended stay in the country, you will conclude that I allow myself no intermission of my labours.

It is utterly impossible for me to pronounce when I shall be able to go down - certainly not in less than a month; for I have business to finish here, which is to me of the last importance, & if I go away before its completion I shall sustain such disadvantages, as I shall have always reason to regret. Though the days already begin to shorten, there will be "good weather" enough for us; and if it should chance to rain & become cold at the latter end of the season, we'll make in a larger fire & keep it out. I am at present in such perfect health that I do not want good weather, and indeed my work employs me so incessantly, that I can't stay to look out of the window, to see whether the sun shines or not. My wishes to go into the country, if they are not more ardent, at least keep pace with yours, & the very instant that my task is completed, I shall take my place in the mail. But, I repeat, that if I leave it unfinished, I shall do myself a most essential injury. 'Tis the arrangement of my precedents, in which I am engaged. To counter-balance the lateness of my coming down this year, I shall in all probability go down a second time, & keep Christmas at Exeter, for before that Time I shall quit Bayly's, & must settle some matters there before I set up shop. The want of my friends here, who are all gone into the country, would make my stay in town, even more disagreeable than it is already, were it not, that if I had them all at my beck it will be of no use, for I should not give them a moment of my time, for I shall allow myself no relaxation, till I set off myself. This last is an elegant period, but however it shall stand.

1v

I am always glad to see your letters, dated from Sandford, because I expect you are laying in health by wholesale, and I think I may hope to see you as broad as a tub when we meet. I advise you not to eat many cartloads of fruit a-day, for it will counter act the good effects of air & exercise in the country. I should not have participated of the pleasures of the dance you describe, for I can only dance reels, & that, too, under a mask. We don't dance much at Bayly's, though Mitford has often unsuccessfully proposed it, nor did he meet with better success, when he suggested the propriety of Bayly's keeping some cold ham & madeira for our benefit. He left town a week ago, and I find him very much wanting. I believe I mentioned Brooke's being in town some while ago, and the improvement which I observed in him, with respect to his manners & conversation. He, too, is gone back to Wales. Brooke & Mitford & Hutchinson, & every one else who comes to my chambers, & know my father, are all struck with the model of his phiz. I think it the best thing of the kind I ever saw. As to Miss Marsh's plan of carbonading me with her curst toasting fork, tell her from me, that if she ventures to lay one finger on my pretty face, I will have her guillotined in effigy for a sorceress; for toasting waxen figures is sorcery, & the very means which sorcerers employed of old to destroy those persons who were their enemies. You may tell her so from Shakespere's Hen. 4th & her father will prove it to her out of an old Greek book called Theocritus, in his Pharmaceutria¹³⁰. Dame Jordan¹³¹ was burnt alive for those frolicks, so let her beware how she meddles with fair-faced young men's mild features. Tell Mr Bent, that the D. & C. poems were received by the Monthly and Critical Reviews soon after their publication, which was antecedent to the appearance of the Review, I take in, - the British Critick - so that I can give him no information on this subject, but only refer him to Dyer¹³² who will furnish him with the Reviews. I remember the Critique upon

the poems, and I think they were sufficiently commended - Entre nous, a great deal more than they deserved, for there is a great deal of very miserable trash amongst them. I will not forget to bring down the Crediton charters,¹³³ & when you have an opportunity, send me up Mr Bent's Sermon. It is an hospital sermon? for I have School-meeting sermon of his, preached about the time you mention.

I hope Fanshawe¹³⁴ will succeed in his attempt for the Recordship, for if Tonkin gets in, being a young man, he is like to keep it a long time. I have set my mind upon it, and shall undoubtedly offer myself at the next vacancy. Codrington¹³⁵ has an eye to it; so that when old Fanshawe departs or secedes, we three shall try who can pull hardest. I have the best right to it, for I am, by far the cleverest fellow.

Your Southerhay fire is an expiring rushlight in comparison with the solar blaze we have had in town. No less than 600! houses at Radcliffe¹³⁶ were not indeed burnt, but annihilated by a fire last week. They cannot define their boundaries, so complete has the devastation been. The scene of ruin seems the wreck of a large city. The houses were tolerably mean, chiefly inhabited by inferior people, close built & old. Three persons only, out of many thousands, are burnt. It began at 2 in the afternoon, & at 1/2 past one the following morning, the flames I perceived were very high & bright. Many of the ruined inhabitants were, the succeeding night, lodged in Stepney Church - the day after, Government supplied tents for them in the adjoining fields. This is, by far, the most dreadful fire that has been known in this kingdom, since the burning of London in 1666, commonly called the "great fire", which, you know; the monument was set up to commemorate. It was occasioned first, by the firing of a kettle of pitch in a shipbuilders yard, & secondly the most considerable mischief was occasioned by an explosion of all the Salt Petre in the East India Warehouse, to which the fire had communicated. One ship was burnt, & if the wind had unluckily driven to the South, half the shipping in the river must have shared the same fate. A most incredibly liberal subscription is carrying on for the relief of the sufferers. One single coffee-house, Lloyd's, I believe, has in two or three days furnished 1000£ & it is still going on. We Englishmen are really the best fellows upon Earth. Though it took place more than a week since, I yesterday saw fire and smoke in abundance rising from the ruins - these heaps of ruins form at present, the very finest place in the known world for roasting potatoes.

You must scrub up old Handel by the time I come down, for I want to hear some of his jigs, as I have been so long out of the habit of hearing musick. I shall avail myself of an early opportunity of sending you some of his instrumental compositions, - Overtures - which I shall command you to practise, that I may be suitably entertained on my arrival. To-morrow, being Sunday, I shall again hear our capital organ most miserably played as usual. The organist really spoils all the little devotion I feel, & generally sends me out of church in a passion. There is too little musick in our services. What can be more absurd than reading the jubilate, te deum, the venite exultemus and nunc dimittis? The psalms are redd too! In the primitive Church, almost all the service was sung. St. Augustine, in some part

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of his writings, speaks particularly of the sublime services of the early church, & asserts that the sublimity of their singing in unison, and their [c.o.] apparent earnestness & zeal in publick worship, was the first motive to his conversion. What would Austin say, were he to peep into some of our parochial churches now a-days? Make my best love at home - Dr Jennefee

yr affecte. Brother

J. J.

Temple - Saturday Night late - 2. Aug 1794.

[addressed:

To:

Miss Jennefee Jones
at Mr Thomas Jones's
St Paul's Street
Exeter

2nd of August 1794

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[pencil: 37]

[pencil: Aug 18/94]

Dear Jennefee

There must certainly have been mistakes, or rather delays in the delivery of my letters, or I should not have been charged with neglect. I believe I never omit to date my letters, & unless I have failed to do so, you must have immediately perceived on the receipt of each letter, whether it had come to you in due time. I do not think I shall often trust again to Messrs Woolmer.&.Trewman, for really the walk to either of their houses is worth the money you pay for postage - indeed a ticket Porter would charge more.

There is hardly time for me to advert particularly to your last letter, since it is now a late hour, and indeed I doubt whether there is much Occasion for it. It suffices to say that every part is redde with attention & properly considered. Whenever I am silent, you must not suppose that I pass cursorily over any of your letters, or that I am not sufficiently impressed with their contents.

I write particularly now to inform you that I shall leave town earlier than I purposed; but, though I cannot yet fix the day for my departure, my next letter will, most probably inform you of the time of my journey. I made a false reckoning: my business will not employ me so long as I thought it would. However notwithstanding this, I do not give up my intention of Christmassing it, in the Country.

In Town we have been a little turbulent, & we are not altogether calm yet. A young man was kidnapped - that is, inveigled by a company of soldiers to serve in the army, & was carried away & secreted in a brothel near Charing Cross - there 'tis said he was confined in an upper room, from whence in a fit of rage & despair he threw himself out at a window, & was immediately killed by his fall on the pavement in a back Court there. 'Tis said, but I doubt the truth of it, that he was found with his arms tied behind his back. When the lad was so found, & the cause of his death made known, a mob was presently raised & the house entirely demolished. The Concourse of people was so great, & their behaviour

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so outrageous that the Guards both horse & foot were called out to disperse them & protect the neighbourhood. I yesterday went down there, & saw one troop of horse guards at the door, and another patrolling the streets in the vicinity. A Blockhead of a gunsmith at C. Cross was rash enough to fire upon the mob from his window, for which act of kindness the rabble entered his house, & would have proceeded to the most violent acts had not the soldiery come in Season. However they

cut up all his feather beds & threw the feathers into the streets which in that quarter, are still half covered with them. The man dead is said to have been insane, yet the coroner's verdict is "murder by certain persons & from certain Causes unknown". Few of the mob have been killed by the soldiery - I hear only of one man, & that was done with a broad sword, nor do I believe that they had occasion to fire at all. If mobbing was ever justifiable, it is on this Occasion - they have not gone too far - no great outrage has been committed, & the little which has been done, & the great indignation and resentment which they have shown - their numbers & their resolution, will probably strike awe into those infernal crimps & and kidnappers, & prevent the like practices in Future.

This happened on Friday last¹³⁷, & since Sunday morning, though multitudes of people are assembled in the street, no violence has been attempted, nor is now apprehended. But that the people of this active town might not fall into a lethargy for want of interesting events, on Saturday Night last¹³⁸ we had another grand Fire. On that night we celebrated the birth Day of the Duke of York, at all places of publick amusement. Mr Astley had a great exhibition of many wonderful things to amuse his audience & display his loyalty - amongst the rest, he had stage fire-works - these, it is said, occasioned the firing of his theatre, luckily, some hours after the company were gone, & the whole of his theatre or saloon, & fifteen adjoining houses are entirely destroyed. There is hardly a wall standing. I yesterday saw one wall fall of great height. I dont hear that any lives are lost.

We are all rejoicing at the death of Robespierre¹³⁹, of the circumstances of which, Mr Goadby has, no doubt, informed you, this morning. 'Tis rumoured here, that Tom Paine, who you know was imprisoned, has fallen a victim to the rage of the Republicans. 'Tis said he was, amongst many others, assassinated in the prison where he lay. Our wisemen & soothsayers say that events favourable to the interests of this kingdom, & indeed to the peace of mankind, are likely to ensue from the death of Robespierre. They calculate dissensions in the French Army, & from this circumstance, those good consequences are expected to flow.

Write to me soon - with best affections at Home, believe me, Dear Jennefee

Sincerely yours

J. J.

Temple - Monday Night 18. Aug. 1794.

I would fill up this side, if I were not so sleepy. I am still in very good health, at which I am rather surprised, for at this time of the year I used to be unwell. Perhaps my indisposition was antedated this year, and that the complaint I had when my father was in town, is to serve for the whole year.

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18th of August. 1794

[addressed:

To:

Miss Jennefee Jones
at Mr Thomas Jones's
St Paul's Street
Exeter

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[pencil: 38]

[pencil: Aug 30/94]

Dear Jennefee

I shall leave town on Monday or on Tuesday evening, so that you will see me in your agreeable city on Tuesday or Wednesday night - most probably on the former, but certainly the latter, unless an earthquake should first swallow me up. I was last year told that I was uglier & uglier every time I came down - this year past, has not improved my beauty, & I think you will now find me more ill-favoured than ever. However there is enough of my former self left for you to recognise, me. I can't stay to write any more. Every moment tells. For a long while past I have worked like a Packhorse, upon an average 14 hours a day incessantly. By no means omit to call at my uncle's and give notice of my expected arrival. I entreat you not to omit this, by any means. I have got a famous overture of Bach's for you - the overture in Orione - & a few of glorious old Handel's. I come not loaded with myrrh frankincense & rich gifts. I bring you only my own single self - a good soul in a rough case - a rich pearl in a homely casket - a diamond set in lead! Best love at home,

Dr Jennefee, yrs. ever & ever

J. J.

Temple - Saturday Noon 1794.

Tell father I have not seen Fentiman¹⁴⁰. Fortunately I have enough left to convey my carkase down.

30th of August 1794

[addressed:

To:

Miss Jennefee Jones
at Mr Thomas Jones's
St Paul's Street
Exeter

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[pencil: 39]

[pencil: Novr 5/94]

Dr Jennefee

I gave your mother a letter from Overton¹⁴¹ last night, which will, no doubt, be communicated to you, before you receive this. In addition to that hasty letter I have to inform you that I am safe arrived at my chambers. Hutchinson & I proceeded on our journey together without any other passenger until we arrived at Axminster, where we took up Mr James Templer¹⁴² & his charming daughter¹⁴³. Templer, contrary to my expectation, recognised me at once, kept me in almost incessant conversation, in which his daughter bore an ample part, & we passed the day more pleasantly than I ever did before on any journey. We went on very merrily until we got within a few miles of Overton, when the coach, which was running a very rapid course, at once overset. Templer & I were in the back of the coach, he under me, & Mr Hutchinson & Miss Templer on the opposite seat, & Hutchinson next the ground. I seriously declare that no one of us was, in the least degree, alarmed or even discomposed: Miss Templer only asked, as if for information in a common way,

"how we should get out". I proposed that T. should go out first, which he did with some little difficulty, though without treading upon any one, & very leisurely took out his sweet daughter: from a principle of politeness I desired Hutchinson to go first, and I followed him in good time, after groping about some while for my silver snuff box. It was not dark when we got out, though after ten o'clock at night, but it rained most violently & the road was almost half a foot deep in mud. Not the least injury was done to any one, except a slight scratch on the face of an outside passenger - a gentleman, who was jerked from the coach-box into the adjoining field. I immediately prevailed on Miss Templer to suffer me to put on her my great coat, & having buttoned her up well, & ledde her to a heap of stones, where she might stand in the dry, I procured an umbrella which I held over her, till my assistance was wanted to help up the coach. To remove St. Peter's tower would have been work of equal facility; so I took the little fair one upon my arm & away we trudged in search of some cottage. At the distance of about a mile & half we met with a paltry hedge alehouse, where I made her immediately [c.o. made her] drink a pretty good dose of hot brandy & water, & ordered the landlady to attend her to her room where a pair of dry stockings was procured. Templer had stopped a chaise, in the mesne time, on the road, took out the horses, fastened them to the wheels that were uppermost, & presently got the coach up. Miss Templer was put into the chaise, in which there happened to be a clergyman, & Hutchinson Templer & I, again got into the coach & presently reached Overton. I was soaked to the bone. T. dressed

1v

me in one of his waistcoats, big enough for a great great-coat, while I and Miss T. were put before the fire to dry, & he insisted on my sleeping at Overton, as they intended to do, & proceed in the morning with them in a chaise, which he promised to hire, & to "give me a cast in it to London". I consented readily enough; so Hutchinson, who had not been much wetted, went forward in the mail with the said clergyman, & the said scratched and bloody-nosed gentleman, who took the aforesaid trip over the hedge. You would have laughed, almost as much as Miss Templer did herself, if you had seen her equipped in a brace of petticoats which she had borrowed of the Overton Landlady; the one a red stuff, & the other a green stuff, & a pair of man's slippers on her feet. I protest, I never saw such a courageous girl! She was neither frightened, nor embarrassed - she laughed at our absurd appearance in getting out of the fallen coach; she rallied me on the loss of my snuff-box; she diverted herself with complaints that the gentleman made about his nose, which, in truth, was d--d ugly one, & said that the only concern she then had was that its shape would be spoilt. I told Templer afterwards I was absolutely surprized to see his daughters resolution, which I considered equal to heroism, when almost every other lady would have screamed for a good half hour & then have fallen into a sound fit - he answered that "he never suffered any of his family to have hysterics." This morning, after having had an excellent night's sleep at Overton, on as excellent a mattress, we three set off in a chaise for London, where we arrived at four o'clock in the afternoon - two of the Templers went on to Whitehall, & the third Templer to the Temple. I have dined at the Oxford with Hutchinson, from whence we adjourned [c.o.] to my-chambers, where we have passed the time together in talking-over the adventures of the journey, till I begun this letter.

Miss Templer appears to be about eighteen or nineteen years old - she is what I call very pretty, about the size of Lucy, very fair, & auburn locks. She is, in sober truth, so sensible & accomplished a girl that I am afraid of her, & am obliged to look over my words & thoughts before I give them utterance - She has about as much affectation & false delicacy as Lucy, & about the same proportion of hypocrisy & haughtiness. As to her accomplishments, it is enough to say that they are not superficial. Mr. Bents hospital sermon lay with another book in the pocket of the chaise; she snatched it out & redd it with extreme avidity, favoured us with her comments on it, from time to time, &, in the end, set to it the seal of her approbation. I swear my picture does not do justice to the original, & I swear I will not trust myself to add another touch to the portrait. Templer's civility was

unbounded - he gave me repeated invitations to Stover, which I shall not fail to accept at a future time; & indeed he said he wished it had happened that I could have been there with him this Summer. From the narrative I have given, you may suppose we are not upon very distant terms - He has not called me other than "Jones" - without the detestable Mr. since our first stage & indeed I can hardly persuade myself that we are not very, very old acquaintance. Miss Templer has been on a visit of some months - I have half the family history already - at Sir J.de la Pole's. Pray is not Lady de la Pole, Templer's Sister¹⁴⁴? I have since some faint idea of its being so, but am uncertain of it.

You will allow me to conclude my letter, for it is become pretty late & the Journey of the day, has been of sufficient length to dispose me to sleep. To-morrow, I shall not be able to resume, for it will be a busy day.

Desire Gray immediately to let me know the name of Farquhar's Attorney & his address, & let him know I will write to him in a post or two about his business.

Make my most cordial & respectful remembrances to Mr. Bent, to whom you may read the first paragraph of this letter, making such corrections as you go on, as will put this hasty letter in a better shape than I can stay to give it. I wish my pen would gallop as fast as our coach did down the hill when we kicked up.

Make my love to Lucy & Maria¹⁴⁵ & tell I'll bring them down a gingerbread husband a piece when I come.

[c.o. Make my duty to Mary¹⁴⁶, & tell her I'll bring her down a quire of ...and a hogshead of "... Devotions for families together with ...piece of the best Dutch matting ... socks.]

Make my duty to Fanny¹⁴⁷ & tell her I have made a bargain with Fanshawe's Clerk to buy off all his master's old wigs, that she may look like herself, when she sits in Sir John Chichester's¹⁴⁸ seat again.

As for Hugh¹⁴⁹, William¹⁵⁰ & Henry, Mrs. Luxton, Ned Couch, & Rebecca, give them a kiss apiece, & tell them to be comforted with an assurance of its repetition next Candlemas Day.

Dr Jennefee, yours ever

J. J.

Temple - 5. Nov. 1794 - near Midnight.

There will be no ball in my bedroom this night.

/Hardy¹⁵¹ is acquitted!!! In my way to my chambers, I met him in a hackney coach out of which a small mob of shabby fellows had taken the horses, & were drawing him home to his house in Piccadilly in full speed.

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5th of November 1794

[addressed:

To

Miss Jennefee Jones
at the Revd. George Bent's,
Sandford near Crediton
Devon

[pencil: 40]

[pencil: Decr 1/94]

My dear Jennefee

I received your letter under Mr Buller's frank¹⁵², a day or two since, and I take this early opportunity of answering it; although I have many things in hand which I must put aside while I am writing. There cannot be a greater contrast than between a town and a country Life. I enjoy none of that loitering, easy indolence which I used to indulge in, at Sandford: my whole attention is engrossed by study & business; and I have literally, not yet found time to put away the things that I unpacked when I arrived in town. Term is ended, but there is no cessation of business. At 9 o'clock, I come home from the office completely fagged, and I am glad to relax, in an hour's conversation with Mitford, rather than sit down again to the desk with a pen in my hand. Notwithstanding this, you seem to reprove me for dilatoriness, which, in truth it is impossible for me to avoid.

On Saturday I gave Mr. Bent a letter, which I hope meets his satisfaction. It consisted mostly of an answer to some queries of his - I conclude you have seen it. In that letter I mentioned my having offered myself as a candidate for a Fellowship in the Society of Antiquaries¹⁵³. My canvass has employed many of my mornings & evenings, & this is to be considered as one reason for my omitting to write with unvaried regularity. I am assured by some of the Fellows that I need not tremble for my success, as it is highly improbable that I shall not have a majority - indeed, more than a majority; for the electors must be at least two thirds of the voters. I am promised an introduction to the president, which will, I trust, secure my election. Whether I win or lose my election, I beg you not to say any thing about it. It will not come on in less than seven weeks from hence; so that we may possibly have an opportunity of conversing about it, in the mesne time. I own I have for some time ardently wished for this honour; both for my amusemt. in attending the meetings, & with the hopes of forming acquaintance with people of high station & talents, whose pursuits are in the same line with my own. If I do not succeed at first, I am resolved to get myself propounded meeting after meeting, till I am chosen: for having met with a few rubs in my canvass, it has encreased my ardour: and I have always found that opposition has invariably, upon me, had this effect - to encrease to the highest possible pitch, my resolution

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and perseverance. So that if they should black-ball me this time, I am determined never to give up my pretensions, but to pester the society with ballot every six weeks, till they make me a fellow. But I think I have little or nothing to fear.

You seem to be in as devilish a passion about my saying some pretty things about my pretty little Miss Templer, as you used to be when I passed three minutes [c.o. in] an afternoon with Bell Wentworth¹⁵⁴. Pray Miss Jones, am I never to speak to a girl without giving you a written notice, & axing your lishence? Am I never to look a young lady in the face without your leave? And must I never speak a word in commendation of any such one till I have brought her before you for examination? I tell you now, then, to spite you as much as I can, that I am over head & ears in love with Miss Templer - that I have offer'd her my and and art which are both excepted, & that our Nutshells are to celeberritated forthwith out of hand. She will come home to chambers in a fortnight after our usual scout, which young couples make after marriage; & the papspoon, the waddling cloths, the other cloths, & the go-cart are already made. Her uncle the bishop is going to marry us -

her uncle the Judge is to frame the settlement, & her uncle the member is to introduce us at court. The affair is all settled & certified.

Harry Ley¹⁵⁵, I understand, met with a greater disaster, in being overturned, that [sic] I did; for I hear he is very much bruised & one of his ribs is broken. I suppose this was occasioned by a fright & scramble, without which, I think, an accident could hardly have happened.

I congratulate you and Mr. Bent on your astonishing progress in the science of horsemanship: you should now always ride together, in order to encourage, comfort, support & protect each other. I suppose nothing will keep you from Haldon races¹⁵⁶ next year. One caution, however, I wish to give you - that if your horse ever starts, or looks wild, or stands still going up hill, or does any naughty trick, be sure to lay hold on the tail & mane & scream stoutly, or no one will ever know you are in danger & want assistance. Never spare screaming & calling aloud for help when you think yourself in danger.

I saw John Sheldon & his wife a few days since - they are both well - What an elegant and accomplished young man Mr. Rodd¹⁵⁷, their companion, is! He was certainly a worthy object of Miss [c.o.] Yarde's affection!

Make my best remembrances to all the family at Sandford & believe me, Dr. Jennefee
yours ever

J. J.

Temple - Monday¹⁵⁸ noon

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1st of December 1794

[addressed:

To

Miss Jennefee Jones
at the Revd. George Bent's,
Sandford near Crediton
Devonshire

stamped: B. DE 94 1

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[pencil: 41]

[pencil: Decr 20/94]

My dear Jennefee

The frost is so intense that if I go into the other room to search for your last letter, I shall get benumbed, & be unable to proceed with my letter. I shall, therefore, for the present, take for granted all that you have said, & shall advert to it at a future time. I write now, indeed, more to avoid the imputation of negligence, than to employ a leisure hour; for Mr. Watchman below, has already told me it is time to go to bed.

This day is the last day which I shall pass with Bayly: I have finished all my work there, & am now a shopkeeper on my own account, if any customer chuses to deal with me. I cannot yet promise them that my wares & commodities are of the very best quality; but I will render them at reduced prices & give most abundant measures. My shop is, neither, sufficiently stocked, & I shall make but

an indifferent show in my windows till I have stowed away some goods of which I am in considerable want. My situation too is unfavourable to a new beginner - & till all these several wants are supplied I do not expect to cut a very splendid figure. In a day or two I shall write to my father, & to that letter, as to these points, I shall refer you.

I should imagine by your ever-during stay at Sandford, that you have taken root there. You are no doubt very happy there, & I d'ont wonder at it; nor shall I wonder shortly to hear that Mr. Bent has turned you out of doors, & sent you back to Exeter by the Creditor carrier.

Tolerable success has befallen me in my canvass for F.A.S. & though I am not sanguine, yet do I not despair. I have already five names to my certificate; expect two more, & am promised many votes. The 29th. of next month seals my fate. I was present at a meeting last Thursday, when Stephen Weston¹⁵⁹ was ballotted for & elected! I have more & better names to my certificate than he had.

Brooke has been in town about a week, but I have seen little of him. His journey here was occasioned by the death of his wife's uncle, from whom he had expectations. His Will is not yet made publick. Brooke talks of leaving Glamorganshire as soon as his wife is

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brought to bed, & of fixing his abode somewhere in the direct vicinity of London, so that he may be able to undertake & carry on some kind of employment. He is reconciled to his father, and takes up his quarters at Islington.

This Christmas will not see me in Devonshire, for I now find it impossible to stir from hence; nor shall I be able to, till I get settled in chambers. 'Tis surprising to me that none are to be procured, tho' I have been on the watch, ever since my last arrival. Most probably something will turn up this vacation, - if not, I shall be greatly embarrassed, for 'tis impossible to carry on business if such a nasty hog-stye as this. You may easily guess at the regret I feel in being prevented from going out of town - but you must also be well persuaded of the necessity there is for my sacrificing my temporary comfort to my future & lasting Interests. Be sure, however, to drink my health on Christmas day, & in return at 5 o'clock on the same Day I will not fail to toast "all our friends round St. Swithin's"¹⁶⁰ - There is one comfort however which I feel sensibly; that my presence is not wanted at Exeter. You understand me.

Write to me in a day or two, & you shall have from me a long letter - I shall have time enough on my hands next week, & probably for many weeks to come - I never found my health more firm than at this moment. Devonshire only puffed me up with fat - that fat is somewhat vanished already, but I am as strong as a grass Lion & as brisk as a Grass hopper. My animal spirits are only equalled in energy by my voracious appetite & I sleep as sound as a rock. Bayly notices my healthy appearance, & Mitford says I want only a little more of the carnation, to render me perfectly adorable.

I want a Trewman - namely a Pocket book - for 95 - bound in calf & a brass clasp as usual. Can you contrive to send it me before the New Year. Brooke particularly desired me to make his best remembrances - Make mine to all the worthy folks about you & tell Mr. Bent, after thanking him for his droll epistle, that I will answer it very soon.

My Dr. Jennefee, yr. ever affectionate,
J. J.

Temple - Saturday night
20. Dec. 1794

In your future letters you'll alter your address to me. Give me that addition to which I am legally entitled.

MAKE MY BEST
LOVE TO
L U C Y, & Maria
Now I hope she's satisfied.

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[pencil: Starts in life on own acct - as Special Pleader¹⁶¹ 20th December /94]

[addressed:

To
Miss Jennefee Jones
at the Revd. George Bent's,
Sandford near Crediton
Devon.

stamped: A DE 94 22

20th of December 1794

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[pencil: 42]

[pencil: April 24/95]

My dear Jennefee

Two of your letters lie before me. The first relates to divers riots in Devonshire, and the other to a certain accident which befell you in a post chaise. I hope the former has subsided, & that you have recovered from the fright occasioned by the latter. But a word for myself, first.

The pattern shirt is a very good batchelor's shirt, and I can find no fault with it, except that the collar is rather too tight & not quite wide enough. I observe that the whole shirt is not so long as my old ones are; but of this I do not complain, for if it goes into the waist band of the nameless garb, tis sufficient. I blush while I write. Besides a shirt or two more, I want a few neckcloths, of a triangular form, & of good coarse muslin; as my beard will cut to pieces the finer sort of muslin in the course of four or five times' wearing. The size of my father's neckcloths, or a little larger, will do, for it is out of rule to wear long ones. I should like to have one or two neckcloths of that fine cloth which is made of flax thread - whether that which I mean is ILawn or Cambrick, upon my soul I cannot tell; but I almost confident it is one or the other. I want these for Dress. I can no where get a good shoe in London. A pair I had made a month or two ago have occasioned a corn - a thing which I have always dreaded - for I cannot bear the thoughts of carrying such unnatural bosses on my body as corns, warts, wens & white-swellings. Such superfluities are only fit for persons of condition. Please therefore to direct Maunder¹⁶², who is the only man I ever met with, that knows how to make a shoe, to make me one pair with single Strings & without heels, as I used to have them. As your rules of dress at Exeter do not exactly agree with ours, it may be right to hint that wrought neckcloths are not worn. Perhaps you might have complimented me with a stitch or two of tambour¹⁶³, if I had not spoken.

I am sorry to inform you that I have had a relapse of the tender Passion within a few weeks past, and that I am now so completely under the awful dominion of the infant God, that, to use a Western expression, I am as it were like a toad under a harrow. My passion for Miss Templer quitted me by slow degrees, & my slavery has been ended for some time. I considered she was rather too short for me, & our children would have been more like rats than young Christians, if they turned after papa or mama. Another objection was, that she seemed to have seen rather a little too much of this fine town, to retain that simplicity of character which is so much the object of my admiration. A third obstacle was that fickleness of my temper which will never suffer me to be in full love with any girl for more than a kalendar month. Lady Charlotte succeeded to Miss Templer & used to keep me awake, till the usual term of my passion expired: and now the imperial Miss Glassford sways my softened heart with haughty hand. Where I first saw her I shall not tell you - it is enough to say that the first instant our eyes met, we did for each other completely - the shock was mutual as it was violent - we overpowered each other by a reciprocal blaze of beauty beaming from each other's countenance - we expressed our sympathetick emotions by stolen glances & I actually sent out so much fire from my left eye, which you know is the strongest, that I may reasonably wonder the glass of my spectacles was not melted. Yet we concealed from the surrounding company our disordered feelings - our emotions were only seen by ourselves. The captain, her father, had promised to conduct her that evening to the Magdalen Chapel to hear the musick; but allured by the company about him & unwilling to leave the bottle, he hesitated to perform his engagement. I seized this opportunity of offering my services which were immediately accepted, & away we went in the first coach we could get, & procured a good seat in the chapel. Our reciprocal affections were then completely rivetted; & what my eyes began, my tongue finished; so we exchanged vows of eternal constancy & made an engagement to go a night or two afterwards to the play. Captain Glassford was suffered to make one of the party, & I was suffered, though there were other women with us, to engross all her conversation, which I assure you most seriously, was most bewitchingly agreeable; for Nature has done wonders for the girl, and education has not marred Nature's work. We have another engagement in hand, & after that, I hope we are to have another & another & another, till she goes back to Norfolk

Which, I hope, will not happen for these three months to come. In her person Miss Glassford is exquisitely beautiful, with the most exact symetry of features that can be imagined. Her eyes are black - decided black. Her lips are red, & very red; & the under one looks "as if a bee hadde stungg it newly". In her stature she exceeds you a little & she is rather slender. Her hair is dark & long, & there is more than enough to make me two bar-wigs. She was dressed in deep mourning, for her mother died last January, & left her, the only solace of a very disconsolate widower. This circumstance added to the apparent gravity of her temper, - for I will jest no longer - made her wonderfully interesting, & the innocent confidence of her manners showed her, indeed, in a most amiable light. I was at first sight, struck with her appearance; & the conversation which such a prepossessing appearance invited, proved what I find generally true that personal beauty is frequently accompanied by pleasing manners & good sense. This, you will say, is a hardy assertion - I have nothing to plead in its favour, but my own experience - except indeed, in one instance, & that is Lucy Marsh, for though she has a most unfortunate countenance indeed, yet I believe she is a tolerably good girl. What Miss Glassford's connexions are, I do not know; but she has been, unquestionably, in good company. She is perfectly at ease, does not talk much, but sings charmingly. At the Magdalen she sang the hymns in a devilish good style. The father, whom they

call Captain¹⁶⁴, was lieutenant of a man of war, & is now regulating captain at some sea port. Whether he has any fortune or not, I am not informed, for I never did nor shall make the enquiry, as I am not interested in that circumstance. "My bones are not knit" yet: for this reason I think nothing of matrimony, & shall, I believe, never think more of it, than I do at this moment. Though I am so much in Love, Don't be jealous as you used, for after next Sunday, tis much if I ever see the lady again. Besides my month is almost out.

I have written a great deal of nonsense - tant mieux, for it shows a man's heart is at ease. Mine is so upon every score but one, & tis in your power to secure my ease there, & that only by consulting your own happiness, & making a free use of the good sense which God has given you.

Make my best affections to my father & Mother - Love & a brother's kiss to Lucy. I have not yet met with a husband to suit her. Ask if she'll have a big or a little one.

Dr. Jennefee, yours most affectly.

Jno. Jones

Temple. St. George's Day - rather St. George's Night - 1795

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[addressed:

To:

Miss Jennefee Jones
at Mr Thomas Jones's
St. Paul's Street
Exeter

stamped: D AP 95 24

24 of April 1795

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[pencil: 43]

[pencil: May 5/95]

My dear Sister

I did not know that my last letter was much beyond the regular time of writing; but the cause to which you ascribe my delay, though it may serve as a subject for a letter when there is no weighty business in hand, will probably never engross my serious thoughts, or make me remiss in the discharge of any of my duties. Of that tender, delicate, inexpressible, soft nonsense which most men pretend to, and none feel, I have no knowlege. There may be persons who pretend to feel the resistless impulse of Love, who are governed by the Fates, to whom the beloved object is all in all, & the rest of the world a desert: but I hope this is mere pretence. For the honour of human nature I hope it. The only foundation of true affection is esteem for one's virtues, & that esteem is to rise or fall as those virtues encrease or diminish. As to my passion for Miss Glasford, it is the utmost I ever feel - the pleasure of the conversation of an agreeable girl - very well while it lasts, & forgotten as soon as it is ended, with very little anxiety for its recurrence. Since I came to man's estate, I have never fallen in love, nor do I believe I ever shall: but with all this indifference, if at a future time, when my circumstances would allow me to support an establishment, & when I could meet with a

very good girl, who would be content to trust her heart into my custody, who should have a good person too, for I don't like ugliness, & a good share of common sense, I would fain enter into the holy state of matrimony, & think the title of "Father of a Family" one of which I could without vanity be proud. Men & women were sent into the world for their reciprocal happiness, & a state of celibacy is that, for which God cannot have intended them. But this like many other benefits which the creator of the universe has conferred us, is most frequently abused & perverted, & becomes a source of misery instead of happiness.

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It is impossible for me to fix the precise time for quitting town. As soon as the business of Trinity Term ends, I shall certainly set off, for reasons which I need not repeat to you. Probably within a week or two of the end of term, for I shall not be obliged to continue here longer. This term is not a very busy one, & of course I have not much to do. Luxmoore¹⁶⁵ has not yet left his chambers, nor do I know when he will. Till that time I am settled in those chambers, I shall not feel comfortably; for my things here are in disorder, & in consequence, I suffer considerable inconvenience. Indeed this delay is irksome in the extreme, & I almost wish the chambers would tumble about Luxmoore's ears & force him away. He has employed a set of bunglers about his new offices, & they can't prevail on the walls to get dry.

I have often heard of Miss Rogerson¹⁶⁶ whom you mention, but I never saw her. I am sorry to hear of Williams's¹⁶⁷ situation; for though he is not to be very highly esteemed for his wisdom, yet he has a great deal of good nature. I hope he will live; for notwithstanding all that is preached about Death, it is a tremendous event. God speed those who can contemplate it with calmness! who can face it without terror! Those who can, are more inconsiderate and more virtuous than I am. I hear nothing of Philosopher Kendall¹⁶⁸ - that misguided man, whose tales are splendid, but whose mind has been wharped & corrupted by those seductive scribblers, Rousseau & Voltaire & Bayle, might have been the delight of his friends & enjoyed all the happiness that usually falls to a man's share. His intellectual pride has embittered his life, & sunk him to a miserable state of gloom fretfulness and misanthropy - burdensome to himself and to his acquaintance, he sleeps out a life of sloth which he terms Independance, Liberty, philosophick Ease: content to swallow the poor pittance of praise which is dealt out by the foolish girls of Exeter who are solicitous of seeing their names in an ode, & to hear the fulsome flatteries of a set of fellows that have not judgement enough to understand his merits, or to discover his follies. Kendall the Skeptick! who doubts of every thing, [c.o. believes] except that all men are vicious, all women faithless - who has no affections, no friendships no religious consolations - who is virtuous because

he has no passions, & temperate, because he has not health. I suppose he has not resumed his visits at home, for his resentment does not easily subside; but as you must occasionally meet him, I rather wonder you do not sometimes mention him. My acquaintance at Exeter has always been very limited, & I am now less anxious than ever to encrease it. They are certainly a very strange set of people, unlike every other race that I have met with. My friends here are of a very different stamp. One of them, Mr Steel¹⁶⁹, a barrister of Grays Inn, has often pressed me to visit him at Cheshunt in Hartfordshire, where he has a house, and when he was in town last week, called upon me to fix a time; I pleaded Term & every excuse I could think of, but was obliged at last to appoint next Saturday, when I shall set out in the stage & stay with him till Monday afternoon.

I am still in very good health, but a little relaxed by the sudden heat of the weather, so that on Sunday I felt myself tired before I had gone through half of my stated walk. Vegetation is very brisk in town, for the trees in Lincoln's Inn Fields are almost in full leaf, & the park is as verdant as Norn'hay Fields¹⁷⁰, & to my mind, full as pretty a place, both in respect of its native beauty and of the company who are accustomed to frequent it. I met & spoke to Harry Ley there, last Sunday.

There is no very grand news stirring. Mitford's uncle, Captn. Molloy¹⁷¹, seems to be in jeopardy: the evidence against him is very strong, & apparently very decisive.

I must now shut up. Make my best remembrances at home, & believe me
ever yours
J. Jones.

Temple. Tuesday 5. May 1795.

I received from my uncle, a day or two since, a very kind letter, containing a case from him, for my opinion, which I gave by the return of the post.

Last night Gibbs sent for me, & with a great deal of civility enquired about my present practice, & made very hearty offers of his professional assistance, & repeatedly desired me to make use of it whenever I found it necessary. In the Gent's Mag. of last month you will see a letter of mine, respecting Polwhele. My initials are subscribed. J. J.

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[addressed:

To:

Miss Jennefee Jones
at Mr Thomas Jones's
St. Paul's Street
Exeter

5th of May 1795

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[pencil: 44]

[pencil: June 9/95]

My dear Jennefee,

It was my firm intention to have written by Captain Glasford, because I wished, if possible, you should see him and his daughter: but I was prevented from waiting on them on Sunday, by Brooke's importunate invitation to dine with him, which I had several times before evaded. By this you will perceive that my Love & my Gallantry have carried me no great lengths. Indeed as the Captain & I were upon such free terms, my neglecting to take leave of him and Miss Glasford was a breach of the rules of good breeding - nay of common civility. Yesterday was the day appointed for their departure. They make a circuitous journey and did not mean to reach Saltash¹⁷² before the end of the present week. I believe she left town with some regret; for though she made tolerable use of her time here, yet Glasford's gout kept her at home for a fortnight or more, & debarred her of many amusements. She is certainly a very pretty & amiable girl, & for this reason I wish you knew her. If chance bring me near Saltash when I am in the country, I shall certainly go there and make my bow again.

Death has then carried off some acquaintances since I left Exeter. Williams & the two Bruttons¹⁷³. I own I do not feel much sorry for the loss of them. Williams was a very good tempered fellow, but his mind had so little of energy that his attainments were very inconsiderable and his attachment very feeble, so that none can regret, by his death, the loss of a valuable friend or a

pleasant companion. Good nature is a good quality, but it does not compensate for want of good sense. As to Mr & Mrs Brutton, I believe they did not lead very happy lives, & considering her temper & his infirmities, I hardly think Miss Maddern's situation at present is to be lamented. Still death is an awful event, and though I can contemplate the ravages it makes amongst my acquaintance without absolute pain and melancholy, yet it suppresses for a

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while all cheerfulness of thought, & makes me reflect on the changes it must sometime make on myself. It is a salutary monitor. It lightens the cares of life, & opens prospects so splendid that the dazzled imagination recoils from that tremendous scene of wonders which we are so soon, haply, to behold, when "like a man we meet God, face to face".

I am glad Lucy is with you, and I don't see why she may not leave the keys at home, and make a longer visit than a week. Besides the longer she stays, the better able will Maria be to improve her knowledge of the science of housekeeping, & to employ the native strength of her robust constitution. So much strength should have something on which to apply itself. Of this I am sure that my exertions of muscular strength have never been so called out as when Maria was to be kissed, or hunted, or prevented from cramming me. I would sooner undertake to break in a Rhinoceros, & teach him to fetch & carry, than to encounter Maria in any way.

Again, I am glad you are renewing your intimacy with Betsy & Lardner; for it is unpleasant to be on distant terms with near relations. We may hope for perfection, but the search will be fruitless, & we must therefore accomodate ourselves to one another's foibles, as well as we can. I do not wonder that my uncle is displeased with Luxmoore; for his behaviour in keeping me out of my chambers so long, is very distressing. Still I hope to put things in a train there before I leave town - to get them painted, & to send in my furniture & books.

Make my best affections at home - & to Lucy - Dear sister, your affectionate

J. Jones,

Temple - Tuesday 9. June 1795

1

[addressed

To:

Miss Jennefee Jones
at Mr Thomas Jones's
St. Paul's Street
Exeter

stamped: D. JU. 95 9

9th of June 1795

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[pencil: 45]

[pencil: June 22/95]

My dear Sister

I have just redde through your letter, & will immediately reply to it; not in regular order, but as the particulars of it strike my mind.

And first, I am very glad, both that in your conversation with Stowey at Kenbury, you avoided giving him any information regarding respecting Sargent¹⁷⁴, & that you prevented his being introduced to him at Exminter. And moreover, I beg you will remember that it is my particular request that you do not suffer any such introduction, if you can help it. It is my earnest desire that Sargent may not know him, now, nor at any future time. I wish that no connexion with that man may ever be renewed.

I am pleased, too, that my uncle Jones & Sargent have met, and I wish that the [c.o. former] meeting may have been pleasing to former. He indeed is capricious; but his caprice is the caprice of aversion & not of partiality; for though his dislike of persons is often ill-grounded, yet his approbation & esteem are not to be obtained, unless they are deserved. As it seems, by your letter, that my uncle gave him a general invitation, I trust that Sargent did not omit to call on him before he left Exeter. He has, notwithstanding his foibles, some very good points, & his character here, stands very high.

Next Wednesday will enable me to fix the time of my departure, which I shall communicate to you in my next letter. It cannot be necessary for me to repeat that I shall leave town the earliest moment possible; but if Luxmoore should quit his chambers on the day mentioned, I shall not forego the advantage of putting things in order there, which may easily be done in the course of two or three Days. But I fear that this will not be so; & you possibly hope it. At this rate, this circumstance cannot protract my stay a week, & I have hardly room to form the least expectation of it. It would indeed be very desirable to me; for if he continues longer, I shall have every thing to do when I return to town in Michaelmas Term - in the cold weather & in the hurry of business.

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I thank you for the offer of my father's military hat & feather (I hope) But as I now really feel the approach of old age & sorrowfully perceive the declension of those personal attractions which have done so much mischief in the female world - I don't mean the frightening of young children - that I give up all thoughts of conquest, & am content to curry favour amongst women by a dexterous use of the powers of speech. I am truly less attractive than ever; & when Sally sees me again she will be confirmed in her old opinion that "Mister John comes down uglier & uglier every vocation.".[sic] However what Mr. John lacks in beauty, is compensated in health, for in no period, that he can remember, has he had such uninterrupted good health as for the last eight months. To recur to the cocked hat - I am pretty confident that were it the smartest ever seen, were it trimmed with the broadest galloon¹⁷⁵, and decked with the largest cockade, it would make but a slight impression on the heart of the Nymph of the Tamar. As a coquette, she would make the poorest figure! In truth the poor girl has so little notion of gallantry all' amoroso, that I verily believe if I were fool enough to utter a compliment to her person, she would laugh in my face. Believe me she is no Nonpareil - no Pheenomenon - unlike either Statica, or Cleopatra, or Zenobia - no majesty, no splendour, no tinsel of body or mind. A little humble figure, though by the bye, devilishly well figured, a face fit to face mankind withal, because you see innocence & frankness, written upon it in very legible characters; and a mode of behaviour so untainted by affectation, or the desire of drawing admiration, that I can hardly prevail on me to believe she was bred in town. In short she has just that Simplicity which the generality of people must inevitably, overlook, because they do not comprehend it; & which, at the same time, is a banquet to the imagination of a reflecting man. You remember the story of the Butcher that went to see Garrick in Othello. Lord, says he, d'ye call this little fellow an actor? He a player man! Why he does not rant & start & stare & make a noise - why he does it as it were a

natural man, doing the same thing. In short this Miss Glasford, whom I certainly admire, is remarkable [c.o. is] only [c.o. remarkable] because she looks & talks without disguise or restraint, because she is good tempered & chearful, because she does not know she is pretty, & because she looks you full in the face. These are common qualities perhaps - but the combination of them is certainly very uncommon indeed.

You "count the day of my breaking up as a school-boy does the approach of holiday" - I beg then that I may, schoolboy-like, have my fig pudding on the day I arrive, & if I do not find it ready on my arrival, there is no knowing whether I may not run sulky & come away again. As I mean to live well while I am in the country, I beg that broad beans & hard cider may be provided, for those, indeed, are heaven-born luxuries! I am now absolutely feasting in idea, on those delicacies, & longing for a seat by Maria, whose attention to my plate used to leave me absolute master of my time, so that the act of eating was never interrupted by the necessity of helping myself. I wonder at Sargent's rejection of Fanny's kiss. In China, Fanny would be esteemed a beauty; and if in China, why not in England?

I have, of late, been very much within doors, in waiting for business, of which I have hardly had any this term, for the foolish people have of late taken it into their heads to leave off going to law. Since I began this letter, I have had the good fortune to receive a set of instructions which will oblige me to conclude sooner than I designed; so that I may avail myself of this day's post I make an end.

Best affections at home,
Dr. Jennefee, yr. affte. brother,
J. Jones

Temple - Monday 22. June 1795.

1

[addressed

To:

Miss Jennefee Jones
at Mr Thomas Jones's
St. Paul's Street
Exeter

stamped: E. JU 95 22

22nd of June 1795

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[pencil: 46]

[pencil: June 30./95]

My dear Sister

Soon after I received your letter, yesterday, & not till then, I enquired of Luxmoore as to his determining his day of quitting his chambers, and according to my expectations, it turned out that he

could not give them up before the assizes were ended: but promised that I should have possession before Michaelmas term. I shall therefore leave town as soon as I have made the necessary preparations - that is, as soon as I shall see or hear from my father. I was greatly in hopes that I should have seen him this morning, as your letter taught me to expect. It would be a desirable circumstance that he should leave directions for the preparing of my new chambers during my absence, & I should like to go down in his company.

There is nothing particular in your letter to which I need advert, & to say the truth, I have small inclination for writing. The gloomy weather we have had for a week past has absolutely cast a damp over my spirits, & I feel enough of listlessness to make my sensations very uncomfortable. The incessant rain debars me from exercise, & I am without employment; & with this, the idea of soon quitting town, deters me from beginning any thing, so that I have the most tiresome vacuity of mind that can be conceived.

I hope, almost immediately to see my father or to hear from him, & as soon as this takes place, I shall write again to let you know when you may expect me.

Dr. Jennefee, your affte. brother,
J. Jones

Temple - Tuesday 30. June 1795

[addressed

To:

Miss Jennefee Jones
at Mr Thomas Jones's
St. Paul's Street
Exeter

stamped: E. JU. 95 30

30th of June 1795

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[pencil: 47]

[pencil: July 4/95]

My dear Sister

Your letter distresses me beyond measure, if it is possible that any thing can add to the continual uneasiness that the subject of it has given me. However this distress can last but a very little while longer, at least if I can diminish or alleviate it, for I shall leave town the day after to-morrow - that is, the day on which you receive this letter. My father successfully completed his business yesterday, & nothing prevents our setting off except to-morrow's being Sunday, & I have been extremely anxious that my father should settle the repairs of my chambers, without which my return to town in the winter would be attended with inconveniences of which you can hardly form an idea. The remainder of this day & to-morrow will be sufficient to enable me to make all my preparations.

I cannot tell you by what conveyance we shall go, therefore do not expect us at an hour, nor be disappointed if we do not come by the first mail coach. I had intended to have staid a day at Salisbury to see Stonehenge, Wilton & the cathedral, which my curiosity strongly prompted me to do; but your letter is so pressing, that I have decisively abandoned my project.

All the time I employ in writing is taken from the business of packing, therefore I will conclude. Dr. Jennefee your affectionate Brother,

J. Jones

Temple - Saturday 4. July 1795

Consider that from the time you receive this, I am on the road, hastening to you. If we do not set off before Monday evening, & we determine early enough by what conveyance we go, I'll give you a line by Monday's post - though perhaps a letter will not reach you sooner than we.

My father's best love to you.

—
We have had conversation on the subject of yr. letter.
—

[addressed

To:

Miss Jennefee Jones
at Mr Thomas Jones's
St. Paul's Street
Exeter

4th of July 1795

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[pencil: 48]

[pencil: July 8/ [c.o. 96] 95]]

My dear Jennefee

You will perhaps be a little disappointed to see my father return without me, but as he has explained the reason I need add nothing. You will receive this on Friday morning about 9 o'clock, at which time I shall be in Devonshire, & as the coach, I understand, arrives about 2 or 3 o'clock, I shall dine with you, if you chuse to admit my company. Therefore get ready a good quantity of warm water in my bed chamber, and all the apparatus of shaving & dressing, that I may grace the table with that dignity which so well becomes the illustrious heir of the house Jones: & if you should chuse to make St. Pauls iron tongue speak the general joy, I do not positively forbid his tolling a few bars, under the management of the dexterous Mr. Beck.

I write, because I have little else to do for an hour or two, & because I wish to make you cocksure of my company at dinner, the day you receive this. Mitford is now by my side, half crying with spite because I am going away, and jeering my "travelling tail", to keep himself in temper. I allow, my dress is a little outree, san culottes, sans bas, with a flannel jacket, surmounted by a blue great

coat, unshaven, no neckcloth, & a hard, long, horsewhip tail, for the convenience of travelling. I don't know how it is, but I always think that the more dirty I am, & the more irregular my dress - so much the more am I at ease. You see I write with less restraint. My thoughts flow freely and naturally - no pomp of diction, no tinsel, but all is Nature, all is Ease.

This night Hutchinson Mitford & Leathes¹⁷⁶, all lawyers and great men, sit up with me in chambers, and escort me at 3 in the morning to the coach. As soon as I close this, I shall send my laundress for two shillings worth of cold beef & half a pound of cheese; for Mitford says he cannot watch without beef, & so say the other two. And this entertainment, though, I dare say you laugh at it, will be the most splendid & costly that my chambers

1v

ever witnessed. The expense will be at least 2/4d, & the dearest repast these walls have seen. I wish you could look in here, about midnight - t'would excite a laugh from Spleen herself. Four fellows, neither of them young or pretty, seated round the table, eating as if they were never to eat again, settling the fate of the empire, depriving themselves of their natural rest, and each promising to get the seals, when he can, & to lift the rest into power & fortune! I believe there is as little wisdom in the recreation of lawyers, as is to be found any where.

It will surprise you that I bring no books with me. This looks like decisive idleness. I have not packed up one single book, except my M.SS. which I carry with me for the purpose of having them bound. I shall make a sorry figure on my return here.

Betty is come, & I must give orders about the banquet, & conclude. By the time you have learned this letter by heart, I shall be with you. Send some one at the hour to bring home my things, from the coach, & open your arms wide to receive - not an Adonis - but a little ill-favoured shabby fellow, more like a Jew broker than a beau, & with a wardrobe on his back of the full value of half a crown, whose exterior does not certainly do credit to what is within; & if that within-part of him were even less amiable than it perhaps is, his value would be a little raised by his regard for you.

Farewell till dinner time

J. J.

Temple - Wednesday Afternoon

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[addressed

To:

Miss Jennefee Jones
at Mr Thomas Jones's
St. Paul's Street
Exeter

stamped: E JY 95 8

8th of July 1795

[pencil: 49]

[pencil: Novr 8./95]]

My dear Jennefee

As my father goes to Exeter to-morrow I take this first hour to write to you, as it is very probable his engagements tomorrow will not allow me time enough. He has, rather contrary to my inclinations, prevailed on me to dine with him at Mr. Winsloe's lodgings in Southampton Street, from whence he means to set out in the Bath mail. I intended to have written yesterday by the post, but I was very much employed about my apartments, and indeed I could hardly have found much to say, except to complain of my cold which has encreased, and is now making its exit in eruptions on my mouth and nose. I am now seated alone in the midst of my sitting room, after having earned in the course of the day the entire sum of ten shillings. I have been out of doors but twice - once into the city yesterday & as far as the end of the Strand to-day, by way of a walk, being absolutely stiff from want of motion. All my time has been employed in removing & arranging furniture & books, & this work, though my stock of each article is but small, is still incomplete. But what has been done, has contributed extremely to my comfort; for my chambers are handsome & spacious, & with furniture and the mode in which they are fitted up, I assure you that I hardly know any that are superior. I feel myself very much like a stayed man of business, & I really think that the prospect is very favourable. In some business I had to do yesterday, I was obliged to consult Gibbs, & accordingly called on him. He received me in the most cordial manner, said he was glad I was become so near a neighbour, & again offered me his professional assistance, with repeated requests that I would not fail to apply to him whenever I thought he could be of any service to me. This circumstance gives me a great deal of real satisfaction, & my well grounded expectations of an increase of practice from the countenance shewn me by so high a professional man, tend to confirm it. I am well convinced that I shall live with much more comfort than ever, in my new house, & when I get back to my old chambers, where I still sleep, I almost wonder that I could endure

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to live so long in such a dog hole. Of my acquaintance I have of yet only seen Brooke, Leathes & Mitford. The last arrived only last Thursday night, & we passed the evening in the coffee house together, asking each other a thousand impertinent questions without caring for an answer. The next morning I was surprised by a visit from his brother¹⁷⁷, with whom I had no other sort of acquaintance, than to speak to him when we chance to meet in the street; and I found him a very agreeable gentlemanly man. I have some notion he would wish to be acquainted with me, for the other night, he came to me from the opposite end of the coffee room to invite me to join the party with whom he has [sic]. He is rather unlike his brother, he does not act Punch, or indulge in such broad humour as Bertram; he is rather sedate, and his manners very mild. Leathes has been with me twice or thrice every day since I have been here, and his acquaintance is very pleasant and useful, for when any difficulty occurs we always consult, and search the books for a solution of it. Brooke, whose understanding does not make a very rapid progress, makes but a poor figure with them, and being a little haughty by nature, he seems to repine at his own want of consequence, and of ability to join in our conversations. He recommends himself only by his good temper & his regard for me; for in truth his head piece is indifferently constructed, & meanly furnished. Mit lashes him a little too severely, & when I gave him a hint of it, he made a such a reply as convinced me his raillery was rather for mirth & the fruits of his own heedless temper, than proceeding from any design to hurt Brooke's feelings, & he appeared quite embarrassed and concerned for what he had done. I have another acquaintance upon the anvil - a pupil of Dampier's¹⁷⁸ who has just set up a special

pleading shop: but I understand he is a man of fortune, and not likely to work very hard. On Thursday I went to the Society of Antiquaries, which was indeed my third sally, and there met Venour, whom I cautioned not to tell Sheldon of his having seen me out, that he might not think himself neglected. I have not yet seen him, nor any other person than those I have mentioned.

My father is just come in, and is writing to my mother - I believe his is a short letter, for he has been ten minutes about it. He takes charge of this. He presses me to go out, and I think you will excuse me for this evening - indeed the paint is a little offensive to my

stomach, in the evening when all my windows are shut, though nothing can be smelled in the day. I will therefore find time to write a little farther to-morrow, before service, & for the present, suspend my hand. Saturday night.

I resume my letter at George's coffee house. I expected my father would have gone this evening by the mail, but as it turned out that no place was to be had he sets out on the coach to-morrow morning. My cold, though much worse this morning, has now reached its crisis, & I think I shall be well in a day or two. My father recommended me a walk this morning to promote my cure, & in consequence Mitford & I walked with him in the Park till dinner time. We - my father & I - in pursuance of our engagement dined with the Winsloes in Tavistock Street. There was only Winsloe and his wife and two Ladies. I passed the afternoon but indifferently, for Mrs Winsloe has no interesting conversation, and Winsloe himself is but indifferent company for a young man. He has appointed to call on me next Tuesday, to consult me about an intended connexion between a Templar & Mary Ann, and I fancy his object is to get me to fish out the young man's history, abilities, and fortune. This is entre nous. He redd me part of a letter he had received from him which I do not think very promising as to his talents; & W. suggests that he has been a wild fellow. A very steady man, I should think, would not go into Winsloe's family for a wife. I will let you know more, when more occurs.

My spirits are not extremely high, for my cold gives me uncomfortable sensations, & I have, as you see, been very little out of doors. But the hurry of business, will, I trust give me no time for reflexions.

I shall be glad to have my bed sent as soon as possible; for as long as I am without it I am either paying rent for my old chambers, or the price of a bed at the coffee_house. Pray let another pillow be sent with it, for it is impossible to raise the mattresses sufficiently high, even with the help of the bolster; but an additional pillow will suffice to keep my learned head, that magazine of knowledge, in a sufficient degree of elevation. I am determined, henceforward, to carry my head high.

Lucy is, no doubt, with you, by this time - make my love to her, & say I take great care of her seal. With best affections to my mother, believe me my dear Sister, your most affectionate Brother

J. Jones.

George's - Sunday night 8. Nov 1795.

Write soon & at large.

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[addressed

To:

Miss Jennefee Jones
at Mr Thomas Jones's
St. Paul's Street
Exeter

8th of November 1795

[pencil: 50]

[pencil: Novr 10/95]

My dear Jennefee

I regret extremely that I should be prevented from writing so much at large in answer to your letter of yesterday, as I wished; but I have been & shall be so much engaged today that it is utterly impossible. I have this morning drawn two declarations, besides the long conversation I have had with Winsloe, the substance of which I have no time to give you, & there are instructions brought in for another declaration, which I must strive hard to finish this evening. Though I say I regret that I cannot write much, yet the cause of it gives me great pleasure. Referring therefore to a more leisure day, for my remarks on your letter in particular, I will only touch on that which seems to demand an immediate answer. With respect to Mrs. Sargents letter, I think it right to shew it to my father, and not to write Mrs Sargent again soon. I am well assured that the letter is of old Sargent's dictating, from the phraseology.

And now my dearest Jennefee, as you regard my comfort, do not give way to low spirits. I could almost say that while my thoughts are so much employed on you, & your happiness so much at heart with me - while I am contending with Fortune to acquire the means of adding to your ease, & while such good prospects are opening before me, you should not indeed suffer melancholy to approach you. I know your predicament, & I feel it most poignantly; but to bear it with patience is as much a Christian duty, as it is an alleviation of our uneasiness. Affairs do not long remain in the same state, & the wisdom of the divine providence so orders it, that there is a perpetual unceasing fluctuation of incidents in mans life. We have seen some gloomy days, but the clouds seem dispersing, & I trust in God, with all humility & religious hope, that he will give us consolation, & peace. Nothing will make me more happy than your happiness - nothing more disconsolate & chearless, than your sorrows. Ought you to have any, whilst you have me? Pray dismiss all melancholy reflexions, be patient, & hope for more pleasant times. Write to me unreservedly as you have been accustomed, & believe me my dear Sister, your firm friend & most affectionate brother

J. Jones

New Court - Tuesday 9th¹⁷⁹ Nov. 1795

I can't write another word, but I'll write again soon - best affections at home.

[upside down at top of page] I received my mothers letter this morning - she has seen my father by the time you receive this.

[addressed

To:

Miss Jennefee Jones
at Mr Thomas Jones's
St. Paul's Street
Exeter

stamped 10

10th of November 1795

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[pencil: 51]

[pencil: Novr 21./95]

My dear Jennefee,

I thank you for your letter & paquet sent by John Sheldon which I did not receive till Tuesday evening, for he stayed some time on the road at Bristol & Bath. I am in doubt whether to use the small cotton hose now, or to keep them until I have the dropsy in the lower extremities. I am glad that, at length, my bed is complete, & I have reason by my father's letter, which I have not acknowledged, for which I shall account, bye and bye, to expect it is now on its way here. When that is once fixed in my chambers, I shall be finally settled.

Within a day or two I have had little or nothing to do; but I was honoured by a visit from one Southerton¹⁸⁰ an attorney, I believe, of Wellington, who came to consult me on some business. I suppose my father must know him. He pretends to be a buck, though not a very young one; & Mit told me, he came drunk, the evening before, to Dampier's chambers. I am not displeased to be known to this man; for perhaps it is better for me to be well known in the country than in town, because cases are more profitable & reputable than pleadings.

You know, both from the letters you have seen, & from what my father must have mentioned, the nature of William Dight's¹⁸¹ project, and probably the former has told you of the endeavours he used, when in town, to obtain him an interview with Mr. Pitt, & of the ill success with which such endeavours were attended. Dight has at last accomplished his aim; for he waited, some days since, in the lobby of the house of commons till Mr Pitt came out - he presented him a letter, communicating in very general terms the reason of his application for an audience. Mr Pitt received the letter, & put it in his pocket, and walked away with another gentleman to the Treasury. Dight followed him, & while Pitt was ascending the stairs, & the other following close at his heels, he opened the letter, redd it twice or three times, & turning round to Dight, on the landing place, very complaisantly asked him if he could not communicate his business to his secretary, he himself being so much engaged at this momentous period, that he could not personally attend to him without inconvenience. Dight answered that he would speak to no other than Mr. Pitt himself; upon which the latter said that he might call any morning at

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10 o'clock in Downing Street and he would give him an audience. Dight was to have gone there yesterday, & afterwards, immediately to have called on me to communicate the result, & to have written to my uncle or my father: but I have not seen him since, nor can I, by any means account for his absence. Yet I expect every moment to see him, & probably shall, before I close this letter. My uncle, in a conversation he appears to have had with my father on this subject, kindly offered his assistance & the use of his interest with my lord Westmorland to obtain the desired interview with the minister, upon Dight's communicating to him (my uncle) the plans & his approbation of them. Dight, though very sensible of this kindness; steadily persists in refusing to give any intelligence to any one but Mr. Pitt in propria persona - not even to Pitt's private confidential secretary, who has already pumped him with all his accustomed diligence; and the reason he assigns, ought to have

some weight, namely, that Smith, has, to his certain knowledge, on former occasions & on similar applicatns. used the same stratagem, has obtained the plans, pretended himself the author of them, that the measures so suggested were carried into execution by administration, & the original projector has been altogether unheeded, & even his name never mentioned to the minister. Though pretty much in the confidence of Dight, I am utterly ignorant of the nature of his scheme; but, from what he has thrown out, I am strongly inclined to think that it is a mode of making existing taxes¹⁸² much more productive than they now are, by some new method of collecting them, without any deviation from the provisions of the acts by which they are imposed; and so certain is he of the feasibility of his plan, that he says he will, in two minutes, prove it to any one who understands the common rules of arithmetick. He really seems so confident & so determined, that I am apt to give him credit for what he says. In a few hours, I shall probably know further, & if so, I will write, at the end of this letter which I will keep open for the purpose. My silence towards my father, arises from my hourly expectation of seeing Dight, & communicating to him what shall have passed between Dight & Mr. Pitt.

I have been rather prolix on this subject, but feeling, as I do, some interest in Dight's success, & surprized by so bold an attempt of a lad so young & so obscure in his situation, I could not refrain from informing you of what had passed. I wish he may get something out of it.

Coming last night out of our Society's room: I was accosted by a genteel young man, whose person I did not recollect, who hoped I had been very well since he had last the pleasure of seeing me, & who would have spoken to me before, in the room, had he been able to get near me. While I was thanking him for his unbounded civility, and informing him with great precision of the present state of

my health, & wishing him, also, a long enjoyment of that invaluable blessing, I recollected him - the Mr. Young to whom we were introduced in the highway, at a time when the abovesaid Young was driving our much-loved uncle in a high phaeton, near Madford Bridge. I was not much embarrassed by his enquiries for Mr. Stowey, nor by his expressions of regret at our not making the intended visit to Sidmouth, where it seems he had been. He asked me if I were going into the Royal Society (which you enter from the same lobby & which opens just as ours closes) & finding I was, he asked if he should enter my name. I told him, it was already done & he said he should have been very happy to introduce me at that time, & at any future time should be equally happy. We had a little conversation about the business of the evening, & after severally making some low bows, parted. He is a gentlemanly man. I took John Sheldon & John Kendall¹⁸³ to the Antiquaries, and we were entertained with a paper, written to prove that we were mistaken with regard to the place of Ovid's banishment, which in truth was some where on the banks of the Danube. It was very ingenious. Kendall's faculties seemed suspended by the astonishment every object, here, causes on his confounded imagination. He says very significantly "this is the place!" & he says little more. I consigned him last night to the hands of John Sheldon, who I am afraid will disorder the poor stonecutter's intellect before this day is at an end. We supped at George's where Mitford came to me & joined our triumvirate. I had a slice of brawn for supper. K. had never seen any brawn before, and eat his portion with just such a degree of suspense, and caution and fear, as that man must have felt who first swallowed an oyster; or as Alexander, when he swallowed the medecine, into which he was told, his physician had infused poison.

Respecting Lucy's Tit Toons¹⁸⁴; make my compliments to them, & say that they shall be kept nice & warm, & I'll undertake the care of them in this particular, as soon as an opportunity occurs. Respecting your own - all I can say, is - nurse them well, & apply the triangle in such a way as may best suit your own convenience. When I bought it, I saw a vast number, & observed the Friends were all triangular. By the lord I know not how they are to be worn; though I should suppose that if the Tit Toon requires warming, keep the point of the pyramid downwards - if the pit of the stomach is to be cherished, turn the apex upwards.

By all means go to Lardner's - it will some [sic] change. I wish Lucy were included in the invitation, for then it must be very pleasant to you both: and perhaps a little scheming would bring this to bear. I almost wish I could tell Lardner, that nothing but my apprehensions of meeting Stowey, keeps me from his house. Poor Mr. Boyd must have suffered most deplorably - he seemed a pious man, & I hope he will reap the fruits of his fidelity. The corporation killed Ilbert¹⁸⁵ with punch & venison - Cosserat¹⁸⁶ falls a victim to good living, in the same style of execution. I do not suppose that sweet herbs & salt would make the liquor, you speak of, very palatable Broth, which Lucy calls "Pot-Liquor".

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I now conclude, reserving the folds for intelligence from Dight. God bless you my dear girl.

yours most. affectionately

J. Jones

New-Court. Friday

21. Nov. 1795.

I am altogether surprized that Hutchinson is not yet come to town.

[addressed

To:

Miss Jennefee Jones
at Mr Thomas Jones's
St. Paul's Street
Exeter

Dight has not appeared. I hear from Sheldon that his Landlord is absconded from Exeter, & skulks somewhere here in town with one of his daughters! Poor girl! I met and spoke to Tonkin yesterday - I apprehend the mayor is here & some others of the body corporate. Vive la Loy! 'Twill make work for our trade; & presbyterian's money is very good in payment. Brooke breakfasted with me this morning - he is very well & begs his best remembrances at him. My best affections there. If Lucy be with you, make my love to her. We are all quiet in town, & when the bills are passed we shall have no more seditious meetings. Say nothing of Hutchinson's not being in town, but learn, if you can, the reason of his absence, and where he is.

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3rd. of December 1795

[pencil: 52]

[pencil: Decr 3/95]

My dear Sister

I am very glad that my bed is at length finished, as the expense and inconvenience of staying at a coffee-house are considerable. Five days, I think, the waggon is upon the road, and allowing for it's lying-by on Sunday, this is the day on which it ought to arrive. I shall therefore as soon - so far I had

arrived, when a knock at my door announced the bed. Two packing cases only are arrived, and the porter is gone back for the other two. A second interruption has delayed me, for the setting up of the bed & other attendant circumstances have delayed me so, that I could not go on with my letter yesterday. Since that time the bed has been set up, & last night I slept in it. It looks extremely handsome & has met with no injury on the road. Offer my thanks to all those who were concerned in the making and packing of it. I found it so comfortable a nest that I did not, contrary to my usual custom, leave it till past nine this morning.

Ever since last Thursday I have been troubled with a most violent cold and cough, and till yesterday, have confined myself wholly within doors, drinking large quantities of tea, & dining upon soup & "pot-liquor". This diet has weakened me but it has nearly removed my complaint, to which the present remarkable mildness of the weather affords considerable relief. Yesterday I took nearly an hour's walk, & eat a large dinner; so that I think I am almost out of danger.

I have not once seen Mrs. Sheldon, I have been at the house but twice since her arrival & each time she was at Mitchell's - Mrs. Ashwell's brother in law. I will attend to your commission.

Sometime since, I hinted to you that Winsloe had been with me to make enquiries into the character and condition of a suitor of Mary Ann's. I will now relate to you this transaction more at large. Mary Ann and a Mrs. Peard have been some time at Cheltenham, & soon after they were first there, a young man called Guy¹⁸⁷ became greatly enamoured with Mary Ann, & avowed his extreme passion for her. Mrs. Peard gave the man all the encouragement & all the opportunities he could hope for, to make his way good; and wrote to Mr. Winsloe to inform him of what was going on. The man came back to town & made his proposals to Winsloe in form, stating that his father dying, left him about six thousand Pounds, of which he spent about one.

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that when very young he was put under the tuition of a conveyancer, & afterwards entered at the Temple - that he had studied very diligently, meant, as soon, as possible, to be called to the bar, & had well founded hopes (arising I suppose from the consciousness of his extraordinary attainments) of great practice - that he lived in Weymouth Street Portland Place, where he & an officer of the guards had a house & a table in conjunction - that he knew Mr. Erskine, Marriot & other leading men at the bar, and that unless Winsloe admitted him as a Lover to his daughter, he should be the most wretched man upon earth &c. &c. Winsloe finding that the man had had address enough to make considerable impression on Mary Ann's tinder [sic] heart, & finding his statement to be tolerably favourable came to me to beg I would find out as many particulars of his character & conduct as I could. The result of my enquiries was this - that Mr. Guy, though sometime entered at the Temple, has kept two terms only - that he & Jones, who is the officer in the guards alluded to, have lived a most disorderly debauched & expensive life - that Jones is a man of ruined fortune - that when they see company, which is about seven times a week, they give three courses, a desert, & Champain & Claret - that Guy keeps a curricule, horses & servants in pretty large numbers - that he has also kept other dependants of the other sex - that he is totally ignorant of law, & from the lack of abilities, never likely to earn to price of a gown - that he is a most violent & declamatory Jacobin, & a man of furious passions - that Mr. Erskine and Mr. Marriot do not even know his name - & that he sometime since paid his addresses to a young lady, whom he afterwards abruptly left, because she had the king's evil, as he falsely asserted. Winsloe from other quarters had learned similar intelligence, & wrote his daughter & Guy accordingly, & forbid the continuance of Guy's visits. Mary Ann, greatly in love, believes nothing of What is said & Mr. Guy vows vengeance against the calumniators of his character. Winsloe, like a prudent man, then went to Cheltenham and fetched home his daughter for obvious reasons. He returned a few days since, & called on me this morning to tell me of his return, & of the violent grief of love under which his daughter labours. He says he would not have believed it possible that so much mischief should have been done in so short a time;

& I believe from the easy disposition of the one, & the childish folly of the other, that Mr. Guy, if he uses his endeavours, may obtain the desired consummation of his wishes. If so, I think Mary Ann is lost. Mr. Guy's person I have known for some time and I should not have imagined him so bewitching an object in a woman's eyes, for he is shorter & thicker than I am, always dressed in the violent extreme of fashion, which his squat figure very ill becomes. I am glad I have had an opportunity of serving Winsloe so essentially.

Last Thursday I met in the street, our much-loved uncle. He walked through part of the street with me, & asked, with affected surprise and concern, why I had not visited him at Kenbury. I made no answer at all. He took me into a coffee house, where I stayed with him, in conversation, about ten minutes. He was going to dine with Call, or else he should have been glad of my company. I told him, if it were otherwise, my engagements would not suffer me to stay. He then told me he was going that evening with Mr Young to the Antiquaries, & I said I was going also; then we parted with an au revoir. In our lobby, I again met him - just spoke to him there; but in the society, or after it broke up, I took no further notice of him, but went quietly off, in my usual way, leaving him and Mr Young overlooking some drawings. He told me of Betsy's miscarriage.

Be pleased to tell my father, that the incidental expenses of coming into a new situation, have made some impressions on my purse; & I speak early, because I would avoid giving him any cause of embarrassment by a short notice. Tell him also, that I have sold one third of Luxmoore's great bookcase to Rudall, & that I have discovered in my South sitting-room, a large Cupboard fitted up with shelves, which will hold twice the quantity of my surplus books. I have discovered other cupboards, almost without number, & I have even discovered keys belonging to some of the locks. Mitford declares "pan his hanah" that the pattern of my bed is the most vulgar, the bedposts the most clumsy, & the cornice the most absurd of any thing he ever saw. I am to supply him with paint, & he has undertaken to paint the cornice himself. I have engaged him, for the other pattern - tambour.

On my coming to town I was surprised to find most of the young men of fashion, whom I had left with long queues & powdered heads, cropped close to the neck & unpowdered; during my stay here I have found this excellent fashion encrease in a rapid manner, & I own have in secret sighed to adopt this mode, but I had not the heart to do it. At length, after long debate with myself on the anger I should incur from you, from the rest of our household, from Lucy, & from all other girls who are distracted about me, I yesterday at half past three in the afternoon, applied "the glittering forfex" to my unbraided locks, & severed them from my head. Mitford was present at the operation, & though, very unwilling that it should take place, pronounces seriously that my appearance is considerably improved; & is so much pleased with that accession of beauty which he now sees in me, that he is going to ask his father's & uncle's leave to do the same. Perhaps you laugh at the last sentence - Mitford's asking leave - The reason is this. A cropped head sometime ago denoted a jacobin - they were all cropped; & the present rage of cropping amongst gentlemen had its origin

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with the Duke of Bedford & Mr. Fox & all their adherents in both houses. Two months ago it was a complete badge of party; but now the convenience the propriety & I may add the masculine becomingness of this fashion is seen by all people & is consequently become very prevalent, & ceases to be a visible political distinction. Mitford as son of a colonel in the army¹⁸⁸ & nephew of the king's solicitor¹⁸⁹, & relation of many people about court, could not with any degree of decency or prudence adopt a mode of dress then peculiar to that people who are avowed enemies of the king & of all his officers & dependants. He therefore very properly defers the gratification

[addressed

To:

Miss Jennefee Jones
at Mr Thomas Jones's
St. Paul's Street
Exeter

stamped: F DE 95 2??

of his wishes, till he has consulted those friends, whose interest it is that he should carry no marks of disloyalty. I trust none of you will regret the loss of my auburns, when I have, superadded to so many reasons, the irrefragable plea, of prevalent fashion amongst gentlemen. If any of you do dislike or disapprove of it, rely upon it, I will when I come into the country, bring down a false tail & powdered head. But upon my soul you can't guess how pretty I look. My best affections all round the fireside, and love to Lucy.

My dear Jennefee most affectionately yours
J. Jones.

New-Court - Temple Wednesday 3¹⁹⁰ December 1795.

(I shall soon want one of Trewman's pocket books bound in the usual manner.)

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1st of January 1796

[pencil: 53]

[pencil: Jan 1. /96]

My dear Jennefee

I have been silent for a longer time than usual, which you must ascribe partly to my engagements of business, & partly to the length of correspondence I have been obliged to run with my father and my uncle. I have, besides, been a little unwell, & my complaint which has been a remarkable want of sleep & a consequent head-ache, has given me a strong disinclination for the desk beyond what is strictly necessary. For many days passed I have employed a good deal of time in tiresome exercise, for want of which has been the sole cause of my restlessness, and this day I have walked not less than four or five hours, without feeling the slightest degree of fatigue. Many nights I have spent without more than an hour or two of sleep, & last night, which has been one of the best I have had for this week, though I fell asleep about 3 in the morning, yet I was broad awake again before seven. My head ache has however totally deserted me, & I am recovering my mental activity: but I am almost come to a determined resolution never again to omit my accustomed exercise, the ill effects of which I have so sensibly felt. Cummins¹⁹¹ also is in fault, that you have not heard from me in proper season, for I believe my letter & packet sent by him, were dated & of course written nearly a fortnight before he left town. I dare say Mitford's sketch of my head caused a laugh at Sandford - he has been very successful in the likeness; though the hair is a little outree.

He showed the drawing to Dampier's pupils, & though I do not know them, & all they know of me, is only by a transient view of me, as we have chanced to meet in the staircase, they recognised the crop at one glance. For your comfort, I have to mention that this fashion encreases perceptibly every day, & I think, before I see you again, will become universal amongst young men: so that you will deliberate before you finally insist on my bringing a false tail into the country. I have continually been teasing Mitford about the pattern, to no purpose; for he has been so much out of town, and when in town, so incessantly engaged at dinner parties & routs, at this time of the year so common, that though he certainly

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has as great an inclination to perform the task as you had to impose it, he has really been unable to do it; but he promises me faithfully that he will employ the first leisure morning he has, in the execution of it. I have seen very little of him for more than this fortnight passed; so much is he engaged by the great range of acquaintance which he has in town & its vicinity. Indeed this is the season of feasting & revelry for Londoners; but for my own part, not even on Christmas or this - New Year's - day, [c.o. I] have I dined otherwise than alone & at the coffee-house, with no other society than my own thoughts, which have been generally at this time fixed on you, & your & my dear Lucy, & the rest of the fire side at Sandford. Heartily do I wish it had been possible for me to join you; but it is mine, as well as all other men's lots to have very many urgent wishes and desires ungratified. Though I have not been with you, my heart has.

In vain have I enquired for "Les Offices de L'Eglise" & cannot get it. I never saw it myself, nor do I know where to make any further application. If Mr. Bent chuses to have the Missal & the Breviary I will procure one or both of them for him, as he may chuse; but for the other I cannot meet with it. The reasons I have already assigned for my silence towards you, must form my excuse for my seeming neglect of Mr. Bent's kind letter - this I hope to answer in the course of a few days. I have not yet received my pocket book for the present year; & what is really remarkable, I have received no intelligence of the chairs that were sent to me, though I ought to have received them more than a fortnight ago. I hope the French have not got them.

John Sheldon & Becky left town, or intended to leave it this morning. I have not seen either of them above two or three times since their stay here; for, as I have already suggested, I have been out of doors very seldom. I did not write by them, because the professors motions are extremely irregular & uncertain. Mrs. Sheldon, I understand, expected to have heard from you before her leaving town, about some commission; but I think she has so arranged matters that Tom can execute it. I meant to have sent a new book down to you, which I bought for that purpose a few days since; but some business unexpectedly detained me at home, & prevented my carrying it up to Tottenham Court Road. I presume you have not, at this moment, much leisure for reading, & therefore will not regret the Delay. It is a treatise by the celebrated Mr. Bryant¹⁹² on the authenticity of the scriptures - it was written for Lady Pembroke's use, & at her request. It is the most admirable & entertaining work; & it's style more familiar than is usual for works of this class. I shall take an early opportunity of sending it.

We are all, most unusually quiet in town, & the papers are so much in want of materials that a considerable part of the morning papers of this day was composed of extracts from printed books, and ancient jokes which I have seen twenty times before. The apprehensions you had for my safety in the expected tumultuous state of affairs here, about this period, you now find were without foundation; & government has now shown its invincible strength. When one comes to see the scanty numbers of which the seditious & republican clubs consisted, it seems surprising that such a handful of blackguards should have so disturbed the publick quiet. The king however, has been very unwell, and I apprehend, great pains have been taken by the party to possess the people with an idea

of his relapse into insanity; but this I am authorised from very high authority to contradict. His complaint, which I can't very well describe, is said, very often to arise from excessive anxiety of mind, & his anxiety is very well accounted for, from the shocking outrage committed by the mob when he was going to the house. La princesse est prete d'accoucheur. I have seen her every day, for these last four days - she rides [c.o. after] every morning (as we call it, at three o'clock in town) in the park; & there, or in the street, I have chanced to meet her. She is greatly altered, & by no means so pretty, or apparently chearful, as she was.

Respecting Mary Ann, I promised to communicate more. Since what I last wrote, I have, from different sources, picked up a good deal of intelligence regarding the stuggy¹⁹³ lover, every particular of which ought to have brought additional odium on him. W. seemed to be determined to break off the connexion, & told me as much; when to my utter astonishment, I saw last Sunday week, in the park, Mary Ann walking with this little good for nothing fellow, & holding by his arm; & no one but a little child, Mrs Peard's I suppose, with them! I give Mary Ann up, for lost; & I might safely predict that she will, in the course of time, have abundant cause to rue her own folly and blindness. W. seemed so satisfied of the excessive partiality of his daughter for this ape, that he signified his fears that, if he opposed, she might be imprudent enough to run away with him. How indifferently all these children have turned out! It need not be asked where the fault lay?

Have you not some preparation to encrease the growth of hair? I should wish you to communicate it to me. I meant in my last letter to have desired you to remind my dear wife of my suit of armour. I shall not be able to fight the French without it; & I need it too, to defend my virtue in; for these are hard times - husbands are scarce, & those, bad - therefore if I should be snapped up & run away with, which without armour I won't answer for, she may go whoop for a hisband [sic]. Besides, as a crop, I am more tempting than ever; & the danger is consequently greater.

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Sir Matthew¹⁹⁴ has, this day, left Neyle¹⁹⁵, and begun his Practice - Not that he has, or is very likely to have very immediate employ; but he is sitting at home in readiness to take orders. I do not believe he knows one single attorney, or that any attorney in town knows him! I would not discourage him by saying I would not give him a bundle of radishes for his first years gains, nor would I be so unmindful of my own interest as to drive a bargain wherein I am sure of being a loser. Mitford asked, in his usual sarcastick way, if I did not admire to see Mat trying to make himself

[addressed;

To

Miss Jennefee Jones
at the Revd. George Bent's
Sandford
near Crediton
Devon.

agreeable? And now, I wish you, from the very bottom of my heart, all those things which are wished, at this time of the year, to other people as a matter of course. But make these compliments in my best style to all around you, & tell them a day does not pass over my head, wherein I do not think of them. Have you had any more elegant excursions on the road? Tell Maria "the grey mare is sometimes the better horse" and "better late than never" and "the end of a feast is better than the beginning of a fast". I have not any room for any more appropriate proverbs.

My dearest Jennefee, yours faithfully
J. Jones

Temple - Friday Night - 1. January 1796.

New Year's Day for ever!

[written along the fold] I beg your pardon for not acknowledging the receipt of the waistcoats - They are properly made & I can't now see the difference between those & the Taylor's.

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[pencil: 54]

[pencil: Jan 22/96]

My dear Jennefee,

I should have written to you a day or two ago, but some business came in, which took up a good deal of my time, to little purpose: for I am able to charge no more than five shillings for nearly two day's work. Term begins tomorrow, & I hope for a tolerable harvest - it is something like a period of imprisonment, for I am obliged to sit continually at home, that the attornies may not have a gratuitous walk to my chambers, & carry away their papers to someone else.

My complaint of restlessness is very much abated, and I am now able to sleep several hours in the course of the night; but to accomplish this, I am forced to go to bed at a very late hour & to rise as soon as it is light, & sometimes even before I can see to read or to undertake any employment except dusting my books, cleaning my chairs or sweeping the room - occupations that the two several motives of cleanliness & exercise very often induce me to follow. I have sent your book in a packing case with other things, to my uncle; & no doubt 'twill be delivered to you in due time, as my uncle & I are now upon more gracious terms, if possible, than ever. The next packet will contain the pattern, which Mitford, instead of designing it himself, has procured of Lady Something Somebody, whose name I forget, & he says 'tis "a devilish clever thing, for a Woman". 'Tis nothing more than a wreath or chain of convolvoli - I think the flower is called convolvulus something like this [SKETCH] I mean the flower only. Tom Sheldon will, doubtless, take due care care of your cloke, & you need not be apprehensive about the money, because he shall advance it, & I'll repay him. I wish my beauteous portrait¹⁹⁶ had been drawn on more durable materials - as you all seem so fond of it, & if you are desirous of a duplicate, only make the request in such a way that I can read it to Mitford, and you shall have a full length in any attitude you chuse

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to describe; & more highly finished - fit to be framed & glazed & hung in any parlour, drawing-room, or other apartment with folding doors. Lucy says I look cross - tell her it is enough to make a man look cross, to be so beset with women. The letter you allude to, I am decidedly of opinion, should not be answered, for I think it best for us all, to forget every member of that family. I am astonished at the folly of Elizabeth S. and at the effrontery of Mr. P. S. If he marries, he makes for himself one of the most tickling, prettiest scourges, that ever lashed the back of an old dotard. I cannot think the report true - he cannot be so blind a fool, nor she so base a girl.

I am concerned to hear of my wife's illness - Pray send me better tidings in your next. What the D---1 makes Lucy so fat? Cofferrat did not bequeath her any of the Pot-liquor? The fate of the tambour needle is this - that I gave Cummins the pattern & the commission, as he lived in the adjoining street while he was in town, & he promised to execute it. I wish Maria would knock him

down, as a punishment for his neglect: I really think she ought to thrash the scoundrel.

And now for a scolding. Pray did I not ask you for composition to encrease the growth of hair? Well, Miss, and have ye attended to it? But I find that Brothers, now a days, are no more thought of, than fathers or mothers, and are treated with the same degree of insolence and contempt. Will that do? Is it at all like it? My wearing my hair it [sic] its natural State, & which has been the subject of so much serious commendation with my squad here in town, has discovered to me & to the hair-cutter whom I employ, a large cicatrix or scar, nearly on the top of the head, a little backward & inclining to the right ear. It is of a most formidable size & the wound which produced it, must have been a very grievous one; But what is very remarkable - I have no recollection of the accident, serious at [sic] it undoubtedly was. Mitford swears that if my skull had not been the thickest & hardest that ever came within his knowledge, the blow must have cleft it in two. I am extremely curious to know when & how it arose, & beg you will ask my father & mother about it. I will, if possible, procure the March, but my hopes are very faint; for all the M.S. musick of the theatres, I find, is deposited with the manager, & I know not how to get hold of him. However I'll strive for it.

All is still quiet in town, & bread, the dearness of which is likely to produce tumults at all times, continues at the same price. I eat none, except at breakfast, & then Rye Bread. I have made Hutchinson do the same. I use potatoes at dinner, & I find they require a great deal of snuff, for indeed it is a most flatulent species of food, which I never knew, till my experience has thus taught it me. The opposition papers state that throughout the West of England, bread bears a most enormous price. Is this true? The flatulent nature of potatoes makes me wish that you would eat them in as moderate quantities as you are able, for the Rumbling, without doubt, is considerably encreased by this diet. I think the experiment fit to be tried, & bread of a day or two old, to be used instead.

At Ireland's¹⁹⁷, a few days since, I dined with a large party, amongst whom was a Mr. & Mrs. Garratt¹⁹⁸, the former of whom claimed a cousinship with me. He is a nephew of Garratt¹⁹⁹ of Chudleigh, recollects me when a child, drinking tea & visiting a their house in St. Thomas; but I never heard of him. He does not want sense, but he has a dash of that peculiar vulgarity which is the genuine produce of the soil of Devonshire. I don't mean they have more vulgarity than others, but it is a vulgarity of a peculiar stamp. He gave me his address - next to the pantheon in Oxford road - & pressed me repeatedly to come & see him, which I promised to do, & Drew who was there, (of Saltash a student in Temple) was invited at the same time, to come with me. His wife, excessively like Bell Wentworth, was in conversation with me almost all the time, & added her invitations to her husbands. She remembered drinking tea at our house about 20 years ago, & remembered both you & me. I forget what she told me, her name had been. Who is this Garratt and what is he? Garratt seemed at home with all the history & revolutions of our family.

And now I'll shave, dress, comb my hair & go my walk, according to your orders. I now take the fresh air of the park, instead of walking in the streets, & the difference is very perceptible. I walk about an hour & half. The weather is very extraordinary - more like the latter end of a mild spring, than the middle of Winter; & so warm last evening, that I was obliged to sit with my window open, & even then to wipe the sweat from my face.

My best affections at home. Love to Lucy & my wife, Dearest Jennefee, your most affectionate brother

Jn. Jones

Temple - Friday 22. Janry 1796.
(Seal your letters with wafers.)

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22nd. of January 1796

[addressed

To:

Miss Jennefee Jones
at Mr Thomas Jones's
St. Paul's Street
Exeter

stamped: F JA 96 22

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[pencil: 56]

[pencil: Apr 11/96]

My dear Jennefee

Sir Matthew, with the roughness of whose face you appear so very much vexed, & whose taciturnity so greatly displeases you, duly delivered your letter. I am very sorry his face is not smoother, & that he won't talk more; & I doubt I shall never be able to introduce my acquaintance to you, for the two other principal ones are bigger, rougher and blacker than the abovesaid baronet, & have so little delicacy of complexion or figure, that I think no female dress would make either of them pass for young ladies. 'Tis true they both talk much, very much more than Sir Mat, & that is the only circumstance which affords me any hope of their being acceptable in your sight. But I fancy all these strictures on Sir Mum are an indirect satyr upon me; for I am equally black and rough, & generally as little disposed to talk. If this be your individual sarcasm, know, my lady, that I have charms in other folks's eyes - witness, Miss Templer, Miss Glasford, & many others whom I forbear to mention: & that it is no longer ago than last week that a young lady of good family and perlit hiddicashun was so struck with my figer & fizzesigimony, that she was altogether smitten with a passion, has been asking a thousand questions, & is cutting & contriving all manner of means & stratagems to bring ourselves together. I don't know the lady, though I had an imperfect view of her once; however her business is done; and am told by a common acquaintance of ours, that she insists upon my being introduced to her; an event which I shall, if possible, prevent, for I would not willingly be the death of any living creature.

Your commission for the tambour handle is executed; but how can I send it down? Gray never has any tambour handles of black & silver - black & gold there are in abundance - but you forbid me to buy one of those: I have bought one white & silver; & if that will not do, I will order a black & silver one to be made if your chuse; though Gray says he never sold any of them, & very rarely the black & gold ones.

I have not yet driven Mitford to despair, by showing him your drawings. As to myself I can only say there is encouragement enough to go on; & that practice that grand means of all

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improvement, will make you draw better, and with facility. 'Tis a pretty amusement.

I have at last got some good musick for you, & I here speak from my own ear & judgement. I shall not tell you whose or what it is: but assure you that, though it now lies in sight upon my shelf, I have neither bought, borrowed, found or stolen it. What think ye of that? I shall not send, but

bring it down with me when I come: because, in the mesne time, I expect you to be practising Handel; & this being easy musick, though most substantially excellent, as I think, needs little practice to play it well. There is one circumstance, namely that thorough bass is necessary; for the melody else will not be sufficient. Have you paid any attention to thorough bass? or do you want any help? if so, I must procure some sufficient treatise on that subject & send down to you. Though, indeed, it mostly appears plain enough; & indeed ignorant as I am of written musick, I can nearly make it all out. The numbers are the notes below the note in the musick line, whether 3d. 5th. 4th. or what else, or all. The flats & sharps without a numerical figure are always thirds below the note in the musick line. But what puzzles me, is the use of the figures, or rather designation of them, where they are dashed through, thus 4\ 5\ 6\ &; and the figures over the rests & before & after the long notes, I believe, semibreves & minims. A good ear will always make a tolerable thorough bass: but the composer, when he makes a thorough bass, gives it an expression so adapted to the spirit of the composition, that no other person would probably imagine it. How I came to tell you that Leathes played well, I cannot guess; but certain it is, that I told a very great lie: whether my judgement was warped at the time I had then heard him, or whether he played a particular piece better than usual, or whether I meant, which is not impossible, to magnify my acquaintance as much as possible, by attributing more to them than they possess, I cannot now say; but I only beg leave entirely to retract my opinion, and to assure you that he is a very poor performer, indeed. As to his "Sobriety" I have by my strict & confined use of that word, given you a notion different from what I intended, but still consonant to the right interpretation of the word. I did not mean, a freedom from Intemperance, or an orderly behaviour; both of which are great virtues & highly estimable: but I meant by Sobriety, that cold steadiness, & that want of vivacity, spirit, alacrity & smartness, which one sees in elderly men. I have this moment looked at Johnson's dictionary; & Dryden, in an example there, uses the word "sobriety" in the very sense I have - it is this - "if sometimes Ovid appear too gay, there is a secret gracefulness of youth which accompanies his writings, though the stayedness & Sobriety of age be wanting." In one word - I meant to

tell you that Leathes was a very old young man - that he had little of the sprightliness & energy of youth; & a great deal of the "stayedness" & cold tranquillity, not to say apathy, of old men. For example - I will make myself understood - Leathes would, without feeling the least impatience, pass a long evening with two old maids, & one old batchelor, at a whist table - & not sigh for younger or more lively company. Leathes would with equal patience hear a bad piece of musick badly played or see a bad play acted at Exeter, to the end, & without a murmur or the least nervous irritation. Leathes would rather ride in a stage coach, than gallop it away on horseback. Now do you understand me? If you d'ont, I'll write to Woolcombe²⁰⁰ the Surgeon to "bring a friend who shall talk to you about it".

As Lucy can with so much ease extend or contract her size, & as she is ready to conform to my directions, I beg she will make herself as small as she can, by the time I come down; because I am grown so immoderately bulky, & so much more like a whale - a Greenland blubber whale - than a christian, that we shall not, as usual, be able to sit at the same end of the table, [c.o. as usual], at Sandford if she grows proportionally fat: and if we should chance to dance together, we may go near to break in the floor. I cannot account for my getting so fat - it is not through indulgence, gross feeding, or want of exercise. Perhaps 'tis from Importance. I have heard Importance swells men up & I suppose 'tis my Importance in this magnificent apartment, in my exalted station, in the conquests I daily make, that swells me up. And yet I get fat in the country: but I do not feel my importance encrease there. I hope however I shall be able to mount a horse without a ladder, & that Lucy will not be too heavy for a horse to bear.

I have just been interrupted, first by Mitford, then by Brooke, however I have given them a great slice of gingerbread & sent them away - the one to Dampiers "to study the laws of his country" as he calls it, & the other to the War office. Brooke²⁰¹ desires me to enquire if it can be known what

disposal Flemming²⁰² has made of his property; expecting, fairly I trust, that something may be left to him. He had determined to go into Devonshire this Summer & pay Flemming a visit; but he received the news of his death with perfect composure.

Hutchinson's brother has communicated to him a curious piece of intelligence respecting the taking away of a dead body, & of his being sent to the guard house. It seems a scandalous transaction, & it is hinted to me that Sheldon was at the bottom of it. Is this true?

Best affections at home - Dear Jennefee - yours most afftely

Jn. Jones

Temple - Monday 11. April 1796.

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I have only time to say I have received my mothers & your letter the former I will soon answer. Business prevents my saying more.

[addressed

To:

Miss Jennefee Jones
at Mr Thomas Jones's
St. Paul's Street
Exeter

stamped: E AP 96 11

11th of April 1796

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[pencil: 57]

[pencil: Apr 22/96]

My dear Jennefee

I write earlier than I intended, at first, that I may not be supposed to neglect the principal subject of your last letter. I have had several conversations about it with Tom Sheldon, but to little purpose. He thinks his brother irreclaimable, & seems to wish, & indeed openly says that he should be almost glad if his brother's malady were to return with increased violence, & to become incurable; for then he should be able to put him under the care of proper persons, and rid himself & Mrs. Sheldon, whose situation he deplores, of the anxiety trouble & expense which John occasions. In John's present situation, I don't see what can be done. His disorder is not so mature as to authorise his friends to confine him, & if Tom Sheldon were to leave his business, what could he possibly do? It must be a most serious thing to him, to leave town; & what if he goes down, can he do more than expostulate with his brother, whose obstinacy is invincible. I am ashamed of those persons who countenance John's projects, & suffer themselves to be amused with his noisy gabble - sift his conversation at any time, & what do you find in it? Nothing but volatility & nonsense; boats &

ships & fishes & gimcracks; without a particle of discretion, judgment or solid information, out of his own profession. I think he has his complaint so interwoven in the very nature of his constitution that nothing can ever cure him; & I should, for Mrs Sheldon's sake, & for the sake of all those who are concerned for him, conceive that the happiest event that could befall him, would be an access of incurable insanity. Tom is not fond of talking on this subject, but of late he has opened himself a good deal to me upon it. He yesterday showed me a letter he had written Mrs. S., and told me Penneck has also written - but to what purpose? John wanted Penneck & another old man of equal gravity, to come down to him at Exeter & catch salmon! Mrs Sheldon's situation I excessively commiserate; but Providence alone can help her. Her friends, I believe, would do any thing in their power; but I know not what they can do, till John becomes quite insane, & fit for the strait waistcoat,

1v

Though I have been relieved from [c.o. my] the violence of my lasting cough, yet it, is by no means subdued, & has left a rather unpleasant effect on my lungs, which are not so stout as they ought to be. I have had great pains in the breast, & difficulty of breathing, which however are diminished by a blister I have had on my tittoons²⁰³ for several days past, & which I understand is to be kept open for a fortnight longer. 'Tis from its situation a very great nuisance, & as it prevents my stooping, I am obliged to write in a slovenly manner; for I am bolt upright & write with spectacles. Except the irritation of the plaister, I am tolerably well, & I have not so much of a hecking [sic] cough as I had, & I breathe deeper & freer. I attribute my complaint almost wholly to the late prevalence of Easterly & North Easterly winds, for during the time they blow I am ever unwell; not only in my lungs, but I have universal uncomfortable sensations; and I am confident that were I to live in an under ground cellar, I could tell to a certainty whether the wind sat in either of those quarters.

I have spoken to some musical persons to procure the book in question, if a book be necessary: though I hardly think it is. You never but once heard thorough bass! Why, you [c.o. almost] almost always make one in your own playing. Try one of Handels slow compositions, & play the notes figured above. Thus [SKETCH] will be A & F struck together, as if it were printed [SKETCH] The organ is always played with a thorough bass, & the only reason why thorough is not pricked, is that the multiplicity of notes would confuse the eye of the performer. Playing with appropriate chords, or rather making the bass of itself harmonious, is thorough bass.

I shall write to you more at large in my next letter, & to my mother. I have now some business, gratis coloured, as my father calls it, to which I must attend, & therefore now conclude, Dear
Jennefee, yours afftely

J. Jones

Temple - Monday 22. Apr. 1796

Ask if my library ladder is made? I now feel the want of it, as mounting a table is rather too straining an exertion.

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22nd. of April 1796

[addressed:

To:

Miss Jennefee Jones

at Mr Thomas Jones's
St. Paul's Street
Exeter

stamped: AP 96 25

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[pencil: 58]

[pencil: May 9/96]

My dear Jennefee,

I have the satisfaction of informing you that I have for the three days left off blistering, & now daily apply a healing plaister to my paradise. I am a great deal better, & feel little of my complaint, besides weakness, arising from my confinement. I cannot however yet stoop to the table, so you must not expect very neat writing. Thank you for your offer of nursing, which I d'ont believe I shall want; & the nurse that would do me the best service is a horse. I must have recourse to such a nurse, & to the use of the cold bath; which in a fortnight's time would make me as strong as my nurse. I am excessively concerned & anxious by the account you give of yourself. If your complaint has not passed off, for God's sake go somewhere into the country, & that and a wholesome diet & no pickles or green gooseberries, with plenty of exercise cannot fail to restore you. I have, since my attack, made some alterations in my diet, from which I experienced manifest benefits. I never eat the fat or skin of meat, never touch fish, eat nothing but over drest meat & plenty of gravy, & drink nothing but wine & water, & that in very small quantities. Tea I have almost totally disused, & one cup of weak coffee & plenty of milk form my breakfast. Heart burn which used incessantly to torment me, I have not felt in the least degree for more than two months; & my father's never failing advice of morning duties I religiously observe. I want nothing but strength, & that I shall soon regain, even in town. If I d'ont find you perfectly well; for you may be so if you will, I shall certainly whip you, & come back to town again directly. From the account you give of your complaint & the emetick, I should imagine you had bile - if so, I wish you would suggest to Gater the use of Castor oil, which in such cases I know to be a most admirable medicine. Pray tell me if Gater says 'tis Bile.

1v

I have, like other lawyers at this time, had little or nothing to do; though I have had two new clients this term - that is - two attornies who have appointed me their pleader, though it should seem they have had nothing to do for themselves; for they have brought me nothing yet. However I had a half guinea fee on Saturday, which is a famous thing, & fit to be recorded. The judges have determined that Robinson's²⁰⁴ offence - the business of the anonymous letters & Poem - is within the Act, & he will now receive sentence of death.

The circumstance of the Jewesses at Exeter²⁰⁵, which you and my father have mentioned, is in every paper, and in every ones mouth here. It is a very odd business. Jews are often thieves, & cheats, but they rarely proceed to or attempt acts of open violence. What is supposed to be their motive, & their ultimate object? Such attempts are often made, & accomplished in town; but the universal motive is the hope of plunder, during the conflagration. No such motive, I conceive, can have been the true one here. Did they expect to bring down Elias? Jews have some very strange

religious notions, & it would not surprise me if this transaction were found to have arisen from religious bigotry.

As to assisting at Miss Tremlett's Nutshells²⁰⁶, you are fully competent to decide on the propriety of it. I know of no objections to be made to it, nor have you suggested any. I thought I saw Lamb in the street more than three weeks since, when I went, on some money business of my father's, into the city.

I have actually learned two movements of one of the Concerto's I am going to bring down, and can play them upon Leathes's piano forte - not by ear, but by absolute notes; & if I were to try to play the rest, I should then be able to read musick with tolerable accuracy. I learned the time first by drumming on the table, - then I picked out the notes, & corrected the whole performance by my ear. 'Tis the only fun I have had for a good while.

If I were to write more than two sides during Term, I should be suspected of idleness, or, what is nearly as bad, of having nothing to do. The truth is I must earn the half guinea I mentioned in the former part of my letter; by writing an opinion on a long case this forenoon - therefore I conclude, Dr Jennefee, yours most afftely

J. Jones

Temple - Monday 9. May 1796.

Best love at home. Ask about my library stairs: I cannot now clamber as I used, & often forbear reading on account of the trouble of [c.o.] reaching down the books.

Tell my father I have received the bills & taken up one of the acceptances.

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9th of May 1796

[addressed:

To:

Miss Jennefee Jones
at Mr Thomas Jones's
St. Paul's Street
Exeter

stamped: E MA 96 9

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[pencil: 59]

[pencil: May 28/96]

My dear Jennefee

If I delay writing to you till next week I may probably be so much engaged as not to be able to write at all, or at best but a very short letter, & will therefore avail myself of my present leisure. The business I have had of late has been so arduous that I have been under the necessity of reading a

great deal, & whole mornings are sometimes insufficient for the hunting down of some point or other of law, which is necessary to be known before I begin to use my pen. When I am engaged in "the joys of the chase" of this kind, it is impossible to collect one's wits sufficiently for the purpose of letter writing, & indeed the early hour of the post prevents it.

A few days since I wrote to Mr. Bent, as I suppose you have already heard; & as I conclude from the usual length of your visits at Sandford, that you are still there, I shall direct my letter accordingly. The fine weather makes me wish I were there too, if at the same time my interest did not make it necessary I should be here. From my windows I see the trees that surround the fountain; & the progress of vegetation, the trickling of the water, & the chirping of our large flocks of sparrows, give me more ideas of the country than fall to the lot of a man who lives in a street. On Sunday last I passed several hours partly with Brooke partly with one of our Templars, in the retired walks, of Kensington gardens, walking sometimes a slow pace, & at others lolling upon the benches, & the exposure for so long a time to the open air, & in a pleasant place, had a sensible effect on me. It is needless to say that I am entirely recovered from my complaint, & that I drew a cork last night out of one of Mr Mitford's bottles, which he & Hutchinson had tugged at in vain, & that in the morning, long before you were awake, I warrant, I tired both the said Gentlemen in walking, & was myself perfectly fresh. I want nothing but the external sign of health - a good swarthy red complexion - which I am afraid I shall never have, for the tallow hue of my face ever did & ever will prevail, much to my disadvantage, I fear, in lovvering. It has however one good effect, by the general ascription of it, to much study & night-watchings, from which great larning & great attainments are supposed to follow: but to these causes my paleness, & occasional ill health is not to be attributed. I am now become a water-drinker, & have not been muzzy with porter, as formerly, for a long time.

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Do'nt you leave Sandford till you are bid, & do'nt take even a gentle hint them. Walk about lustily & stay in the open air, not sitting still, but in gentle motion, & be sure eat plenty of beef & potatoes, and drink plenty of water & plenty of wine mixed with it. If people have not strength & alacrity & boisterous spirits, 'tis, in a great degree, people's own fault; for whilst meat & drink & exercise & pleasant companions are to be had, strength is to be had, & without health & strength, life is nothing more than an imprisonment of the mind in a dreary jail. Is Lucy getting thinner, as I directed? Tell her that I am getting fatter and fatter, & so begin to loath fat meat of every kind - that I have lost much of my last year's beauty, almost all my whiskers, & almost all my hair, not by sickness but by scissors, for like myself, they both seem to grow thicker & shorter. She ought to be informed of all this, that she may not, as usual, expect a pretty young beau; for now she has any love made at her, it will be by an animal much like a tub surmounted by a church broom, & who with his bloom, has lost much of his gallantry; but who however from long striving to master the natural petulance & irritability of his temper, is become almost a downright good natured fellow, and very likely to captivate by the softness of his disposition. Mr. Bent will no more be a "prebend" than I shall be a Bishoprick. A prebendary he may be, & I most sincerely wish he may have the vacant prebend; I know no one whom I should so much wish to see in a stall in our cathedral, & I am almost in fidgets for fear the report you mention should not prove true. For besides my connection with Bent, he is a man of all others fit for the dignity; from his station, his respectability, his popularity, for every body knows him, & from his learning; & if be promoted to the said stall, there is no one perhaps who will give him joy of it with more sincerity & real satisfaction & pleasure than myself.

I have learnt another movement by note, & I can play crotchets in two sharps D. as quick as a snail-gallop. I am surprised at mine own self. Your musick was "given" me by no one - so I told you before, & yet you ask the question. I got at it in an uncommon way, & I will not riddle my ree till I bring it down.

We have news enough stirring, but it is greatly of the vicious sort - tis horrid & dreadful to contemplate - divorces & crim con & gambling all over the town. It makes one melancholy. A very extraordinary occurrence took place yesterday. Ld. John²⁰⁷ & Ld. Fred. Townsend were coming to town in a post chaise from an election where Ld. John had been just elected; & at Whitechapel, the Easternmost extremity of London, Ld. Fred shot his brother with a pistol in the chaise, & was driven on to his own house in Marlborough Street; where on opening the chaise door, the bleeding corpse fell out, & till then the post-boy, knew nothing of it, not knowing whence the report of the pistol proceeded, though he heard it at the time. Ld. Fred is in custody - no reason assigned, but 'tis said Ld. Fred has before been insane. They are young men, sons of the Marquis T. & brothers of Ld. Leicester.

But of all rumours which prevail, that of the domestick occurrences at Carlton House, is the most universal, & the most credited. The princess of Wales neglected by her husband, tyrannised over by that worthless prostitute Lady Jersey, & debarred from all society, experiencing very cold treatment even from the palace, having found remonstrances ineffectual, is said to have written to the Court of Brunswick, to negotiate for leave for her return into her own country. Dispatches in consequence, are said to have been yesterday received in town. She has in vain begged for the dismissal of Lady Jersey, whose insolence & tyranny is beyond the poor woman's power to bear. This she says would have made her at least suffer every thing else, & she would be content to remain, with her only companion, her infant child, of whom she is immoderately fond. She has even applied to Lord Thurlow for advice. He, 'tis said, has written a letter so severe; that the prince was more effected by it than any one who knows his callous heart, could suppose. In that Letter Lord Thurlow reminds him that "even Charles II treated the Princess of Portugal with civility & respect". This rumour universally credited, & some particulars come to me from the highest authority, encreases every day. - the papers have it continually - yesterday I redd that "the princess of Wales continues to be as happy as ever, and the prince as much as ever, the model of every virtue." Things can not go on in this vain long, for vice is making such strides as have scarce ever been equalled.

Bravo! Since the last sentence I have received from a new client, two cases & one set of instructions - this is a Worcestershire attorney, from whom I have had one thing before. We shall all do very well in time. I must therefore conclude my letter with wishing you were here to advise me. Best love & compliments to all about you, Dear Jennefee

yours for ever and ever amen,

J.J.

Temple. Saturday - 28. May 1796.

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28th of May 1796

[addressed:

To:

Miss Jennefee Jones
at the Revd. George Bent's,
Sandford near Crediton
Devon

stamped: D MA 96 28

[pencil: 60]

[pencil: June 24/96]

My dear Jennefee

My business is at length terminated, & I must now think of oiling my boots for the country. Yesterday was the first idle day I have passed for a length of time, & I would have given you part of my forenoon; but during the course of term my suite of apartments being altogether neglected, in a complete state of confusion, books misplaced; papers straggling, & my furniture & household goods disordered and dirty, I betook myself to my cloths brushes sope & water, & with the assistance of my lacquais, purged & purified my chambers to a positive state of cleanliness: and to-day, finding the condition of my internal constitution, labouring under the same kind of disarrangement, obstruction, foulness & disorder, have taken one half ounce, saving your presence, of castor oil, to brush & sweep clean the dust & cobwebs from the different shelves drawers & boxes of my inward parts. Pray turn not up your nose at this recital; for truth ought never to be shamed, nor the candid confessions of an ingenuous youth, to be contemned, where the openness & sincerity of his temper is the only fault. And as it is the unquestioned property of these lenient, discussing medicaments, to clear the head & invigorate & chear the understanding, I hardly doubt but that this letter will teem with more sallies of wit & invention than any I have written ever since the last purification I underwent. As the Soul is the slave of the body, so is the head, of the stomach: castor oil is the necromantick wand, by whose magick touch the bond of captivity are loosened, & the fettered head set free.

Your letters have been regularly received, & I see my complaint of your silence was rather premature, for only a week intervened between your two last letters. In truth my business when it is difficult so continually employs my thoughts & raises my apprehensions, that in my haste I

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do not perhaps attend sufficiently to other things - 'tis nothing more than bestowing a portion of my own perplexity on you: for while my head is full of some point of law, or while I am half doubting whether I have been right or wrong, in advising upon subjects of importance, & involving questions of property, it can hardly be expected that I should, yet, be quite clear-headed. Indeed I am very often enveloped in this mental fog, & feel upon many occasions a degree of anxiety which you can hardly conceive. While the loss or acquirement of great property is depending on my judgement & discretion, my mind is not always in a state of perfect calmness. I have heard of one eminent special pleader who at the outset of his practice, has declared that he has for nights together, never closed his eyes. Though I can sleep pretty well in general, my anxiety not being of so sublime a cast, yet I protest, I have started up at my first waking, as when some weight is upon the mind - some disagreeable circumstance which has quitted its hold on the memory for a few hours of sleep, & springs into its place again with encreased violence.

I did not, on reading your former letter, understand that my dear wife's indisposition [in pencil above: a very old Miss Honeyb...CHECK] was owing to the hunt she made for the armour; though upon recurring to that letter, I found that you had so expressed it. I am very sorry that her complaint should have arisen from such cause, but I am willing to believe that what she ascribes to the cold room, is not the cold hall of an old shattered mansion, but the peaceful apartment of love and tenderness & milky mild affection - namely my own heart. Does she suspect that that chamber of soft desires, that repository or store house, as it were, of ardent sighs, & tender wishes, is turned

into an ice house? Alas, she little knows how fatal a resemblance it bears to a glass house! - how it burns and sweats & sickens & dies & comes to life again, when I revolve in my imagination the tuneful hours we have already passed in love's delights, or anticipate with eager hopes that dear, distracting, godlike day, when we one flesh for ever shall be made, by help of Mr. Bent, nigh Swithun's sainted shrine. That glorious day, so big with great events, from whence my future happiness I date, shall join my Delia's fate with mine, & yield a fond expecting hammer-ass swain, to beauty's power a willing [c.o. victim] slave. The winged cherry-bums that sit on high our loves shall sing with voice elate; & far from us be't ever to be feared that our dear children yet unborn, & born they shall be with convenient speed,

shall ever to the parish come for their support. Mine be the task to toil for sordid gain, that we our pot may boiling keep. Her's be the tender mother's care, to clean & comb & feed our beauteous offspring. Thus happily our hours will glide through th'alternate seasons four, with few pitched battles & without much strife.

I do not know the very day when I shall leave town, but it most undoubtedly will be earlier than you seem to expect. Nothing can make it necessary for me to stay in town after the Judges arrive at Exeter, & the circuit begins Monday week. If you have any commissions you will give me timely notice.

All the Winsloe's are going to be married. Mary, you know, to the worthy Mr. Guy - John²⁰⁸ to a Miss Hodges of Chepstow, a timber-merchants daughter with some fortune - Mrs. Peard to a Mr. Myer's²⁰⁹ a son of Mrs. Thackwray²¹⁰, & Richard²¹¹ to somebody else: Joy go with them; I am glad 'tis not my lot to be married to any of them. Old W. has been very often with me about the manufacturing of John's settlement which we have in hand.

Of town news there is little or nothing stirring. Of the affairs at Carlton house it is understood they are in the same train as usual; & a reconciliation as much, if not more out of sight than ever. The price of bread continues as usual, & for domestick news that which strikes most on my heart, is that I have but one pair of breeches that I can wear, & yesterday bought a second hand pair, which are to be brought home to-day, which have been only worn four times, & which I have given half the original price for, to a friend of mine, who disposed them cheap, in regard of his friendship for me. He assures me they are of an amazing pretty pattern, & the colour very well suited to my complexion. He is a very well made man, whereof if he had not so been you know, they would not, being tight, have fitted me. A propos - personal beauty & dress. An Irish gentleman, a nephew of Burke's & acquainted with Brooke, & knows my person, saw me again somewhere the other day, & seriously asked Brooke, if I had shaved my head, which he thought to be the case, & that he imagined I walked in that hot day without my wig, for the sake of coolness!!

The town gets very dull - all the people gone - all the places shut up & I very desirous to quit it. One letter & no more, you will again have from me. In the mesne time Dr. Jennefee, your beloved Brother

J. Jones

Temple - Friday 24. June 1796

Best remembrances all round at Sandford.

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24th of June 1796

[addressed:

To:

Miss Jennefee Jones

at the Revd. George Bent's,
Sandford near Crediton
Devon

stamped: F JU 96 24

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[pencil: 61]

[pencil: July 13/96]

My dear Jennefee

As you are impatient to know the time when I shall leave town, & desire early information of it, I now write to comply with your request. Know then, that on the Thursday of Exeter Assize week I shall most surely be packing up my chattels for the journey & that a few days after that, you will be blessed with a sight of that sweet creature - myself. The precise day & hour I cannot now fix; because it is possible I might be detained by some unforeseen circumstance - a client, for example, might come with a Case, & I could not well send him back. But I do not know of any thing, or indeed expect any thing to detain me above one or two days beyond the time I have mentioned. If I were an idle good sort of an easy careless lawyer I could fix the very hour of my departure: but I am subject to the will of my masters - the Attornies - from whom I must not run away; for were I never so great a favourite of theirs, & I cultivate their affections very assiduously, 'tis certain not one of them would think it worth his while to run after me.

You have a large party where you are, but they are not to my taste more than to yours. Where I have aversions, they are most inveterately strong, & my pleasures are always marred if in the largest company there is one obnoxious person. It is an unfortunate degree of irritability which I would give the world to be rid of, & which subjects me to the raillery of all my particular acquaintance. 'Tis a disease of the mind, which seems almost to rise from its natural debility; for a very strong mind would feel its superiority & vigour, & would disdain to be moved or irritated by the follies or vulgarity or affectation ignorance or impudence of those persons with whom society is necessarily held. It requires a coldness of temper which I cannot reach, & I am constrained to avoid a company I dislike, while I find that most other men can furnish themselves amusement out of the very causes of my own Spleen.

By no means refuse Mrs. Winsloe's invitation of passing a winter in town. If Miss W. be married before that time, I think you will find yourself very comf at Twickenham, & in Town -

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and if the said Lady, be not espoused, I conclude her delicate attachment to her worthy lover, will prompt her to take every opportunity of avoiding the company of all but the dear Youth.

Hiddicashun has been curiously managed in a certain house, & the fruits of it, at last appear. The income which you suppose 500£. will be by no means so great; & as Love matches never produce solid affections between the parties, domestick discord & cramp't circumstances are to be looked to as the result of the present tender passion. God forgive me if I judge harshly, but I really think that Mademoiselle's passion seems to be of that coarse & indelicate kind which would better befit a woman of the town, than a girl of any education sense or sentiment. Of all the things which a man loathes & despises I believe nothing is so loathsome & so despicable, even to the most dissolute

libertine, as female indelicacy: nor any thing of which he stands so much in awe, & which so much attracts his admiration & esteem as the converse. I cannot collect either from yours or my father's letter, whether John Winsloe & his Welsh bride are in Devonshire. I should like to know.

Bent's was a curious letter, it must be confessed; & if it did take up a whole morning, it was indeed "a very poor morning's work". Bent is always so polite & so embarrassed by the struggle - by the conflict betwixt bon-hommie & the Chesterfieldian System²¹², that one can hardly surpress a laugh. He proposes to me the pleasures of the country, in a description of rural beauties, & romantick prospects, seemingly taken from some old bad novel that he redd when he was young. There is no man less fond of insipid pleasures than I am, & therefore Bent has culled out a nosegay for me of some the very worst flowers of pastoral poetry. 'Tis like inviting an elephant to a repast on puff-paste.

Town is dead - I don't mean Town the Drawing Master, but London town. I never say any thing so dull, & should get almost hypp'd if I were to stay a month longer. Besides I feel the Lassitude of Summer & shall be glad enough to get into the Country. The Streets & houses are half empty & stinks of all kinds very rife. The criers of fruit disturb my quiet, or else my repose here in chambers would be like sleep. No business, but the constant expectation of it; & compelled to stay here, only because a pleader must be found at home till mid-circuit. However my health is sound, except a little cholick now & then, I sleep like a town top, & as you have already heard, fatten like a porpoise. Get a bed large enough for me, for I am now no middle sized man. Thank Betsy for her offer of a dressing-room bed for me, & assure her upon your honour, that she might as well offer me her

Thread-case to lie in, & lock me in safe, as make such a proposal. A few trusses of straw upon the lawn, would be more suitable both to my dimensions, my taste, & my comfort, & my health. Make my love to all that value that inestimable blessing, & take my best love to yourself, which you have been in the habit of monopolising for a long time past, like a greedy one as you are.

J. Jones.

Temple - Wednesday 13. July 1796.

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13th of July 1796

[addressed:

To
Miss Jennefee Jones
at James Lardner's Esqr.
Exminster
near Exeter

stamped: D JY 96 13

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[pencil: 62]

[pencil: July 29/96]

My dear Jennefee

As I cannot leave town till I have sailing orders, I shall give you another letter. I own it was my wish to have gone away earlier, but business must be attended to, though I do not see that my staying much longer in town will be of any sort of service. In my life I never saw town so completely dead. All the people in my staircase are off, & I have the whole building to myself; all the window-shutters opposite my sitting room are fastened, & nothing disturbs my tranquillity but the soft murmur of the pretty fountain, & occasionally the wild wood-note of a Jew cloaths-man, both which at this very moment invade my ears. No acquaintance in town but Mat who hogs away his time in chambers, where he has of late taken a fancy to eat his dinners so that I breakfast, sit, dine & go to bed alone every day, without business, & without the smallest disposition to study, & my only solace my father's business.

Last Sunday I received from Mrs. Winsloe in King street, an invitation to dine there, which I declined, because I wanted to take exercise in the afternoon, and I had but an indifferent prospect of amusement there, especially as Mr. Guy must of course be there, whom I should not be able to treat with pretended civility, as I have been so much concerned in ripping up his character & preventing his marriage. It would be a species of dissimulation which would have rendered my sensations very uncomfortable. Besides, I greatly dislike the man. However I promised to wait on Mrs. Winsloe before I left town, & intended to have called at the lodgings to-day; but yesterday afternoon I received a note from her (with a packet for Betsy) saying she very much regretted not seeing me. I therefore put on a clean waistcoat, washed my eyes, & went to her. She reproved me mainly for never calling, for which I could not give her my true reason, & therefore offered none. She gave me good accounts of you & my father & mother, & related to me with great glee the misadventure of the old dried Canary Bird & Ruffles, & though "upon her life" she was very

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sorry for pulling his head off, yet she never laughed so much before; & if Dicky was sent up to town, she would have his head put on again with a "silver peg" by some very expert artificer. When I told her of the bird's history, & mother's posthumous fondness for him, after his guts were taken out, or dried within him, I don't know which, though I think there used to be a little smell, she was still more sorry, but "Jeysis, who'd have thought off his being in the ruffles?" Aunt [pencil insertion: James Stowey] soon came in, & I thought it my duty to kiss her cheek, but she presented me the unexpected benefit of her mouth, from which I ravished one of sweetest, softest, balmyest, & most teathy kisses, with which a juvenile kiss-lover was ever blest. Mrs. Winsloe had just taken her - where, do you think? - Why to see the wax-work, with which aunt was truly enraptured, & described to me, in terms not the most intelligible, every individual article, especially the lady & her 365 children she had at one birth, assuring me at the same time that she had considerable doubts of the truth of that relation. She had been taken also to Sadler's Wells! and if there had been any cock-fighting or fire-eating, Mrs. W. I suppose would have given her another treat. I asked her if she had been at the opera? - the playhouse? No - she had no mind for the one - & Mrs. Winsloe said the other was too hot for her to bear. Mrs. W told me that I was to bring you up, for that you had agreed to stay six or seven months with her at least. I told her it was rather a flying visit to be sure, but I would however undertake the charge of you. "Aye, says she, there, Mary-Ann, thank G-- will, be off by that time, & we shall be comfortable, shan't we? here in town & by turns at Twickenham. But Craist Jeysis she won't have any body come a courting to her, wld she, d'ye think? For 'pon my life I am sick as a toad of it, for there's Mary-Ann and Guy all day long! all day long! all day long! nothing else 'pon my life, & its tires me to death." I said t'was impossible for me to judge, but I hoped if any body did come a'courting while you were there, you would be kind enough to give her a little occasional respite, & not be at it "all day long". Guy & Mary-Ann afterwards appeared, & I

behaved very ceremoniously. They soon betook themselves to a distant corner of the room, & with his nose, which I hoped was clean, in her mouth, their conversation was politely carried on in whispers. I should not omit to tell you that Mr. Redwood the father of the young lady whom the worthy Mister Guy was engaged to marry, has been lately in town, & Brooke learnt, from him that while they were in Bath, the Winsloes & Mister Guy were there also. That the Redwoods were one day drinking tea at the house opposite, & that Mr. Guy & Miss W. were toying publickly at the window, & that Miss W. was sitting with her head hanging over the back of her chair,

while Mr. Guy was kissing her in a manner that shocked the delicacy of those who were constrained to, & could not avoid seeing it. That when Mrs. Holman (Miss Redwood that was) used to pass by the house, Guy & Mary-Ann used to run out to the window, & Mrs. H used to hear "there she goes that's she - look" so loud that it might be heard half a mile off, as well as the shouts of laughter which used to accompany this decent behaviour. I drank tea with them, & then made off, promising, if I could, to call at Twickenham before I left town, for good. Mrs. W. told me of your corresponding with her. She seems indeed to be very much pleased with the expectation of your being with her, & gives evident marks of her partiality. I have no reason to believe I am much in her good graces, for I never paid her any attention, or ever ran after her. My visits to Twickenham have been very rare, because till lately none of the family came to me. But in the late business of Guy & of John's marriage, on which Winsloe continually was advising with me, I exerted myself much, to prove to him my regard, & I know he has confidence in & some esteem for me. John, too, is a very good lad, but to the rest of the family I am totally indifferent. John was married last Monday. I was rather surprised to hear Mrs. Winsloe & Aunt Eccho speak with such contempt & aversion for Stowey, especially as the former had so lately been at his house. And I was surprised to hear a curious anecdote of him from the same quarter. You remember, perhaps, a tall fresh coloured well-formed girl enough, called Bradstock, who was a soubrette to Old Tatters - Mrs. Baker of Taunton - Stowey actually made love to that girl, offered her his hand, & seemed to her resolved to marry her. She made sure of it. To prove the sincerity of his affection, & the honesty of his intentions, he was continually pressing her to - suffer him to take lodgings for her at Bath!!! The well-contrived pretext for which, was, that she might be out of the way of "the old cat" - meaning Mrs Baker. This ingenious stratagem, this amazingly subtle device for the ruin of an innocent poor girl, whom the indigence of her parents had forced to seek her subsistence by sacrificing her days to that old hag, a circumstance which would have excited the compassion, & diverted the profligate schemes of a young debauchee, was even seen through by her, green as she was; & I am told that the pain of her mind, by disappointment & by the detection of this gross imposition, has made a deep impression on her. For a man of his years to propose marriage, while he is meditating prostitution, & that too, of a girl of family, young, & well brought up, struggling under pecuniary embarrassments, & harrassed by the caprice and tyranny of a vulgar old woman, on whose favour her livelihood depended, - to decoy a young creature like this into his power - to make her the slave of his scandalous appetites, & the nurse of his infirmities, is really a much bolder push than I thought he was capable of making.

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29th of July 1796

I have written a good long letter - you ask for letters, more letters; & I should think your patience most exemplary, if you can get on to the end without fatigue. I have little else to do, but to write letters now, though they take up some time, for I write slowly, & my writing occupies very little space, so that one sheet of mine, is worth four or five of another persons. Most people would take the best part of a sheet of paper to convey as much as I have written on this side. Brooke has

written two "Toons" for you which I shall bring, & I have not any other moosick for you except the long promised "good moosick".

[addressed:

To:

Miss Jennefee Jones
at Mr Thomas Jones's
St. Paul's Street
Exeter

stamped: D JY 96 29

No news in town, except that there is no money, & growling about the continuance of the war. Hutch is kept in town for the same cause that I am - viz. waiting for government money: which he is not likely soon to have. If you can find out & communicate to me without delay the event of Holwell's cause & of Byne's cause. I am extremely anxious to know. I am concerned in three or four others that were to be tried at Exeter, & I believe a dozen at Worcester, but I am not solicitous about these. Best affections, at home,

Dear Jennefee, your affte
J. J.

Temple - Friday - 29. July 1796

Do you mean to enter at the Temple when you come to town? If so I must look out for chambers for you. Hutchinson knows you are a lawyer for he always sees you at Exeter, on the bench, assisting the judge, & he admires the equity of your determinations.

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[pencil: 63]

[pencil: Aug 9/96]

My dear Jennefee

I promised you one letter more before I left town, & now behold it! I have little more to say than that I yesterday took a place in the Mail that leaves town on Thursday, by which vehicle I shall, bating the untoward dispensations of providence, arrive at Exeter on Friday night. There is so much travelling to Weymouth, on account of the King's being there, that I could not get a place for an earlier day, & indeed all the places except one, were taken for Thursday when I applied. I am heartily glad to leave town, for I have been made absolutely sick of it.

I bring down no presents with me, except a tobacco-stopper for yourself, of which I shall beg your favourable acceptance.

'Twill be hardly worth while to put my father to the expense of postage in answering his letter of yesterday, which, please to tell him, I received with its contents, & have followed his directions with regard to Col. MacKenzie and Mr. Maddox.

You need not get a hot supper ready for me, for I have totally left off that meal. I expect a devilish hard mattress, & plenty of warm water, with a great tub in the middle of the room, to sweeten me after my journey. As to my cropt head, of which you stand in such fear, you need not apprehend it, for I have a fancy wig which covers my whole head of hair, and which I have worn for several days past with unbounded applause; but I fear I shall not be able to travel in it, so you must receive me in my Jacobin dress. You know much like a blackguard I can look; and how much like a gentleman I do look when I am made up. Even the anti-flatterer Mister Mitford says, when I am full dressed, I look like a d--d aristocratick fellow, & this he considers an encomium. I am however, without jesting, concerned that cropt

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heads, so much conducive to convenience & aconomy are on the high road to abolition; yet it is so necessary, however irksome, to submit to the tyranny of custom, that I must again put on its fetters.

My wardrobe is in poor trim, for I have not had a coat made, or I believe any article of dress whatever except a great coat & two pair of breeches, since I last left the country. The blue coat I brought up, which was once my mother's habit, has been my constant companion ever since, & now I call on you to perform your promise of your old riding habit, which I must have made up the moment I come down, in order to do credit to myself & family.

Best affections at home, Dr. Jennefee, your affectte.

J. Jones.

Temple -

Tuesday 9. Aug 1796.

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9th of August 1796

[addressed:

To:

Miss Jennefee Jones
at Mr Thomas Jones's
St. Paul's Street
Exeter

stamped: AU 96 9

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[pencil: 64]

[pencil: Novr 17/96]

Dear Jennefee,

I, this moment, have received your note, & I wish had known your intention of being in town to-day (for I did not expect you till to-morrow) as I should have called between three and four o'clock this morning. I trust I shall be able to go to the play with you; & I wish you could any way contrive to call on me in the forenoon to-morrow - I want Mrs. Winsloe to see my chambers too. If, however,

you do not make me a morning Visit, I'll take care to call soon after three. Unluckily - shall I say? - Business has come in upon me to-day, & I shall not be able to dispatch much of it this night therefore can, by no possibility call this evening - the hour too, is rather late. I have been rather indisposed, with a violent pain like rheumatism in my shoulders &, except across the court to the coffee-house, have not stirred one inch from Chambers, since I breakfasted with you Sunday morning. I sent your Gauze, Musick, & a Letter from Lucy this forenoon, which I trust you have received.

yrs. affecty J. J.

Tuesday²¹³ Night 9 o'clock

November 1796

[addressed:

Miss Jones
Mrs. Winsloe's
No. 32 King's Street
Covent Garden

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[pencil: 65]

[pencil: Decr 1/96]

Temple - first day of the last & coldest month of the year 1796

My dear Jennefee

Your letter was received a few minutes since; & I had I not received any, it was my intention to write this morning. I heard yesterday from my father, whose letter came in a packet by a private hand. Said packet contained amongst other things, a letter for you & another for Mrs. Winsloe, and each of said letters contained something, which I take to be a very small pocket almanack for you and Mrs. W. as a present - a new year's present - from Mama. Shall the letters wait for your coming to town? or shall I forward them? & how? By the post they cannot go, for they would be spoiled.

I made a pleasant walk home, for Monday was very fine weather. The distance is greater than I thought; for, from my chambers to the common, cannot be less than 13 miles; however I was not in the least tired: but my new socks were, for they were so much discomposed by the "fanteague" that you may assure yourself they will take no more walks. They cost eight pence, & would now be dear in a penny.

While you are running about seeing sights & enjoying prospects, I see no sight but white paper & black types, nor enjoy any prospect but that of dinner hour. However " 'tis life, for all that" - a consolatory reflexion with which Mat cheers himself when he is engaged in any thing with which he ought to be dissatisfied.

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I am glad to hear Mr. Winsloe is better: & I hope Mrs. Winsloe will expel St. Anthony. If I were her doctor I would make her take bark and plenty of Port wine, or I'd see the reason why.

There is no news of any sort: and really I do not know what more I can say. One must talk of the weather now, for it is "d---- isly" cold and a g-d f-re is no b-d th-g, for my fing-ers are almost fr-z-en, and if it was not for sh-me, I would very will-g-y go to the b-d to keep my--lf w-rm. Why didn't you write devilishly out loud, like a man? I mun go and shave and work, & can't stay to write any more. This evening I shall go to our Society, by way of diversion; it being an amazingly gay place, full of mirth & frolick; & then I shall pass a cold evening at home. I should like to always go about a' junketting, & to be always a' doing a' nothing, & see a great deal of good company: but I cannot afford it - and besides I have work enow for a couple of days lying before me. I wish however that you were at this moment in town; for I have no inclination for work, & the day is so fine that I should like to show you a great many blackguardly places about London which you have not seen. I am almost tempted to send for Mat to walk; but if I were to, he would not go, nor can I spare time - so no more at present from your's as in duty bound,

J. Jones -

Temple -

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1 December 1796

[addressed:

To

Miss Jennefee Jones
Thos. Winsloe's Esqr
Twickenham²¹⁴

stamped: DE 1 96

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[pencil: 66]

[pencil: 20/96]

Dear Jennefee,

Though I am much busied, I steal an opportunity of announcing the arrival of "Feyther", who came here Yesterday, in the forenoon. Ever since he came, he has been engaged by his business at different places, & came in just now to tell me that his affairs at the Barrack²¹⁵ office were in a favourable train; & the object which brought him to town, likely to be speedily accomplished. The Dock business is at length completed & finally, & in consequence of this, & the termination of that of the barracks, he is in high spirits. He brings no particular news. I suppose he will offer himself at Twickenham, as soon as he can afford time; but when that will be, he cannot guess; nor can I guess for him. His stay however will most certainly be a week at least. Little Ireland is come back - namely on Saturday - & all the difficulties of your dining in Surry street on Sunday, are cleared up, by reducing the invitation to a system of blunders invented, stirred up, & finally perfected between him & my father, at a time, when I suppose they had a little too much wine. It turns out however that you were not expected by the family, & therefore no disappointment ensued from our Absence. Since I saw you I have not been outside the door, except Sunday evening, when I drank tea

with the Snips; & now Papa is come, I shall be more confined; for I must always keep in the way to receive assist & entertain him.
On Saturday you will have the pleasure of seeing me, & father I suppose will

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hardly wait for an invitation. Make my best regards to Mr. and Mrs. Winsloe and believe
me your beloved Brother
J. J.

Temple - Thursday Afternoon

If I write any more I must go unshaved for the day.
I sent some famous Melton Oysters²¹⁶ - famous fat things - did they prove gutty?

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May 1797 [sic]

[addressed:

To

Miss Jennefee Jones
Thomas Winsloe's Esqr
Twickenham

stamped: F DE 96 20

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[pencil: 55]

[pencil: Mar. 15/96]

Tues Wednesday noon 15. Mar²¹⁷.

Dear Jennefee

I have this instant received your letter, & hasten to reply to it, though busy, because I do not know how my time may be taken up as the day advances. I am really concerned to see your nerves are so shook, & I would by all means advise to live well, & add to your quantity of wine. The complaint prevalent in town is much like your in that symptom of nervous debility; 'tis much like the Old Influenza, & I now find that the sort of stupefaction & languor I have felt for more than a fortnight past, is a very general disorder, affecting most people of sedentary habits. Martin²¹⁸ is still much affected by it: I sat with him last evening at George's, when his eyes were so affected, he could not read the papers. As a consolation however, it is admirable to find I have been in the fashion - but as a fashionist, I have relinquished it early, & am now brave - Though I forbore to mention it at the time, yet in my life scarcely were my sensations ever so abundantly uncomfortable as the evening I passed with you & Charlotte²¹⁹ when Mrs. Winsloe was absent. (What deliciously greasy Paper!)

I am extremely - deeply concerned by the Accounts you give of Mr. Winsloe's ill health. To other particulars of your letter I need not now advert, except that with regard to domestick news, I am utterly in the dark, for my father, as usual,

refers me to your letter. I did not know of Aunt Betsy's illness; & as to my uncle he only says he has narrowly escaped death. He wrote under the notion of your being in town, & therefore did well not to repeat the intelligence to me. Gray brought the letters, & today is to pay me a sum, according to my father's directions & his own promise, the day before yesterday.

As your return is now so uncertain, I give up all thoughts of walking to Twickenham, till you confirm the probability of a longer stay there.

Nothing in town for communication: I had another visit a day or two since from Mr Ma..... a...nder - the Draper - a sensible conversible man forsooth! Why he came to me, I cannot guess, unless it was to see whether a special pleader walked on two legs, or went on all fours - he stared me & said very little indeed, & so I talked to him as loud and as fast as I could. But even then he seemed far from being giddy. I have had two visits from John Gullett²²⁰, who sat with me long enough yesterday. I refused an invitation to accompany him and Blackall²²¹ to the Play.

A letter from Leathes this morning, who is waiting on his mother, in hourly expectation of her death²²², signifying, to my vast surprize, his resolution of relinquishing the Law! gives me sentiments of real regret. I imagine he finds himself in possession of a stout fortune, & chuses not to toil in the Temple, & [c.o.] encounter difficulties, which nothing but invincible patience can surmount, but rather to follow his amusements in ease & peace. God speed him: but I would rather fag as I do than languish out my days in the monotonous round of indolent pleasures, sucking vitality from a circumscribed income, without change & without hope - three meals a day, a soft

bed, & dull society of superannuated family friends. Fluctuation of events - the uncertainty of tomorrow, constitutes one's happiness. Where there is no struggle there is no enjoyment. If I had 500£. a year, without the means of altering my condition, or the power of throwing myself into active life, I think I should be miserable.

There is a book in much repute, & certainly a production of real Genius, which from its celebrity & publicity may fall into your hands; particularly as novels are a great deal redde, it appears, in the family. I think it a duty to warn you of this book, & to caution you not to read or hear it redde. 'Tis called "the Monk"²²³. Under the cover of a romantick tale it is made the insidious vehicle of the most profligate indecency & impurity, & of the most blasphemous profane'ss. It is a tale of impiety & impurity; but such is the art of the accomplished, & I may say, guilty authour, that his design is so artfully masked, that his work of corruption is the result of general impression, & not the effect produced by particular passages, or indeed the tenor of the Narrative. It is your feelings that I wish to secure from the insults of authourship: if you were 15 instead of five & twenty, the book might do harm: now it can only do violence to your feelings & delicacy. May the author's reward, be the remorse of his own conscience, & the execrations of all virtuous people, who have sense enough to understand his book, & to see its drift.

I have written fast that I might write the more. I hope you can read it.

Best remembrances to Mrs. Winsloe & the family Dr. Jennefee
yrs. ever

J. Jones

Temple - Wednesday noon

[pencil: 15th March 1797]

[addressed:

To

Miss Jones
Thos. Winsloe's Esqr
Twickenham

stamped: F MA 97 15

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[pencil: 67]

[pencil: "Mar & Apr /97"?]

Dear Jennefee,

I thought before this time Mrs. Winsloe would have returned to town, or that you would have been settled to such a certainty at Twickenham, that I might have attempted a walk there; though, to say the truth, in a walk I took yesterday, almost the only one for a fortnight past, I found my feet so unaccountably tender & eventually so sore & excoriated on the exterior edges that I travelled back after the fashion of our Sally in a return from the double Lock of a Sunday Afternoon. I think it proceeds from a disuse of these supporters, which however the fine'ss of the weather this morning- will tempt me to put in play again.

Mr Gra, [sic] whom I cawkellated²²⁴ to have seen much earlier, brought me 20£ the best part of which is already applied in the supression of creditorial importunity, as Dr. Johnson might have termed it. Of the rest you will take, when you come to town, your share. Beard called with Gray. My partiality for this gentleman was never violent, & is by no means strengthened by any improvement that I could discover in our late interview. I think he is sly. He watches one motions & looks as Polly Merrifield used to do.

I have dined alone, & passed most of my time alone, since I saw your highness; except that yesterday a sort of a new acquaintance, a suckling Spal Pleader, with Mister Mitford & Hutchinson breakfasted with me. The first seems pushing on intimacy as fast as can be reasonably wished - that is, his intimacy with me - for as to his intimacy with law, the Lord help us! Last night, too, I went alone to the

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Oratorio - Esther, Overture - The whole of the Dettingen Te Deum & the Overture in Sampson which they played in very quick time, as well as the minuet; to my surprise, & I think with bad effect. I never heard Mara²²⁵ sing so well. I wished you there: tho' upon recollection, you would have clattered all the toons out of my head. Little Heberden²²⁶ was seated just behind me, reaming his neck to look over my head; but I sat as high as ever I could, he being the first person I ever prevented from seeing what was going on, upon a stage.

Upon the other subjects of your letter, we will reserve ourselves for a conversation. At present I am interrupted by a message from Leathes to see me. Dear Jennefee

yrs. ever
J. Jones

Temple - Thursday mornng.²²⁷

I wrote to Lardner some days ago.

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Either March or April 1797

[addressed:

To

Miss Jones

Thos. Winsloe's Esqr

Twickenham

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[pencil: 68]

[pencil: Mar 29/97]

Dear Jennefee,

I have in part executed your wishes with respect to my Aunt Betsy's business, in which my own most heartily concur to prevent any imposition or tyranny of a certain nameless. But the mode I have pursued is different from that which you have suggested. I have not that unreserved confidence in her discretion as to trust a letter, containing my real sentiments into her hands, for a want of thought, or a change of circumstances which may reconcile her mind, naturally not overstrong, to the conduct of the Vulture, may betray that letter at a future period into his hands; & the sentiments which I feel, as well as the language I should use, are so indignant & forcible, that he might in the malevolence & rancorous violence of his temper proceed to the last extremities with the father to punish the son. It is the part of a prudent person to avoid every occasion of inflaming anger. I have therefore written very much at large to my father, for my aunt's perusal; & therefore there is no occasion to apprehend his misinterpreting what I say, since I have written with all the plainness & perspicuity that I am master of, & none but a Dolt can misunderstand me. The substance of what I have said, is this - that Pride & not affection are the motives of his overtures; That I have no doubt but that his object is to remove her out of his way; That I suspect he means to take all her property into his hands, & grant her an annuity; That by these means he will hold her in

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the most absolute subjection & controul, & I have suggested, from the consideration of his tyrannical temper, how abject her situation is likely to be. Then I have recommended her to give a very patient attention his offers, & if they are as I have intimated, to reject them at once. If, on the contrary, he offers her an unconditional stipend, to accept it. At all events I have urged her not to purchase an annuity of him, or of any one of his recommendation: but still to vest all her little property in the purchase of an annuity from some responsible & honest person, & have offered my assistance to see that she is fairly dealt with. This is all that I can do, or that my judgement warrants me in doing.²²⁸

It is with real concern that I receive additional accounts of your lowness of spirits, especially as I

have no further remedies to propose. It is in vain for me to offer advice if that mental dejection is "irresistible". From temporary causes, temporary lowness of spirits is unavoidable. A sudden calamity must occasion grief: but when its first ebullitions have subsided, & we are restored to the exercise of our reason, it is our duty to the Authour of Good, as well as to those who surround us, to rouse our mind to the performance of its proper functions, & to repel those thoughts which cloud the understanding, & enervate the faculties, & spread the baleful influence of melancholy wherever we go. I rather think yours arises from weakness of health, especially as you have complained so often of your stomach. The evening before you left town you retired very unwell. I do'nt wish to push enquiries beyond the limits of the extremest rational delicacy; but I was sorely hurt, that I could neither relieve your complaint or even know the cause. If you feel debility, I assure you that without delay you should have recourse to Bark & Steel²²⁹, to bring up your nerves to their proper tone; & unless you are better on your return, we must have the assistance of some medical person: for ill health, though but of an hour's duration, is not to be sported with.

I have employed so much of the morning in writing, that I must necessarily turn round my attention to my other duties, & conclude this letter. I shall expect to hear from you, as soon as convenient, & hope to hear that the time is fixt for your coming to town

Dear Jennefee, yours most truly

J.J.

Temple - Wednesday Noon

My Bye is a come
Best remembrances to Mrs. Winsloe

1

March 1797

[addressed:

To

Miss Jones
at Thos. Winsloe's Esqr
Twickenham

stamped: F MA 97 29

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[pencil: 69]

[pencil: May 17/97]

Dear Jennefee

I very much wonder your cough should not have left you, since such studied precautions were taken to remove it. Be pleased to accept the following receipt for a radical cure for this complaint. "Contrive to lie with as many cloaths upon you as you can conveniently bear; & in the morning procure, if you can, a free & copious perspiration, in the height of which, be sure to jump out of bed, & throw open all your windows & doors, & if the weather be fresh & cool, contrive to bring into your bed chamber as brisk a current of air as circumstances will permit, which must be particularly attended to when the Easterly winds prevail. Then proceed to dress with great

deliberation; & if you have any cloaths & moveables to arrange in your room, do it at intervals, while you are dressing, always remembering to take plenty of time. Having breakfasted, amuse yourself in the garden, & sit in the Summer House, at least one half hour. The forenoon may be passed ad libitum, only observing to dress yourself for dinner with the least possible haste, & if you can sit and read, an hour or so, in your powdering gown, it will conduce very much to a speedy cure. At dinner, chuse the driest & saltiest meat, & eat plenty of salt, with every thing, taking care to drink copiously of every liquid that comes in your way; finish your dinner with cheese, & let your desert consist solely of nuts of any kind steeped in Port wine. Do not fail to rise from table, the moment your dinner is down your throat, & wander about your bedroom a little: but if this cannot be conveniently done, & you must of necessity sit still, I would recommend writing at a low table, or working at a tambour frame, as the best substitute.

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Till the evening comes, you need prescribe to yourself no particular regimen or exercise: but when it does arrive, I recommend dancing, or any romping game that will promote profuse perspiration, & absolute lassitude & fatigue. When you are in this state, place your chair close to the door which, as well as the opposite window, must be thrown wide open; take off as much of your dress as decency will permit; fan yourself as rapidly as you can, & comfort your bowels with large draughts of spring water or lemonade, never stinting yourself, nor discontinuing the "Refresher" till you feel the chillness shooting down your back, & gentle fits of shuddering come on: For then you are certain of being well cooled. As exercise will have taken off your appetite for supper, & you will find little inclination for substantial diet, I would recommend a hearty meal of pickles: the best sorts are red cabbage, & gherkins. I say a hearty meal of pickles: because however small a woman's appetite, or however weak her digestion, pickles she may & can always eat, & ought by no means to abstain from a diet so salutary & nourishing. After supper it is not very material what you drink, so as you drink a great deal. If there be a preference, I would advise spirits & water, boiling hot, & not made weak. Go to bed, or rather retire to your bed chamber, immediately; but don't go into bed for two whole hours. These you will employ in undressing; & be particularly careful to proceed slowly, putting away every article of dress in its place one by one, & setting your room, toilet, drawers & band boxes in pure order for the next morning. Perhaps a general ransack, & new arrangement of all your cloaths & other things, is more advisable, particularly if you undertake it with no other dress but your stockings & nightgown. Then if you have any female friends in the house, a regard as well for your health as for the rules of good breeding, should induce you to go the rounds, paying each a visit in her bedroom, in your stockings & nightgown, & giving each as much conversation as you can. The night you will pass very comfortably, and in two or three days, with a scrupulous observance of these Rules, which indeed ought to be called "The golden rules of health", your cough will be thoroughly cured.

I am really concerned to hear Mrs. Winsloe's complaint does not abate; for indeed she appeared to be extremely unwell. I hope she has good advice: I don't mean apothecary's advice, but good medical care of a skilful physician, for she has been now so long harrassed with those symptoms of gout or what else it is, & her present complaint manifests itself so much in her looks, that if I had interest enough, I should not hesitate a moment to consult with some intelligent clever physician. A complaint of so long continuance, it is dangerous to neglect or trifle with.

I have not heard from home since I saw you. I believe I shall write to day. Best regards at Twickenham. Remember me to John Winsloe; & ask him why in the d---l's name he never comes to town? I'm afraid Mrs. John Winsloe ties him to the leg of some great table. My best service to her too. Tell John I shall be glad to see him at breakfast any morning he'll call on me. I never give any thing but breakfast; having no culinary utensils but a tea-kettle; & one can make nothing but broth

in that.

yrs. as in duty bound

J. J.

Temple - Monday Morn²³⁰.

I saw the Duke - I mean the Prince of Wirtemberg yesterday, three several times. He is no such monster as he was represented. He is fat; but by no means unweildy, & is a bonny well looking fellow, as one can spy in an hundred. He is rather tall; something about my size, but not of so fine & princely a presence. He has too much of the Bacchus, as I have of the Mars.

1

May 1797

[addressed:

To

Miss Jones

at Thomas Winsloe's Esqr

Twickenham

stamped: PAID AP 17 1797

Jno. Phills: Carpenter²³¹

[black seal with impression of a girl with long hair]

1

[pencil: 70]

[pencil: Sept 11./97]

Dear Jennefee

My father has just terminated his business, & is ready to go out of town immediately. You will therefore make all necessary Preparations for setting out. You will tell me what to do for you in town, unless you come in again - In short you will take your own Course, & let me know by the return of the post, what we are to do; whether to fetch you at Twickenham, or wait your coming into town, as we are now waiting your letter and orders.

I have nothing more to add, than my satisfaction on being at last liberated, & at the present fine weather which affords a promising prospect of a very pleasurable journey: inasmuch as we shall apparently go by water. Best remembrances to Mrs. Winsloe.

your loving brother,

J. Jones

Monday noon

11 September 1797

[addressed:

To

Miss Jones
at Thos. Winsloe's Esqr
Twickenham

stamped: F SE 97 11

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[pencil: 72]

[pencil: Novr 9/97]

My dear Jennefee,

As your last letter requires an early reply, from the apprehensions you entertain of a mistake having been made with respect to a coat for James²³², I take the first leisure minute of informing you that there is no mistake, & that it was done pursuant to my orders, requesting you at the same time, to forward it by the waggon, & suggesting, too, that this is the last trouble and concern I shall have with his dress, being determined, as I have now furnished him for the year, to make him an allowance for that purpose. I will trouble you at the first opportunity to direct Howell²³³ to make out his bill, which I beg you will send me, by transcribing it on your letter, to save double Postage.

I received your former letter, to which I will advert presently. In the first place I must tell you that Mrs. Winsloe came to town yesterday, & sent me a note to ask me to dine with her. I could not: but I called there to-day at three, and though Guy & his wife were there I staid & dined. There were besides, only Mr. Winsloe & Charlotte. I hardly ever saw him so well & so lively, & you may guess Mrs Winsloe's arm is not quite useless since she cut up two rabbits, & after dinner made fringe. I found I could not tell her any thing of the country which she did not know before from your letters. She meant to have written to you this evening, but upon my telling her, I intended to do the same, she said she would postpone it, & desired me to say that "to hear from us both, at once, would be too much pleasure for any one person, & therefore you should have her share, some days hence." She looks remarkable well, & several times desired to know when I could come, & when I should be disengaged &c. To which my answer was, "generally

1v

the whole interval between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, & all Sundays, with some times, a Saturday's evening, Lawyers' Holiday." The Playhouse was directly started for a Saturday's Evening, & I promised some Saturday to attend her; for she has not been at one play for the hull [sic] season. I took my leave of them at 1/2 past five, feigning business as an excuse, though there was no necessity of business, but the necessity of being in the way of it, at chambers. Hutchinson is no Necessitarian, for I do not understand he is come yet. The divine Mister Mitford arrived from Yorkshire at 4 o'clock on Sunday Morng. & at 11, viz. as soon as he got out of bed, he came to me - we went to several churches in the City & concluded with the Anthem at St. Paul's, where I have taken cold, which has somewhat oddly, affected the inside of the right hip with a great degree of

stiffness. We went to five different churches, & then dined together at George's; whence we proceeded to the Magdalen²³⁴, & concluded the days devotion at Rowland Hill's Chapel²³⁵, & the evenings amusement at my chambers, where we divided two dozen oysters & separated at the early hour of two in the morning, protesting that we were both excessively entertaining to the last minute, though it appeared by our arithmatick that we had passed fifteen hours tete a tete! Since that period I have been entirely in chambers, & shall not go out again, most probably, till next Sunday. And now, for your letter.

First, I cannot pronounce Mary Jones's²³⁶ drawing to be a first rate performance, or perhaps, strictly worthy or being put into the next Exhibition, for which purpose I presume it was first sent to me. I have received the two packing cases, & all the contents safe & uninjured: but by some mistake the Carriage was demanded, which used to be paid at home. I beg therefore you will set this right & let it be put in my father's account at Russell's. I am glad that you took so much care of the old man, & with so much success. We are told "with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again", which may stand in the place of all that ever was, can or will be written on the score of beneficence. As to Shirley's MSS. I must see them, & if I see any thing in them I must have them. With regard to old & tattered M.SS. I feel the same tender emotions, that other unwise young men feel on the contemplation of female

beauty & attractions. I hear of a dirty M.S. - I pant to see it - I see the dirty M.S. - I long to hug its rags, & kiss off its adorable dust - I possess the Dirty M.S. - Gods! what a treasure! who dares tear it from my eager arms? I eat drink & sleep with my dirty M.S. What booby lover can do more with his mistress? Do, have over Woolmer, cajole him well: you may play off a few compliments to his legs, by the bye. Prevail on him to send them to me, I don't mean his legs, but the MSS. and you may inform him that I will inspect them, & if I wish to keep them I will offer him what I may consider as a just price, which, if he will not accept, I will transmit them again to him, & describe to him their contents. You may repeat those last words to him. I am eager to see them, because they were Ld. Ch. Justice Eyre's²³⁷ - he was one of the soundest & most sagacious lawyers that ever presided on an English bench; & therefore he was no collector of trumpery. "Writs & Rebels" - I wonder they had not said "Bubble & Squeak". I am rejoiced at the Corps with the Rest of Exeter contributes so properly to the Relief of Ld. Duncan's widows²³⁸, as you call them: & I give Major Hamilton credit for the expression you have repeated. I suppose there was a "twofold" reason for Young's giving the Cathedral plates to the Dean & Chapter. First, that the Dean & Chapter could not afford to buy them; the church revenues not admitting of any contribution towards the encouragement of the arts: & secondly, because Mr. Young wished to give a proof of his want of ostentation, and of his aversion to the enrolling his name in the Benefaction book of the Church Library. I rather wish you would like to pass an evening now and then at my uncle's, so as you can get properly escorted home. I admit Kendall's apology, because he is totally indifferent to me; & for the same reason my behaviour & external civility will be uniform & probably permanent. I wish much to know what my father has done with respect to the Barrack business, & whether it is likely he may come to town, & you may mention to him that one reason for my enquiry is that Luxmoore has applied to me, with more delicacy than I expected, for rent. Entre nous - Charles Carpenter²³⁹ was to be knighted yesterday - I overheard Winsloe say this, but could not "make so bold" as to enquire about it, not being supposed or intended to hear what was said. Winsloe saw his court dress, sword, bag &c &c. Mind that this is no mistake of mine, either of name or fact.

Duty Papa & Mama; Health Aunt Betsy; Love Sister Jenny: There's a dear

Johnny!

Temple - Begun Wednesday Night - Finished Thursday Mornng. Lord Mayor's Day sure enow.

[addressed:

To:

Miss Jennefee Jones
at Mr Thomas Jones's
St. Paul's Street
Exeter

stamped: E NO 97 9

[same seal with girl's head]

1

[pencil: 75]

[pencil: Nov 15/97]

My dear Jennefee,

Saturday evening, the Law Holiday, is come, and I mean to employ it in writing to you; & to write on, till I can find nothing further to say. I like the length of your letters so well, that I would, on no account, have them abridged; but I find it impracticable to return you letters of equal length; for neither time, nor any incidents of sufficient notice arise, will well admit of it. The phraseology of this last sentence is so peculiarly beautiful; that I resolve not to disturb it; & if the sentiments that are to follow, should be found as correct and intelligible as this specimen of my diction, this will be a hopeful epistle. If I have contented myself with saying in plain terms that I am obliged to pore over my books from morning till night, & that I had nothing to say which could rouse your attention, I might have succeeded better in my intention of making myself understood. However, we may get on a little better in the sequel, for the hardest part of every undertaking is the beginning. Proceed we, to matter of fact; that is to the regular notice of the facts in your letter; at least to those which seem most to invite our animadversion. As to the M.S.S. I have received them, & my father has purchased them; as they are now his present, it may be indecorous in me to hint at the magnitude of the price. You don't believe in the propriety & truth of my simile: you are vague in your mode of expression, & I can only collect from it, that either, I do not like M.SS. or I do not like Misses. I like both in their turn: if I had liked either of them very much better than I do, in the first instance Expence would have resulted from it; in the second, Uneasiness. I believe neither one or the other, has yet been felt by my worthy family on either of those heads. I have now more concerns to look to, than the collecting of musty antiquities, & too many years over my head, & (entre nous, for I will not disguise without occasion) too much experience, ever to tumble in love, be the nymph what she may. Now, "upon your life" you may, or may not swear to that fact, as you list.

1v

On this subject, I shall only further say, that I believe Mat, not being able to stow the books amongst his own luggage, had the satisfaction of paying for their carriage to town. Papa buys me the books, & Mat franks them to me. I wish they had weighed half a hundred, for such is his breeding, that he does not complain - no not even a squeak, if his back were breaking with the weight of your commission. He now takes it into his head that he is a jolly frank fellow, who speaks his mind

freely; blunt and hearty! over-civil to no one - not he indeed: one who gives and takes, & cares not who is offended by his open temper & easy familiarity. This is the fellow who, if you had told him to bring a jack ass & his provender to town, in his lap, durst not, to my knowlege, ask you the weight or size of your ass, nor how many bundles of hay he was to consume in the journey. I am sorry to hear of Bussell's²⁴⁰ illness and wish it were possible for you to know what turn his disorder has taken. To Mr. Bent you will say, I have never heard of King's Prophecies, but at the first opportunity will enquire, & send him word, & the Prophecies themselves, if such there are, & I can procure them. The temporary loss of my portmanteau was not owing to my want of care. It was near dark, & it got loose from the cords. It was not far behind & I recovered it presently. I have not seen Mrs. Winsloe since I wrote, though I have been there twice. The first time, I was told she was at "Fitzroy house" by which designation you are to understand Mr Guy's house; & the second time, she was gone to Twickenham. I think I shall call to-morrow. Term ends on Tuesday & after that time I shall not be so scarce. I more than ever pass my evenings at home, & alone. Squire²⁴¹ has been a good deal with me, & I have been several times with him & his brother a Physician, but with none else, except my dinner at King street, & once with the Irelands. At Serjeant's Inn, I met Dr. Parson²⁴² who enquired after you - he is as clean & charming as ever. My hip is very well again; but I have every reason to think I have had gout in the great toe. Now I have disposed of all the leading facts of your letter & their incidents, & will proceed to construct what shall properly be my own spontaneous efforts.

In the first place I must mention that which is not a subject of merriment - the situation of William Dight. In my letter to my father I think I have mentioned his being admitted into St. Thomas's since which time I have twice sent James & have twice been there myself. The first time I saw him, he was desirous that Dr. Ainslie²⁴³ (the hospital physician) should be spoken to in his behalf, partly to induce some distinction from the ordinary herd of patients, and partly to induce a more minute attention to his case. I applied to Dr. Squire²⁴⁴, who immediately went to Ainsley

& communicated very kindly & assiduously, the result. Dr. Ainsley says it is a lost case, & there is scarcely a possibility of his recovery - that it is "a total break up" - that he cannot bear even the mildest medecines - that however, he would do everything for him, that he could. I went to the hospital yesterday. Dight said, as indeed he looked, that he was very much worse, & now so weak, & the pain in his bowels so great, that he cannot even sit up, in bed. I shall send James again to-morrow; for I am not fond of going there myself. From this statement, you will form the same conclusions as I have - that his death is an event to be expected very soon; of which he is totally unconscious. It does not appear that there is any harmony between the brothers: I believe they have not met, nor desired to meet, since William was in town.

Our spiritual pastor & master, Dr. Pearce²⁴⁵, preaches his last sermon tomorrow. He is promoted to the deanery of Ely, the result of a great appetite he is always enjoyed - for preferment. It is said, a Dr Kipling²⁴⁶, sub professor of divinity at Cambridge is to succeed him.

Your ring is done. I had it home to-day, and I think it werry neat, & of a permanent fashion.

Much obliged to you for Bell Wentworth's note, which is spun out to a good length.

There may be a great deal of news in town, but it has not reached my ears, for which reason, I cannot entertain you on that head. The only striking intelligence I can give you is this, that for the last century, there has not been so little to do in a term, as in this present. My hours still, are passed much the same: for when I am not hunting law for my clients, I am persuing the same game for myself. Mat is even more selfish than I am, for he always hunts the game for himself. Mit gives up the chace, from a dislike of the sport, & will therefore never "catch his Hare". Leathes is, entre nous (again) in persuit of the place of "Clerk of the Papers"²⁴⁷ - a respectable situation, generally held by a barrister in the Kings Bench. Pray desire my father to inform you if he knows Mr. Way²⁴⁸ of the Kings Bench, or any one so acquainted with him, as simply to mention Leathes's name, to Way, as a respectable man. I think my father knows Mr. Way, and if so, may do Leathes this piece of service.

Upon consideration I will write myself to my father, for I received his letter to day, & shall answer in a day or two.

Now have I not written a long stupid letter? You may take your revenge.

Best affections at home; & believe me Dear Jennefee, your ever beloved & admirable good brother

J. Jones

Temple - Saturday eveg. 25. Nov. 1797.

P.S. Bitter Cold - Dense Fog - Raw Air. How I eat? Even Hutchinson is surprised. I have got into a bad habit of lying abed late. How is it to be cured? Yet I go to bed at twelve, & have only two blankets. So you see there is neither necessity nor actual comfort in lying so much in bed.

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25th of November 1797

Tell my father H. has promised to bring me the bills as soon as they are accepted.

[addressed:

To:

Miss Jennefee Jones
at Mr Thomas Jones's
St. Paul's Street
Exeter

stamped: F NO 97 27

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[pencil: 74]

[Dec 18/97]

Dear Jennefee,

I will begin this Letter by answering two Questions proposed in a former one of yours. For the first, which was upon the Acts c.1.v.18. "Now this Man" - was Judas himself who is there said to have purchased a Field with the Reward of Iniquity, as is related in St. Matthew c.27.v.7. It has been already objected that St. Luke's Account, in this Passage in the Acts, is contradictory to St. Matthew's; as if the former had represented Judas to have bought the Field before he hung himself. But in Truth it is nothing more than a Mode of Speech frequently found in Sacred as well as other Writings, by which a Man is represented as actually doing that, which he is only the Cause of another's. For Example 1. Corinth. c.7.v.16. "For what knowest thou O Wife, whether thou shalt save thy Husband" - that is, whether thou shalt be the Cause or Means, by thy Faith and religious Counsel, of bringing him to a sense of Piety so as to ensure his Salvation. Again, in Acts c.2.v.22.23, in Peter's Sermon he addresses the Multitude of the Jews, calling them "Men of Judea" and "Men of Israel", and speaking of the Messiah he says - "him ye have crucified and slain" - though you very well know that Roman Soldiers executed him, the Jews being only the Cause of his being crucified. As to the second Question about an Assembly of Bishops at Laodicea, as my Edition of Paley is not the same as yours I cannot refer to it by the page. But I find that in 363 or

363. There was a Council holden at Laodicea in Phrygia, upon the Discipline of the Church, & that must have been the Occasion of this Assembly: but I have no Book of ecclesiastical History which furnishes an account of the Transactions of that Council. I rather think you have not yet informed yourself of the Nature and Purposes of general Councils of the Church, and I therefore refer you to Chambers's Dictionary under the Article "Council" where I think you will find enough on the Subject: for to enter on this Discussion in a Letter would prevent my writing on any thing else. One thing only I have to observe further, that I shall be gratified in answering any Questions of this Nature as far as my Knowledge extends: for, be assured, that on every Point that may occasion Difficulty, there is always a probable Solution at Hand, though I may not be able to furnish it.

I was not able to call on Mrs. Winsloe on Friday Night as I purposed, for it was wet and cold.

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I called there yesterday with an Intention of dining there; but she was again at Fitzroy House. I had from Mr. Guy a pressing Invitation to dine with a Party at his House, which of course I refused; and then received a general Invitation of "calling in to take Part of a Family Dinner" occasionally. I made as civil an answer as I could frame, and shall, in Consequence, some Day fire a Card there, when I know they are both out of the way. He is superabundantly polite to me. John and his Wife, I understand are expected to-day. Where Dick²⁴⁹ and his Wife are I do not know; but in a long Conversation I had with the latter when I was some Time ago in King Street, I collected all the Circumstances about the Somersetshire Living, & upon her asking my Opinion of the probable Event, I was obliged to assure her that there was very little Probability of Dick's having the Living. The Bishop who suspects Simony in the Transaction will not - indeed has positively refused to accept the Incumbent's Resignation - Burne & Guy, the Lawyers, had told them the Bishop was compellable to do it, which is good Attornies' Law enough, but not exactly "the real thing" and I thought fit to speak to Mr. Winslow about it, that he might know what he had to trust to. Dick is the man who appears to have the least Knowledge or Care of the Business. As soon as I have finished this Letter I shall call again at Mrs Winsloe's, and if I see her, I conclude I shall hear enough of the Preparations for the Show to-morrow²⁵⁰, though it is one Consolation, that I shall not be obliged to go with her; for Places are now not to be had. Twenty guineas are given for a Room; a guinea a piece for Individuals - though indeed there are some garrets in Cockspur Street where they will let one in at five Shillings a head. A man has given the Parish fifty Guineas for the Loan of the Churchyard of the new Church in the Strand, which he has fitted up with Seats, as a Speculation, which I dare say

will prove a good one. All Spectators are to take their Places at 7 in the Morning - the King will arrive at the Church about Noon. The Common Council & their Ladies are to take their Seats in St. Paul's at 8. 'Twill be a glorious Day for Mrs. Winsloe. I have no sort of intention of going outside my door, to see this fine show; so that you must not expect a Description of it from me.

I received the Pacquet by Bowring, and I will take care of the Shawl, & send that and the Ring by Mrs. Sheldon. John has not called upon me.

I enjoyeth good health, but I grow more and more fat, so that, as one may say, I do not know what to do, being that my present cloaths are nearly useless, whereby I may come so big at last, as to be too big for Comfort to self and others, whereof that would be sad, and being useless, to have more fat than enough, one might say to me, that, enough's as good as a Feast - & so it is; but to be sure my fat does not come of feasting nor of laughing.

I cannot well go on, for three o'clock draws near, and at another time I may not be in the humour for going to King street - so, with your Leave, I'll dress and be off. Best affections at home

Dear Jennefee yr. affte. Brother
J. Jones

Temple - Monday 18 December 1797

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18 December 1797

To:

Miss Jennefee Jones
at Mr Thomas Jones's
St. Paul's Street
Exeter

stamped: D DE 97 18

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[pencil: 75]

[pencil: Jan 14/98]

My dear Jennefee,

I have delayed, you will think, an unreasonable time, to acknowledge the receipt of your last letter; but my excuses will be satisfactory, when I inform you, that the Vacation has so far compensated the deficiency of last term, that I have within the last fortnight met with a good deal of business. For several days past I have been engaged on the behalf of a person whom you know - Tom Palk²⁵¹ - who is come to town to take his trial at the Old Bailey for perjury! I am racking my brains for his defence, & hope to get him off; but on the other side there has been such a complication of perjuries and frauds, that if credit were due to every oath, he would be in extreme danger of scandalous punishment. The supposed perjury, was swearing to a debt of 5000£. out of which he was most artfully defrauded by a Mr. King²⁵², Lady Lanesborough his wife, & the dashing Adonis, Mr. Butler, who has perhaps been pointed out to you in town. I am not without hopes, I do'n't say, very sanguine hopes, but there is a probability of our being able to set my Lady Countess, Mr Honble Butler & the said Mr. King, upon that pillory, to which by their infamous machinations, they are now endeavouring to exalt poor Palk. At present, this is only between ourselves.

And now, let us proceed to see what is in the belly of your last letter. First, your Xmas day passed without any jollification - so did mine; for I dined there, with only a small division of ancients and the brother of Woolcombe who lives with Harry Ley, & it proved a very stupid Day. "there" means Ireland's house. For what reason have you cut off your hair? When I cut off mine, you rebuked me bitterly. I do'n't mean to say, that I was not "a complete figure" in my cropt state; but my beauty is my own look out, and not yours; & I really think I possess the right of making myself as frightful as I please: and now you have set me an example, I am inclined to think I shall go one step further, viz. be shaved and wear a wig, which I have it in contemplation to do - Not for fashion sake, but comfort. Wigs are so much worn, that they furnish subject of wit in newspapers, prologues, epilogues, & printshops; & so rapid has been this fantasy, that when Mitford dragged me to the pantomime last Wednesday, half price and dirty,

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not having seen the world for some time, I was really surprised to see almost every young man with a bob wig, & amongst them many acquaintance; and I am further informed that such is the demand for wigs, that the leading men in the craft of wig-building, cannot furnish their orders. Without jest, it is apparently becoming universal, & I wish it may be so; but till it is general, that is when about one half of my friends mount a scratch, I shall bethink myself of the expediency of adopting the fashion. These wigs are truly very tempting: they're admirably constructed for lightness, and are made exactly to resemble a pretty full head of hair, naturally curling a little, and cut rather short - for example - much such a head of hair as Tom Hutchinson would have if it were cut moderately short, & worn without powder. Let me hear your opinion upon this subject, and your advice thereon.

Mrs. Winsloe has no manner of doubt, indeed she is cock-sure of your being in love with the man you met at Lardner's, & fearing, you giddy creature! that you should bestow your & art upon upon a rake, she has been persuing her enquiries about him in all quarters, & I dare say has written you on the subject. When I was there - I dined with her last week - she took me aside and told me, that Price²⁵³ was no better than he should be. Her earnestness & solemnity, were so absurd to me, that I could not help laughing; which I believe rather offended her, for she said I "might laugh if I pleased, but that she had lived longer in the world and knew a great deal more of these matters than I did, and would advise you for your good". Mrs. Needleton²⁵⁴ knows no such Person, as Price - she never heard of him! this is nuts to Mrs. Winsloe, for she now gives credit to the story of her being the property of another husband.

Lamb called twice upon me, and each time, made his visit of a decent length. Don't understand that I was dissatisfied - with the length of his visit - on the contrary, I was very well pleased to talk with him for half an hour, for he is a well behaved man, and is not without understanding. He threatened to consult me on some business, but I found, from him, afterwards that the case was not arrived to its full state of maturity. Being a young man coming into life, like Mr. Dewdney²⁵⁵, I have no aversion to be employed by as many attorney-customers, as like to deal at my shop. He invited me, when I should next come into the country, to visit him at Dartmouth. I wonder her affection for you never prompted him to send me a case - It is just in this circuitous way that things come round to a man. If Polwhele had never written a piece of history of Devon, we should never have known the Bents. If old Davy²⁵⁶ in Bradninch²⁵⁷ had died twenty years ago you would not have been in King street last winter. Riddle me this. But I could puzzle you without End.

I suppose, the decorations you mention at St. Swithuns²⁵⁸, are the fruits of Maria's taste. If I had one of these apartments to fit out, I would rather take Maria's opinion, than any one's. I think I see Maria, adapting the branches of holly, yeugh & fir; combining; contrasting; diversifying. When it was papered the year before last, it was very prettily done. Blue was a most suitable colour, it gave the Alcove a cool appearance - the border was well fancied, & very agreeably relieved the eye by breaking the uniformity of the Structure. It is really a pretty rural seat - the clamour of the village school in the rear - the cackling of the coop'd fowls in front & the cooing of the pigeons - a pig and a duck on the left, on the outside, with the musick of the knife board & the scrape of the coal shovel at intervals - on the right the Ear is agreeably saluted by the rattling of the box-iron²⁵⁹, the roaring of the Stove, and the simple wild notes, of the Laundress. Shenstone²⁶⁰, that sweet pastoral poet, had he sat on this seat, what might not his Muse have produced! But the attractions of this rural bower are not lost upon those who have the pleasure of retiring to it. Frequently have I bent my steps thither, to enjoy the ease the Luxury of its accomodations! How have I been disappointed, how cruelly have my hopes been frustrated on finding it preoccupied by some more happy tenant & all access denied! Again, at other times upon my approach, I have been surprised by all the females of the house bouncing out upon me, with downcast eyes, with fear in their countenances, running down the court with wild disorder, driving all before them. At these times I have thought the tutelary deity of the temple had inspired them with extraordinary emotions, or in the form of the Devil had visibly made his appearance there - when to my surprise on entering the blest abode, I

have only found little Georgina²⁶¹ - sweet little soul - left behind, being less swift of foot, & caring neither for man or devil - still hopping off after the rest.

Make my best regards to Mr. Bent, and say all sorts of good things to Maria, Mary, Fanny. I think I should like to pop upon you of an evening, & wish there were a mode of transporting oneself a hundred miles a minute; but I doubt whether we can reasonably expect such an improvement to be made in the manner of travelling. Neyle wanted me to dine with a party at his chambers last week: I refused, for I do not give dinners in turn. How do you like your ring? As soon as I can, I shall send you Paley, and another Book. Tell Mr Bent a prospectus is given out of a great work - a polyglott Bible, which - the prospectus I mean - I shall endeavour to procure & send him.

So no more at present from your dear Brother

J. Jones

Temple - Sunday Mornng. 14. January 1798:

(Did I tell I twice saw Dennis²⁶² in town & once he joined my party at George's in the evening? que c'est un foible genie.)

Miss Bradford! a horrible termination of a dissolute life! what a paramour! Mr. Jackson the atheist, a married man, aged 70!!²⁶³

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14 January 1798

[addressed:

Miss Jennefee Jones
at the Revd. George Bent's,
Sandford near Crediton
Devon

stamped: E JA 98 15

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[pencil: 76]

[pencil: Jan 31/98]

My dear Jennefee

You run very close calculations of time; but I do not say how fairly. I do not recollect what time elapsed between the last letter I wrote, and the preceding one from you, nor is it worth while to refer to that letter, to show. The natural indolence of my temper is almost invincible, and I know no other answer to make to your complaints. It will not be easy for me, now, to write a long letter, for I am obliged to defer business to write this.

Of all the strange circumstances mentioned in your letter, and there are a good many of them, none seem so extraordinary as the supposed intended marriage of Mr. Stowey with Miss Call. I do not know how to give credit to it. That the young lady who was destined to a peerage, should condescend to make a present of herself, a sale of herself, more properly, to a man who would be frightened at a Lord, a ci-devant humble tradesman, a widower of three wives, and one actually old

enough to be her Grandfather, is a history credible only on this presumption - that Call²⁶⁴ finds great men will not marry into obscure and vulgar families, unless for the sake of large fortune; that he cannot give his daughter a large fortune; that he himself is old and blind, and therefore unable to manage his own Exchequer or to carry on his numerous concerns in business; that Stowey being certainly active, and religiously devoted and bound to Call's interests, is deemed a fit person to be chained down to the Services of the family, and to fix him more firmly, he is to be taken into the family, to be made one of them - to brew for them, to bank for them - in short to be Sir John's foreman, his trusty servant, his grateful Son in Law. That Philly Call²⁶⁵ finding no notice taken of her by the young men who want to marry, and hungering after an establishment, thinking of a husband only as one who is to supply her expences, and considering the influence she expects to have over him, by reason of his supposed inferiority of station, thinks it better to catch at an "indifferent good" match,

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that to wait for a contingency that may never happen. I know from good authority that Miss Call is a girl by no means liked amongst young men, and the freedoms she takes by no means likely to gain respect. I heard of this curious business, from Mrs. Winsloe, at second hand from Hodges, and from my father. I immediately set Mitford on the scent to discover if there were any marriage negotiation on foot, for Miss Call. The result of his enquiries was, that there was some one talked of for her, but who that person was he could not discover. If it should take place you stand a better chance of being introduced to your new aunt than I do.

My intention of discharging James arose principally from a Consideration of the abominable expence of keeping a servant under the new assessed taxes, which is more than my father or I can at this Time afford. As to his services, the principal use he is of to me, is to open the door to the Attornies that come here, which I cannot well do myself, and to brush my cloaths, which a porter has done and yet might do; and as to the protection he affords me at night, or the assistance he might give me if I were taken ill, I can very well protect myself, nor am I subject to be taken suddenly ill at night, and if I were I should most probably resort to the watchman than to him. However though I gave him warning he does not seem to have taken it, for this is the Day he ought to have left me, and he is not gone, nor, I am sure, has looked out for a Place.

Business has been very brisk and so continues; since I begun this letter, a client of mine has been with me near an hour. I this moment received a letter from my father: be pleased to tell him so.

I have not been Out except a walk in the morning before breakfast, for some time. I was invited to dine with Mrs. Winsloe yesterday, but was obliged to refuse the invitation. The news I cannot detail, if there be any, for I have [not] seen a Paper since Saturday. I have indeed been twice or thrice at Ireland's of an evening. Betsy Louis²⁶⁶ is there, and I have found Beavis²⁶⁷ there every time I have gone. She desired me to keep it a Secret that she was in town. See how well I obey the Request.

Dr. Jennefee, yrs. ever,

J. Jones

Temple 31. Janry 1798.

Nothing has yet been done with respect to S²⁶⁸. - he is now gone back. I cannot stay to notice the many particulars of your letter.

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31st January 1798

[addressed:

To:

Miss Jennefee Jones
at Mr Thomas Jones's
St. Paul's Street
Exeter

stamped: JN 98 31

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[pencil: 77]

[pencil: Feb 18/98]

Dear Jennefee

It is so intensely cold this morning that I shall forego the Temple Church; for though a very good church, and though large quantities of charcoal are burnt, to air it, yet sitting there two hours in such weather as this, gives fits of shuddering that very often last for half the day. My fire side is a more comfortable place, where I shall scribble to you till I am exhausted.

I am very glad you find yourself so pleasantly situated at Dartmouth; and perhaps the hills of which you complain are the chief beauties of the place. I advise you, as you are a little fat and pury²⁶⁹ to select the stiffest of these hills, & run up and down it, ten or fifteen times a day. You cannot conceive how greatly it will facilitate your breathing, and unvulgarise your figure by bringing down hideous fat. I don't call you Stumpy or Squab²⁷⁰; but smarting under the insults offered me by your letter, I can hardly refrain from foul language. I shall take an opportunity of convincing you that I have charms for other Eyes than a Sister's; that I can dress for other admiration than a Sister's; that I - that I can do great mischief amongst the sex at large - that I have made many of them very uneasy and uncomfortable. What more I can do, I shall not say: but beware of provoking me, for by all that's cruel I have a month's mind to play such devilish work with female affections, as to bind the hearts of the whole sex in chains, and lead them into captivity. But I wo'nt - at least, not yet.

Your conjecture at the reason of my silence respecting Lucy, is right. I considered my letter might be seen at home, and under that notion I did not think myself at liberty to mention the Circumstance. I really do not know what to say upon the unexpected, but not extraordinary change of Lucy's sentiments. First, I am so truly glad she has escaped a union with that low family, that I am almost inclined to disregard the motives that influenced her, or the indelicate abruptness with which she withdrew herself from the connexion. The epithet which my mother bestows on her, is certainly very appropriate, and Lucy has incurred all the guilt of "jilting" Mr Bussell. Upon the ground too I can excuse her, for I am well satisfied that the affections of neither Party were deeply engaged. A match founded on romantick affection, between Lucy and Bussell, would be like the supposition of a turnkey's choice

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of his station, being founded on a love of Justice. It was the best thing that offered at the moment. One might say a great deal upon the caprice of the sex, & the unsteadiness of their attachments: but I am dumb upon this subject, for I consider the happiness of our sex to arise out of that very

principle. When the choice is capricious, the man is not afraid of having his merits scrutinized; and considering Caprice is almost universal, no one despairs of a wife - of finding a woman who shall like him as much as he desires to be liked. 'Tis his business then, and I do not believe it exceeds [c.o. of] the powers of a man of tolerable sense, to turn that caprice which directed the woman's choice of him, into steady solid and permanent regard which is the only basis upon, which conjugal happiness can be reared. If female attachments were immoveably fixt, then their caprice when it should make an injudicious - I mean a bad choice - for caprice, excludes judgment - must adhere to it; & "first love" is to reign triumphant; and a woman is never to form a new connexion, nor any man approach her with his addresses. I think one might as well urge that as a child's first fondness is for plumb cake, he should never be allowed to eat any thing else, for the rest of his life. In truth I consider Marriage as the Seal, as the land mark of the reciprocal affections of the sexes - if this State, these obligations be seriously meditated and agreed upon, a violation of the treaty on either side, is highly culpable. But between Lucy & Bussell, there was only a bargain, in the event of which there was nothing very promising - it was a bad bargain on both sides - Lucy had the offer of a better bargain, she makes a plunge, & thinks it better to break her word, than to encounter greater difficulties in keeping it. As to the advice you ask, how you are to act, I do not know what better answer to give, than to advise you to act upon your own feelings. For my own Part I do not see any forcible reason for refusing your [my c.o.] consent to Lucy's request, nor do I see how your compliance with it, is to be construed into your approbation of the whole manner in which her marriage was brought about²⁷¹. If the match be an eligible one, I do not see that, in this instance, you need look any farther; and I should think that the taking her out of the Bussell's hands, is a thing I should very much like to "sanction" - it would gratify a feeling in me, that I am afraid is very near akin to malice.

Hutchinson very much surprised me, by telling me he was immediately going into Devonshire. I wonder at it. If he goes in a day or two, I shall send this letter by him as far as Exeter, Andrew²⁷² and Bill²⁷³ came to town Friday night in their way to Cambridge. We all dined together at George's. I still think Bill is in a bad way. This day I shall dine with Mrs Winsloe.

Miss Chester²⁷⁴ is a Welsh Girl, a friend of Mrs. John Winsloe's. I went with her and Mrs. Winsloe to the play about two months ago, and till last night I have not been there since. I went with Andrew Hutchinson and Mitford to see a new play & a new pantomime. Mr Benn²⁷⁵, is I understand very ill; they say he has a cancer in the mouth, and all "the seven and twenty hundred pounds worth" is in the hands of "Youth and Beauty". Hodges has for the second time been formally rejected by the young Widow Mrs. Davenport²⁷⁶, who insists upon keeping all her own money, & spending his.

I have now given you a letter long enough. I beg my best compliments to Mr. & Mrs. Lamb, & remain

Dr. Jennefee, yr. affte. Broth
J. Jones.

Temple - Sunday 18. Feb. 1798

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18th of February 1798

[addressed:

To

Miss Jennefee Jones
at Mr. Lamb's Atty. at Law,
Dartmouth
Devon

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[pencil: 78]

[pencil: Mar 23/98]

Dear Jennefee,

Till the Day before Yesterday, when I received a Letter from my Father, I did not know whether you were returned to Exeter, or were still at Dartmouth. Now however, as I see, your visit is ended, I shall give you a "Welcome home".

I feel much like a Lady sitting up after an Accouchement; with this Difference, that I see scarcely any Visitors, and to those, I do not give Caudle²⁷⁷. Ever since last Friday we have had an incessant North East Wind, which is blowing at this Moment with delicate Freshness, and gives the Sensation like as if the Skin were cleft & scabrous like Elm Bark, the flesh like cork, and the Backbone like a pillar of Marble; besides an oppression in the Breast & real want of sleep. "An Easterly Wind blows good neither to Man nor Beast" - under whichever Denomination you may please to class me, I assure you I am a sensible Proof of the Veracity of this physiological theorem, & were I a brute creature I am confident, there is so much compassion in the world for sensitive uneasiness, that no one would look on my piteous Case, without an Exclamation of "Poor Beast!" In rueful Sadness, I have been out of my foredoor but thrice for the past Week; but in that Time I have been reading like a Dragon - I will not tell you how many hours per Diem, for you would swear at my indiscretion; and I should not hint at this Circumstance, but that I have given over my Dray-horse system, being fully surfeited of such copious Doses of book-larning; & what will move your Surprise, I have actually made an Engagement to go to the Play to-morrow night. If it had not been for the Oratorio, I should almost have forgotten, as Falstaff forgot of a Church - of what the inside of it was made. You know I despise Expence, & you will think I regard it as little as ever when I inform you I have three Times been at the Oratorio, the entire cost of which has been three shillings - namely, at half price each Time in the two-shilling Gallery, with Mitford who was so kind as to take upon him to introduce me there, which you must allow was in him a mark of great friendship for me. At one of these I was most forcibly struck, and really delighted with a Song and Bassoon Accompaniment out of the Oratorio of Solomon composed not by Handel, but by Dr. Boyce; I never felt musical Effect more strongly, and was surprised to find that what I should have considered as an additional Instance of the astonishing Powers of Handel, & what at the time I firmly supposed to be his, was the work of Dr. Boyce. I find it is set for the Harpsichord, and I shall procure it for you, as soon as I can. Though upon the single Instrument you may not be able to perceive all the beauties; yet there is so much solid musick in the Composition, that I am sure you must be pleased with it, if you have any taste for Elegance with Simplicity stripped naked - such is the sad Song.

1v

I do not think you have much cause to regret the not being in Town. So far am I from feeling much actual Fondness for it, that at this instant, I should fancy every other Place more comfortable. This doleful weather, the absence of most of the Inhabitants of the Temple on the Circuit, and the total Cessation of Employ, make it as irksome as it can possibly be. I do not know whether I am destined

ever to see the Winsloe's again, for whenever I call in King Street they are not in town, or if in town, at the Guy's, where I make no Visits. I had some thoughts of going there last Sunday, but the weather prevented me. I shall perhaps make an Effort, for such it is, next Sunday.

You must allow further Time for discovering what "Selah" is. I wish you had pointed out the Passage; for I have no Concordance, and know not where to look. As to the Escalop Shells in the Dress of Pilgrims, I never heard the Reason assigned for their Use of them, nor ever searched; but always considered that they were carried by Pilgrims as a drinking Vessel, their beverage being Water, their diet Roots, Herbs, & the most obvious Vegetables, their Dress coarse and mortifying. Porter, Wine, Ale or Gin, they dared not taste; Punch, that generous Liquor, was unknown to them. The Stream quenched their Thirst; & the Escalop Shell conveyed it to their Mouths. This I proffer as a reasonable conjecture.

I am always pleased to meet your Questions upon any Subject of Sacred Literature; indeed it affords me great Satisfaction, though I am not very well redde, myself. Yet with a little Reflection & a little Research, I apprehend that, in general, it may be in my Power as it is extremely my Inclination, to clear up those little Doubts and Difficulties that attend the Perusal of the sacred Volume. The greater Difficulties, though I feel their Force, occasion no Wavering of Opinion, no Skepticism, no Uncertainty. I refer them, to the Evidence of the Book - I believe the Book genuine, I know its Truth, though I may not be able to reconcile every Thing to my Judgement. But to the Point. The Verse you allude to, is a proverbial Saying, often repeated by our Saviour. It occurs first, I believe, in Matthew XIII.12. and there means, that such, as are readily disposed to attend to his Doctrine, shall be fully informed about it; whereas the careless and inattentive Hearers shall have no Benefit from his Instruction. The Word hath signifies hath much, as appears from what is added, in the above Text, "to him shall be given, and he shall have more Abundance;" in which it is implied, that he had an Abundance before: so, "hath not" signifies "hath not much" or "hath but very little;" And such a Little, as is next to Nothing, is expressed by Nothing in other Writings, as for Example in 2. Corinthians VI.10. So the true Construction of this reiterated Saying is, - he that hath "much" shall have more, and he that hath not "much", even that which he hath shall be taken away from him. The Text occurs again in St. Mark IV.25. St. Luke VIII.18. in which last the Wording differs - "and whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken, even that which he seemeth to have" - This Translation is, probably, not right, though it seems more rational; for it ought to be like the former, "that which he hath not" viz that little which he hath: And though I should doubt whether the Silly Man who occasioned this Question, has Criticism and Learning enough to understand the Reasons that are to be assigned, yet his Acquaintance with the Scriptures appears very fresh and green, or this Translation in Luke VIII.18 (though erroneous) would apparently by affording a Comment upon the other similar Texts

have prevented his making so ignorant an Observation. The proverbial saying occurs again in Luke XIX.26, to which, as well as to the Text in Matthew XXV.29. you cited; your Conjecture, (and I give you Credit for your Ingenuity and Discernment) is as certainly right, as the Observation of the Dartmouth Pedant in Reply to it, viz "that Usury was not agreeable to divine Justice" is wrong, childish, and ignorant. as he had probably never redde the 8th. Chapter of Luke, so I presume he has never redde the 23d. of Deuteronomy, in the twentieth Verse of which, he would have descried these Words, "Unto a Stranger thou mayest lend upon Usury, but unto thy Brother (viz unto a Jew) thou shall not lend upon Usury". Therefore, if you should ever see him again, you may assure him that the eating of black Puddings is more contrary, perhaps, to divine Justice, than the taking of Usury; and you may set him to hunt for that Precept in the Mosaic Law, which prohibits the eating of Blood; for I believe there is no Exception, in that precept, in favour of Strangers - that is, Gentiles. The Prohibition of Usury amongst Jews, seems exclusively a political Precept, and calculated to preserve, what was much aimed at, the distribution of Property amongst them. But I shall tire you; and you will only further observe that the raising of captious objections to the Scriptures, founded

on Ignorance of the Context of the Book itself, even in our common Translation, on Ignorance of ancient Literature and of true Criticism, addressed to a woman, and tending only to the display of self imagined Acuteness and Wisdom, is extremely reprehensible. If to the raising of objections to Scripture, the Motive be an Attempt to discredit the sacred Volume, the fearful Effects to be produced, are the annihilation of moral Sanctions, of our Hopes and our Consolations. If the Motive be, seriously to enlarge our Information and discover Truth; such Objections had best be suggested to a Scholar or a Theologist.

There are so many good Things in your letter, so many Anecdotes, Pieces of intelligence and caetera, that I know no more what to select, that I do, how to help myself out of a giblet pie. It is what I have heard my mother call "a Dish of altogether". Strip me, if I can tell where to begin. I would fain apply myself again to your fat, accompanied with a few hints respecting short breathing, & speak with condolence upon the fatigue of ascending steep hills, and walking up stairs. But now I will spite you, & I wonder I did not think of it before. Mr Hodges you know was at Exeter; & what do you think he came back? He did indeed come back Mr Hodges as he went - but - how shall I speak it? He came back my Mama's Captive!!! My father will badly bear this Intelligence; therefore don't alarm his Jealousy - the green Eyed Monster, as he is called in Shakespere's Ben Johnson. But, terror to your Ears, Young Miss, who can captivate the hearts of the Gentlemen of the Whale Fishery residing at Dartmouth, probably from your Resemblance to that noble Fish, the former Object of their Affections in Greenland - Death to your Drums - Mr. Hodges told Mrs Winsloe, that the Mother (meaning Mama) was ten times the Woman her Daughter was (meaning you). I will not say that Hodges further declared that my Mother & I were so much alike, that put us side by side, & we were like as two pins heads, & if any difference, I was the prettier & my mama the more graceful - I don't say he declared so much; but he might safely have done it, because I know he thought so.

I have done my Paper. Give me another good "Dish of Altogethers" as soon as you will - and - I'll read it.

your dear Brother

J. Jones

Temple - Friday the 16 somethingth of March 1798

I am glad my Mother's gout has become better - Best Affections.

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16th March 1798

[addressed:

To:

Miss Jennefee Jones
at Mr Thomas Jones's
St. Paul's Street
Exeter

stamped: A MR 98 23

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17th April 1798

Dear Jennefee

Mr. Lamb called on me yesterday to confirm me that he leaves town for Devonshire as to-morrow. I convey to him by this Letter, one to my father, another to my Uncle, another to my mother, & besides other Things, some Musick for yourself - the beautiful song, which is unhappily in Score; yet you must contrive to introduce the Bassoon part; the exactest time must be kept, & it requires distinct & slow execution; an Overture of Handel's to the 2d. Pastor Fido, at the End of which you will find an extraordinary movement "a tempo di Bouree" - trotting Time - and the Overture 1st. Solomon - the two last by my hand & Pen from Leathes's Books. Before this Time you must have received Paley's Philosophy, which I sent you by the packing Case which contained some things for General Simcoe²⁷⁸ - you are of sufficient Maturity of Understanding to comprehend & make yourself Mistress of a System of Ethicks, those which nothing tends more to the Stability of one's Notions, the Regulation of Duties, and that which is of immense Value - the making up of one's Mind - upon the most momentous Subjects, and the being able to explain the Reasons of such established Opinions. I was glad to see your attention raised & your Curiosity excited by some Passages I redd to you in the Country; and it is my great Wish that you may feel the same degree of interest now, & so continue till you have made all the contents of the book your own. I say I wish you may feel the same Curiosity - for if you do not; but only read Portions of these two small Volumes as an appointed Task, simply in compliance with my Recommendation of them, you will not derive that Benefit & that great degree of satisfaction from them which I wish: for I present them as a Book, not to be redde only, but to be understood & acquired: and if you do collect & gather them into your own mental store, you may consider yourself truly as "a Philosopher in Petticoats", not stocked with a mere vocabulary of Words, or the means of wrangling a difficult point, but with the solid Reasons for our Moral Conduct, both as to ourselves & to Society - Morals signifying properly enough our Duties in the more limited Compass of self, Family, Friends, &c.; and Politicks, the Relation in which one stands to another & the consequential Duties, as a Member of the State. Paley's System so far from being disgusting by its stiffness or morose Rigour, as such Books generally, and devotional Books almost always are, is, in my apprehension sufficiently lax and accommodating, if not too much so: and it is further recommended by its stile at once, easy, correct, energetick & familiar; & his Illustrations are peculiarly apposite and forcible.

1v

I have said a good deal about one book: but such a Book as sufficiently justifies my loquaciousness - I shall only add one thing more, and I shall give it in the Stile and Manner of a schoolmaster; for I order you not to skim, nor even to read the second Sentence till you think you so far understand the preceding one, as to be able "out of book" to give it in other words. I also order you to think of what you have redde, while you are at work, or while you are dressing, or soaking your feet of an evening, or combing out the Powder; or unmentally occupied in any other Way: and that when any Point of Difficulty occurs to your mind, turn to the Book & solve the Difficulty. If you read one of the volumes only before I come into the Country, it will be quite enough.

Now having [c.o. having] provided a Banquet for your Mind; for if any Thing be refreshing to the Soul it is the Apprehension and Acquisition of Philosophy - that is - of Truth moral & divine; for besides its ulterior and final - or rather infinite Consequences, it adds a Zest to, and heightens the Enjoyment of every temporal Pleasure - I shall next, secondly, and in the second Place, advert to your Body, which is not in that State that I wish it to be. From what Cause it arises I know not, since you told me you take Exercise, & I know you d'ont lie in bed in the morning, but certain it is, that you have become much relaxed, & are so weak, that in Case of Invasion, I do not at all depend on your individual Efforts against the Enemy. In short unless you strengthen yourself up, you will

never be able to take the Field, or lead your Men into Action. I wish I were a good Doctor that I might prescribe for you. But will you give me leave to suggest some Experiments on your Health? Will you try whether a total disuse of Tea will produce any good Effect? Will you give it the Trial of a fortnight & communicate to me the Result? Will you substitute a Cold Breakfast, of Whey or Milk scalded & eggs? & take an additional glass of Wine after dinner? I wish you would do so, if you feel no Repugnance to it, nor any ill Consequences, & report faithfully to me, how you find yourself at the End of a Fortnight from the Day you receive this Letter - at which Time [c.o. I shall], if not before, I shall suggest something further. In the mesnewhile I would glad if you could by any Means be in the Country, and I trust will not delay a Day to go at Sandford, when you are quit of your present Engagements. Pray do, & do'n't refuse to stay there, or be any where else out of Exeter. Stay, I order you to obey.

For myself I have had for many Days no Indisposition but what I owe to you; for your last Letter came across me in a lucky or an unlucky Moment, and a Description it contained set me laughing so vehemently and so long, that I had a most confounded pain in - pardon the word, for it is a dictionary Word - in my Belly. Very wise Men of ancient Times have said, & it was some very great Philosopher who said so, that a conquered Rebellion adds fresh Strength to the Government: But I do not know that any Philosopher or that Philosopher's Ape called the Apothecary, ever said that a Disorder subdued, gave additional Strength to the Constitution; but my own Experience seems to show the Truth of the Aphorism, for I was never better in my Life than at this Moment; & feel, while I now actually am writing to a languid Sister, a much more friendly

Disposition to a boild Haunch Bone, & Carrots than to "burnt Fathers & kindle Sniffs". It might be some of that said boiled beef which, contrary to my general Propensity, I ate some Days ago, that took Offence at the Levity of your Letter: for Beef is rather a solid & surly diet, & may not chuse to have the tranquility of its lodgings in the Stomach disturbed by any frivolous Merriment, without showing its resentment. I was again yesterday in Kensington Gardens, with Mr. Mat, who by the bye, is no such constant pedestrian companion as you imagine; for he is not easily withdrawn, or withdragged rather, from his chambers; for this reason I presume, that at the time when he ought to be, and when I am, at home, he is generally abroad, and so makes up for his loss of time & absence at unseasonable hours, by staying at home during the few hours relaxation, when it is reasonable he should take Exercise. John Hawtrey²⁷⁹, the second Son, has been here, in his Way to Ipswich to join the 4th. Dragoons, in which a Cornetcy has been purchased for him: I am much prepossessed in his favour, though I did not see much of him. I have so much malice, that I cannot grieve for the Overthrow of any Schemes for the Aggrandizement or Advantage of the "the sopeboilers"²⁸⁰ Descendant. I see the Dixes, Gazetted to-day as Bankrupts. What are the Calamities of those poor Girls! I think Bell Jones's²⁸¹ musical Disposition should be encouraged, & my Uncle intimated to me that, "though he knew nothing about the matter, & one Sound was as good as another to him, yet if she continued her disposition to it, she should have "proper Instruction; for he saw no Harm in Musick". This was a good deal for him to concede: but had not his Idol Shakspeare Said so much about it, had not Sir Isaac Newton employed his stupendous Mind in the Investigation of Harmony; had not Milton passed half his Time, playing when blind his own extemporaneous effusions on his Organ, he might not have granted so much. I remember pressing these Examples on him, amongst many other Arguments, once, in Defence of Musick! Have you been told that so great was the Affection of the Benn's, whose ambition seems to have been, to mimick the most contemptible & wrong features of high-life, that the dying Husband by his will on the day before his Death, I think, made a Will by which he gave what is called* - all his Property, away from his Wife; assigning this delicate & affectionate Reason "that he would not leave her any Money to buy a second Husband with" - So no more chariot, no more Jewels, no more Entertainments!

I have not called at Mrs Winsloe's for some Time; for the last time I called I was informed that the worthy Gentleman of Collipriest was there, and shall not repeat my visits till he has gone. I don't

like him.

You want to see me in military Array - I fear you will not have that Happiness, for I am by no means determined to enroll myself in the Corps, on account chiefly of the Expence: & if I should, so little pleased am with the Notion of being "capronised" in Scarlet & Feathers, that I should never mount this dress, so much less suited to my taste than a black Gown & a Band, but in strict Compliance with the Rules of the Corps. Besides being irresistible, as in my present garb, by all the Soft Sex, I think when I am en militaire, I shall be so much more than irresistible, as to be something so odd & Strange, that nothing will be more surprising & unusually extraordinary, & quite out of all common Generality. /Note* This "all" in the aforesaid Will is used in the same Sense, I use it, when I speak of all my children, "all" my Manors lands Tenements and Hereditaments or "all" my Concern, as above, for the Blow-up of the Western Bank²⁸².

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Term now approaches, and, for your Comfort, I shall not be able to write such Long Letters. Is this of a decent length?

Yrs. afftely.

Jn. Jones

Temple - Tuesday 17. April 1798.

Selah²⁸³. I believe this word is no where to be met with but in the Psalms of the Bible. I believe it is not in the translation of Psalms in the Common Prayer. And here it is to be noted that the Psalms in the Service are now, the same as they stood in the "Old English Bible" by Coverdale Bp. of Exeter in Henry 8ths. Time, being the first authorised translation, & made upon the reformation. The old Psalter [c.o. is] was so retained in the Liturgy on account of its plainness, smoothness & adaptation to musick, no being so full of Hebraisms (Hebrew Idioms) as the New, or Version in K. James's the present Bible. So then, you have been reading the Bible Psalter, of which I believe I scarcely ever redd a Verse, till you put forth your "Selah", & a pretty little out-of-the-Way Question it is. I have been obliged to resort to the Hebrew Bible for the Word & in the Hebrew Lexicon of Buxtorf²⁸⁴. I find this Interpretation of the word [HEBREW] or Selah* viz. That it is a musical note, [SKETCH] signifying nothing of itself - That Rabbi David Kimchi²⁸⁵ says that the word means Elevation - of voice, I suppose - for there, the Singers elevated their voices.** Buxtorf thinks it may only be a note to the [c.o. Reader or] Singer - (indeed the Psalms are made only to be sung, & 'tis absurd to read them in Service & contrary to the practice of the apostolick as well as the present Romish, & in many respects, Apostolick Church) - to make a graceful & consentaneous - his word - but I suppose musically - harmonious Pause or probably Cadence as we now term it - possibly with Chords held out - for the sake, as he says, of grave Sweetness. It think it, no unhappy expression. Not altogether satisfied, as I know you chuse to have Things properly sifted - not satisfied with David Kimchi the Rabbi who wrote near 700 years ago, nor with Buxtorf, a great Critick, I turned to that old Bible, vulgarly called, The Breeches Bible, because it says Adam & Eve "sewed figge tree leaves together and made them selves Breeches", & because, seriously, it contains many valuable marginal notes, & there on Psalm 3. V. 2. I find these words - "Selah here signifieth a lifting up of the Voice, to cause us to consider the [c.o. Thing] "sentence as a thing of great Importance". This Interpretation agrees with both the authours before mentioned, & was written probably without any knowledge gleaned from Kimchi; & Buxtorf was not then born. I leave you to guess, as you are a little musical, at the good Effect, a "consentaneous pause" of lengthened Chord in cadence must be, from a large congregation, upon any very sublime, impressive or important part of the Service. But in the Roman Service, a Sentence often occurs apparently similar - analogous at least to this - Priest - Lift up your hearts - Congregation - We have lifted them up unto the Lord - Sursum Corda - habenus ad

Dominum - Does not this occur too, in the Service of the Lords Supper. I think it does - but I shall not look; for that will probably make you turn to it. You find I mean to stir your curiosity upon all points. How impossible is it to stop when once you begin to write Conjectures. But I confess here, that upon Investigating this, Mr. Bent occurred to me, & I set down the Hebrew word for him, & beg you will ask him about & enquire of him for me, if I am right - rather if my authorities are right. Is not this a good long Humbug - but you invite it, so take the Consequences.

*The modern Jews would pronounce this word Siloh .. being i and T being - o - as the same Viweks are pronounced in the Word Milo or as Sheridan [SKETCH]. A word which is a good deal like it as thus pronounced viz Shiloh - means, you know, the Messiah -

[SKETCH] This - "signifying nothing of itself" - was unquestionably the reason of its being omitted in the former old translation (if the fact be so. - I mean what is emphatically called - the Old English Bible - viz. Covedale's, before mentioned, which translation, I take it was made not from the Hebrew originally but from the Latin or Greek. Ask Mr. Bent for me, if the word Selah, or any substitute for it is found for it in the Septuagint? The Septuagint, I might tell you, is the Greek Bible, so called from an old & exploded notion of its having been translated by seventy Interpreters who unconcertedly produced the same translation into Greek from Hebrew. Septuaginta, is seventy. Greek was in our Saviour's time, what French is now - the Polite universal Language - the Septuagint existed in our Lord's time, & many of his references to the bible, are from it & not from the Hebrew - so of the Apostolick Epistles

(Read the following note last)

** Unmeaning words are still used by us in Acclamations - for Example - Huzza! It wou'd perhaps be a degrading illustration to draw a Comparison, between the two words. But still is the fact very different? That seems only a musical Acclamation in the performance of sacred rites, & even an unmeaning word may be used. We huzza the King - we may Selah him whom the King represents on Earth - Upon the whole the most reasonable interpretation of Selah seems to me to be - "a musical Acclamation, tho' unmeaning Word, expressive of Joy Reverence Gratitude or religious Zeal, used towards the deity in musical religious rites".

[no address but 'Miss Jones' written before John evidently decided to extent the letter]

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[pencil: 80]

[pencil: May 11/98]

Dear Jennefee

I have now before me three of your letters, and I begin my Answer to them, on a Sheet of large Paper - and this, in the very Heat of Term, with many Shillings' worth of Business before me, & in momentary expectation of Attornies! But it is certainly true that, the more one has to do, the more time is found for it - as it is observed that a Labourer, who is a celibat, lives; & so does a Labourer with a wife & ten Children. Which of your Letters shall I begin with? - they are voluminous, and I shall lose time by reading them all - I mean the time for my own writing; for I wish always to receive long letters from you; but without lattice work; for though I did unravel the Cross Stitch, yet I have had Woolridge²⁸⁶ Eyes ever since. In sober Sadness, I had rather you would take a larger sized Sheet; when you "produce" so much; for I cannot without Difficulty, & consequent slowness, decypher it. The face of things here is changed, instead of Quietness, delicious enervating Naps in the morning, lounging in the Streets by day, or reeling in the Streets by night, we see nothing but Guns & red Coats, hear nothing but Volleys of musquetry, smell nothing but gunpowder, feel

nothing, but the toes of rear rank, & the heels of front rank - you'd weep to see the state of my Heels and Shins. I laughed at your concern for my safety; but since you are so grave I will answer your questions, like a Pleader. The chief motive for the principal Associations, where the fondness for a military dress & a military exercise, so common amongst young men, is not so great - that is, the grand Object, - is to concentrate the Strength of the Nation, & overawe by the exhibition of irresistible Strength, all attempts of the insidious reformers to produce internal Commotion - the second object I conceive is to provide [c.o. for] against what I deem almost an impossible contingency - namely, the acquisition of Sufficient Numbers, sufficient Arms, & sufficient training, by the Jacobins, to oppose us, & the whole Army of the Kingdom - for that is the true State of the Question - that will be a civil War - but this is really an impossible contingency, & t'would be madness to anticipate it - it would be to suppose, that you with pair of Scissors in one hand, & a bodkin in the other, would attack one of the Regiments of the Guards - the third & ultimate object is to be able to co-operate in any way, with the King & his People & Adherents - indeed, the Nation at large to resist the foreign Enemy in Case of Invasion. This is not an impossible contingency; but I deem it improbable - most highly improbable; and I would have you [c.o. would] consider me as giving my unfeigned Opinion, without any intention of quieting your fears by supressing or setting things off in too favourable a light - it is my real opinion, as it is the Opinion of persons who best understand French Men & French Measures, and of the most experienced & rational of the Army, that the French have no Intention of trying to effect a Descent on England. That they had, very lately, had such an intention, that they prepared to execute it, that they are actually carrying on the same preparations, that the French Government still hold out the same intentions to the "Grande Nation" is most certainly true. But a Frenchman, with all his Wickedness, frivolity, & Enthusiasm, is one of the most cautious, Animals in Nature - he has all his Eyes & all his thoughts upon his Danger, & when real Danger, or any thing short of almost certain Success, meets his Way, he does not proceed one Step further. The French know as well as we, what has been done, & what is doing - they know it as well as if they had the Muster Roll of

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all the Forces in the Kingdom in their Hands: they know the inveterate Hatred we bear them & their Principles. They were deceived by their friends in this Country, & those friends of theirs were deceived themselves. A Jacobin is a noisy Animal - the Jacobinical Clamour was loud, in England; but it was the Voice of a few Mouths - it was not the cry of the Nation - it was not even, the Cry of the Mob - The Mob, are the indigent - the indigent always imagine their distresses to arise from a defect in the constitution of Government. They cried for Reform; because every Change. was for their Benefit; they had nothing to lose; but in a general Scramble something might be gained. The Jacobins - the Jacobin is a foolish animal too - the Jacobins took this for a Demand for the Importation of the French Commodity which they call Liberty - but the Mob are more wise - they know the Nature of the Wares - they know the Nature of the Sort of Scramble they want & they know, as does all the world, that the object of the French is to seize what they themselves contend for. Two dogs fighting for a bone, if they were prudent [c.o.] dogs, would resist the Pretensions of [c.o.] a third, & drive him off - if he is suffered to carry his point, the bone is gone. Now the Mob is a sagacious dog, & though he cannot immediately perhaps get the Bone into his own Custody, yet he does not chuse to have it carried away to the Dogs of another Parish. This the French see & understand - they see that we know their Drift, & they find, in the Language of old Hele, "that it won't do". But since the forming & arming of the whole Nation as I may say, they find though they had numberless good friends in this country, yet unhappily those worthy intimates, however willing, cannot serve them; & they have no other than the disagreeable [c.o. of] consideration, of inevitably being destroyed if they ever set their feet or even the Point of a Toe on any Part of this Land. So much for the foreign Enemy, & the same reasoning will apply in great Measure to intestine

Commotion. You will perhaps ask why we are to continue in this State of Preparation if nothing is now to be apprehended? I answer that, in this State of Preparation our Safety consists - as long as we are armed, we are safe: the moment we lay down our Arms, we shall receive the long promised Visit from the Continent. Every Man who takes a Musquet into his Hands & learns the Use of it, is entitled to consider himself as doing Service to the Country; for, upon a low calculation, he keeps two Rascals quiet. In Arms, we are safe; unarmed we are in danger. So now, I trust I have given physick to your Nerves; & have not used one Argument derived from my personal feelings, which I, take it, is doing a great deal! But what ought to enhance the Value of what I have said, is that I would not on any Account that such Opinions as I have maintained should be made publick amongst the Mass of the Nation. Take away the Alarm, & all will sink into Supineness. I have only one word more to add to all this Tirade - that my being a B.I.C.A [above in pencil, probably by Jennefee: Bloomsbury & Inns of Court Association²⁸⁷] will not keep me in town or out of town, or be any Restraint in any Respect, at any Time.

"Scarlet & Feathers" - I attend the Drill with the most exact regularity. But Alas! 'Tis not so comfortable a Corps as the Terrors [inserted in pencil by Jennefee: the Exeter gentlemen Volunteers (my father was one) they used to take Umbrellas to the Drill] - When it rains Cats and Dogs, they - the Officers & Serjeants - have not the Humanity to house us - though the Grass be long and wet, we stand "at ease" without a dry thread & a good sharp Northerly wind blowing into the mouth & out of the Ears. Noguier²⁸⁸ [c.o. is] in my Company or Squad - Shockabiddy! - he is a sad Soldier. Hutchinson is not in the same Company - Mitford in no Company at all. You mistake the Man - he has no "eagerness" for any Thing, & is the last Man in the World for "Scarlet and Feathers" which I verily believe he hates more than I do. Indolent except in the pursuit of his Amusements in which Pursuit his whole life is past - thoroughly careless - he would not give a halfpenny for any one's good Opinion, - his Philosophy is purely Epicurean! He has however ordered Arms, & I would answer for his proper & steady Use of them.

You know, at least you ought to know, how little a publick Exhibition of my glorious Personage - how little consonant it is to my Inclinations - "Scarlet & Feathers", a publick drill with half the town, as much a Lounge as Kensington Gardens, but rather a more select one; all this you may suppose disagreeable enough to me, and I had predetermined not to attend any field Day. The publicity of our Drill on ordinary Days, is irksome enough: but that is little, compared to the Saturday. Yet in Compliance with the Wishes of my Officer, I shall certainly attend it to-morrow. 'Tis at a late hour - One in the forenoon, for the three following Hours "or better". If I do captivate nine and forty women, what can I do? I must tell them I cannot marry them all. Entre nous - the d--d Scarlet & Feathers is the very thing for Mat - I do believe that he is delighted with it, as verily as I believe he would be enraged beyond measure if he suspected I thought so. Our officers were yesterday & the Day before presented at Court by the Chancellor. Mem. I wear no spectacles, & I feel no want of them in the Ranks.

So, no more
Of the corps

Of Gullet whom you mention, Neyle says "he follows the Law". I am so near sighted that somehow or other I never can see Kit²⁸⁹, and I am resolved to continue as near sighted as ever. I do not know but that he is a very good Sort of Man; but I am obliged to affect an insolence which is neither natural to me, nor perhaps consistent with circumstances. But considering my Predicament, I find it necessary to pretend to disdain the Society of many People who, by the bye, are not by any Means my Inferiors. I have attained no small advantages by this Sort of Affectation, tho' Policy hardly justifies it.

With Respect to your Health I hope you will continue to give me a true Report. I am willing to attribute the improvement of your Nerves, in some Degree at least, to the Disuse of Tea. I have of late - for two or three months, nearly [c.o.] disused it - that is, altogether disused for breakfast, &

taking, perchance twice in the week, just to make my Mind a little more alert when I have any Thing to think of. But the Drill making me long for a good Mess of hot Breakfast, I have taken to it again. So different are my Morning sensations after it; so much less agreeable than they were; & so greatly have I imagined I felt uncomfortably this forenoon, that I have resolved to give it up again. What do you use for breakfast? Dr. Paley will improve your health - he will teach you, by better Rules than I can construct, that it conduces very much to the health, to make a great Oath - I'll send you the Pattern of one, a broad Soldier's Oath for you to swear by - never to suffer the mind to dwell any time - no, not a moment, upon any disagreeable circumstance, great or small; & the moment, the blackguard - I mean the circumstance - occurs to the Imagination, lift up your foot & kick him away to the Devil: think of something else directly - think of any thing else - if you ca'nt think, take up a new piece of Musick & - again - swear to stick to it for an hour. You will laugh perhaps at me, for such a Suggestion; but I would have you know that it has been repeatedly incultated upon me in the most grave manner by a careless fellow whose name may be found in this Letter, who is in many Respects no mean Philosopher, & from whose Understandg. & Conversation, I have made philosophical Acquirements - what appears in him the result of natural Indifference is the result of a very refined & wise System. I find it a practical one, & that nervous Irritability is a thing to-be cured to a dead Certainty; & I know Nervousness is encreased by suffering the Mind to be employed upon a disagreeable Subject. You are not to say, this can't be done; for I tell you it shall be done. This is very language of drill - "Sir, what are you thinking about - if you think you'll never know what you're doing - attend to me - don't march to their Musick, but attend to me, & think of Nothing." All this I am obliged to do, though the Officer did not address this to me - & why am I not to use the same System of Coercion over you; whom I have tried to drill so many Years?

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My own health is consummate. I never was or can be better. I rise [c.o. at] before 6; I very often go to bed before midnight, I sleep the whole night, I eat enough for two, I drink enough for one, & I want some object on which to employ my Strength - such as to pull down a tree, or a Church Tower. Tell my father the French made an attack on St. Marcon - there were at that Place 500 only of our Men, mostly invalids - the Enemy six thousand Men in gun boats, 100 in each. Our little five hundred from the Batteries sunk seven of these Gunboats, Men & all, dispersed & greatly damaged many of the Rest. Tell there is a new 84 of the Enemies burnt at l'Orient - how, is not yet known; but not I apprehend, by us. Say the King has struck Mr. Fox's Name

[addressed:

To:

Miss Jennefee Jones
at Mr Thomas Jones's
St. Paul's Street
Exeter

stamped: A MA 98 11]

from the List of Privy Council. No more News, but that I am,
your affectionate Brother
J. Jones
Temple 11. May 1798.

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[pencil: 81]

[pencil: May 28/98]

My dear Jennefee,

Last Friday, on a double knock at my Door, I admitted Lucy & her new Husband - I was really surprized to see her. They had hardly been seated and a few Words exchanged, when a Client summoned me out of the room, & when I returned to it, they were both risen and took their Leave, Mr. Smith, inviting me to his Brother's house in Gower Street²⁹⁰, where I promised to call upon them. To give an Opinion of Mr. Smith is therefore impossible; but I thought he seemed [c.o. he seemed] stiff & formal. Lucy looked remarkably well, & I conclude will drive about London Streets, with more alacrity, than she ever trotted about Creedy Grounds²⁹¹.

I yesterday dined at Twickenham, & took Mitford with me. We called first at John's; his wife is become thin, & I said all I could to prevail on her to go to some watering Place in Devonshire, to which she seems somewhat inclined. I dine there next Sunday, & shall repeat my recommendation. John & I walked to the Great House together, & he took an opportunity of telling me, in close confidence, something which justifies your supposing that all is not right in the family. Be secret - but there has been a most violent rupture between Mr. & Mrs. Winsloe on the Score of Myers²⁹². It rose to such a Height, that John said he did not know what would be the Consequence. Winsloe immediately went into the Country as you know, & is now at Cheltenham - the best thing she could do, would be to follow him; and I wish for her Sake that she may. If she ever says any thing to me about it, which, from all Circumstances, from her repeated & pressing Invitations of late, & sending for me when she comes into town - I think she will, I shall certainly speak my Mind freely, & urge her with all the Strength I can, to go after Mr. Winsloe, & make all Concessions to him, & give herself, as is her Duty, her sacred Duty, - give herself entirely up to his Will. I don't believe the ridiculous & indecent Story, which she tells, about M. & the Bedchamber - 'tis too indecent for any Comments. She was however in very good Spirits; so I hope things are in Train for a reconciliation. John knew of his father's having a Will²⁹³ made by my Uncle - this new Will is in Consequence of the Blow-up, as John says. This Story accounts for Mr W's low Spirits, & irresolution to proceed with his Journey which you mentioned to me. Mrs. John Winslow talks to me enough of all Conscience; I was almost tongue-tired. [sic]

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She was very particular in her enquiries after you - where you were, where you were going, and cetera. Dick & I rode to Hampton together: he presses me much to visit him, & meets me at John's next Sunday - I shall ruin father in horsehire at this rate. But yesterday has done me abundant service. Without recurring to the old Joke, I really never was so well in my Life, but the Exercise I undergo makes my waistcoats hang & bag a little. Tant mieux. Certainly, as Mitford observes, there is no sort of Conversation here but about soldiering - he dined with a State party on Friday, & declared that there was no one thing else spoken of; & both in your letter to me, & in the one to Mrs. Winsloe you have a Dash at it. To your Letter, I answer, that the Place where we exercise is the Foundling Hospital Ground; about five or six Acres. "The Exercising in the Square" shows how little you comprehend the Dignity of the B.I.C.A. Pooh! the Square would not contain the

Spectators; and certainly would not hold one Quarter Part of the Line. Last Saturday was the long expected general Muster - on went the "Scarlet and Feathers"²⁹⁴, & the short Jacket hardly covering half a "huck" (tell Maria) and for the first time I joined my Company - the sixth Company, Captn. Foster²⁹⁵ - We are pretty well sized about 80 of us in my Company, for about Hutchinson's Size, down below my Size; and - thank G-! - the Serjeant is shorter than I am. I suppose we were about 600 under Arms; so that we covered no small Space of Ground - Without the Lines, we had all the Fashion of London - immense Numbers; the Women, of course, dressed; the Doors crowded with Carriages; the Walls covered with Footmen that belonged to them; - altogether I assure you, it was a brilliant and lively Scene. Here stood I, under Arms, under the Weight of the accursed Bearskin hat, [c.o. near] more than a foot high, & directly in the Eye of the Sun, stock still, sweating like the Bear; whose d---d Skin I wore, till I was almost liquified. From thence as soon as the Muster Roll was read - I was marched off & drilled in the Chapel Area with a detachment, to the Entertainment of a vast Crowd of People, [c.o. amongst] forming a Circle round us [c.o. For a] amongst whom I thought I descried Harry Ley keeping a close watch over me. I expected when I left Chambers, to have felt, when I came on the ground, some Embarrassment from my outree Dress, & from performing in the face of the Multitude - I confess I fully expected it and it is as certain, that I felt it not in any Degree whatever, for I am confident, I never did my Exercise half so well. Buller²⁹⁶ - Miss Templers husband - with whom I am now acquainted was in my detachment. When the Company were sufficiently delighted, & the manauvres of the Line began, we were again marched off in files; and I [c.o. in the] with my Cloaths glued to my Flesh from top to bottom was posted to guard the Camp Colours - a Situation the most correspondent to my Wishes - being the most conspicuous - namely to stand before the camp Colours with

supported Arms - like a Sentinel & to prevent some beautiful Women who were [c.o.] beau'd by Colonel Mitford - M's father - from crouding too near it, upon whom it was duty to turn my wrongside, and to present them for near two Hours, with a full View of my said "Huck". This lasted from half past one till half past four, at which Time, on account principally of the broiling Sun, I own myself nearly fatigued. I changed my dress, of course, throughout; eat an amazing Dinner at George's with Hutchinson & Brooke, called for tea as soon as 'twas ended, & fell asleep with my Head on the Table - Awoke at 8 o'clock, found myself alone, with Tea before me which had become cold for two good hours before, drank all of it, cold as it was, went back to chambers, turned into bed at 8, with the Drums & fifes of St. Clements volunteers in our garden below, resounding in my ears, & with all my windows open, fell instantaneously into a profound and delicious Sleep, from which I awoke at 3 yesterday Morng. got up & dressed, & passed the Day -, Sunday, as I have mentioned: and I was, upon the ground again this morning, soon after 6. Now am I no "nervous Lawyer", nor, were you in the Corps, would you have any Nerves more than myself; as I heartily wish you had not; and I heartily wish the removal of one Cause of it may continue. [c.o. Do you think if I were lessit would add to his firmness & keep him ...Letter] A little more of soldiering and I have done. Next Saturday is our great & grand Day; the Day, for receiving of the Lord Chancellor our Colours. So grand is to be that Day, that only the select few are to see it, & to be admitted by Tickets, each Man of the B.I.C.A. to have one Ticket only; I suppose we shall have a fine Speech; as also, a fine Sermon, for we are to be preached to, in the Foundling Chapel. But I am sorry, really sorry that Parade & Show is so much to be introduced; for they are to have the Duke of Gloucester's Band, which is Childish; and, as I am told, a Consecration of the Colours, which is not only stupid & ridiculous, but, in my opinion, highly profane. Mitford tells me that People offer half guineas for a Ticket. I regret that we are to be made a Show of in this manner, & that so many Men of the first Class of Rank Fortune and Talents as are in our Ranks, should suffer such Nonsense. The middle-aged, & elderly men are the most frivolous amongst us.

Shirts - Some of them of them [sic] are in passable bad trim: but surely it is not worth while to send them, as I shall bring them & myself down in so short a Time. What makes Nation so frequent

a Visitor at our House? I am very glad you relish Paley so highly. His domestick happiness was interrupted & his Life embittered by his Wife's propensity to that irregularity on which he writes so feelingly in Book 4. Chap.2. the concluding Sentence of which is emphatick indeed, & no less true. He has been some time engaged in a second & more fortunate Union; the origin of which is singular; for his Acquaintance with the present Mrs Paley commenced; & his Opinion of her - rather his first Attention, was fixt, by her sitting at work in a pretty large Company, where all the rest were playing Cards; conversation between them ensued, & they found each other, a proper Sort of Being, and so - they courted - & married.

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At the same time my Esteem for Dr. P. is not unqualified; He is not so stiff as I would have him. He is not what is, opprobriously, termed a Highchurchman - too conciliating, too liberal, too reforming. He gives up too much. Upon "lying", "subscription to Articles", Tithes, & other Things, especially some political Points - he is too lax by far. I recollect[c.o. ing] giving, some time ago, a very short opinion, on a very short Case, where the Atty was one Smith of Bideford²⁹⁷.

Make my best Regards at Sandford, & believe me - I don't care whether you believe, or not,
your dutiful Brother,

Captain Jones B.I.C.A.

Temple - White Monday 1798

[addressed:

To

Miss Jennefee Jones
at the Revd. George Bent's
Sandford near Crediton
Devon

stamped: B MA 98 28

28th May 1798

Mr Pitt (the minister!) yesterday fought a duel with Tierney²⁹⁸ - two cases of Pistols fired - neither Party wounded, - Scene, Putney common.

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[pencil: 82]

[pencil: June 7/98]

Dear Jennefee,

Again I set off on a large Sheet of Paper; but I do not think I shall cover it all. I am now again writing in Term. The Truth is that the Weather is so hot, and I am so completely sweated by this Morning's Exercise, that I shall defer my Work, till it grow a little cooler; for I cannot fuss about my room pulling down books, & racking my brains - the heat is too intense, but withall the weather is delicious. I was up as usual, after 5 & have gone through the Morning's Duty, and after that, breakfasted at the further End of the Town. Being "frail" I have breakfasted again at home; & may, -

possibly, make another breakfast presently. But, observe, all this is purely in Drink, for the Evaporation requires only liquid Supplies. I gave you an Account, in the former Letter, of our general Muster, preparatory to our Grand Day of receiving the Colours, which was last Saturday before which Time I had the immense Honour of being put into the Battallion. The last Saturday was a Day so interesting to the Corps, that I cannot refrain from giving you a Detail of our Proceedings. The Ground at the Foundling, which we always occupy, was, of Course the Scene of Action. It was surrounded throughout with "Pawsses" & Ropes about thirty feet from the Wall, behind which Ropes, the Spectators were to take their Stations. At the Head of the Ground & in the Middle was erected a Platform of wood & railed by the Sides, to which there was an Ascent by three Steps; the Platform about as big as my Uncle's great Parlour. We were ordered to be on the Ground at 10 in the forenoon, we had, each three Tickets to admit Poeples on the Ground, & one Ticket to admit one Lady in the Chapel, for which we paid 5/. I did not buy one. The Spectators to be admitted into the Ground at 12. We were all drawn up into our respective Companies; & I with about forty others was again drawn out into the Captains Guard, & stood under Arms till eleven, when Lady Loughborough in our full Uniform came (attended by the Governors of the Foundling, with their Staves the Chancellor, Judges, Ld .Chief Baron, & Lords & Ladies - all the Men uncovered), & walked before the Line into the Chapel. We then grounded our Arms, & were marched in after them in Companies. We (the Corps) occupied the two Side Galleries: The 5 Shilling Ladies, and there were many Beauties amongst them I trow; in the East Gallery; & the Body of the Chapel, was occupied by the Grandees before mentioned & others. We had short Prayers, as they are termed in the House of Commons, & an excellent Sermon by Dr Willis our Chaplain, from Isaiah 59.19. "When the Enemy shall come in like a Flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a Standard against him." The Coronation Anthem was performed, & repeated - the Colours being Placed on the Altar & displayed. We were then marched out of Church - The Line took their Station at the Bottom of the Ground & we, the Captain's Guard were stationed

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on each side of the Platform, making a Segment of a Circle thus. [SKETCH] An Escort of about 60 then marched from the Line up near to the Platform, preceded by the Duke of Gloucester's Band, with the Colonel at the Head - Col. Cox²⁹⁹, & we all presented Arms - Lady Loughborough then advanced to the Edge of the Platform supported by Lady Kenyon & another, two Parsons holding the Colours furled, the Grandees on the Platform in the Rear & the Colonel advancing close to her at the Bottom of the Steps, She made a very long Speech, and accompanied it with very bold & energetick Gesticulation; that it was very appropriate is more than I can say, inasmuch as from the distance, it was impossible for me to hear a word of it - but it certainly was very graceful & animated - a precise Lady might call it extravagant. At the conclusion of the Speech she delivered the Colours, & exhausted by the fatigue perhaps, & novelty of her Situation addressing such a Body in the Presence of such a vast multitude - she almost sunk back on the Ladies by whom she was attended - she was however immediately supported. Before this By the time we came out of the Chapel, the Stations behind the Ropes were all crammed with Spectators, all the best drest Women in front, & plenty enow behind them. Carriages, outside the Walls, numberless, covered & crowded - all the Windows of the adjoining Streets full, & the Tops of all the Houses covered. The Moment the Colours were received & unfurled, the Mob outside the Walls gave such a Huzza, as would made you jump higher than any touch on your Nerves ever did before. The Escort then carried back the Colours to the Line - again we presented Arms, & again the Mob huzza'd - the Line then - the whole Line, then advanced to Lady L. & again presented - then they retired; again presented, and then the whole Body of the Corps, the whole Body of the Spectators, Men Women & Children, Lords Ladies, & Common folks, & the ever meritorious Mob, gave three times three Huzzas, hats off & waving in the Air, with such Vociferation that I wonder you did not hear it at

Sandford. We then fired three Vollies, after which Lady L. alone was conducted off the Ground by the Governours, still uncovered, & soon afterwards, at half past 4, We broke off. Every one who came was expected to give something at the Gate, as on Sundays, for the support of the Charity - You may guess at the Numbers & Condition of our [c.o. audien] Spectators, - when I inform you that upwards of 550£. was taken! I have seen many Sights, but in sad Truth, I may say I never saw or felt any thing more gay, animated & elegant. I have been in the Line ever since - that is, I have finished my Soldier's Education. Tom Rudall³⁰⁰ has just interrupted me with two Pieces of Intelligence, both important, but one too glorious, & the [c.o. an]other too good to be true. The first is that the King is going to make the B.I.C.A. a royal Regiment, & himself to give us the Blue Colours; & to review us the 29. of next Month. This is too much for our Glory, to be true; & I utterly disbelieve it. The other Piece of News is, that Buonaparte is taken Prisoner at the Straits of Gibraltar. This is too much to be believed, however possible it is to be true. Though it is excessively probable, it is too happy a Circumstance to happen.

I called at Gower Street & saw Lucy & Smith. You certainly invite Opinions of Smith early enough - and I will use as much Candour as you do, Speed, & confess that I am certainly, not prepossed in his favour. There is nothing betwitching in his Appearance or his Method. I am a good deal, probably too much,

influenced by Faces - I do not mean good features - but speaking ones, & his face says nothing in his recommendation. By the little I saw of his Brother, who had his face wrapped up, I believe, in a packet handkerchief, I set him down as a stupid & vulgar fellow. They may be, both, very good sort of Men, I speak of their Method & their Looks - I do'nt approve either, I am only speaking of a Man, as one I would make my Companion.

I went alone last Sunday, & dined at John Winsloe's - only Dick & his Wife there. I should like for John & his Wife to go down to Exmouth; it would be agreeable enough for us all, when I get into the Country. She said something about her not writing to you - Perhaps she is no great Scribe. You ask what Mitford thought of Mrs. Winsloe - he sees what she is at a Glance; but there is nothing in such a Character that he dislikes; & he was delighted when she sent Charlotte "to shew him the Birds". You recollect the beauteous India Paper in the Bow Room - When that Room was "disfaced & damnified" & new bedizened, the Paper, of course was stripped off, & Mrs. W. had all the pretty Warblers cut out, & they are pasted with great Taste in the Pannels of a certain necessary & highly useful Apartment; at the End of a long Passage. I enquired about the fate of the Paper just after dinner, & Mrs. W. told Charlotte to show me & Mitford the Birds, which Charlotte very innocently did, & conducted us to the Place. Mitford was every thing but dead with Laughing. I thought he would have cracked his gullet. He brought his Roar of Laughter back to the Parlour - he was absolutely convulsed, & Charlotte heightened the Absurdity, by first finding out the supposed "Indelicacy" of such an Errand & with such Company. She blushed till she almost cried, & seemed half frightened at Mitford Shouts, in which I could not forbear taking a Part - all the Company were nearly as noisy; except the decent Mrs. Guy, whose Modesty was so shocked, that she put up a very lowering aspect indeed. But forbidding as it was, it had no power to put a Stop to the Clamour. Mit thought Mary Ann, "ugly" - of Guy he says he "never saw a more blackguardly looking fellow in his Life". He likes John & his Wife; the best: he was to have dined there with me last Sunday; & I know, very much regretted he could not. All of them, last Sunday, who spoke of him, complained of his "talking so little". 'Tis odd, that amongst half bred Persons - am I censorious? - a Man is expected to "plow his cuts out" in conversation.

I know there are some Questions in a former letter - but I can't now stay to look back after them.

Best remembrances to the Swithunites -

Dr. Jennefee

yrs. affely.

Jn. Jones.

Temple - Thursday 7 [c.o. May] June 98.

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7th June 1798

[addressed:

To

Miss Jennefee Jones
at the Revd. George Bent's
Sandford near Crediton
Devon

stamped: C JU 98 7

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[pencil: 83]

[pencil: June 27/98]

Dear Jennefee,

You lie! for I did not forget your blessed Birthday, inasmuch as I gave an Entertainment in Chamber, in Honour of that Event, consisting of a Dinner, to which I had one Company, & a Supper, of which two partook, & there was a whole Bottle of earnest real Wine, & great Jollitry. If it had not been for me you would never have known your real Birthday. The 13th. of June was your old Birthday, till I found out by a Subtlety that you came into the World a Day before your Birthday; and this is, now, your Gratitude, to tell me roundly, I had forgotten it. How could you know I had forgotten it? As Charlotte used to say, "indeed Miss Jones, you are very indecent;" and I have a good Mind now to unkeep it. As a Lawyer I could tamely put up with such an Affront; but as I now wear a Sword, & have the Honour of shooting off real Gunpowder in defence of "our glorious Constitution" our Altars & Chimney Corners - for so we render, Pro Aris & Focis - Oons! I have a great Mind to be brave & to play the Devil. But I wo'nt. One must show a little of the Soldier sometimes. I recollect I have another Subject of Quarrel, which is your late long Silence, which I shall not excuse till I see you mend your Manners. A very nervous Brother would be uneasy by the Irregularity of the Correspondence. I am glad to hear Lucy likes her present Situation: but you very justly observe she had not much Head, & I believe she is easily satisfied. Mary keeps house & cuts up Meat! If I have time & room in this Letter I will draw up a few Rules for her Behaviour as she requests. I think I will persue your letter in regular Order, as I have begun; for by omitting to do so, I know I have frequently failed to answer questions that you have made; because those Questions have been repeated. I do not know, nor do I believe our Colonel knows when we are to be reviewed. I repeat that unless we are called into the field of Battle, my Soldiering will be no Restraint on my Motions. And I as much expect and wish to be in the said field, as I expect and wish to be tied to three Halberts and well flogged. The "Dwarf" & Andrew³⁰¹, I know, are both at Heavitree, for they took town in their Way down: Mr. Mat, wisely followed their Example the Day before Yesterday & to satisfy the wishes & ill judged fondness of his Mama & Sister, deserts, at least, the Place of his professional Duties; & what is more, by such folly must give up his hopes of professional Success. He is taking the most effectual & well-concerted Means, of never getting any Practice. This Year he will have spent at least seven Months in the Country. I am sorry to hear the third Corps is so

effeminate. We are not so delicate

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if it "rain Cats and Dogs" we are not even housed though there is a close Colonade on the Ground of very large Extent, sufficient to hold, I dare say, three Regiments; nor are the Movements abridged, suspended, or hastened one Moment. So little Delicacy indeed, that the firing Party some while since, at Primrose Hill, were almost the whole Day in the Rain, & up to the Midleg in Mud, & almost all their Uniforms entirely spoiled. This was just before I was in the Battalion, so I've escaped the Expence of a Coat. I should tell you too, that they marched off in a heavy Rain. In short, Dear Madam, we are strictly regimental, & I assure you, the Corps very much disdains a Comparison with any Association in the whole Kingdom. Colonel Mitford an old, & an Enthusiastick Soldier, lavishes the most unbounded Praises on us - & I have the further Glory of telling you what is strictly, true, that our Company - the sixth - has more of [c.o. the] our Colonel's commendation than any other. And it is as true that Mat's ompany, which is the next to mine in the Line, as being of the next Size - Need I tell you that mine are the shortest? - is the very worst, & are very often, under the Colone'sl Censure. I am glad you like Lady Davie³⁰², for if Mitford's Account of her is to be trusted, she is a sensible agreeable Woman, and I shall not regret, if you have occasion to repeat your Visit, & become more acquainted with her. The Lemons are very plain people, at least most of them - and are not so buoyed up by a sneaking title of Baronettage, as to disdain the Society of companionable Persons, who have no "bloody Hands". Sir William is a Man greatly respected & esteemed. Entre nous, Buller is no great Matters; but makes up for it, by an open Temper, & great good Nature. Do you want any more of Mr, Frederick,³⁰³ & what? In Vocation, which begins to-morrow, I can write you out some more. I never heard that the Chancellor³⁰⁴ was a Corporal! He is, in fact, the Patron, the foster Father, the Tutelary Genius of the Corps, of which, of course, he is a Member. He is a glorious fellow, for he is a Patriot in Spirit & in Truth. His Attachment to the Corps is excessive, & is almost hobby-horseical - He is always out with them, & I now understand that we have modestly declined the honour he procured for us - the Offer of our being a Royal Regiment - & this on Account of the inconvenient Dress, the Expence, & the necessary occasional Attendances on his Majesty's Person, which our profession will not admit of. But the Chancellor is an extraordinary Man - the whole Profits of his Office are given to the War, while he pinches himself by drawing his Subsistence out of his limited private fortune - out of which, besides a great deal of munificence, he actually supports the Ex-Chancellor of France! Upon Kendall, whom you mention, I never employ a Thought. you acted very indiscreetly with Respect to the Bull. Always - when you meet a Bull - catch him by the Horns, leap nimbly on his Head, & walk quietly, in ordinary Time, along the Ridge of his back when you come to his Tail, take hold of it gently, & let yourself down, & persue your Road. Do this, & you'll have no fits on your Return home. Though in Seriousness, I wonder you should be alarmed at Thunder & Lightning. Without piquing myself on Resolution or Philosophy, it is certainly true that the Phaenomena of Nature, give me, I think, not the slightest Particle of Fear.

I have been accustomed to consider them as Instruments directly in the hands of the supreme Power, and as such I feel no Trepidation, but on the contrary, Sentiments that are very far, far indeed, from mistrust or apprehension of Danger, & by no means unpleasing, though serious, in a certain Degree. The forcible idea of the Majesty of the Divinity, operating by means, which we can ill account for, drives away every notion of personal Injury. This I know too, is false, in Philosophy, inasmuch as the superintending Care of Providence as much shelters one from the ferocity of a Beast, as from the operations of inanimate nature - But there is this difference, that my confidence is raised by the Consideration, that nothing can be done to elude the Stroke of the Lightning; but with respect to the Bull, your own Judgment is called into Action, and your Danger is sometimes greater or less,

according to the right use of that Judgment. A Spaniard trained for a Bull fight will act in the Manner I have prescribed for you, & will tire the most Savage Bull that ever bellowed, without fatigue and without discomposing a feature. I believe my Shirts are in very good order - there is one of them that has not a single Hole in it. My Wardrobe encreases fast, in every Respect, except in Case of Stockings, of which the Hosier when they are cleaned, converts two Pair into one, & I have very beautiful Clocks above the Knee - but Betty brings me some very good white waistcoats; & neck-cloths; and a pair of new grey Pantaloons have found their Way into my chambers, & I can no where find their owner - but they fit very well, and are a convenient morning dress. Oh Lord! how I am transmogrified - that I should be dressed up in a Jacket, & white Pantaloons. But the Ladies say I am an extreme pretty figure; and so I think, myself - but I feel as if I were naked, & carrying a Hamper of Wine on my Head.

You asked if Persiles & Sigismunda³⁰⁵ were translated. It is, & I have seen it, but never redd that, or the original. Do you wish me to procure it for you?

Polwhele has published a new Edition of "Local Attachment"³⁰⁶ - I am named in it, & he says I am the "findest" of all Lawyers³⁰⁷ & upon the other Side there is a long Rig-marole about you, under the Name of Julia³⁰⁸. He says you "can heal festering Wounds" - I wish you were here, for I have a confounded cut across two fingers, from a Gun-flint, that you might exercise your Art upon. He has coupled me up with Bishop Bennet³⁰⁹ & Simcoe in the new Part of the History, & thanks me for communications, that I do not recollect ever giving him; & I don't believe the Bishop ever wrote him more than one Letter.

Tell my father, the Irish Rebels are played the Devil with, & Wexford³¹⁰ is taken; & 'tis supposed in Town, that the whole Business will be over in a Week. Many of our B.I.C.A. wanted to go to Ireland forsooth, but the Motion was negatived; & 'tis resolved that we never put ourselves in a Situation of Danger.

Since writing this Letter - at least the above - my ancient Dun the Coal-Merchant has pestered me again. I need not make an additional Postage necessary by writing to my father, therefore be so good as to say I very much wish to get rid of this Man. Best affections at home, Dr. Jennefee, your lovely Brother

J. J.

Temple - Wednesday 27. June 1798.

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17th of June 1798

[addressed:

To

Miss Jennefee Jones
at Mr Thomas Jones's
St Paul's Street
Exeter

stamped: A JU 98 27

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[pencil: 84]

[pencil: July 3/98]

Dear Jennefee,

I do not know whether you like this Paper, but it is to me so much pleasanter to write upon, that I hope your Highness will not kick up at it. Wire-wove paper is much more genteel, but I neither like to write upon it, nor to afford the Expence. My Letters, as much as a modern Poem, may stand in Need of the Auxiliaries of a fair Character & glossy Paper, to make them palatable, but I will trust to the intrinsic Merits of the Composition, and I may do it more safely, because I know no Criticism will be employed upon them. Indeed I begin to entertain a low Opinion of Criticism altogether, and to disregard those Decorations of Stile, & regular Cadence of Period, inverted Construction & lofty Language, [c.o.] which, I believe, at one time I felt with as much force as is possible. Habits of reflection, insensibly bring the Mind to consider only the Sentiment, & to disregard - nay almost to despise elocution, as worthy only of the Attention of a Schoolboy, and entitled only to the Praises due to a School-Exercise well performed. One's own private Experience too, shows the Insufficiency of Eloquence, oral or written; and big Words with lean thoughts, have not that general currency which they seem to challenge. Where eloquence is natural, or where it flows easily, as the result of long habit, it has its graces; but the moment the struggle to bring out fine Sentences becomes visible, the orator & the Writer became ridiculous. Does not all this look like an exculpatory Preface? Ca'n't you see the deep Artifice? I only want to show the Profundity of the thoughts that shall, G-- willing, hereafter occur in this Letter - as for Example.

And yet when I turn to your Letter, I see there is no Fun in the Outset of it. I entirely regret the unlucky Termination of Lamb's Connexion with his Partner. But in such an Emergency, weeping and wailing & crying "Lord a' mercy how unfortunate!" avail nothing. With Lamb's good understanding, & with its concomitants, activity of Mind & Steadiness, his Affairs may soon be brought round again. The Way, not to remove any Disaster, is to sit quietly brooding over it, being very sorry & very downcast. The Way to remove it, is to pluck up one's Spirits, to disdain to be disturbed by such lesser Evils, & use one's diligence and mental Vigour to retrieve [c.o. his] the former Situation. It is great Pity that Women in general, should give so easy an Admission, as they certainly do, to unpleasant thoughts; that they should invite & foster those Reflexions which tend to make them uneasy. By such a Course, Lamb's Wife not only makes his Embarrassment the greater, but must necessarily divert his Attention from his Concerns. As there can be no Need of your Presence at their House; and as your Nerves have been so relaxed, I beg that you do

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not go to Mrs Lamb, in any Event, till their Affairs are in a train of being settled. All you could do, would be to perform a Part in a crying Match, by which neither would she receive any Consolation, nor the Settlement of his Affairs be at all accelerated. I trust I have a proper Respect for any one's proper feelings; but I am not so tender-hearted, as to feel sentiments of Pity, for factitious sorrows which are the result of voluntary debility of mind. Good God - let People look abroad: let them look to Ireland, to France, to almost the whole Continent of Europe, in this Time of universal Turbulence - let them look nearer home, & see Want, & Loss of Parents Husbands Friends & Children; & let them then reflect on their own petty Evils & thank Omnipotence; yet with fear of those Evils which that [c.o. that] Power, will according to his Wisdom, mingle, at one time or other, with the Blessings he confers. But I have a great Respect for that Constancy of Mind, which is attainable by all, by which Evils are in fact resisted; & for that Chearfulness of Temper, that is not to be disturbed, by a gust, now and then, of Ill Fortune. An Execution has nothing to do with a Bankruptcy; and I should suppose, as this Business is not the Consequence of Lamb's misconduct, & as it is most probable that he has not even committed an Act of Bankruptcy, that no Commission would be take out against him. An Execution, as this, is a Process by which a Man's Property is taken & sold for the Payment of his Debts: when he has not Money enough to do it.

I cannot well tell the very Day on which I shall take my Place; & if I did I would be married as soon as tell you; for the Consequence would be, if any Business detained me in town a day or two, when I had given a long Notice, you would write me swearing letters, & abuse me with foul language for not keeping my Promise. You know, it is necessary always for me to wait till the Judges get into Cornwall, & into Hereford, & then, unless there is any thing very particular, I am my own Master. So, what I told my Uncle, was true, viz. that I should go down about a month after writing that letter, which I then expected & still expect & wish to do. Now I don't think but that you might have constructed a prettier compliment, than this - "your interest is more agreeable to me than my own Gratification" - & I have altered it to this - "Your Interest is my Gratification, & I would rather have you in town for a day or two longer; when your clients want you, than have you down a Month before hand, by which lubbertiness, you would not never see your Clients no more; and I would, on my Soul, & for my gratification, have you in every Situation, at your post and doing your duty, like a pretty little man as you are; & when I had your Company, & at the same time, the Consciousness that you had deserted your post & neglected your duty, I should prefer any Society to yours, & would rather keep company with Mr. Theodore Cutcliffe & Mr. Lee the Parson". Prepare your Commissions if you have any.

I have had another grand Entertainment since I kept your Birthday. Buller the night before last supped with me, on three Bones of cold Lamb, & one Lobster, & we had two Pots of Porter, besides Brandy & Water. What d'ye think of that now? Here is doings sure enough! And we kept it up till two in the Morning.

I dine with him the day after to-morrow en militaire for it will be our field Day, to meet his Brother³¹¹, who I take it, is the one that used to be [c.o. at] "to" Creedy, whom you once mentioned. After Supper there was a Ball; & I delighted him beyond any thing, for when Conversation was flagging, which it generally does in the Course of three or four hours, I brought in all my Ball waistcoats - the embroidered one, Work of your "twiddle-Diddles" - the orange Tissue, & the yellow Sattin trimmed with fur. With the last, which I believe Mama made, he was so enchanted, that it was with Difficulty I could get it out of his Hands. He & I suppose his Wife go into Devonshire this Summer, & think of going to Exmouth, & wants me to persue my Intention of going there too, which he says will be very agreeable - but there he is out, for I think the fewer Company one has in the Country, as well as in [c.o.] Town, the more agreeable. But they live "pretty private". The Beautiful Mr. Mitford, has for some while, passed almost all his Time in my chambers, & as he does not disturb me, for I give him a table to himself at the other Side of the room, I have no Objection: and besides in the Course of Term, I made him useful; for I put him to draw Pleadings, for me, which he did infinitely better than I imagined he could.

Well done Mr. Beautiful Stowey! If he had married Miss Sherston, I think the Children ought to have been nursed at Bedlam, & brought up as Mad Doctors. Bishop Bennet is Bishop of Cloyne. I'll tell you all that Polwhele says, & write it is a continued line that it may not take up too much Space. "Yet, mid Devonian Scenes, how sweet the flow of Souls by Genius fired - defined by Taste! and I should bid Elysium round me glow, if they who own the friendly Pleasures chaste this lowly Villa with their Converse graced - Downman, the first in Physick as in Song; and Burrington, whom Learning hath embraced her favourite Child; and Jones (that's me) to whom belong Talents that bear him high above the toga'd Throng." Huzza! "Nor less, ye lovely Nymphs, your converse kind, chasing thy, Yawn, Ennui! from learned Ease, with Fascination lures my ductile Mind; witness the placid Julia (that's you) as the Breeze that whispers o'er the Calm of Summer Seas when Halcyon skims the Wave with Emerald Wing; whose [c.o.] Smiles the Turbulence of Wrath appease; to cheering Light the spleen-dark Spirit bring, and heal the festering Wound from pale Affliction's Sting."

I am sorry to see that the South Devon were such contemptible Cowards - at least, the Number who refused to go to Ireland - a pretty set of dastardly Rascals! Does the third Corps mean to offer

themselves? I think my Uncle ought to be promoted to the Rank of Field Marshal; not for an Encrease of Authority & Power, but of Rank. There can be little doubt but that Betsy Spicer's Match³¹² was a Manuvre in which I conclude, she as well as any other Spicer, would lend a very able Hand. She is very fat & very pretty: that's for sarten, but as Papa says "I would as soon marry the Devil's Daughter & go & live with the old Folks".

Adieu, remember me.

Jn. Jones

Tuesday 3. July 1798

I have not seen Mrs. Winsloe very lately. Did I mention my dining with her & the Guys in King Street, about a fortnight since? She sent to me last Friday to Dine with her & take her to the Bloomsbury: but it was impossible, & I could not go myself.

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3rd July 1798

H. gets 2000£. a year by Ld. E's Death, do you say? L.E. has not 1500£ a year on the face of the Earth, out of which he has to pay two Jointures to the two Ladies Dowager. So much for the propagation of truth.

[addressed:

To

Miss Jennefee Jones
at Mr Thomas Jones's
St. Paul's Street
Exeter

To the Care of Mr Gray

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[pencil: 71]

[pencil: Oct 31/97]

My dear Jennefee

Safe arrived, two hours ago, in London. I have had a Journey altogether unpleasant, for the Rain scarcely ceased the whole Day, and I was much troubled with Wind and Head Ache: by both of which I was so greatly oppressed, that though I had very agreeable Companions, I did not open my Lips, except to eat a very tough Beefsteak at Bath, during the whole Expedition. Two Lieutenants of the Navy, and a young Man, an Officer in the Army, accompanied me to Bath, where they all halted, and from thence I took on a little vulgar Bristol Shopkeeper, and her squalling Brat, and at Marlborough took in another Passenger, a gentlemanly young Man. Mrs. Dripping and Master James Dripping rested at Hounslow, and the other and I arrived here at seven o'clock. I did not sleep after Midnight, and had only a short Nap before. I found no Preparations for me in Chambers, Brooke not having given Betty Notice as I requested. However I am at last seated by a small Fire, & have furnished myself with a Breakfast, resolving not to sleep till the usual Bedtime. No Novelty presents itself in Chambers, except an Inkstand Brooke has left behind him, & an Order from the B.I.C.A. for a general Muster next Monday. So here I am, with nothing else to do, than to watch for Attornies, as a Spider for Flies. In good Truth it seems lonely enough. But I am heartily glad I did

not suffer myself to be prevailed on to defer my Journey, for, I observe, both Dampier and Gibbs are in Chambers, and I met Bayly in my own Court. Is not this something in Father's Stile & Manner? I saw pass by me in Bath, a chariot with Winsloe's Arms alone; and in a Window a little above the Market house, near a parochial Church, a Man standing in a ground floor Window, in black, with two or three sable figures round him, whom I think to be Mr. Winsloe. The Coach in which I was, was furiously driving out of Bath, at the Time; so that even if he had looked that Way, it was so dark & the Motion of the Carriage so rapid, as to make it impossible for him to discern me: but perhaps I may mistake - & perhaps the window in which I saw the said figure was in the Lion itself. Still I shall make Enquiries, by and bye in King Street; but not early enough, to say any Thing in this Letter.

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I shall also call on the Dolly to deliver your Letter, before their Dinner Hour. The Evening I shall necessarily pass in Chambers; for I don't know where to find Brooke, and there is no one else, within a visitable distance.

The Day begins to clear up: it is now bright and warm, so that I imagine you on the scamper with Aunt, making Parties & paying Visits. Give you Joy. But take care not to put yourself in the Way of taking Cold, which, would retard the Removal of the Inflammation. As we have each other's Beauty so much at heart, I cannot help repeating my Wish, that you may have the Patience to wait for the subsiding of the Inflammation, instead of bringing it to a Head, and avoiding the horrors of a Scar. And I have to hope that you will communicate with vast Precision, the State o'un. I am not sorry you are in the Way of having Bryant's Assistance, & I greatly wish you will continue under his Pamstering, till it is pamstered away.

I shall write to my Father presently, & I mean to give him but a short Letter; for I confess myself tired. I wish I never might go into a Mail again.

For the Present I must conclude; enjoining you to write me by the next Post.

Dear Jennefee

yr. affte. Brother

Jn. Jones

Temple- Wednesday

31 October 1798

My best Love to Uncle and Aunt.

Since writing the above, Tom Rudall has called on me, & has told me a curious Story respecting his Sister's³¹³ Trip to Bath. You know she went there alone to be married; this was in Consequence of previous Courtship in Town. The Man's Name, Williams, a Cornfactor, about 27. years old. When they so met at Bath, the Man's Proposals were as before, omitting only the Marriage Ceremony - that is, in plainer English, he offered to do her the Honour of taking her into Keeping. She instantly ordered a Post Chaise & returned. Mr. Jack Rudall upon this, sends Mr. Williams a Channenge, which being accepted, the Parties met at Norwood - Jack fired at 'un twice but "misst his Meark" & the Cornfactor fired his two Pistols, in the Air. Mr Jack's Second - the Eldest son of Dr. Tucker on Exbridge, then said that this was Satisfaction; & they did not come there to murder - Whereupon Mr. Williams, acknowledged he had done very wrong - and so it Ended. Don't communicate this as yet.

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October 31st 1798

[addressed:

To
Miss Jones
at James Storey's Esqr.
Taunton
Somersetshire

stamped: C OC 98 31

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[pencil: 85]

[pencil: Decr 5/98]

Dear Jennefee

I was less surprised at your continuing at Taunton, than by your Delay in Writing: for I waited so long for a Letter, that if yours had not arrived when it did, I should in a Day or two have written to you. I was solicitous, amongst other Reasons, for your Stay at Taunton, because I wished that your beauteous Gorge, might be restored to its original Splendour, under the Inspexion of the Sieur Bryant. It necessarily, gives me great Satisfaction to find that the Pain and Inflammation are subsided; but as the Hardness is not, I beg particularly, before you gang away, you will ask Bryant how you are to manage yourself, so as to get rid of it soon; & to suggest to him whether you are not to live low, and to use a certain Medecine sometimes, which Delicacy forbids me to name. As to Bryant's Fee, I see no earthly Reason why you should not, on the Eve of your going away, write him a Note desiring to know his Fee; & if there be any Hesitation about it, leave it to my Uncle to adjust it with him.

No great Revolutions here, since I last wrote. I may say that all my Time has been past in Chambers. Last Sunday fortnight however, I made a vastly gay Excursion. Brooke and one Lulin³¹⁴, a Swiss, were going in a Shay to dine with some French Fellow at Hampton, and offered me a Cast in their Carriage, which I, accordingly accepted, & went to dine with John Winsloe and his Wife, with whom I passed the Day - there was no one there but Smith. Though very much, over and over again, prest to stay, I went away when Brooke & his Companion called on me in their Way back at 9 o'clock. Rain or Shine, Hot or Cold, Mrs. John always takes me out to walk - that Morning too, a bitter cold one it was, we walked over Twickenham Common, and I was obliged to think it very pleasant; though I would have given one half of the Breeches I wore to have tarried in the House, by the Fire side. What devilish bad dinners they have there! A whole Leg of Veal boiled with Onions, & some out oth' way Bird roasted. The Child grows fast,

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and begins to make Efforts to speak. She is a lumpish Child in Person; but such children often turn out very fine ones, as I think she is likely to do. I think the Mark on her Face, will never "spoil her Match".³¹⁵ You know John has taken old Mother Blackacre - Mrs Davenport's House³¹⁶ - probably you know the Place, which by his Description, ought to be a pretty one for they have a Walk in a well planted Pleasure Ground, half a Mile long. They enter upon it at Christmas; or rather, I imagine, soon after Xmas: for it will take them some Time, to set up their Furniture, & make their household arrangments. John came in to me on Monday last, to consult me about his Lease & staid with me, on that Business, great Part of the forenoon. I promised, and I mean to perform my

Promise - to visit him at Christmas, and stay there some Days. You know in London there is more holidaying at that Time, than there is in the Country - my Clients will not come to me; and I think, what with walking, riding & shooting, I may eke out a few Days there, pleasantly enough - that is, with a Purvisa, you will give me Leave.

The King did not go to "Powle's," on the Thanksgiving Day; but performed his Devotions at the Chapel Royal. It is always an ill-advised Thing, for him to go to St Paul's. It creates Confusion and Expence, in a vast Degree. It costs the Publick an enormous Sum. Bertram Mitford, who sticks as close to my Chambers as usual, came to me that morning, to beg the Favour of my Company, in a good long "Honiton" Walk into the Country for Health's Sake. I assented, & very cunningly proceeded with him towards Old Palace Yard - there was then no Difficulty in rousing his Curiosity to see what Lords & great Men were in the Abbey - in we went & with great Difficulty & squeezing, forced ourselves into the middle of the Choir, directly under the Pulpit - the Psalms were then chanting - the Musick kept him awhile, & I persuaded him, through the Allurement of the Anthem, a very long one composed on the occasion, to stay. We did stay the whole Service. Horsley³¹⁷, the famous Bishop of Rochester, performed the Communion Service, in his extraordinary dignified and impressive manner; & the Bishop of Chichester, Buckner³¹⁸, preached a most admirable Sermon. I was surprised to see the great Number of Persons of Condition who, with ourselves, were standing about in the Choir, their Teeth chattering with Cold, & their Feet frozen to the Pavement. We afterwards, however, had a Honiton Walk, & concluded the Day with a good tough Beefsteak at my Chambers. The Day was kept very strictly, & the Churches all full, throughout London.

I have once dined with the Ireland's - upon boiled Leg of Veal too! There is nothing new there, except, indeed, that Betsy Ireland³¹⁹, from her mad Perseverance, in the use of Drugs & Quack Medicines, has brought herself into that State, that the Family entertain serious apprehensions for her - but they are Apprehensions unmingled, as it seems to me, with any great Degree of Sorrow. Miss Charlotte³²⁰ - Oh la! she is come home from Bedfordshire, the finest Spectacle I ever see. What she was before, is positive smallness to what she is now. She is altogether one of the best figures I ever set eyes on.

Buller is restored - but believe me, it is more wonderful that he should not act ignorantly, than that he should. I can see nothing estimable in him. He is excessively violent, and excessively wrong headed. He is truly defined, as Fielding has described a Character of a common Cast - that is a Character in which there is little or nothing to describe - Fielding says, he is "a very good Sort of a Man - as good a Sort of Man, Ma'am, as you would wish to know." He will do very well to sit with, a half an Hour, now and then - rien de plus.

The Winsloes are still, I suppose, at Bath. You mention nothing of the London Scheme of our Uncle & Aunt, nor whether, they are going to Bath, or Mrs. W. coming to Taunton. I wish it be possible for you to meet Mrs. W. - there would be then some Prospect of your coming to Town - tho' by the bye, Town is dull enough. Mrs. John Winsloe says, she makes sure of your coming up with Mrs Winsloe's; and is very much surprised, because I cannot tell her whether you are or not. They have already had good Breeze with Mother Davenport, & I think they are likely enough to have more of it. The young Widow, it seems, takes a Cup now and then, at which Times she has not that Command of Temper which is consistent with due Decorum, & the Delicacy of the Sex.

Brooke is preparing for the grand Event - he is buying Furniture and he is looking out for a House. He proceeds as Coolly as if he were only taking a new Servant. When people are about to marry they are commonly on the high Ropes - even Uncle Jones had once a strong Flash of Enthusiasm - he called Aunt, a heavenly Maid. But I never heard from Brooke one single Rapture, or one Epithet, or any 4 boding Ills, or even a Lovyer's Sentiment of any Kind, escape his Lips - On the contrary he continues to speak of his former Marriage, as the only State in which he ever found Happiness - Happiness, which he plainly hints, he never expects to find again.

Blessings on the poor Girl - she'll have enow to do with him, and his Bile, and his Sentiment, & his little feeble valetudinarian Carcase, & his "Hip" and his Fidgets!

Now am I aground - no more Paper, no more Letter. Best remembrances to Uncle & Aunt - Dear Jennefee

ever yours
Jn. Jones.

Temple - Wednesday 5th. Decr. 1798

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December 5th 1798

[addressed:

To
Miss Jennefee Jones
at James Stowey's Esqr.
Taunton
Somersetshire

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[pencil: 86]

[pencil: Dec 31/98]

My dear Jennefee

I am again got back to the Temple. The Lord make me thankful for it. I have passed four days at John Winsloe's; such a four Days as I never passed before and hope I never shall again. Christmas Day I dined at Irelands with two or three old People, and though there was no great Matter of Pastime, there was at least a good Dinner, and a warm Room. The next Day, Wednesday, I sat out at Noon on two legs, and arrived at John's just at their Dinner Hour. There were Dick and his Wife, & the eldest Child there, young Dicky³²¹. There had been a Battle between their Landlord & their Servant, I think, & the Landlord ran away, & Dick fearing his Goods would be seized for the fellow's debts, had hurried out of the house, conveyed away all his Moveables, and took Refuge at John's. The Weather was now most intensely cold, & after my bitter Walk, you will easily suppose, that a comfortable dinner would be very much the Object of my Wishes. It was a Comfort with a Vengeance! A Table Cloth, which appeared to have been stewed a month ago in grease, was an ominous circumstance; and every Thing corresponded with it. Two flabby cold Soals, and a congealed neck of mutton, a dish of cold frost bitten potatoes, was next presented, & we had plates, deadly cold, to eat upon. However, though I could have wished a little better management, I eat my dinner without much repining, & some wine afterwards, put me into a little better disposition. The Evening passed in talking - not in conversation - when to my utter Dismay, I was told they had not a bed for me in the House, but that I was to sleep in the New House, Mrs Davenport's, to which they intended to remove next Day. It was desperate cold; the Snow already deep, was still plentifully falling: I eat as much Supper as I could, & drank largely of brandy & water, that I might not be frozen in my journey across the Common, at that late Hour of

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the night. Under the Guidance of the Coachman, I accordingly travelled across the Common, at

eleven o'clock, and found every thing as completely dismal as Heart could wish. The Coachman and I were the only Inhabitants. The next Morning I trudged back again to breakfast, and the early Part of the second Day, Thursday, was passed in packing up and sending off Furniture. All the Doors of the House were necessarily open, and I with frozen Fingers, and Teeth chattering in my Head, assisted in the Work. The second Dinner rivalled the first. When the first Dish was brought in, both the female Winsloes flew to it, and both carving at once, pared round and spoiled a good leg of Mutton, for the Childrens' Dinners; when they were attending - when they were served, and all the Meat cold, we sat down in Turn, without Candles, and finished an elegant repast, upon yesterday's Cloth, and our Noses were deliciously regaled with a certain Production of young Dicky's, which was a length discovered, dark as it was, swept into a fire Pan, and hoisted out of the Window; occasioning nothing more than a merry hearty laugh, & a facetious congratulation to me, that I was not married. We then drank our wine, as fast as we could, and I and John, and a Cat and a Canary Bird, with Brandy and Gin, two Mattresses and some foul Cloaths, were packed into a Glass Coach, and took Possession of the New Houses; John's Wife having been conveyed over, before. Here we passed the evening, in a Room full of Goods, & illuminated with one Kitchen Candle, in a Night Candlestick. The Hangings of the best Beds were not brought home, & as there was no other Room with a fire Place than the one I had slept in the preceding Night, little Amelia was put into my bed, & I was translated into a Garret without a chimney, with very little paper hangings, one chair, one trunk, no bedside carpet, no - Utensil - Opportunely there was a wash-hand bason, which, of course I used. The next Day, Friday, was a Day of Ice. I sat by the fire, the whole Day, with one of Mrs. Winsloe's Hearth Rugs over my Shoulders, reading the only Book in the House - the first Volume of Pope's Works, & talking to Mrs. John, & Smith's Wife. Saturday passed much in the same Way. I shall tire you by Description, if I have not done it already. I will only say generally, every thing was comfortless, raw and deadly cold. There was comfort neither in breakfast, dinner, nor Supper. Every thing bad of its kind, ill dressed, & ill ordered. Knives dirty & plates cold.

And now you'll be surprised when I tell you I dislike John Winsloe. I think he has no Affections, no Generosity - I think him, ignorant & selfish. I like his Wife very much; for she is a very good Soul but thoroughly uninstructed, without reflexion, & totally without Method. Neither of them have the least Idea of the duties of a Master and Mistress of a family - & their Servants are still more ignorant of their duties. She was very attentive - remarkably so, to me; but had no Idea of any one single thing, that could tend to my comfort and convenience. I like Smith's Wife too, who was a good deal there. She has very good sense, & an excellent Notion of Fun. She was continually giving me shrewd looks, when things were going on wrong at John's. On Sunday Morning, how glad I was to see Daylight. I got up at eight, packed up my things, intending to go off, as soon as possible. I came down - no fires lighted; I lounged about till 11 when down came John out of his Nest; I took leave of him, & without breakfast trotted home to London, in the Snow & the Cold; and I was happy with the consciousness, that every Pace took me a Step nearer home. Thus has passed my jovial Christmas, & I bless myself it is over. Instead of exaggerating, in the Account I have given you, I have actually kept myself within Bounds; for neither can I sufficiently mark my sense of my uncomfortable Situation, nor indeed had I any Idea, that it was possible to feel so much Inconvenience from such Causes. I never did, & hope never to feel the like. I am at this moment far from being well & I attribute it to the Causes above - namely to the comfortable Manner of passing this Holiday. I have slept little for several Nights, & that little sleep has been disturbed by dreams. I itch all over the body, & have scratched myself almost raw. But I now feel infinitely better, & with wholesome diet, & warm cloathing & bedding, shall in a day or two get stout again.

All my letters from home, lie in a confused heap. I shall arrange them by and bye & answer the particulars of my father's letters to-morrow. I must say the same as to yours - I cannot now look for your last letter. It is still cold, & so dark, that I can barely see what I write. I shall, in all probability write again to-morrow. My best Affections to father & Mother. God bless you, & I give you all

the good Wishes of the New Year.

yrs. afftety. J Jones.

Temple - the last Time I shall date 1798.

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The last day of 1798

[addressed:

To

Miss Jennefee Jones
at Mr. Thomas Jones's
St. Paul's Street
Exeter

[sealed with an armorial seal rather than the head of a girl]

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[pencil: 87]

[pencil: Jan 15/99]

Dear Jennefee,

If I enter into your Letter again before I begin mine, I shall find so many Particulars to enter into, that I shall scarce have Room for my own Story. Maria and Mr. Bent arrived in Town, as you have heard; and it is very true that I was asleep when they came, and the Distance of my Bed from my Foredoor is so great, that I can hear no knocking - at least no Knocking is loud enough to awaken me. It is as well perhaps that I did not hear them; for I should have bolted out in my Shirt and Nightcap, which one does without Restraint where there are commonly none but male Visitors; but it would have overpowered Maria, & perhaps have thrown me into Convulsions. You think me lazy - so I am, and always was. For some time I have not often risen before nine; and the Reason is this; that from encouraging the Habit; a most improper one I acknowledge, of sitting up late, I am obliged to take out my Sleep till this Hour; the only Excuse I have is the shortness of the Days which hardly allows one to read, in my dark Chambers, till nine. However their calling at that early Hour, & their & my disappointment have induced me to rise, ever since, at an earlier hour - the Consequence has been, hitherto, that I sleep ill. I called at Smith's - I should say first, that I saw Bent at my Chambers, afterwards, on the Day of his Arrival, and he sat some Time: I was, truly, very glad to see him; & offered him, what I will certainly give him, all my Leisure Time as long as he stays in Town. I called at Smith's the Day after, when Maria was not at home. I left my Card. On Sunday I made another visit to Maria, and sat some Time with her and the Smiths. On the preceding Night Mr. Smith had sent me an Invitation to dine on Sunday, and if then engaged, on Monday. I was engaged to dine with Mrs. Winsloe, and as I answered the Note in Person, I fixed for Monday, Yesterday; when I dined there - only Bent, besides myself, and a tea-ing & card Party in the Evening. While the Carding was going on; Maria and I had a long tête à tête. But she laughed so much, and was so high in her "Tantarums", that I could scarcely get a sober Word from her. She has seen no Place or Thing yet, but the "Castle Spectre", and her Avidity does not seem very great. I had formed an erroneous Opinion of Smith - I think him, certainly, not an amiable Man; but

he is far from being vulgar. He is a Man of very proper external Behaviour, civil & well bred, but very unprepossessing, and is very sensible and well informed. I am apt to form hasty Judgments - to think worse of People, that I ought, or than they deserve; and I express my Sentiments in Terms harsh and rude enough. Perhaps this was the Case when I spoke about John Winsloe; when I came home, full of Emptiness of head and - and cetera - and aching with Cold & the Inconvenience of living where there was no one Comfort. I thought I discovered in him a want of thorough Openness and Generosity of Temper - both of them indulge themselves in indiscriminate & groundless Censure of the People about them: the Length of the Visit tired me - I growled, & my growling makes you lament, when perhaps you should have laughed at my Fretfulness. Perhaps I am as wrong in disliking Mrs. Smith³²² - But I will use very gentle Terms, & only say, that I think her grossly vulgar & disagreeable. She reminds me, at every Turn of Mrs. Randall, our exiled Hostess of Teignmouth. They live well - they have fine Apartments, and fine Furniture & a fine Coach, and three very sweet Children. Smith, I assure you, is a gentlemanly man; but I should conjecture, of a morose and haughty Temper, subdued or concealed, at least, under the Forms of good Breeding. His Wife, I fear, was born, in or about Cheapside or Ludgate Hill. She is afraid "Maria will be always taken for a Country-Girl". Is not that Sentence as good as a History? I shall certainly see Maria oftener than I thought it likely. She is in high Spirits, but is not, I think, excessively eager to see Sights. Bent is a gay young Man - full of Frolick - he went to the Play with Jack Burton³²³, on Saturday Night in Search of the Smiths & Maria; and that they might be sure to find them out, they went into the back Rows of the Upper Boxes amongst the ----s, one of Whom was seated between the Rector and his "Patron", and as Bent told the Company, they at length discovered them to be "Impures" - the Doctor's own Words - for the above said young Lady, was ordered by "the Box-Man" - as the Doctor says - to take off her Bonnet, wherewith came her cap, and her wig leaving a head of black hair, much like, as he says, what mine was, & in this Manner, wigless, she continued to sit the rest of the Evening; & the two "young gentlemen" came away very much surprised that they had not been able to find out their Party. You'll observe too that the Party were in the obscure situation of a front Row in the Side Box. Bent has not let out a single Word, on the Subject of his Errand to town; though he has been with me every Day but one since his Arrival; and I shall see him again, most probably, before I close this Letter.

I have dined very often with Mrs. Winsloe of late in "the family way - that is, I am let off again at 6 to go to my business. Mr. & Mrs. Guy, who are generally there, are quite marked in their Attention to me - and I stand invited, but not engaged to their Ball this Evening. Did I

[say] that Mr. Guy made me a Visit the other Day, in Order to appoint me his Special Pleader? Since I begun, your Letter has arrived, the chief subject is my Uncle's Complaint. There are very few Things that can give me any Uneasiness; and least of all, ill grounded opinions respecting myself. My Uncle³²⁴ sat up with a Complaint of my Inattention, and when the Game was started it must be run down. This is his Temper, and I am conscious of the same Propensity in my own Disposition. Had my Aunt been present, she would have stopped him. The Reason you suggest, is the true one - I could not execute his Commission - I have as little Delicacy as most Men - but if I had had less, I should not have incurred Censure. I shall take the ordinary, and the only efficacious way of appeasing Petulance; give a quiet Answer to his Complaint, without changing my Language or Behaviour. Most other People, had they been kept without Brawn; for a few Weeks, would have given a Hint perhaps, and have just, bantered one with the Appellation of "a careless Fellow". It is a very foolish Business - in me, I mean, to have neglected to apply to Luxmoore. However I will send down the Books by Mr. Bent, & I will also write at the same Time. My Uncle knows that I have not been inattentive to his Wishes; nor should he have made you the Medium of conveying his ill-

humour to me. He knows there is nothing I would not do for him. I think I will write to him in a Day or two: he was, you say, not in ill humour - still 'twas Petulance - he would not use passionate Expressions respecting me. I do not know that Neyle has been in the Country - I have not seen him, since I left the Country, but I should suppose Radford's³²⁵ Death must have made his Presence there necessary.

My Health is stout, and Maria says I get very fat. That is perhaps from want of Exercise, for I have not had Resolution to go out in the late inclement Weather. The seasoning at Twickenham has produced such a Frost in my veins, that I hardly recovered my animal Heat yet: which nevertheless ought to be soon produced, for it has given me an inveterate itching all over the Body, that while the hand is employed in scratching one Part, it can hardly fly quick enough to another that solicits the favour of a Scrape. I have abundance of bare places on this said Carcase of mine, produced by the Operation of the Nails. This "healthy" weather has filled me with most uneasy Sensations. People that don't feel the Cold laugh at the Effeminacy of a Man that shrinks - but they do not consider that animal feelings are not to be controuled; & to a chilly Person, it matters very little whether he have a Dry cholick or a sore throat, or the Gout or a Frost - he has very little choice. A nervous head-ache is not a trifle, especially with the addition of a good broad Blister on the Breast - really if that & a hard frost, I doubt which I would chuse.

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In my next, which I hope you'll not wait for long - I will speak to your Letter conveyed by Bent. At present I must conclude.

Dr. Jennefee, your forever
J.J.

Temple- Tuesday 15. Janry 1799.

[addressed:

To
Miss Jennefee Jones
at Mr. Thomas Jones's
St Paul's Street
Exeter

[sealed with head of a girl]

[written upside down at the bottom of the page in another hand]

Dear Jennefee/ I am I thank God very well but rather fatigued with a long walk in to the City to Lackingtons³²⁶ & the Musaeum at Black-friar's Bridge³²⁷ with all which I have been highly entertained. I am now going with your Brother to Mrs Winsloe's. God bless you all. G.B:³²⁸

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[pencil: 88]

[pencil: Jan 20/99]

My dear Jennefee

I write under unusual Circumstances. Mr. Bent informed me some Days ago, that he should leave

Town about Monday next, viz to-morrow. I therefore intended to devote this Evening to you in a long Letter. Accordingly I made it a Point of calling at Bent's Hotel this forenoon to take leave of him, & to send up my Letter to him to-morrow Morning. But I found he was not at home: I then betook myself to George's for my Dinner & there found him waiting for me to dine with me, & to pass the Evening with me, as Jack Burton had given him Leave to go out. I thought he would find it dull with me for the whole Evening, & therefore proposed taking tea at Ireland's, which we have just done; and I am now writing, amidst all the Conversation of the room, and seated at the Bureau with the looking Glass Pannels before me. Under such Circumstances you will not expect a very well connected Letter.

Burton has kept Mr. Bent in fetters during the whole of his Stay here, and though I have seen him almost every Day, yet they have seemed almost like stolen visits, and I have been able to go to no one Place with him: notwithstanding it was my full Intention and I had contrived it accordingly to conduct him to several Places. I still am totally ignorant of the Cause of his Visit here, or whether any Thing more than the simple Invitation of the Sheriff elect, has been the motive of his incurring this Expence. I heartily wish that some beneficial Cause may appear, in Time, [c.o. crossed out] to have occasioned it.

1v

You ask what Mrs. Winsloe says respecting her Delay in Writing to you. She has told me, she cannot make up her Mind to write. So much is she embarrassed by her disappointmt. in not seeing you in the Country. The Truth is, she does not know what to say; expecting you to be not a little displeased with her Remissness. Aunt Jem³²⁹ has had a new false foretop; a bunch of Hair enough to stuff a chair bottom: She appeared, Yesterday, when I called there with the said Bunch more prominent than at first. James comes up in about 3 weeks.

I have written to my Uncle, such a Letter as will I imagine, leave no dissatisfaction lurking in his Mind. If it had been any one else I would not have submitted to such absurd Complaints, & such unreasonable Resentment.

This Letter you must consider again, as another Pye-Blow. It is impossible to write here, or to recollect the particulars of your last Letter sent by Sabatier³³⁰, who delivered the Pacquet, on the morning of his Arrival. Please to tell my father, his Letters have taken their respective Courses. I shall write in a Day or two.

Term again begins, but the Time you receive this. I have no Reason for Complaint of the last, and I hope this will be better. Still there is more Work than Pay.

I have not seen Maria since I wrote: it had been impossible for me to call there. Smith sent a very polite general Invitation, to see me whenever I would afford him Time - not a general Invitation of course, or he would not have transmitted it by a Message - this he did when the opera Ticket which sent Maria to the Opera, was returned to me - Luxmoore lent Bent the Ticket for that Purpose. I made Smith a Present of some Irish Snuff, which cost me Nothing. Dear Jennefee, yours till I write again, in a day or two.

Sunday Night - Best Affections at home. The Irelands join in remembrances.
[pencil: 20 January 1799]

Jn. Jones

Take Care of your Indisposition, & do not eat any more Trash. I have no doubt but the damned hard apple was the Cause of it.

/Mr Ireland will write father in the course of a Post or two.

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January 20th 1799

[addressed:

Miss Jennefee Jones

To the Care of Doctor Bent

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[pencil: 89]

[pencil: Feb. 19/99]

My dear Jennefee

"I am not dead, but sleepeth here." I do not say my Silence has been unavoidable, but certainly I had never so little Leisure to write, as for the last Month. My Business during Term & up to this Day has exceeded all I ever had; & besides the Multiplicity of it, it has been arduous up to the full Extent. I have been engaged Morning Noon and Night; and the Night too disturbed by extreme Anxiety for my Credit. It is certainly true, and I am not unwilling to confess it to you, that I have slept upon Thorns and my Rest disquieted in the last degree, through the Apprehension of making Blunders. The common Stuff, I have handed over to Mitford, & he had been writing for me, almost sans intermission for three Weeks past. I have at this moment my Hands full. I am almost ashamed to recollect how long it was since I last wrote: though you ought to think me very good for writing now. The dreadful weather, if I had had no Business, would have kept me within doors; & indeed I have so entirely immured myself, that I feel by no means the better for it. The Holiday I have had, was that of last Sunday Week, when at my Uncle's earnest Instance, I went down to Eaton - Eton believe 'tis spelt - to reclaim & admonish Pitman³³¹. I received his anxious Letter on the preceding Saturday, when I was really unwell. Yet I could not fail to perform his Wishes. The Country covered with Snow; the Roads almost impassable, & a high raw Wind, were pleasant Circumstances to a Traveller. I thought the Stage a most unsafe Conveyance, & chusing the least of two Evils I hired a Horse - a well rough-shod horse. On that beautiful Sunday Morning I sat out, & reached Eton in four or five Hours, though it is not quite four & twenty Miles

1v

from hence. The day was so tempting, that from Hyde Park Corner to Eton, I really think I met but two Horsemen! On Hounslow my horse twice came down; but I was not thrown either Time. The Road all the Way covered with a thick Body of hard Snow, which was indurated & made more slippery by a superficial thaw. I immediately sent for Pitman, who instantly came, full of Joy to see me, which as instantaneously was converted into Alarm & Apprehension, on seeing me dispatch a note to his Tutor Dr. Goodall³³². I gave him a Hint of the Object of my Journey, which astounded him still more; & then receiving an Answer from Goodall, I went to him, leaving Pit in the Parlour of the Inn, to his own solitary Meditations which, I warrant, were rather a little uncomfortable. I was not very long with Goodall. Entre nous, his Complaints were, that Pit had been ill instructed, & that he neglected to attend the Doctor, but since my Uncle's letter to Pit, he had been regular. The Dr. has a strong Dash of Pedagogueism, & I, in my under-rate Judgment, thought there was no such alarming misconduct in Pit, as ought to be much punished. A Boy, idle as Boys are, & trained at a shabby school; plunged at once into Eton, amongst Lads so different, the Novelty of the Place & Situation, & the Giddiness of his new Acquaintance - I mean, of forming new Acquaintance, & altogether pleads something in his Excuse. When I returned to the Inn Pitt was very gravely

considering the fire Place, & his Visage overclouded with Apprehension. I then told him - not in an authoritative manner, but with all possible Mildness - the Occasion of my coming, & my Conversation with Goodall. I told him he knew his father's Temper well enough, to dread he would fulfill his Intentions of recalling him from Eton, & I dwelt chiefly upon the Consequent Disgrace. In short I presently wound him up to the proper Pitch, Pit was entirely subdued & with many Tears & Sobs he assured me of his Amendment. I observed to him, that as I saw he knew his Duty, & as I believed sincerely his Protestations of reform I would not [c.o.] utter another Word. Pit said he would do every Thing in his Power, & assured me [c.o.] he would not give Cause for any further Complaint. After this I did not

make the most indirect Allusion to his Misbehaviour, though I was obliged to affect great Solemnity and reserve. I made him show me about, round Windsor Castle, which indeed looks so magnificent in frost & snow, that in milder Season, it must be a glorious Sight. I gave him some of my dinner & he sat with me till near eleven o'clock. He called me out of bed early the next Morning & after we had breakfasted together, took leave of him, & only desired he would remember what had passed the preceding Day. My Horse was become lame to the Ground by the Strain of the fall on the preceding Day. With my lame Horse, thaw under foot, & almost incessant Rain overhead, I reached Town by dinner Time - Mitford keeping my Chambers for me. I encouraged Pit to continue his Correspondence with you, of which he is very proud; & he told me you were the only person he could freely write to, & yours the only Letters he had worth reading. I do not think Pit is a genius; but I entertain a better opinion of his Capacity than my Uncle does, or than you seem to do. Without all Question, he is abundantly improved since he has been at Eton, and his Conversation, for the Time I was with him, was by no means unsatisfactory. I believe he has very good Dispositions; that he is very affectionate, & I feel great Regard for him. He had been idle, & he is not one of the quickest boys in the School: but I truly think he will do very well.

Have I not tired you with my Eton Journal? I will recur to London affairs. Uncle Jem has been here some days. I was yesterday made to dine at the Winsloe's with the Guys; & I thought it prudent to join their Party to the Playhouse. He is become very deaf in Consequence of a Cold. Mitford & Hutchinson, came in at half price, & seeing the Name on the Book, came into our box, & there sat. The former of them greatly admires Aunt Jem & her Mode of dress, & actually gallanted her out of the Playhouse & put her into the Coach. Sunday Morning I employed in a proper "Honiton Walk" & I feel abundantly better for it: the Weather is now changed to Rain; but it is become very mild. For domestick News, I have to inform you that Betty, my Laundress, has accepted the Chiltern Hundreds - that is - has quitted her office & my Service. The Winter has made so great Havock with her Health, that she can no longer execute her Duties. I have Gibb's Laundress in her Stead; & I have abundantly gained by the Change. Sir Mat says she cannot have been a Laundress long because she is so cleanly: but he thinks her cleanliness is a foible which will wear out in time.

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I dined with Smith on Sunday fortnight. I have, of course, not seen Maria since. I hope no ill Consequences from Lucy's Malaventure, will result. How is my Mother? Father seems to speak better of his Complaint. I have not the Means of writing him at present: but I wish to know if he will let me use my own Discretion in recovering Sir Geo. Yonge's³³³ Debt, who is soon going out to the Cape? Don't fail me in this - & let me hear from you immediately - Dr. Jennefee yrs. ever

J. J.

London 19. Febr'y 1799.

[addressed:
To

Miss Jennefee Jones
at Mr Thomas Jones's
St. Paul's Street
Exeter

stamped: FE 99 19

Mr Lardner's Engagements have not yet suffered him to call on me!!! I have not seen him.

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[pencil: 90]

[pencil: Mar 8/99]

My dear Jennefee,

I was about to begin the same Tale which I believe is prefixt as a Standing Introduction to almost all my Letters - my Business, my Difficulties & legal Perplexities, my Identity of Life, & my Want of any new Subject to write about. And yet though I am almost abashed at that Sterility of Invention that forces me down to the Repetition of Things, a thousand Times repeated, what else can I set out with? when I have such an intimate & present Sense of the Fact. I almost wish, for your Sake, I had been born a Poet or a Conjuror - my Letters, to use Bayes's³³⁴ Phrase, would then "elevate and surprize". But how can I elevate or surprize, when I always possess the same Sentiments, and persue the same unchangeable Course of Life? Monday begins the Week & Saturday ends it; and Saturday and Monday are the same as every intermediate day & Sunday is a day of idleness, when I neither think, work, read or write! That I possess always the same Sentiments will account for Wants of Variety - that I always lead the same Mode of Living, excuses my deficiency in the powers of entertaining you. Yet, in one, you gain something by knowing that my Affections do not fluctuate or decrease; and in the other, my Sobriety ought to ensure my uniformity of Behaviour. If I had, what are called, the Gifts of Fortune. I am not so much of an Hypocrite as to disguise my Sentiments in this, that I think I should make some Use of them. But as I have no Prospect even of Competency to the Wants of Nature but by a Life of Labour; my Poverty is good Bail for my good Behaviour. So much for Virtue: and as to Understanding, you ought to be thankful that I have no less.

And yet - to pursue what feels like a Discourse - how much is the Ardour for Pleasure abated by seeing the melancholy Results of it, in Men who appear the Favourites of Fortune!

1v

At one Moment, I incline to regret that I have not Wealth, nor the means of procuring Admission to that only Society I should covet, nor the power of attaining that Consideration which now appears so distant; and yet when one considers how little Enjoyment is felt by those who are, in appearance, most to be envied, it seems to confirm that Opinion which I have so long Entertained - that Happiness, generally, is nearly equally diffused amongst all Mankind. You would not think me absurd if I were to form such a Wish as this - to be a young Man of promising Expectations: of personal Endowments, to the Extent of what a man need have: of finished Education: of polished Manners: heir to a Title; successor to a large Fortune: with Connexions extensive and honourable.

And yet such an one, last Week only, no longer able to endure Existence, put an End to his own Life. I was shocked when Mitford, the other day, told me of young Lemon's³³⁵ - Sir Wm's eldest Son - having shot himself. Thus I console myself. The folly, ignorance & misery of others minister consolation to me; and curb the wishes which I sometimes improperly, perhaps, indulge.

I have scarcely stirred out of chambers, except for a walk, since I wrote. I think it was since I wrote last that I have, at Length, dined with Mr. Guy. If I have before mentioned it, which I believe is not the Case, you must undergo the Repetition. I had refused so many Times, that I could decline his Invitations no longer. Mrs. Winsloe & Aunt Jem were of the Party, Mrs Thackwray, A woman & her Daughter³³⁶ whom you know - Mrs. & Miss Haynes - a delightful young Banker (with an amazing fund of Conversation when the Women are gone out of the Room) called Parker, with divers others. There was an expensive & a bad dinner, & no great matter of drink, in quantity or quality; for it was all Port. I had the pleasure of looking over the Cardtables till Midnight; & then passed an Evening, a little more rational, with Hutchinson & Mitford. However Guy behaves very properly in his House. Mary Ann was in such high Spirits, & talked so loud, & took so much Pains about her Guests, that the Exertion - and if you had seen her, you would not have said, it was a small one - has made her miscarry. Mr. Guy called on my and informed me of this Event, his Errand to me was, *entre nous*, to request I would be his Referee to settle Disputes between him & Carpenter³³⁷! I accepted the Office. If I execute it I shall expect a good Fee.

All the Town news I communicated to my father: but that is an Event of no small Importance. I mean Brooke's³³⁸ Marriage. I have congratulated him on his Bridegroomism. He was the coolest & most philosophick Lover, & is the most unenraptured Bridegroom I ever see. Not being able to get a suitable house, hitherto, they have taken a temporary lodging, within a door or two of Bush's, in Sloane Street. I have not seen the Bride since the Marriage; but I stand engaged there next Sunday week to dine. I know she is very nervous. If she should be nervous, & he, hipped the day I dine there, 'twill be an entertaining Sight. Yet I shod. not be at all surprised.

A propos de Pitman - I shall go down to Eton for him, either on Tuesday or Wednesday. I believe he is fond of the thoughts of being with me: but he may rely on his having very little leisure time. You would have laughed to have seen a letter of his, written to my Uncle, & by him transmitted to me, after the Jobation³³⁹ I gave him at Eton. My Uncle very truly says that from the Complexion of Pit's Letter, it is difficult to discover whether I had admonished him, or he me! and the principal reason for not running in debt 50 or 60£ to a Pastry Cook, was, that he "did not love Sweetmeats". I gave you a circumstantial Account of our Conference. I fancy the "forbidding" Mr. Mitford goes down with me, for he never saw Windsor. The conversible Mr Hutchinson is gone again into Devonshire, in Order, I suppose to study conveyancing under Miss Hagan. The former Gentleman has, for a week past, been nursing a sick friend in Kent. So that I am destitute of Company. I feel the want of him; for though I believe he may be disagreeable enough to a woman; yet he is so much attached to me, that I cannot forbear liking to have him here. There are so few people that seem to like me, that I am bound to like those who do. I hope you'll allow he is a point or two better than Kendall.

In a former Letter you consulted me about Taylor's or Hammond's Commentaries on the Scriptures. They are neither of them at all adapted to your taste or calculated for your Information, unless you will learn the dead languages, & enter into the depths of Criticism. The best Work for you, I know, is Wells's Commentary - it is the one I use myself. I'll strive to get it. I beg pardon for not answering this Question before. If in your reading you meet with any stumbling block I wish you would ask me for a Solution of yr. difficulties. 'Twill improve us both.

How dare you say my new Laundress is young! If she were young I should not like her the worse - & if she were pretty, I should like to look at her. This is a land of Liberty, Ma'am, and every Man in this free Country has a right to look at beauty - aye, and a right to love to look at it too! And I am a free born Briton, & will exercise all my native Rights, in Spight of you.

Have not the Ladies a Right to look at me? You may say they'd never wish to look a second Time. I do believe one look would do their Business, any's the day - But that's neither here nor there. I have seen nothing of Mrs. Houlton,³⁴⁰ nor Belle Andrew,³⁴¹ nor Moll Marsh³⁴². But next Sunday I will see the last. Entre nous - this is the second or third "entre nous" - I don't think Maria has much rejoyment in London, out of doors. Smith is always ill, & I don't think his wife is much of a Bear leader. I dined with "the family of love" last Sunday. Those poor girls, upon my honour, do want to be made love to, more than any girls I ever see. I wish for their Sakes they were not so damned ugly -- I mean d--d ugly - that they really cannot be toyed with, without making one's stomach keck. Dr. Jennefee best affections at home,

yours ever J. J.

London Friday Night - 8. March 1799.

[addressed:

To

Miss Jennefee Jones
at Mr Thomas Jones's
St Paul's Street
Exeter

stamped: A MR 99 9

March 8th 1799

[pencil: 91]

[pencil: April 9/99]

Ninth of April 1799.

My dear Jennefee,

I give you joy of my Birth Day. It is attended by a new Circumstance, and gives such a Dignity to the Festival as I little expected. I have then, every Reason to conclude that a certain Inflammation and violent Heat, Redness, & a sound Twinge, which affect my Right Foot, is no more nor less than the Gout! Last Saturday Night I felt the Toe give some Pain, in the second Joint, which had the Sensation of a Strain and disquieted my Rest: in the Morning I found it much swollen and of a florid look. I was apprehensive that a genteel Shoe which I had borrowed might give me uneasiness, & had Recourse to my great walking Shoe. Alas! the great Shoe would not go on! I sent to Ireland's for the Loan of a Cloth Shoe & went out without much Lameness, on Sunday Forenoon. Yesterday the Pain and Inflammation abated, but to day, both have extended over the foot, between the bottom of the Instep and the Toes, its appearance is very "angry": and, [c.o. upon my Body,] the Sensation is equally pleasant with that, produced by a gentle Aspersion of boiling Water. I should not be able to walk without great Difficulty. Pitman says 'tis the Gout, for "tis the same as Papa has", and I am

inclined to concur in this opinion. However to be out of all Doubt, if the Pain does not abate to day, I shall to-morrow send for Venour³⁴³ to tell me what it is. What can give me Gout, I can hardly guess - certainly 'tis not from the Quantities of Wine I swallow, nor from Luxurious Living.

On the Subject of your last Letter, I did not imagine it was necessary to give an immediate Letter. Nor is it, perhaps necessary to say further than that I conclude you are now satisfied on that Head. I entirely approve of and concur in, what you mention.

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Pitman will leave me, to return to Eton, before this Letter goes to the office. He has had a long Spell in Town, but not a very gay one. There cannot be much Gaiety where there are only two; and our Duet has been very rarely broken in upon. Mr. Radcliffe has taken him to two Plays, & I have taken him to one, & once to the Circus & once to Astley's, at half Price. I took him also to see the Abbey Monuments, and to the Top of the Monument: and this is all the Expense I have bestowed on him with Regard to Publick Places. I showed him the Outsides of many Things & the Insides of as many as could be seen gratis. Our dinners have been had here from George's, and we have, in all this Time, drunk two whole Bottles of Wine. His Appetite is almost insatiable: he eats twice as much as I do, and I believe he does not find that half enough: and his Judgment in meat and drink is so critical, and his Palate so discriminating, that I have seldom found any one who excels him. Most Children are gluttons, & Pit is beyond the usual Mark. He is however, as I have before told you, a very good Boy, and really I can discover no Indications of that "Weakness" which caused so much Alarm in my Uncle. He is no Prodigy; but I think his Abilities are fair.

On Sunday I called at Smith's & found her Mrs. S - & Maria there, with whom I sat a good while. Smith is gone to Bath on Account of his Health. Maria talked of leaving Town very soon, but Mrs. Smith intimated that as she herself was going to Bath, Maria must accompany: and I imagine this Scheme will take Effect unless Maria thinks it "giving her so much Trouble!" Bath is too good a Catch to be let slip, & I suppose Maria will not very forcibly resist the Offer. I suppose - no doubt indeed, but she will chance to meet my Uncle there, & if that be a Means of his becoming acquainted with Smith, it will be a pleasant thing for him; for Smith is a Man whom he would like. My Uncle is a Croaker. I have no Conception of his Case being so bad. He was always talking about his Age, as if he had been one of the Sons of Noah. If he looks round only upon his own neighbours he will see Men old enough to be his Fathers in the full Vigour of Health and Intellect. You know his Habit of expressing in Terms of

violent Strength all the Thoughts he conceives. If he had the Twinges & hot Pincers I feel on my Foot at this Instant, he would despond in the same Manner. People of chronical Complaints live the longest. Valetudinarians are the toughest of all Beings. You have seen, no Doubt, the handsome Present he has made me. If you were a fusty Fellow like me, you would feel all the Luxury of lounging over this gigantick Pile of Antiquities; & scorn the Tinsel of fine Writing which you'll see in Johnson's Poets. By the bye, you are apprized that that Work is Johnson's Chef-d'oeuvre.

I have not mentioned to y., I believe, my dining with Brooke & his new Wife, nor the Sentiments I entertain of her. I went there, with Pit, at 4 expecting to find a regular dinner at that regular hour; & was rather disgusted at what I think a foolish Affectation, when I was told I must wait an hour and half for my "Vittles" which I believe were not set on the Table till past six. And I thought it a still greater Mark of Stiffness & ridiculous Adherence to Forms of mistaken Propriety, when, soon after the dinner was ended, though there was no fifth Person there, Mrs Brooke quitted us, and returned late in the Evening, almost frozen, to make Tea for us! She gives every Indication of extreme good Disposition, and I should rather imagine she has been very strictly brought up. She seems as if she were too good to be gay: & that Absence of Chearfulness & Vivacity makes one feel awkwardly. I don't like to be obliged to behave in a private Company, as if I were in Church: & that

is just the kind of Restraint I felt. She was very particular in Enquiries after you; & asked if you were soon to be in Town. They have taken a House near Chelsea, in a Situation not unpleasant to those who love a Dutch Prospect. They have good Things about them - Good Tables & Chairs, & good Knives & Forks & Plates & Spoons; & good Furniture & good Order prepossess one in favour of the Understanding of a Housekeeper. Johnson says, and I think with Truth, that where a Dinner is wrong, every Thing else is so. It was only the Hour only that was wrong there.

Seale³⁴⁴ - who came here to be introduced - is become almost a Crony. I have twice dined with him, and he has called in, several Times. He gives most curious Dinners. He is only one with whom Pit has dined; of all his Father's friends here! Newte³⁴⁵ & Drewe³⁴⁶, have altogether neglected him: but his Godfather Radcliffe³⁴⁷, has actually taken him to two Plays! Pit was surprised Radcliffe could not tell him the Names of any of the Actors. I conclude the good Attorney, has not been there since Garrick & Quin's³⁴⁸ Time, till now. It would have made me laugh, at another Time, to have seen the awkward Manner in which Radcliffe's invitations were made to Pit - & the Mode in which he was lugged away & lugged back again from the Playhouse.

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I begin to smell a Rat. Mat has put a Bill on his Chambers to let them. He asked me if I knew any one who wanted a Set of Chambers. I enquired where he meant to remove; & he told me he thought of taking a House! Lord have mercy on the foolish fellow! a wife will wonderfully help him on with his Study & Practice, & he is a wonderful fine Subject for Matrimony! If I were to pay him a bride Visit, I think I should not be able to keep my Countenance. If Neyle hears of it, I think he will laugh himself blind. I told him once of Mat's making Love, & playing with Miss Whatdyecallum's Elbows; & that set him off for half an hour. When he is married, I hope his Wife will teach him to sit farther from the door, or his Servants will graze his Shins & tread on his Toes.

[addressed:

To

Miss Jennefee Jones
at Mr Thomas Jones's
St Paul's Street
Exeter

stamped: B AP 99 9

Thanks for your packet this Instant received. Thanks for the Length of your letters, which can only be too long, when I imagine you so long at a writing Table, as to do you a Disservice. Thanks for the Shoes, I can longer put on. Thanks for a Letter to Pit, the Sight of which has made me laugh my Guts out. Thanks for a head ache, the said laugh has given me. Some Parts of your Letter containing Incidents of Assize week, give me real Satisfaction indeed; & I can see your own Discretion & Judgment is a better Guide to you than my best Advice. I have dispatched your Note to Doll³⁴⁹; & yr. Letters to Moll. Aunt Jem is a goed back to Taunton. I will write as soon as I can; I shall find Pitman extremely wanting to-day, as I cannot well help myself: he goes in a quarter of an hour. But term begins to-morrow, and then I trust I shall have no leisure for Ennuie. Indeed I am almost always free at all times from that Complaint, from which a year or two ago I suffered so much. That is by the bare Exercise of Patience, & the Resolution of doing something, however Great my disposition to Indolence.

Best affections at home.

Ever yours J. Jones

[pencil: 92]

[pencil: May 16/99]

Odds Bobs! you are a rum one! you have taken no Time at all to reply to my last Letter. For certain I concluded the Gout had attacked your Fingers. You have not accounted for your Stagnation - the only Appearance of Excuse is your concluding Sentence - "pray do'nt follow my Example" - Oh! surely not! I ought undoubtedly to have written by Return of Post, and have begged Pardon for not writing earlier! But I write too early as it is; and I have a great Mind to finish my Letter here. I scarcely know of what Materials to make my Letter, & there is not time to set about answering your scriptural Questions. Pitman has an easy Method of framing a letter; which is simply making a Transcript of a Journal he affects to keep. If my Journal were more diversified, I should be tempted to do the same. The only Event recorded in that Chronicle, is a Visit paid me about 2 weeks since at my breakfast hour, of which Repast your favourite, Bertram Mitford was partaking, by Mesdames Winsloe & Addis. It was not till then - by Reason of Gout - that I had an Opportunity of presenting her your Box of Purse. It was eagerly opened, & admirably admired with great Admiration. It was beautiful indeed, and she would show it "oaf" at the Crown & Anchor Ball that Evening. In short, she was so much pleased with it, that when Mitford advised her to wear it on her Head, she doubted for a while, whether she should or not. They sat with me a long while, and I went on with my Breakfast, in my amiable morning Attire, with great Composure. She invited me to dine with her, next Day, & Mitford was included in the Invitation which was accepted. We met the Guys, Hemming, two Parsons, & two Women; & the Day passed tolerably indifferently. Guy addresses almost all his Conversation to me & applies his Mouth so closely, that, for Reasons which shall not be propounded; I regret he notices me so much. I almost occasioned another Miscarriage in his Wife; for Mrs Winsloe in her Haste to drink Wine at Cards, threw all the Contents of her Glass, over her White Dress. I volunteered her Cards, whilst she went out of the Room to swab; and affected Ignorance of the Game with such successful Awkwardness - I shuffled & dealt & played with such Clownish Absurdity

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that Mrs. Guy, who with one of the Parsons was playing against Hemming & me, burst into such violent fits of Laughter, that Guy was alarmed & I desisted. It so happened that I did not play a false Card; that Hemming & I won every Thing; & that I pass for a great Whist Player, who will not play with Women, & other ignorant Persons, but reserve my Skill for the Adepts in that lofty useful, and amiable Employ. Guy looked grave when he saw his Wife making such work of her Play, and, as I am confident Guy suspects me of Craftiness under the Cover of Sobriety of Behaviour, & rigid Morals, my successful Play, which you well know must have been wholly the Result of Chance, cannot fail to enhance those Suspicions. Mrs. Winsloe tells me, Aunt Jem was not quite sound in her upper Works: that she had occasional Absence of Memory; & that several Times, her Behaviour was very absurd and provoking. She was ill after her Return to Taunton; & Mrs. W. further said that her Letters indicated a disordered Imagination. I know there was a Sort of "Rumpus" between them in Town; but on what Subject, I know not. Still I don't give much Credit to Mrs. Winsloe's Surmises, for I do not think she is very skillful in distinguishing Insanity. Do you still correspond with James?

Now as to myself. You are as little capable of distinguishing Beauty as Mrs. W. is of ascertaining

Madness, or you would admire me more than you do. Mr. Gray who is infinitely a better Judge, told me yesterday I never looked so healthy in my Life. I am certainly very well: but I lie longer in bed than usual, & seldom rise before seven. I have not, till last Week, been soldiering; and being kept a long Time in the Field of Battle, I felt great Fatigue, & could neither eat Mat's Meat or drink his Wine with Appetite: for he gave me a Dinner that Day. By cooling too suddenly I caught Cold and am as hoarse as a Jackdaw. My Kerseymere's³⁵⁰ were so well washed at Exeter, that I could scarcely get into them - in a Word, they are by the Operation of washing, which ought not to have been performed, so shrunk, that they are spoiled. The Weather is still dreadful. The Prevalence of the NorthEasterly Wind cuts off all one's Enjoyments; & 'tis now so cold that I would give a Sum for a Waterplate to sit on. My Morning Walks are therefore prevented: my afternoon Walks unpleasant, & no Possibility of going out in the Evening. Any one who had no Almanack, would take this Day for one that belonged to the Month of November.

Neyle is called to the Bar. I have not seen him since this Event. He is too much employed to make or to receive Visits. I have seen very little of the Irelands too; or indeed of any one else.

The Time now approaches for going into Devonshire, for Trinity Term begins next Week, and the Assize falls, again, very early. It is the oddest Season I ever experienced in Town - it has all along appeared like the Depth of Winter, from which we yet hardly seem to emerge.

I have not heard from my Uncle for some Time; though he has had two letters since he wrote. Mr. Seale last Week went down by Way of Bath, & he gave me a Letter from thence, announcing a favourable Change in my Uncle. It was civil enough. As to Mr. Pitman, yesterday being the long wished for Montem³⁵¹, was a Day of Glories to him. If my needy rascally clients give me any money, I think after Term, to make an "Excursion" of a Day or two to Windsor; for though I have twice been there, I have not yet seen the Lions of the Castle. If we - I mean Mitford & I - if we walk, as it is our Intention, the Expence will be little beyond what I must incur in Town. And I rather intend to make this Excursion, because, if Pitman goes down at the same Point of Time that I shall be enabled to set out, I shall take him on from Eton, without bringing him back to town, in which Case I shall have no good Opportunity of seeing the "Shaw" - which I would not give a Sous to see, unless I had some Companion to enjoy it with. What Project have you in your Noddle for the Summer? I think we ought to concert something like a Scheme beforehand. I wish we could afford the Means of making some Sort of Tour to see "a little of Life". But alas! the Plentiful Lack of Money, debars us of this Gratification. If Bent has any of the two Guineas remaining, I should like again to quarter there for a little while: if they are spent, we must be content to wait till he has a fresh Supply. Pray tell him I am much obliged to him for his Letter, but I have been so buried in Law Books, & at leisure hours so indolent, that I have too long delayed answering it - A Neglect I [c.o. may] mean soon to atone for. Give my Love to all the Girls, and if Mama is with you, tell her she is grown so handsome, I shan't be able to help kissing her. Indeed we are both so beautiful, that I do'nt think it can be helped on either Side.

In about a Month I may hear from you again if I have good Luck. You have luck a-buttered to get a letter from me at all - I am too kind.

Dr. Jennefee your much beloved Brother Jn. Jones

Temple - May!!! 16. 1799

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1799 May 16th

[addressed:

To

Miss Jennefee Jones
at the Revd. George Bent's
Sandford near Crediton
Devon

stamped: A MY 99 16

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[pencil: 93] [In Jennefee's hand: The Review³⁵²]

[pencil: June 5/99]

Dear Jennefee,

5. June 1799

I have so much to say - so much of Glory & Valour to cram into this Sheet of Paper, that, till I have unfolded the whole of my Story, I shall not recur to your former Letter.

In the first Place I have to impress on your Mind, the Inferiority of your Sex, and to make you sensible that great Achievements are peculiarly & exclusively our's: That it is honour enough for you to be admitted to see and hear our Exploits. I will condescend to relate the Events of yesterday, that you may learn to entertain those Sentiments of Respect & Awe of Me, which my Importance demands, and which I now explicitly challenge.

Yesterday was the King's Birthday. The associated Corps of London & it's Vicinity, some Time since, signified to the Duke of York, as Commander in chief, their Intentions of assembling on that Day in Hyde Park. The Duke informed them that the King, pleased with this Instance of their Loyalty, would take that opportunity of reviewing them. Now, the command of these aggregate Corps devolving on a Colonel Robinson, by Reason of the early Date of his Commission, in the Westminster's, & his Rank of full Colonel, our Lieutenant Col. Cox of the Bica, being proud of his Corps, & very unwilling to play second fiddle to Robinson, declined our Attendance on the Day. Such actual Animosity arose & so much Indignation was Expressed on Account of our Affectation of Superiority, that it was at Length resolved that the Duke of York should take on himself the Command. This put an End to all Rivalry between the two hot Colonels, & we then returned our Corps to the Duke. For a Week past we have daily had a Field Day, and the Corps brought to great Steadiness. The Day came. I rose at 4 and went to the Ground, where in five Minutes I was completely wet through, & there was every Appearance of a Continuance of the heavy rain that fell. At Six we marched off, in Number 498, with Colours flying, & preceded by the Duke of Gloucester's Band, through Bloomsbury & the whole length of Oxford, Road, entering the Park in the North East Corner, all wet through & well be-mired. On our Entry

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we found an immense Concourse of People. At length we were, after many Pauses, marched to our Ground, forming a Line, two deep, from Kensington Garden Gate, in front of the Park Wall on the North Side of the Park. By nine o'clock the whole Line was formed & steady. The Line commenced from the Serpentine along in front of Kensington Garden Wall, then along the whole North Side of the Park - thence along the East Side, down to Hyde Park Corner, forming a Line of the Length of about three Miles, and consisting of about 10,000 Men! At 9 the Arrival of the King on the Ground was announced by Cannon, and a royal Salute of 21 Guns fired. The King accompanied by all the

Royal Dukes, a vast Number of Nobility, and an Army, absolutely, of Staff Officers mounted, on noble Horses, proceeded directly to the Head of the Line by the Serpentine & passed the whole Length of it, from right to left, which took more than an hour. As he passed, we stood with Shouldered Arms. To each Colonel or Commanding officer he pulled his Hat off, paused & generally spoke. To our Colonel he spoke by Name "Colonel Cox, this is a very fine Body of Men indeed. Upon them I can depend; they understand the Laws and I know they will defend them." I never saw the King look so well. He was in uniform mounted on a famous white horse, splendidly caparisoned, & the Train of led Horses adorned in the same way; the vast Multitude of Staff Officers & nobles, almost all in uniform - that is, not one in fifty, in coloured Cloaths, the Horse Guards that preceded him, the Army that was in the Park, the Sound of all the different Bands of Musick & Drums, the Numbers of Colours flying, the occasion of the Meeting - altogether was nearly overpowering. Happily the Rain had subsided, and the whole was illuminated by a glowing Sun. The King passed quite Close to the Line, as near as a Horse ought to be brought to it, without endangering our Toes; immediately behind him the Prince & Duke of York; & they & all the great men, had their Stars & fine Things on. When the King had passed the whole Line, he took his Station just in the Centre of the Park near the Ring & surrounded by all the first folk of the Land, whence he could command a View nearly of the whole Line, & our Regiment both from its Numbers & conspicuous Station, was a prominent object from it. The Command [c.o. for every thing that was done] was given [c.o. upon] by Sound of Cannon, for every Movement. The Regiments then, each by itself, in Succession fired a Volley, from Right to Left, as fast as one Corps could follow another. Upon the second Cannon fired, another Volley went round in like Manner from Right to Left. This was repeated for the third Time. Then the whole Body, with Hats Caps & Helmets in

the Air gave three English Cheers - all the Bands playing & all the Drums beating, in every Quarter of this large Place. The Regiments then in their Order, formed Columns & marched towards the King, passing by him. This occupied a vast Deal of Time. As soon as our Regiment had passed, the King, we wheeled round in our Divisions & marched in files back to Foundling Hospital where we arrived at one, being [c.o. seven] eight hours on duty. The Spectators in the Park could not be so few as 100,000. To attempt to describe the whole Scene is impossible - and indeed as a New Effect seemed to be produced on the Mind, one would almost require a new Language to paint such new Sensations. It was a proud Day for the King; and his Emotions - his Difficulty to suppress his Emotions was most manifest. Surrounded by the best Class of his People - the middling Class, by his whole Family, by his Nobles, his Generals, [c.o. & his Subjects] & his State Officers, solemnly pledged to support him & his Government, and their own Rights & Religion & Laws, and with the Means and the Ability to use those Means, in their Hands, & there assembled to celebrate the Anniversary of his Birth, presented such a Scene, as neither he nor perhaps any other King ever beheld. It was a sight as full of glory to good Men, as of Terror & Dismay to Atheists, Deists, Jacobins & Republicans. For our Corps, you will almost believe I exaggerate when I say the Truth, only, of them: which is that they were without all Sort of Comparison with the Rest - [c.o. as well] more with regard to Discipline than Numbers tho' we were the most numerous. The Steadiness & thoroughly military Appearance of the Men, drew all the Attention of every one that way. Our firing was like a Piece of Ordnance - we stood like ninepins in a Skittle ground, & marched like a garden roller. Not a head wagged, nor a forelock waved. All was orderly & correct. The Mob huzzaed upon every of our fires - the Mob tagged after us. "Thats the Bloomsbury" was heard at every [c.o. where] Point that we came to. The King expressed his Satisfaction in loud & pointed Terms. Our officers were so transported with the Success of our Discipline, that they were almost beside themselves with Joy: And on our Return, Cox was so moved, that when he announced to us that by Command of his Majesty he signified his Majesty's high Approbation of us, he actually shouted his own Thanks, for he could not use his ordinary Voice & said that our "Conduct was

beyond all Expectation". The Staff Officers attendant on the King expressed "Astonishment" at a Sight of such Discipline as is not met with out of the Army; & Bertram Mitford who hates the Bloomsbury & every thing military, standing near the King, heard such unbounded praises as certainly "astonished" him. What surprised the staff was to see regular Field Movements performed in a masterly Way by private Gentlemen in a Volunteer Association - a thing, which none of them (Associations) ever even attempted. General Doyle the

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1799 June 5th

great man of the day & the Duke of York, absolutely watched the Bica, and applauded aloud every Movement. The former of them spoke to Cox in the most pointed terms of Approbation. The Moment we had done, Cox marched us instantaneously off the ground; forming us anew in such an unexpected manner, that our Exit was a masterly consummation of that "immortal fame" which the Captain of my company in his exultation told us, we had acquired; & had an air of insolence in taking us so soon away that every one out of our Regiment would not much commend. The Emotions every where were so strong that every one carried a grave face, except that now & then a laugh was produced by the comparative awkwardness of some of the other Corps; and it is an extraordinary Circumstance that so much order was preserved in the Park, that in this unprecedented Afflux of people, only two serious Accidents happened - one of a woman who unhappily died the same Night who was trampled, & one other, who remains in a State of Danger, from a Similar Accident. The Day went on & concluded as it began. The Court was the most numerous & splendid that has been in the present King's Reign - In splendour, more particularly, it was unexampled. And in the Evening after the Drawing Room, the King

[pencil in Jennefee's hand: The Review]

[addressed:

To

Miss Jennefee Jones
at the Revd. George Bent's
Sandford near Crediton
Devon

stamped: B JU 99 5

who always, with the family, comes to the Windows of St. James's when the Mails pass, stood there with the Little Urchin of Wales in his Arms. I am glad to inform you that so strong is my health, that though unbreakfasted, through forgetfulness, soaked to the bone at 5 in the morning & doing duty for more nine hours on the stretch, I felt scarcely any fatigue, & at this moment not the least Effect of fatigue. There were few men that fainted, & only one in our Corps: one of these men fell almost close to the King. This is extraordinary, because several of the Corps on the Outskirts assembled at 2. in the Morning. I dare say you are tired of this long Tale. But really it is so glorious a day for the Nation, so sublime an one for the King & his family; & so flattering to my own feelings as an individual of the Bica, that I cannot help writing. I believe I am less intoxicated than most of the Bica - When a grave Judge & a clever fellow like Cox, cannot articulate, through Exultation; I may be allowed, from the same Motive to prate a little. The King too leads the Van. And many steady men & many nice women that were there could not control their feelings.

Yours ever & ever & ever

J. J.

[pencil: 94]

[pencil: June 27/99]

Dear Jennefee,

I celebrated your Birthday according to annual Custom, but there was no one to partake the festivities of the Day. I am not very anxious about concealing Ages. If you are "a Tabby", I am none; for so far from feeling the Ravages of Time, every one compliments me on healthy looks. Mr Gray was surprised - Mrs. Ireland is delighted - old Mrs. Brooke says "'tis quite another Thing" - & all the other People of Taste concur in this Opinion. I am, on all sides, exhorted not to give up soldiering to which, I certainly owe my entire Renovation of obstinate invincible Health. I have obeyed orders, & continue to Soldier; & my uniform is so much the sufferer, that I shall carry into the Country that wreck of a Jacket, in order to get a fresh one made, at Exeter, for the next Campaign, a little cheaper than the gigantick Charges of Ireland. You were truly informed that the King, at the Drawing Room; after he had reviewed the Corps on his Birthday, expressed to the Chancellor such fierce Approbation of our Regiment, that he told his Ldship he wished to review us on our own Ground & appointed last Friday for that Purpose. John Mitford sent me word of this, the Moment he came from the Drawing Room accompanied with a Request, "that I would not run mad". When this Intention of the King was known, the other Corps took fire. It was certainly an invidious Distinction - it was then resolved that the King should inspect all the Corps, on those Situations where they would rendezvous and take their Positions in Case of actual Commotions & real & imminent Danger. Accordingly on Friday, the King did inspect all those several Corps - ours was the last inspected except one. We formed on our Ground at 9 in the morning and mustered 517. on our Ground at the Foundling. Lord Heathfield took the Command. There then marched in, after we were formed, the several other Corps, who are to be posted with us in Case of Battle. We were formed three deep & in three Lines. We, being "on our own Dunghill" & indeed having Precedence, together with the Lincoln's Inn Corps (which consists only of about an hundred, & whose uniform is exactly the same as ours except that they wear a red feather)

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formed the first Line. The two other Lines were formed by the St Clements Danes, Bloomsbury Parish, St. James, St. Paul's Covent Garden, St. Pancras & "divers" others. We had, as usual, the Duke of Gloucester's Band, St. Clement's have a small Band of their own: & these continued playing, alternately, the whole Time we were on the Ground: Each Soldier had four Tickets of Admission to the Ground. The Concourse of People was immense - all the nice Women in town, all gayly dressed, & the finest Day "that ever shone out of the Heavens". I gave Mrs. Winsloe & Mrs. Guy tickets - they were extremely eager to go, but amidst the Croud I could not discover them. Thus we continued Hour after Hour, waiting for the King, till we were at length suffered to ground Arms & run about & talk to the People outside the Rope which prescribed - their Limits. I went to the left Flank to see the Lincoln's Inn Men - the left hand Man of All was lying on his Back, (as hundreds of others were) full in the View & almost close to the Spectators, mostly Ladies, & overlooked by them all. This soldier-man was thus lying asleep, with the Sun shining full in his face: on taking a nearer View of him, I found it to be, his Majesty's Solicitor-general, Sir John Mitford! I ran off to

fetch a friend of mine to see him. When we came back, he had changed his Posture - he then lay on his face, & some Wag had turned up his Jacket, over his Bumfiddle, which Bumfiddle is of large dimensions, & was presented in full & fair Proportion to the Eyes of the admiring Crowd. Gibbs stood behind him. Several Times while we were thus wandering about the Ground the Drums beat to Arms, & every one ran off, helter skelter, to his Post, crossing jostling & knocking down, to the infinite Amusement of the People without the Walls & Within. For not only was the Ground, outside the Wall, surrounded by Coaches covered with People, but every Window in sight was full crammed, & the Roofs of all the adjoining Houses covered. It was not till more than half past 3 that the King arrived, accompanied by the Prince, the Royal Dukes, & a great Number of Nobility & Staff-Officers, on horseback. The King looked better than ever. On entering the Gates, the Musick & Drums began. The King paused, took a general View of the whole Spectacle, & made with his Hat off a very grand sweeping Bow. He then proceeded to the Head of our Line, followed by all his train, pulling off his Hat & bowing to every Company: He spoke for about a Minute to Cox who was just before me. He then passed the whole of our Line, &, turning round the left Flank, passed our Rear, & took a View of our wrong-sides. He then

passed to the next Line, in like Manner, & then to the last. Just as he left our front, the Royal Coaches & the cream coloured Horses, brought in her gracious Majesty & the Princesses, & then followed Lord & Lady Lady Loughborough & some other Nobility. The Queen's Coach stopped close to the front of our Corps, & she kept her Head & half her body out of the Window, & grinned & bowed, almost individually to the Line. It was overacted & lasted too long - the Princesses who are younger than their Mother did it a great deal Better. The Blood Royal, then passed through our Ranks & got out of their Coaches, & with the King & Suite, went into the Chapel, where they also "inspected" the Children - There was there a grand "God save the King" & an Anthem sung. But the best Musick of the Day, for Royal Ears, was the deafning & continued shouting of the Multitudes: it was enough to make a delicate Head, ache for a Month. The King staid about an Hour, & the whole Party then left us, going away in the same order in which they came. The different Corps then marched off, to their respective Grounds, & a little before 5 we were dismissed. The Bloomsbury is so accustomed to Applause, that they only received the Approbation of some general Officers as a mere Due. We did nothing but stand still, shoulder & present Arms: & one Company was marched off as an Escort to the King from the Chapel to the Gate. General Gwynne told Cox, he never saw such steady marching out of the Prussian Army. There were two general Officers on horseback - as indeed they all were - about a yard behind me, who continued there, watching us a long Time - what I overheard them say, my Modesty will not allow me to repeat. It was an extraordinarily grand Show - but it followed too close on the Birthday to have its full Effect on me. I was 8 hours under Arms, but I made it a Point not to lie down. I sustained the most trifling degree of fatigue. I was engaged to two dinners - at Guy's & Brooke's, but the lateness of the King's Arrival, prevented my going to either Place. Hutch & I dined quietly at George's after undressing & a plentiful Use of Water, & change of Linen, which under such Circumstances, is inexpressibly delicious. / in the Evening we, thence, walked out to Brooke's³⁵³ & reposed till night came on. The Metropolis, in the aggregate, was never in such a State of Exultation, as it has lately been & still continues to be. The Strength & Loyalty of the People is now known. The Associations have all their Spirit & Emulation roused - The King's Visits to them are to be repeated: & it is undoubtedly the Intention & Wish of Government, to make them, what indeed the majority of them are, as able & effective & military in all points as the best disciplined Army. Now, I think, this & my last Letter should serve yr. appetite for "soldiering" for a full half Year,

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I do'nt remember I ever said you all hated Miss Crossfield - Miss Clayfield³⁵⁴ I mean - till you found

she was warped: but I have no doubt it was the Case. When you see the Sandford Children make my Love to them. I am pretty much alone now. Hutchinson³⁵⁵ went to Devon the day before yesterday, & is soon to be made a very "appee" Man, by Miss Hagan. I was, I believe, the last Person, to whom he communicated his amorous tale. He was afraid of being quizzed about it, & in the Event he was not disappointed. I have made him so angry, that I was compelled to feign myself in the same state of amorous Sensibility, though with less Hope of reaching the same felicity by a matrimonial Yoke. I should not wonder, if he were to see you, that he would tell you, he left me hugging my chains in which I am fettered by the powerful Hand of the God Cubit [sic]; unless he thinks me so serious, that I should wish to conceal this

[addressed:

To
Miss Jennefee Jones
at Mr Thomas Jones's
St. Paul's Street
Exeter

unhappy Condition of mine from my family. My other Companion is in Kent. So the only Resource, besides Brooke's House, is in Bastard³⁵⁶ who has been in town for some Time; & with whom I am going to take a walk as soon as I have finished this Letter, He desires his Compliments. He offers to frank³⁵⁷ me to Cambridge, & to keep me four days. I should like it, but cannot do it. It is now dull. Business is nearly over, & no Associate near. I shall transcribe a little more Handel for you, as soon as Business is clear gone. Business of late, has not been un-brisk. Tell Maria the fit-tub, is in very good order. 'Tis very nice weather. I will you could come to town & stay the interval betn. this & the time of my Set out. I have been twice franked to the play; & have seen Pizarro³⁵⁸ - Do'nt like it at all - Lordlmyt bless you, your dear Brother

J. Jones F.M. (field Marshal}

Temple - Thursday 27. June 1799.

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[pencil: 95]

[pencil: July 12/99]

My dear Jennefee,

Before this Time I can hardly doubt but that you must have been apprized of the Reasonableness of the Apprehensions you entertained respecting the embarrassment of my father's Affairs. I doubt, upon the whole, whether it be an unfortunate Event, that his Affairs should, at last, be drawn to a Point. My Uncle³⁵⁹, in the kindest Letter that a good Heart could dictate, communicated to me to-day, this Event. By the Interference & Machinations of Stowey, this Event has been brought to pass. My Father was obliged to absent himself from home to avoid the Importunities of his Creditors, and remains in a Friend's House, till he can safely go abroad again. The Affairs, through the Management of my Uncle, will be placed in the Hands of his Friends. I heard also from my father to-day, and he writes confidently "that he has enough to pay his Debts, & enough left". I wish it may prove so. In his Letter he betrays nothing like Despondency or low Spirits; but the usual Invectives are poured out against Stowey. It is not to be disguised, that this is a most unfortunate

Business: but as it is past Cure, we must bear it with Patience. It will necessarily, hasten my Journey into the Country. I write now particularly, that you may be fully informed of the Worst; & to request you will continue at Sandford at all Events till you see or hear from me. Mind that.

I do not affect to be in good Spirits - neither am I dejected. I must bestir myself

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in the Country, & endeavour, by Activity, to make the best of a bad Matter. I have Consolations enough in Store; the Kindness of my Uncle compensates a great deal of Uneasiness. Indeed my Composure would be only checked, by hearing that your Fortitude fails you - which, indeed, I do not expect to hear: for I rely upon your good Sense. The Anxiety we have, for so many years, felt is at least ended. Upon the divine Providence we must depend for better Times - indeed, we now know the Worst - which after all, was more intolerable in the Apprehension, than it is in reality.

I need not repeat my Request that you will remain at Sandford. I wish you to write me as soon as you can - which indeed must be soon, or I shall meet your Letter.

As I mean to write to my Father pretty much at length, and the Hour for the Departure of the Post approaches, I must conclude, my dear Jennefee

Yours most affectionately

Jn. Jones.

Temple - Saturday 12. July 1799.

It is not right to say where my father is - as there is at least a possibility of this Letter's being lost, or miscarrying. Though I can give a hint at Kawkulation. This Retreat he need not abide in but a very few days. Nay possibly he is no longer there, by the Time you receive this. My best Regards to Mr Bent and all his Family. Unless, when engaged in the Business of Arrangement in the Country - I never mean to utter, to the nearest Friend, one Word or one Allusion to the unfortunate Incident, as long as I live, but to you.

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1799 July 12th

[addressed:

To

Miss Jennefee Jones
at the Revd. George Bent's
Sandford near Crediton
Devon.

stamped: A JY 99 13

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[pencil: 96]

[pencil: July 18/99]

My dear Jennefee,

I cannot expect you to be a Philosopher. You have had Reason to be much agitated; & nothing short of the most callous Insensibility can stand without Dismay, before such a Calamity. But this

Sensibility has its Limits, and when the first Shock is over, it is our bounden Duty to the Almighty, to receive his wise Dispensations with Resignation and Composure: and I have no Doubt, but that you have by this Time regained your Quiet. We ought to be thankful that we have so many so good Friends.

In every Thing you mention yourself to have done, you have acted with Sagacity and Discretion, & I have entire Reliance in your Judgment. All that I apprehend arises from nervous Irritability from which you are not free: but which a little Reflection will soon overcome.

I heard from my Uncle again yesterday, & he does not forget to mention his Care of you. I shall to-morrow, probably, concert with Pitman, the Mode & Time of going down. The Post which brought your Letter, brings one also from my Father. He is at Gray's, with all his Books and Papers, making out the Statement of his Concerns for the Inspection of his Creditors. He says "I bless God I am able to

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work the greater Part of the Day about them (the Books) and shall soon be ready with such a Statement of my Property as will prove highly satisfactory to myself and Friends." He says he has every Accommodation there, he can wish. He sent me also a Copy of a Letter from Cornish³⁶⁰ in which Cornish says "against your own Person nothing has been thought of," and "I have no doubt but what you say of your Property is true, as it accords with the Opinion I always entertained - that you have sufficient to cover all Demands on your Estate". and that Letter is really a respectful one. But we must not be sanguine in our Hopes of the Sufficiency of this Statement; my Uncle seems of opinion that my Father's Property is not sufficient for his Debts - But this can only be Opinion without adequate Grounds for its Foundation. Though my Father never let me know his Affairs, yet I know his Books are extremely well kept. You see, my dear Jennefee, the Picture is not so black as to bring Despondency. If the Commission of Bankrupt should be proceeded on (for it now lies dormant) he will be in the Hands of his best Friends: and we shall be at the worst. If the Confident Assertions of the Sufficiency of his Effects be true, we shall have to congratulate ourselves on safely weathering a tremendous Storm. In no Event shall we sustain Disgrace, & I hope you are not so weak as to be touched in this Point. Nothing but Vice is disgraceful. We are at the lowest Ebb of Fortune; and what Consolations consistent with that State, do we want? None, thank God!

Pray do'nt brood over visionary Horrors, & sink your Spirits into Melancholy by the Contemplation of Evils that may never happen. It will not avail any Thing to give

your Thoughts to Circumstances of Distress. Brighter and better Days will, I dare say, arrive. I feel as much as I ought of our present Adversities, but I scorn to brood over them, and to despond.

With Respect to the Sale, I rather should think, you must be misinformed: for I do'nt see how it can take Place in the present Juncture. If it does, I will take early Care, to have such Things bought in, as we should least like to part with. We shall be thrown for a little while on our friends; but they are such as receive the Burden willingly.

I think you will do extremely right, to give my Uncle James a Letter, and I wish you to execute your Intention immediately. It will be better for me not to write to him; for Reasons which I need not detail. When the Breeze is over I'll write.

Make my best Regards to Mr. Bent. He is not ignorant how much & how long he has possessed them. Make my best Affections to the Girls. Write me again as soon as you can, and without Reserve or affectation of more Fortitude than you possess. The more any Emotions are stifled the less tolerable they are.

your's affectionately

J. Jones.

Temple - 18. July 1799.

1799 July 18th

[addressed:

To

Miss Jennefee Jones
 at the Revd. George Bent's
 Sandford near Crediton
 Devon

stamped: C JY 99 18

[pencil: 97]

[pencil: Aug 1./99]

Dear Jennefee

Pitman & I set out for Exeter to-morrow Morning. Bastard joins us in a Chaise as far as Salisbury, & from thence, we two shall proceed in one of the Stages.

As I shall see you so soon, I need not enter upon your Letter.

I informed Brooke, by a Note, of the Situation our domestick affairs were in, & I took Leave of him in that Note; for I wished not to be disturbed by any Conversation. He flew to my Chambers directly, and showed all the Zeal and real Concern that could be demonstrated. He wanted me to removed immediately to his House, & to await Pitman there. He wanted you to come to Town to his House, & I understand Mrs. Brooke wrote you to that Effect the same Evening. He wanted to make me take Money, to pay Bills or go out of town. And finding that I declined all his Offers, for I had no Occasion to accept any of them; he, the next Morning sent me Bills, which I returned to him in the Course of the Day. He wished me not to dissuade you from coming to them. I represented that whilst I was in the Country you would not like to leave it - that if Circumstances were such, that on my Return, it would be eligible or [c.o. pleasant] agreeable to you, I should not thwart your Inclination by any Objections of my own.

Tis too early to form any Schemes - But at least it is some Satisfaction to have a Place to which you may resort in Town, without Scruple or Restraint; and where you will be gladly received, I am sure.

Make my sincere Regards to Mr. Bent, and my Love to the Girls. Dear Jennefee

yours faithfully

J. Jones.

Temple - Thursday 1. August 1799.

I had intended to have said nothing respecting our family Disasters. In the Event, I see, I should have used Brooke ill, if I had persisted in that Resolution with Regard to him. I shall write a short letter to my father, & pack up my Things. I have endeavoured to save your Books & Musick Books; with what Success, I cannot yet tell. Pitman is elected into College. He desires his Love.

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1799 August 1st

[addressed:

To

Miss Jennefee Jones
at the Revd. George Bent's
Sandford near Crediton
Devon

stamped: B AU 99 1

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[pencil: 98]

[pencil: Aug/99]

My dear Jennefee,

I arrived here this Morning after a tedious Journey, & an expensive one. I find my Uncle very unwell but I think his Complaint is purely local for he eats well & looks well. It is not necessary to say I met with a good Reception.

Possibly I may see you before you receive this. In Case I am prevented, I shall see you as soon as I can. I am not yet my own Master. I am sitting at my Aunt's lodgings³⁶¹ with her & my father & mother. I have seen every Thing at home, & had long Talk with Sally.

Things wear as good - nay much better an Aspect, that I could by any Means have expected. Your books & all that I wanted to be saved, are saved. My father is surrounded by good friends indeed. However I'll tell you more when I see you.

Best Regards to Mr. Bent and the Girls. My dear Jennefee, ever yours

J. J.

Sunday Eve.³⁶² - 7 o'clock

I shall see you in a few Hours.

[addressed:

To

Miss Jennefee Jones
at the Revd. George Bent's
Sandford
near Crediton

stamped: EXETER

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[pencil: 100]

[pencil: ?]

Dear Jennefee,

My Uncle is abundantly better - indeed, so much so, that I am induced to entertain earnest Hopes of his Recovery. The Seaton³⁶³ has not been applied. It was considered as a "nasty" Mode of Treatment: my Uncle seemed to entertain some Fears of the Pain: and Cutcliffe³⁶⁴ proposed first to attempt a Blister, & defer the Seaton till the former should appear not to afford the Relief expected from it. Therefore, some Days since, a Blister, to the whole Extent of his Neck was put up, & attended with great Pain & a most copious Discharge: but with considerable Alleviation of the Pain seated in that Part. It was then deemed expedient, as the Pain seemed to extend up the Back of the Head, to put a Blister there; previous to which, my Uncle, yesterday, had his Head shaven, & at night the new Blister put up. He has passed a good Night, though without much Sleep, & to-day, he is, most unquestionably, considerably better: not only by the Decrease of Pain, but in his Spirits. So that I trust in Providence, that he is in an actual State of Recovery: though in all Probability, it will be slow and tedious.

I have, too, the singular Satisfaction to inform you that my Father's "Symptoms", have visibly abated. For many Days past he has been, I might say, altogether well. He is on a new Course of Treatment, from which Arscott³⁶⁵ conceives great Hopes. Business comes in daily, & if he regains his Health, of which I really entertain no great Doubt, he may be again in a flourishing State. Above all, he is in good Spirits.

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Pitman went at 5 o'clock this Morning to Eton. He is gone in a long Coach to Bristol, from whence he is to proceed, as Providence & his own ingenuity may direct him. His Journey out to Sandford was impracticable, though he was very hot upon it. It is with Difficulty I can leave my Uncle two Minutes together. The Coach in which Pitman went, had, as my Aunt says, "sixteen People in and about it". So that if it break down, all the Consequence is that sixteen People will fall together.

Stowey is come into the Country; & of course has brought Aunt Patty³⁶⁶ with him.

Sheldon is returned to Exeter. I saw him Yesterday, & he appeared to be very well.

There is good News in Town. You must tell Mr. Bent, there is a Report which seems to be well authorised, & is generally believed, that the whole of the Dutch Fleet in the Texel have surrendered to the English³⁶⁷! Huzza! And further, that inasmuch as it was before stated that in the landing of our Troops in Holland we had sustained a Loss of 500 Men, & the Enemy 1500, it now turns out, that we had only 100 [c.o. wounded] killed in all, & the rest only wounded. And further, it appears from a Paris Paper, that Suwarrow - rather Sivorraff has defeated Joubert's Army, & killed the said Joubert.³⁶⁸

For myself, I have a most infernal Head Ache, & cannot, without Difficulty, write. I hope it will go off soon. It is one of my Town Head-Aches.

If possible I will go out to Sandford on Sunday: but I cannot make sure of it. Mary Jones³⁶⁹ is at Tiverton, where she has been for a Week past & does not return till Monday.

Best remembrances to Mr. Bent. Love to Mary & "Sur Francis" - Dr Jennefee, yrs ever

Jn. Jones

Close - Wednesday Mornng.³⁷⁰ [pencil: Nov. 0. Moinou]

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1799.

[addressed:

To

Miss Jennefee Jones
at the Revd. George Bent's
Sandford
near Crediton

stamped: EXETER

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[pencil: 99]

[pencil: Apr 20/00]

My dear Jennefee

My Uncle's Temper is such as will suffer him to be pleased with nothing but the Trash of Conversation which is administered to him by that Class of Fellows, whose Opinions he can rule, and who look up to him as a great Man. Nothing is right but what he dictates; and nothing wrong but what he is pleased to disapprove. Mrs. Luxmoore, he says, is not a weak Woman; and Pitman's Situation in the House, he is certain, must be remarkably pleasant. "Pitman must be quite happy there." My Patience, though it be amply tried, is not at all, likely to be exhausted. But my Compliance with his Humours will not have a very long Duration: the Moment I can safely throw off the Restraint, he may rely upon it, I shall pay no further Regard to his Caprices. But for Reasons which I hardly need repeat, but which you must well know, [underlined in red pencil by Jennefee] concern yourself and Harriet, I should, before this Time, have taken my Leave of him. But my Views will most assuredly keep me steadfast to my Purpose, and I shall submit to every Thing, without feeling any other Emotions than arise from Contempt of doating Folly & superannuated Absurdity. Your Society would certainly be a considerable Relief to me: for, at present, I have no Resources but my Books and writing frequent Letters: to the latter, I am urged by very substantial Motives. Your Situation, however, will, for a Time, be rather uncomfortable; especially after quitting the pleasant Scenes where you now are. But for this, there is no present Help, nor any Alleviation, but the assured Certainty that it shall not last long. I regret too the Necessity even of your leaving Town, partly, [underlined in red pencil by Jennefee] on Harriet's Account, as well as your own; for she is so extremely attached to you, that she will find it a sad vacuity in the Absence of both; & the Company that frequent their House are a bad Compensation for the Loss.

I think Pitman's being in Town at this Juncture, receiving so many Civilities from H. & W³⁷¹. & being so much with you, who I know, are a Favourite, will have its Effect. I am glad that you have all done so much for his Amusements and Comfort: for with him it is not likley to be forgotten. I would not have had you shy Luxmoore's³⁷² Invitation. Very creditable People, Dampier & his Wife, his Brother the Dean, and others visit him; and besides, he is extremely friendly towards me. It is not likely that you will have further Invitations; so it is unnecessary for me to express my Wishes on that Subject. Pit's Letters are not ample. A

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Letter is the worst of all his Productions. He mentions the Todds, but says little. His verbal Communications when he comes down will be diffuse enough of all Conscience.

The Weather prevented my going to Bent's on Easter Day. The Roads are worse than ever, and literally almost impassable. I thought upon you whilst you were in the Temple, and wished to be

there with you. But the Day before Yesterday the Doctor³⁷³ pounced upon me in my office whilst I was in high Employ, & I never saw him, look by any Means so well, ever since I have known him, nor apparently in such high Spirits. What was his Business here I know not. He brought in Hugh to School, & Mary accompanied them. I passed great Part of the Afternoon with them at my father's, where, however, they had not dined; & Mary affected to think I was so much altered, that at first she did not know me, when I entered the Room.

Brooke's was a curious Remark. Society I think, is only peculiarly pleasant between Families; for Men in an unmarried State, and unsettled are little better than Vagabonds. The Kekewich³⁷⁴ Rumour cannot extend to Miss S, [unclear] you must by no Means let that escape you. The supposed Connexion in which Mary³⁷⁵ is implicated is with the other Brother, who is a Parson; & who did tag after her for a while, but never set his Foot in the House, though my Aunt says she thought he made an Effort: "but he went to Oxford & when he came down again, left all his Love behind him." My Uncle hates Samuel Kekewich³⁷⁶ who married the bewitching Daughter of Old Upright, & I am confident if the Reverend Mr. Kekewich's Love were "to come back again", he would not listen to any overtures he might make. Besides it is too absurd for such a Child as Mary to marry. By the bye, honest old Upright³⁷⁷ is come into a fortune of five or six hundred a Year, by the Death of a distant Relation.

My Father is unluckily disappointed in the House in Paris Street³⁷⁸, for the present Tenant: Mr Elliot³⁷⁹ likes it so well that he is unwilling to quit; nor is there any Choice yet made. I should like the House very much, for the objections you suggest are really imaginary. Our Neighbours & their Houses in Paul's Parish and Goldsmiths Lane are truly worse than Paris Street & in the Situation in the latter, you see less of them. Mr. Cutcliffe has taken our House of Granger³⁸⁰, and his taking it, without asking my Father if he meant to continue here, has given such Offense and had excited such Abuse in Jack, that I think the close Friendship between him & his Parasite, is now dissolved. My father will not be obliged to quit till Lammas; so that he has Time enough to look about and suit himself. He talks of Vidall's³⁸¹ House. Shall I dissuade him?

[c.o. I don't think my Mother occasional Gout and Rheumatick affections result immediately from the Causes you suggest; for those Causes very rarely occur & not at all in a degree perceptible to Strangers. {Was this sentence crossed out later, perhaps by Jennefee?}]

My Father has been a little thrown back by sitting some Time in a cold Room. His Bowels only were affected. But he is perfectly recruited. I walked with him to-day to my Aunt's³⁸² in St Thomas's - he walked stoutly & quick. He is now writing at the Table with me; & he and George Reed³⁸³ both talk loud enough about Lime, and Mortar and sand, nearly to disturb me. But still his Strength is not great.

In the Register of Health, I should not omit my Uncle. He is altogether in the same State. Sometimes he is so free from Pain, that he is full of Hope, walks out in the Garden, & visits me in the Office: half an Hour afterwards, all his Pains return, he wishes to die, "and all his Enjoyment of Life is gone." Still his Appetite is enormous. He eats twice as much as any one in the House. My Aunt is a Pattern of Patience indeed! Mary shirks his Company - no Wonder - and sits always in the little Parlour, to which she retires within a few Minutes after Dinner, and is never visible to him in the Forenoon.

Dear Harriet says she has not a vacant Hour in the Day, for she tells me a Letter is not produced in a much less Space; and she gives a ludicrous Description of your running a Race of letter writing against her. But the Time she takes is not vainly employed; for her Style is brought into great Neatness & Perspicuity, and her Thoughts are sometimes elegantly expressed. She draws a Curious Picture of her Embarrassment at Mrs. Hutchinson's Visit to you at their House; because, I suppose, I had set her off in a very favourable Light. But was this Embarrassment perceptible, or her Silence more than usual? Hutchinson's Wife talks but little when I have been present, & she is not without Embarrassment, arising manifestly from her Desire of setting herself off to Advantage. But she is

truly a nice Woman, & I like her very much. I entirely approve of H's³⁸⁴ accompanying you, on your Visit to Boswell Court³⁸⁵, & hope she executed her Intentions. I wish both you and she were well acquainted there. H. Suggests the Criticisms they might have made! Mat, I never heard make any Criticisms in my Life, except on the most overcharged Absurdities. It was an odd Hit of the Hutchinsons to call in James Street³⁸⁶. My Intimacy with Mat gives him a great Knowledge of my Mind, & I am confident his Wife knows as much. I am sure their Curiosity is not small; but I am as certain, it is a good mannered Curiosity, accompanied with a great Willingness to be acquainted with her. Curiosity, bare Curiosity was not the Motive of the Visit there, but I can hardly forbear thinking it was an Ingredient in it. I wish you had Inclination to give a Detail of this Visit -

Do you mean to continue with the Winsloes till my Return³⁸⁷?

Make my best Remembrances to John and his Wife. My Father & Mother (who both know I am writing; & the former asks me significantly, when I shall have done), send their Love.

Dear Jennefee, ever
your affectionate Brother
Jn. Jones.

Exeter - Sunday 20. April 1800.

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20 April 1800

[red pencil: The 1st mention of Harriet - my mother, & of the Todds -
The preceding letter is Aug: /99.]

[addressed:

To
Miss Jennefee Jones
at John Winsloe's Esq
Twickenham Common

stamped: AP 1800 22

It would appear from the following letter that Harriet stayed in Exeter with John and his family in the winter preceding.

1

My dearest Jones

I fear I have but ill expressed the feelings of my full heart, in the last attempt, or it would now be unnecessary to tell you how ample a "compensation", my birthday brought, for every preceding disappointment. Perhaps I felt my happiness more sensibly for the little interruption it had sustained, for, though I was before acquainted with a few of "your old-fashioned sentiments", it is certain [c.o.] they never made such a deep and heartfelt impression. If my eyes would have allowed me to answer them [c.o. at] in the first moment of my exultation, I doubt my style would have been nearly unintelligible: for my dull soul has seldom undergone so violent a commotion. I seemed to love you more than ever; but that I believe is now impossible; and has been so, ever since our happy happy residence together. I longed for you my dearest Jones, that I might have given you more speaking proofs, than words could [c.o. go] convey, of the unbounded tenderness that oppressed me. For my sensations were really painful, from the want of utterance. A few kisses would have laid my

heart before you, and an embrace [c.o.] of you, in answer, would have told me, I was understood; and have set my mind at ease. But all such difficulties as these, are nearly past, and other affairs demand my attention.

Your Mother's calculation is no doubt equal to our present wants. And since you first alarmed me, with her reckoning, I have been myself reducing our stock to necessities and find it nearly the same with what you have now mentioned.

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Will you think me very whimsical, if I now offer to resign any part of the household needle work to you Mother that she is willing to undertake? In my eagerness to do all myself [c.o. for our future myself], and to prolong an employment which would give me so much present pleasure, I forgot a job which I consider as a duty, and by no means an unpleasing one. I mean the preparations necessary to my Brother's change of abode. I have long promised to make him a bed, and of course would wish to supply him with the little stock of linen he will want. Now, as his mother will not assist him, if I dont [c.o. not]; and yours will, I think you will not blame me for accepting of her offer - It will save William a little money, too. I would not, willingly, part with a single duster from [c.o. of] the whole, but that I am fearful of undertaking more than I can perform. I find, on a more particular consideration of the articles for my own rigging only, that I mentioned too short a time for their preparation; and fearing they may be called into use without due notice, I have actually set about them. [c.o.] Considering that if they are ready too soon no harm is done, but if neglected to the last, I must work much harder than I shall like. For I am too poor to purchase much assistance. Do not mistake me and suppose I wish to give up the whole of our household preparations. I only mean that I will not risk offending your Mother by putting her off with the old curtains, they can be done at a future time; and I give you leave to ask her what part she will prefer. I find constant industry is the best resource I have against intruding regrets, and in the first melancholy months of my return to Town my rug was a real [c.o. I] comfort. So greatly did it interest my attention -

I am afraid, my dear Jones, you have given an interpretation to my words, that was very opposite of my meaning. When I made my excuses, and expressed my regret for having expended so much on that piece of work, it was because I knew the object of your oeconomy, and could not bear the appearance of extravagance whilst I knew you to be denying yourself every indulgence which money can supply. Perhaps I am wrong in supposing you to have taken them in any other sense, for I cannot recollect my expressions exactly, and know not how they could occasion such a thought as your reply infers. Yet why should "time" be necessary "to prove", to me, "that you are no further sparing of money than is necessary to our comfort &c"? Can you think I am insensible of your motives? and do not know that your strict oeconomy is the strongest proof you can give me of your love, and of your anxiety for my return? Dearest Jones I should be severely pained by this idea if I suffered your expression to be felt in its full force.

I expected a reprimand for my silence on so important an event, as the arrival of the definitive treaty³⁸⁸. But this once it would have been unmeritted, for my letter went out of the house, as our first intelligence came in. You have heard more of the rejoicings than we have. It had inspired no joy in the Londoners, at least, they have given no outward signs of it, yet. My Father had done more on the occasion than any one I know, for [c.o. in consideration compliment of Peace and my] finding he could keep two festivals in one he nobly opened a bottle of wine, on the twenty ninth. Your health was not forgotten. Indeed it was joined with mine in the first bumper. For they considered that no good wishes could be acceptable to me, when offered to me alone.

You may believe I am much gratified by your promised kindness to our poor brown Boy³⁸⁹. I ought to ask pardon for my former folly, and regret having brought it to your recollection. Will an imaginary kiss now make my peace as a real [c.o. I] one did then? If it will I offer it with all

humility - If Frederick should

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return such as he went out I will pronounce him "deserving" of kindness, and that he has a heart that can repay it, as far as affection can. He has been slighted by his relations, who are ashamed of his complexion, and his whole heart was when he left England, divided amongst our Family, who had all known his worth and acknowledged it, by loving him sincerely. If he should ever become known to you his want of cultivation will render him an unfit companion for you. For if we may judge by his short and hasty letters (which from indolence are never

[addressed:

To
John Jones Esqr
Exeter

stamped: AP 1802 1]

begun till the ships are ready to sail) he has made little improvement since his residence in India. But at the same time, if he brings back the same virtuous inclination, that he once possessed, he will be easily guided by those who are better informed, and will be grateful for instruction. Even if he should have been betrayed into a little of the coxcombry and conceit, [c.o. of] so natural to his age, and situation, I shall not despair of his reformation, if William retains any influence over him. For by his example he will be taught to reverence you, and is admitted to your favour he will soon be made sensible of his errors.

[upside down at top of page]

My dearest Jones you will think I am incumbering you with a Pupil, This is not my meaning, but I know the influence example had on him; and I hope much for him, from that alone. - Jennefee is better, and went last night to the Oratorio.

Your own most affectionate wife³⁹⁰

Harriet Todd

London - Thursday 1 April 1802

1

My dear Brother - I had intended to write you a full Letter on this important Day³⁹¹, but Harriet having a Head-ache & her Cold having affected her Eyes, she has Prudence enough, to withstand even this Temptation to the Trial of them, & as she will be unable to write a long Letter, she likewise shows her Prudence, in wishing to save Expence, by making two into one, which I hope you will approve -

On the Subject of the Day on which you will receive this I have nothing to say, but a Repetition of what has been already said, on preceding similar Occasions, unless it may be a Wish that you may increase in Beauty every year, which the late Accounts of your Appearance, may lead me to hope, & which I have not before done from the supposed hopelessness of the Case, not I fear your great

Diffidence, may induce you to put a wrong Construction on my Words, & therefore, I think it necessary to explain, that it was from my being perfectly satisfied that you had attained the highest possible Pitch of human personal Perfection -

I hope you will not think a Repetition of my Wishes irksome, that your Happiness may increase daily & hourly, & I think it will not be displeasing to you, if in these Wishes I unite Harriet with you, earnestly hoping, that your Happiness may not only be great, but that the chiefest Part may be mutually derived from each other, & that you may continue many many years to enjoy it for which I fervently pray, & you will probably allow me to introduce the remainder of the Firm in a wish that we may likewise be partakers of it, & though that be granted, that we may not occasion a diminution of it, to yourself - let me congratulate you now on being sole Master of your House, as I consider it, as one very material Step towards the Attainment of your Happiness, for though I have a high opinion, of the great Beauty of Love, & how happily Lovers may live upon that alone, yet I think having a House over your Heads, will not be a means of decreasing your Happiness - I should have no great Objection were my Time at my own Disposal, to pass some of it with you in superintending Repairs, & putting your House in Order. I think you will find it no unpleasant Employment, & I should like very much to assist you in it, but that is out of the Question - but I hope I shall have Cause to rejoice at the Conclusion of the Peace, as I trust that when we have no Business in our Office, we shall not be compelled to such strict Attendance & that I may be able to pass more Time with you, than I had any Reason to flatter [c.o. to] myself with - I must now addre[cut] a subject which I have too long delayed & which I am now loth to do, knowing your dislike of it, but I think it absolutely[cut] necessary, to draw towards a Settlement of our Accounts, I have no Objection to defer the actual Settlement of it, till our meeting, that perhaps may be more convenient to both Parties, but as I have a considerable Balance in my Hands, due to you, & that will be increased, by what Furniture I take of yours, I do not feel myself perfectly easy. The Reason that induces me at this Time to propose it, is Harriet having informed me that you are about to transmit some Money to her - & therefore I beg that I may furnish her with what she may want, which will be much short of your Due from me, & then we may settle our Account whenever you please, or defer it till our Meeting. This I hope you will grant as I do not see what fair Objection you can make to it, & I assure you it will add much to my Ease, & contribute much to my Rest, for I can get no Sleep for thinking of it, & you alone are answerable for my meagre Appearance, & you will be rewarded for your Compliance by seeing me grow as big as yourself, but joking apart I must beg you will grant me this Request -

I had hoped to have sent you a very early Account of the signing of the Treaty, but was much provoked to find when I got home that Harriet had sent her Letter to the Office, but now I will endeavour to make amends, but informing you of what many not perhaps be less interesting to you - Lord Kenyon's³⁹² Death, & the Changes that are likely to take Place in consequence of it. Lord Eldon,³⁹³ according to Report, it to be made Chief Justice, one principal Motive for his wishing it, is supposed, to be a Place, which at the Death of a very old man, will be at his disposal, about £7,000 or £5,000 a year for his son - Lord Reedsdale,³⁹⁴ Chancellor of England - Lord Alvanly,³⁹⁵ of Ireland - [c.o. Mr] Sir Edwd. Law,³⁹⁶ Common Pleas - Mr. Percival³⁹⁷ & Mr. Garrow,³⁹⁸ Attorney & Solicitor General - Mitford told me at the Time of his uncle's last Promotion that Lord Eldon, had promised to "take care" of him, I suppose he will be better pleased with his Uncle's Protection - Jennefee, has been on a visit at Brookes for a Day or two. I went yesterday to dine there, & brought her home. Brooke very much surprised me by telling me that Monsieur Flint³⁹⁹ had resigned & is going to Ireland, you know he is married, & Mitford says to a much better Girl than he deserves - Brooke is making what Interest he can to succeed him, but he does not seem to have much Hope of success, though "he thinks & every one else Thinks it would be no more than a proper Reward for his Services"

Mrs. Brooke has been very unwell, & still continues very low, she was very thankful to Jennefee for her Visit, & said it had been of great Service to her - I think Brooke is not likely to enliven her for he continues his usual Plan of going to Sleep after Dinner & he is out of Course all the Morning, I fancy she begins to find Brooke a dull Companion indeed she hinted at it to Jennefee. Brooke probably is aware of its being out of his Power to raise her Spirits & insists on her going into Kent -

Jennefee & I were very much entertained yesterday by an Observation of Brookes, on a likeness of Flint, he thought it like, but the Painter had not done him Justice, the Countenance was too Vacant! I dined on Monday with Hutchinson, & passed a very pleasant Day, the party was composed of Mr. Luxmore, Mr. Yeomans⁴⁰⁰ I think, & Mr. Smith. we were very much amused by Mr. Luxmore's Manner, who was very talkative, he liked Mrs. H very well & told her so, she was a very good sort of Woman & he would be glad to see her at his House - I was very well pleased, when Hutchinson went out of the Room, to hear Mr. L speak well of him & say he knew two or three People whom he would send to him & told Mr. Y. he might do the same, he likewise

[addressed:

To
John Jones Esqr.
Exeter

stamped: AP 1802 7

[note in pencil: My dear Uncle's JHJ]

said he certainly would, that H was not only a good kind of Man, but he did Business in a very correct way, & he would [c.o. the] certainly recommend him - the Party broke up about 11 & Hutchinson & I sat down till past three o'Clock - you have more likely heard of my having done the same with him & Mitford a few nights preceding, as Harriet made a great Fuss about it, & I got very well scolded for it - as you seemed to interest yourself when I was with you, about the Terrington Estate⁴⁰¹, I will give you some Information which I received a few Days ago from my Mother - about 20 years ago the Estate was valued, including about 60 Acres, which you have heard was lost to the Bentincke⁴⁰² Family - since that Time it has increased in Value, probably to make up for that Loss - it was at that Time valued at £8,100, now probably you can form some idea what an Estate of that Value ought to Produce, the present Income clear of Repairs & other Expences, is about £280 per Annum - the new Land about 32 Acres, a man has offered to take on having a House & Barn built upon it, the Expence of which is estimated at £200 - at the rent of £75 a year, which I believe is agreed to, though I believe another agreed to take it at £70, without a House - the former is thought most advantageous, as having a person to reside on it, more Care will be taken to improve it.

my dear Brother believe me, with best Wishes yours more sincerely
William Todd -

Wednesday, the 7th April 1802.

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[pencil: 101]

[pencil: April 23/02]

My dearest Jennefee,

The present is one of the most painful Tasks ever yet imposed upon me, not so much, from the Weight of the Calamity which I am to mention, as from the Mistrust of the Efficacy of my Endeavours for your Quiet and Composure. Inasmuch as it hath pleased the Almighty God, to take our earthly Father out of this World, to relieve him from the Pains of a most deplorable Disease, to spare him the Anguish of an Existence dragged on in hopeless Sickness and Sorrow; let us reverently offer up to the Throne of Mercy our united Praises and Thanksgivings for this Dispensation of his allwise [sic] Providence. I am so solemnly satisfied with this merciful Interposition of the divine Will, that if a Wish of mine would recal our departed Father to his former State of Being, God forbid that my Understanding should be so darkened, as to form this Wish. You and I know, and are firm in the Faith of, God's revealed Will; that "as in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive." We know there is a World to come, a Life everlasting; and from the Consideration of our Late Father's Course of Life, we may confidently hope, that through the Merits of our blessed Saviour, his Soul will be received into eternal Happiness. He is now, I humbly trust, a blessed Spirit. Let us thank God for him.

I do not, my beloved Sister, reason thus with you, as with one in Want of Information. In the first Tumult of your Grief, it is my ardent Wish that you be not hurried away into other Thoughts than those which Religion dictates to us, that you think of nothing but what will afford you Consolation; and if you should, unhappily, feel excessive and violent Sorrow - ask yourself this Question - "Do I wish that to be undone, which is now done?" Dearest Jennefee, I do not exhort you to stifle your Emotions. I cannot wish you not to feel: but if you indulge superfluous Grief, to the Injury of your Health, then the present Calamity will have tenfold Weight. Of all the worldly Consequences of our Father's Departure, there is none which I so much apprehend, of which I stand in such Dread as of your mental Suffering. Be pacified, my dear Love: think of God's Mercies; forever bear my Affection in your Mind: comfort your Sister and be comforted by her; remember our Bond of Union; look forward to the near Approach of our Reunion and Establishment here, and give me true Assurances of your Christian Resignation & Composure

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Do not give yourself any Uneasiness on my Account. I hope I am equal to any Efforts that shall be necessary. The hand of Providence is visible in the Affairs of our Family. Only suppose any of the material Events of the last three years, not to have happened. What might then have been our Situation!

I fear it may be too early to give you any Detail of Circumstances attending the late awful Event. I will mention only a few, which I imagine it will give you some Satisfaction to know immediately. First, my dearest Jennefee, God was pleased to preserve our late Father's Intellects, I may almost say, without wandering, home to the extremest verge of Life; but I doubt whether till within an Hour he thought it was so near at Hand. I did not. He was not terrified. His last Words were pious Ejaculations to Heaven, to receive his Soul: the last Sentence he uttered, was a Pardon to Stowey. He died a truly Christian Death. On the preceding Night, I had a good Deal of Conversation with him; mostly on religious concerns. For about a Fortnight past his Weakness had been encreasing, his Pains having almost entirely quitted him: on Thursday it increased in a Degree almost incredible; his Dissolution, rapid beyond all reasonable Expectation. He had the Assistance of Downman and Gater; and Sally that excellent and truly invaluable Servant was constantly with him, in the Discharge of every possibly Duty towards her Master. As long as she lives, she shall never want a Friend in me. I have told her my Sentiments and she is made happy.

My Mother bore the Stroke in a Manner becoming her Situation, and in a Manner far, very far, beyond my Expectation. She is very composed now; though, at the Time, she was affrighted. The last duty will be performed at Chulmleigh, where I shall attend and, I believe, take Pitman with me. I did not think to have said so much to you; but I trust, my most dear Sister, though you may not

read it with dry Eyes, yet that you will read it without a really aching Heart. May God bless and preserve and comfort you. I thank heaven that you are not here: I thank Heaven that you are with your best Friends; with Friends who so sincerely love you, and will minister to you every possible Consolation. As for me, nothing will so much tend to my Peace Comfort and Tranquility, as to know that you and dear Harriet, receive this Intelligence with that Degree of Pain only which is reasonable, and, more than that, which Religion warrants. We must not sorrow like Men without Hope. As to all temporal Concerns, you need have no Apprehensions. Rely always on my Affection and Love; and if it be entitled to Reward, assure yourself that, besides the returning of that pure Affection, the greatest Rewards I can have is the Preservation of your Tranquility and the Care of your Health, and the greatest Uneasiness I can now experience, your Uneasiness. Do not write me a long Letter, unless you wish to.

I have been much troubled how I should communicate this solemn Event to you, with the least Violence to your Feelings, and I shall suffer much Anxiety till I hear how you support it. But, under all Circumstances, I think you cannot be in a happier Situation at this Period, than you are now placed in, and since it was an Event that must some Time have happened, I devoutly thank God, it did not happen before. This is a subject of great Consolation, and we are bound to pour forth our Gratitude for this signal Mercy. Indeed my dear Jennefee, upon a Review of all the Occurrences of our Family for a very few Years past, I feel my hopes emboldened, and my Trust in the Goodness of Providence towards us, strengthened. Some of our greatest Troubles are removed for ever: what hath greatly disquieted us hath ceased to exist; and as far as human Foresight can extend, we may, not unreasonably, expect to pass the Remainder of our days in that Peace and Quietness which from our very Childhood, we have so little enjoyed. We know, however, that whatever may befall us, the Patience with which we bear Misfortunes, will be rewarded with that Peace which the World cannot give; and though the Measure of our earthly Happiness may be small, yet by our good Conduct in this Life we may secure to ourselves the Rewards which God has promised, by his revealed Word to Mankind - Immortal Life in his Presence.

For my Sake, and if ever my weak Endeavours for your Happiness merited Requit, have an especial Care of your Health, and add to my Happiness the Conviction of your mental Ease. Dear Jennefee, you have a Brother and a Sister to whom your Happiness is an Object of great Concern; let that console you under your present Distress. Consider Harriet as myself: her Gentleness will be more availing than any Thing I can write. William is my nearest Friend: there is now no Man in this World, to whom I owe so much Regard and Affection. Whilst you three are together, I can hardly doubt that any Consolation will be wanting, beyond what my Presence would confer. Amongst you, you share my whole Affections, as a Husband, a Brother, and a Friend, and they are bestowed with that Zeal and Firmness that I hardly believe they can be surpassed. May we ever be bound together by such Ties till Death shall loosen them in this World; for I do not believe that Death dissolves them. Thank God for him who hath departed this Life in God's Faith and Fear - for this Corruptible who, through God's Mercy I trust, shall put on Incorruption - this Mortal who shall put on Immortality.

My Heart is not burdened: It is much eased. Remember me in your Prayers, as your most affectionate

Brother

John Jones.

Exeter, Friday 23. April 1802.

/My Mother sends her best Affections.

23 April 1802
[blue pencil: My grandfather's Death -]

[addressed:

To
Miss Jones
at William Todds Esqr
No 41 Great James Street, Bedford Row,
London

stamped: A APR 26 1802

*Thomas Jones died bankrupt. The 'Exeter Flying Post' published the following notice:
The Creditors who have proved their Debts under a Commission of Bankrupt awarded and issued forth against THOMAS JONES, late of the City of Exeter, Builder, Dealer and Chapman, are desired to meet the Assignees chosen under the said Commission, on the 8th of July next, at Eleven in the Forenoon, at the Globe Tavern, in the said City of Exeter, in order to assent to or dissent from the said Assignees accepting a certain Sum of Money from the Barrack-Office, in full of their Demands; also to assent to or dissent from the said Assignees commencing, prosecuting, of defending any Suit or Suits at Law, or in Equity, for the Recovery of any part of the said Bankrupt's Estate and Effects; and also to the compounding, submitting and Arbitration, or otherwise agreeing any Matter or thing relating thereto, and on other special affairs .*

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My dearest Jones

I must first select and reply to all the passages of your letter relating to the subject of our meeting, which is now ever uppermost in my thoughts, and makes every other seem uninteresting. By several expressions you give me reason to hope [c.o. of] all your arrangements may be made in the course of the present week, and if you can so contrive as to be with us on our Brother's birthday, I will let no difficulties on my part, deprive the whole firm of such a pleasure. Otherwise I shall take my time, and make you wait my leisure. You talk, too, as if your stay would be very short in Town, but I hope to hear something more determinate on this subject, in your next. I have already told you I have no wish to prolong it, on my own account, and if you intend to treat me with a sight of two or three places in my way down, I guess you will not have [c.o.] more than a week to spare to the "Londoners". Yet another passage of yours, gives me an idea that you do not expect so early a summons, and perhaps it may be better not to put ourselves in a hurry. Besides I think if your could have appointed so early a time you would not have forgotten the fifth. Perhaps, too, you may by a little further delay, be able to indulge our Family with more time, without any hinderance of business, if you are able to prepare work for your Clerks so long before hand. If my suggestions [c.o.] meets your concurrence, another week or two will leave us time for all things, and be pleasanter perhaps than such a bustle. Poor Elizabeth⁴⁰³ will not be any obstacle, for her Friends are to fetch her from home the middle of next week, and if it should so happen that you give the preference to the earliest time, your being in Town my very well be kept from her, for the few days of her stay. I went as I intended on Saturday

and at her request remained with her the whole of the next day. She has received a very gratifying message from Mrs Kekewich which has satisfied her, their silence has not proceeded from negligence or pique, but entirely from the painfulness of the office of writing, which when we consider the situations and feelings of all parties, if I think a sufficient excuse; and she admits it as such. She avows more suffering, on Elizabeth's account than on her own, and most probably if deterred from writing from the fear of heightening her sorrow by condolence. It is a difficult task, to address one under a heavy calamity, without knowing [c.o. exactly the] the exact state of mind [c.o. in which they] and disposition of the mourner, and at such a distance, and with so little previous knowledge of hers, these can not easily be ascertained, by Mrs K. - I had little idea of such sorrow, till I witnessed hers. But I must think of her as little as possible - I am disappointed of Jennefee's return, which I now begin to be most anxious for. Mrs Winsloe who was to have brought her to Town today, is confined with the rheumatism in her legs, and will not hear of her returning by the stage. However if her confinement lasts many days longer, I shall urge her to come home at all events. I am afraid, my dear Jones, you have fancied more concealment on the subject of her health than we have practiced. The ill looks I have represented as they really were, and except debility there has been no ailment to conceal. She has been very [c.o.] foolishly (I must call it) frightening herself at the delay of a letter from William, and had, when she wrote, brought on a headache. I am anxious to see her, and judge for myself of her health and her looks, and you may depend on hearing my real sentiments, for, of all things I would avoid occasioning you any disappointment at your meeting. Indeed since I supposed your coming to be so near at hand, this had rather been my aim, than to spare you present alarm, where I was not conscious

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there was any real foundation for it. Her own accounts have latterly been so very favourable, and her spirits apparently so good, that I trust our happiness will not in any degree be overcast by apprehensions for her health. - William has seen Mr Mitford, and taken measure of your straw matrass, which to a hair's breadth fits his bedstead. I believe you know he intend furnishing himself out of your London stock - at least out of such part of it, as you intend to [c.o. part with] dispose of. He shall satisfy you about your book, for I have absolutely forgotten what he said of it, though it is a thing that you are interested in. A sad [c.o. striking] proof how little my memory and attention are improved since we last parted! I will be no bad employment for your idle time, to take them both in training.

I forget whether I told you of the last visit of the Downmans. A party of five from the house they were staying at, called whilst I was at Croydon,⁴⁰⁴ to take leave. William only was at home to receive them. The scandal I alluded to was a report that he was flying from his Creditors, since which I have heard likewise the report of his insanity. Both of which, with another of his having left off practice, were told me by Mrs Hutchinson as current in Devonshire. - I have been greatly alarmed by the recollection, that my pickles are in danger of being spoilt, owing to the respect you have shown them, of keeping them untouched till my arrival. I beg you will immediately look into them, for it is a very common thing for them to require replenishing, when the vinegar is absorbed by the dried vegetables and, if so they may all [c.o.] be ruined. - I am afraid you will find no love in this letter, my dear Jones. I believe it is from feeling that the knowledge of each other; true and warm affection is so well established, that it seem superfluous to talk about it, for I am unconscious of having written "yam yam" a great while.

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[upside down at the top of the page]

However I promise you, you shall perceive no abatement of love when we meet. William goes regularly to Piccadilly every morning therefore if you should come to answer this letter, he will be there to receive you - my heart throbs at the thought, my dearest dear Jones - Heaven preserve you my beloved Husband - my happiness grows quite oppressive even in anticipation. Your own

Harriet

London - Tuesday 31 August 1802

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[addressed:

To
John Jones Esqr.
Exeter

stamped: A AU 802 31

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[note in another hand at the top: The date was upon the other half of the sheet - 2nd September 1802. The marriage took place on the 25⁴⁰⁵ idem !!]

My dearest Jones

[c.o.] Since I dispatched my last letter, I have scarcely ceased to regret the proposal I there made, of hastening our meeting so very suddenly. I was not aware of the anxiety of suspence, in a case so very near the heart. I thought only of the possibility of being restored to your dear arms on that day, which for our William's sake is already marked as happy. Jennefee has given me a hope that I may have a few lines tomorrow, if, as you sometimes do, [c.o.] you sent to the post-house for my last, immediately on its arrival. Yours of today neither confirms nor destroys my hopes - if hopes they may be called, for I can scarcely say what I now wish. All I hope is that [c.o.] your fear of disappointing me, will not induce you to put either your Mother or yourself to the smallest inconvenience. I blame myself more than I can tell you for the folly of such a suggestion, which must keep three of us in such a state doubtful expectation, till the time is past. For myself - I am in such a perturbed disposition of mind that I feel unable to furnish a full letter, for I cannot write on indifferent subjects, and on this I shall perhaps disturb you by dwelling so long. The bare possibility too, of you being set out before this reaches Exeter, makes me less solicitous about its length. I cannot wholly resign the expectation, for though your Mother was unsettled on Tuesday you think she will have fixed her choice by the end of the week, and your own impatience [c.o. strengthened] heightened by mine may urge you to [c.o. a] compliance with my [c.o. abrupt] invitation, abrupt as it must seem. My dearest Jones I need not make professions to satisfy you I will not put you off by frivolous delays. What I could do for the happiness of the whole Firm I would

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willingly do for the wishes of the dearest party in it, though contrary to my own; that then have I to

say when they are the same? You must know, my beloved Jones my dear dear Husband, that my anxiety for our meeting can be but little lower than your own, or you must charge me with deficiency in affection. Yet unless your place is taken I could wish it were deferred a little longer. Perhaps it may be better that our meeting and your stay should be unclouded by the separation from dear Elizabeth. When she is once removed from my sight, I shall be better able to surmount all gloomy impressions and to meet you as we both must wish. I believe I mentioned she was to go in the course of the next week. I fear I shall have sufficient trial of my steadiness in the necessary course of our meeting and departure. It will be no small cause of emotion to meet you after an absence of ten months, endeared to me, as you have been by various circumstances since our last separation. And I am not without my fears for the steadiness of others, on our departure. You have urged me to tell you how much time I absolutely want, and I will tell you, presuming that you admit the reasonableness of my motives for delay. Trust me I would not urge it upon trivial ones. Suppose I name a fortnight from this time, for your setting out. [c.o.] If you agree to this arrangement, remember you must speak of it as your own for William's eye, for I have already expressed my wish for [c.o.] it, and as I told you, was opposed. I am thoroughly satisfied with your guess at the time of your stay, I find we may still avoid Saint Andrew, and still be married at our Parish Church, Saint George the Martyr's in Queen Square is, you know a united Parish with St Andrew. - I shall pack up and dispatch the linen as soon as possible. - Again my dear Jones, the chance for seeing you on Sunday presents itself to my imagination, and half bewilders it. - You will see, our dear Jennefee is with us, and shares in the anxiety I have provided for all who love you. I never felt such joy at meeting her - not even at Heavitree. - My dear "old bald pate" - when shall I really embrace you - I am not myself when I look forward to it - Your own fondly affectionate

Harriet Todd

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[pencil: 102]

[pencil: May 2/03]

My dear Jennefee

Your Letter to Harriet arrived here this Morning - But in the first Place, I ought to speak of Harriet herself. She is still better than she was Yesterday; and, if it were not for the Restraint she imposes on herself, would be, in all Respects, just the same as ever. Already she grumbles at her Diet, and just now had a Piece of Bread in her Hand, which could not weigh much less than a Pound. I have procured all Sorts of Biscuits for her, that she may have variety. She sleeps a good Part of the Day; but her Sleep is very light, and her Spirits are wholly unencumbered. Last Night she slept soundly from ten, when I left her, till three in the morning, when after taking a Draught, for which however she had not been roused but awoke of her own accord, she again fell asleep, and slept till near seven. I never saw her look so well in my Life. She bears Silence pretty well, but would be forward enough to talk if it were permitted. I think it however improper for her to see, or rather to have redde to her, your Letter, unless I knew, beforehand, all the Contents. Even in that Case, I don't think her Faculties ought to be employed. The Letter therefore must remain unopened till I think fit: and if it contain any Thing that I should know, you must write to me, or tell me to open your Letter to Harriet. The Baby goes on better than I expected. It has had a very proper Evacuation by Means of Castor Oil, that Cutcliffe ordered, and does not reject the Gruel. Harriet is very well apprized that we must wait to see how it may thrive; and lest any Accident should befall it, and against which it is impossible it should be secure, we had it baptised this Morning, by the Name

of Maria Jennefee. It is stronger than it was, and abundantly more quiet, and the Colour indicates, as I understand from Cutcliffe, a more general circulation; but still its Thriving must, for some Time remain a Matter of Doubt.

Mrs. Todd never presumes to interfere nor has been in the Room but when sent for, and then does not stay a Minute. The House is perfectly still, and respecting my dear Harriet, there

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cannot be a Shadow of Doubt of her doing admirably well: this, I may say, is my only Concern, for unless the Baby gave unequivocal Signs of thriving well, and of being a strong healthy Child I should certainly not be anxious for it to live, especially as Harriet seems to have so fair Chance of "replacing" that, and a great many more; neither ought either, of us two, to forget that of living Children born, not one half the Number attains one Year. I should have regretted a Miscarriage much more than the Event which, there is an equal Chance perhaps, may happen.

As I have Business, and as I must write to William, I cannot go much further with you. I do not suppose you can wish me to write again to-morrow, therefore I shall forbear, and you will take my Silence for Intelligence that all goes on well.

My Mother seems very solicitous on this Event, and enumerates all the People she knows, who were "seven Months' Children". I cannot stay to give you their names. The Nurse does very well, and has not any one of the old-established abominable Notions. Sally too is very cognoscent, attentive & assisting in all Things where she can help: indeed she does little else.

Ever my dear Jennefee, your affectionate Brother
John Jones

Exeter, 2. May 1803. Monday.

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2 May 1803

[blue pencil: 8 mos after marriage.]

[red pencil: a 7 mos child born -

Maria Jennefee

Died]

[addressed:

To
Miss Jennefee Jones
at Mr Alexander Lamb's
Attorney
Dartmouth

stamped: EXETER 176

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[pencil: 103]

[pencil: May 4/03]

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My dear Jennefee,

To prevent Alarm, I must, at the Outset of my Letter, tell you that Harriet is well. But the Caution I gave in my first Letter respecting the Uncertainty of the Child's Life, from the Circumstance of its premature Birth, was not unreasonable. It grew much worse Yesterday Evening, and died this Morning, about two o'Clock I believe. Cutcliffe had given me to understand what I was to expect. I had all along expressed so much Doubt to Harriet, that she was tolerably prepared for the Event: I mean, that she was apprized that the Life of the Child was an equal Chance. I was called up soon after it happened, and it gives me the most heartfelt Satisfaction to tell you, that she bore it, to the full, as well as I could wish. I own I am more at Ease, than I was. I have been by her Bedside for the last twelve hours. At six, this Morning, she had a very composed Sleep of nearly three Quarters of an Hour. Cutcliffe came rather earlier than usual, as I had sent to inform him of what had happened. He finds her in as favourable a State as ever, without one single Symptom of an untoward Kind; she has no Tendency to Fever, no bodily Pain or Uneasiness. She ate very well, and Cutcliffe ordered some Wine with her Arrow Root, and that she should sit up a short Time. At one she accordingly got up, found no Debility in going from the Bed to the Fireside, washed herself, put on clean Cloaths, and her Bed-Linen changed: and is now returned to Bed again and fallen into a sweet Sleep. You may well suppose that she has felt much Emotion; but it has been as little painful to her as you

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could expect. It is now very fortunate that you did not pursue your Intention of returning, and I am really glad you chanced to be absent. Mrs. Todd has been upstairs two or three Times; but we are more cautious of talking to Harriet than ever.

I am, however, at Ease, on Harriet's Account; but I feel a Heaviness of Heart, I scarcely know why. I was certainly more afraid of the Child's Living than of its dying; for the rearing of a sickly Child would have been a Source of perpetual Anxiety and Dread. It is now taken off at a Time, when Harriet's Affections cannot be very strongly moved towards it.

You will now be anxious to hear from me again by to-morrow's Post. I shall not fail to write, though you need not doubt that I shall give you good Intelligence of Harriet. Her Diet will be changed to-morrow: Cutcliffe says no Woman can have a better Time than she has.

Ever, my dear Jennefee, your affectionate

Brother John Jones.

Exeter, Wednesday 4. May 1803.

Mrs Todd desires her Love to you.

/

1/2 past 8 P.M. I kept my Letter open to give you the latest Intelligence. Harriet is not only more composed, but greatly better than she was four Hours since. Cutcliffe was here about two hours since: he allows her a small Quantity of Wine in her Gruel; boiled Chicken for to-morrow's Dinner; and she had this Evening had two Dishes of Chocolate. He says every Thing is in the best possible State. Farewell.

1

4 May 1803

[addressed:

To

Miss Jennefee Jones
at Mr Alexander Lamb's

Attorney
Dartmouth

1

[pencil: 104]

[pencil: May 10/03]

My dear Jennefee,

Mrs. Todd's Letter of Yesterday must have made you quite easy with Respect to Harriet, who is now so entirely well in all Respects that it will be needless to give you such frequent Accounts of her, as you have had of late. I write now, principally, to satisfy you respecting myself; but I shall not be able to say much, as I am in a good Deal of Pain, and my Head not quite clear, through want of Sleep. On Saturday Night I first perceived the Symptoms of this Fit of Gout, which has come on with such Rapidity and such extraordinary Violence, as really surprises me. On Sunday Night it raged with such extreme Pain, that I could scarcely endure it: the Pain is still considerable, & I feel Symptoms of it in my sound Foot - it is at present in the left Foot. As I have so long been threatened with it, and have had such general disagreeable Sensations, I have no doubt that I shall be much the better for it, when it is over: but I shall have paid a good Price for the Ease which I expect. I have with much ado got on a gauze Stocking on my Leg to day; I am the more comfortable for it, for my Petticoats were not a sufficient Protection against the Air. My Foot is enormously swollen, and of a fine bright Scarlet.

Harriet, for these three Days, has been in the Drawing Room: it is impossible for any one to be better than she is. She has had no Inconvenience whatever, as to what you enquired after; and I believe that, at present, there is an End to it, as Cutcliffe predicted there would, in the Course of a very few Days. There has been no Pain or Hardness: what flowed came very gradually & freely, and has exhausted itself in the best and easiest Manner. After this Letter I imagine you will not think such frequent Accounts necessary, it is rather painful for me to write, & if the Gout seizes my right foot, I shall not be able to write at all: for with both Legs up, I can get no Position at a Table. As to dear Harriet, it will be impossible to say any Thing new, for all Cause of Apprehension is now removed, & all that can be said will be, from Day to Day, that she is stronger & stronger. To-day we all dine together at three o'Clock. She ate boiled Mutton Yesterday & is now going to have roasted Veal.

I desired Mrs. Todd to tell you of the Death of Sir John Davie⁴⁰⁶: I conclude she has done so. He died on Sunday Morning I believe; & I was therefore much surprised at Lord Mayo⁴⁰⁷ and Sheldon⁴⁰⁸ coming here to my House the same Evening to get an Order from me for them to see the Gaol. I conclude Bent is a good deal distressed: though a Man after losing two wives cannot have much feeling left to bestow on other People's distresses.

Harriet's Love to you - I am glad you are the better for your stay at Dartmouth.

Ever my dear Jennefee your
affectt. Brother John Jones

Exeter - Tuesday 10. May 1803.

10 May 1803

[addressed:

To

Miss Jennefee Jones
at Mr Alexander Lamb's
Attorney
Dartmouth

1

[pencil: 105]

[pencil: May 30/03]

My dear Jennefee,

Harriet has commissioned me to answer your Letter. She yesterday wrote to Mrs. Norris⁴⁰⁹ and to Mrs. Rose⁴¹⁰, I think, and her Eyes are so much worse for the Exertion, that it is, by no Means, proper for her to use them again so soon. The Reason is that the Fomentation of Hemlock⁴¹¹ has in some Degree weakened her right Eye, and a Wash that Cutcliffe gives her seems rather to make it more uneasy for the present. The Tumour is abating perceptibly. She is, in all Respects, quite well; the Weather has hitherto prevented her going to Church - or rather my Remonstrances in Consequence of the Weather: for the Cathedral, where she must go, is abundantly too damp for her at present. Enclosed I send you a Pound Note, and would have sent you more, but that it would at this Moment, be inconvenient. If it be not enough, write to me again. You will, I conclude, come home before your Birthday. My Gout is leaving me very fast, and my Leg getting into Shape again. Unluckily I hit my Foot against the Stairs to-day, & gave myself much Pain. In looking over your Letter, I perceive a Commission is to be attended to. I will speak to Harriet about it before I close this Letter. You mention Fanny Milton⁴¹². Was it very good Behaviour for her to be in Exeter without calling here? She was, by accident, seen by one of our Servants in the Street: Mary Bent⁴¹³ who was here last Saturday or Friday excused it on Account of Harriet's not being visible. Did that prevent her from coming to the House to enquire after Harriet? Hole of Farringdon⁴¹⁴ is dead; rather unexpectedly I trow. I hope when you return, Harriet and you will be able to meet without reviving very strongly the Remembrance of the late Events. Dear Harriet is a good Deal Saddened at Times, and I dare not say or do any Thing, for Fear of making her worse: but she has, altogether, as good Spirits - as good, even, as I can wish. Old Mrs. Brooke gives Accounts of Mrs G. Kekewich⁴¹⁵ totally contradictory to your Reports from Dartmouth. "The Bit of netting" is very safely brought home from the Dyer's. A good Pull at the Bell, by a Crew of Farmers, obliges me to leave off. Remembrances to Mr. & Mrs. Lamb.

Ever my dear Jennefee, affectionately yours
John Jones

Exeter, Monday 30. May 1803

30 May 1803

1v

[addressed:

To
Miss Jones
at Mr Lamb's

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Attorney
Dartmouth.

[pencil on the edge names of signs of the zodiac]

1

My dearest Harriet,

You will have seen that your Letter Yesterday did not reach me till I had concluded mine to you. Like Lawyer Dowling⁴¹⁶, I was so much hurried, that I could not add any Thing, even if there had been any Time allowed me; for I came home to William's Chambers thoroughly tired, and immediately got my Dinner at George's. To continue my Journal, I attended the Consultation, and the Counsel agreed on Opinion that, we had a very bad Case! Incessant heavy Rain, prevented William & me from going a Walk, or indeed even from leaving the Coffee House, for a long while after we had dined. When it was near seven, we walked home through the Rain, & had a visit from your Father. The Rest of the Evening passed in Gossiping. This Morning, however, the weather has cleared up, and it has been very fine. At seven we walked through Piccadilly & St. James's Street & Pall Mall, staring at the Print Shops before Breakfast. At 10 I went to Westminster Hall, hoping the Cause would be called on - unluckily however, after waiting there the whole Forenoon, the Judges were summoned to attend the House of Lords, and the Business, necessarily, postponed. In my Way back from the Hall, I met William, by Appointment, we went to Brooke's where we sat a good while with him and his Father. Brooke made no Fuss at seeing me. The old Brooke has taken a House at Lambeth, very near the Palace - a very small one, I understand, & not large enough to hold their Furniture: then go into it at Michaelmas. I promised to call on old Mrs. Brooke if I could - this, however, is now improbable. We then called on the Irelands - and afterwards I dropped a card at Leathes's in Bernard's Inn. This has brought on the Day to three o'Clock which is now striking. I shall be early at Westminster to-morrow & hope to end my Business.

Thank you my dear Wife for your long Letter. I am heartily glad to find you can take Exercise so largely, without feeling the worse for it. If it were not for William my Stay in Town - my being in Town, would be nauseous. I am not, in the smallest Degree, interested by any Thing here, and without William should feel an insupportable Vacuity. Every one remarks my Size, and I begin to think myself something like an Elephant. I am wishing already to get back again. I thank Heaven for my Lot in the Country with you, my dearest Harriet; and if I were alone should be hipped⁴¹⁷ with the Retrospect of what has, and the Dread of what might have, been. Bill is very alert, though he yawns constantly - I believe he has already had enough of me. I must give him my Paper; for he is desirous of filling the other Side. I have made a Bargain with him. As my Clients must maintain me here, he would be giving them my Lodging, Breakfast Tea &c. So I pay him by making him dine with me at their Expense. Is not this fair?

[upside down at top]

I thank Jennefee for her Ends, & hope she will make use of the good Weather. I had rather join you upon a Bone of boiled Pawrke & "Rames", than any Company or Diet this noble City can afford. Remember me to Mrs. Todd - you see I do'nt forget Form. I shall not be able to write to-morrow. Of Course you will not be able to write to me after receiving this - but you may think of me, as often as you 'please. Ever your own

John Jones.

21 June 1803

My dear Harriet -

While Jones is writing to Mr. Hine, I am to try what I can say to you, though as I wrote so lately you cannot expect much from me - Jones is quite well, & not yet much reduced though I have very great Hopes of Success - We live very soberly & regularly, we go to Bed at 11 & rise about 7 or earlier - He was a little tired the first Day & very civil, which I do not much wonder at, as he had been without Sleep for two Nights, but now he is as impudent as you can wish - we agree tolerably well, but I am obliged to bear a great deal - you know how meek & submissive I am on all Occasions - We have walked a good deal to Day, both before & since Breakfast - I have hitherto been very little out of his charming Company, though till this Day we have been almost kept at home by incessant Rain, yesterday we went no where but for a Dinner - This Day has been very fine & we have called on Brooke - I have just heard Part of Jones's Letter, not the "yam yam" & find that I was about to repeat what he had already told you, for I suppose, that still his Letter will have the Preference to mine - He need not wonder that I am tired of him, I believe his Regard for me is so great, & for my "Tranquility", that he is striving to make me see his Departure without Regret - I do not much Doubt his Success - However I will endeavour to bear his Stay with becoming Tranquility - Thank you kindly for your Consideration in comforting yourself in his Absence from the Thoughts of the Pleasure you expected his Journey would give me - I think we have been somewhat more comfortable since the first Day, & that he feels himself more at home - He may have told you that he begins to wish himself back but do not believe him, he's a sad Fellow, & I much wish I had known him earlier, that I might have prevented the inevitable Misery that awaits you, in such a Husband - But do not let this make you unhappy, merely take it as warning, to prepare you for meeting his Brutality with proper fortitude -

I should perhaps have written to Jennefee had I had the other Side, which is occupied to Mr. Hine - my Mother I suppose does not expect to hear from me again, since what I have said - Jones was complaining to you yesterday of my Untidyness, but do not believe him, I know you will not, for you well know what Confusion he puts every Place into, where he can get himself into - & you know me too well to believe such a Calumny - I will allow that my Chambers want painting, & I had Thoughts of having it done, & now I find he likes them, it will be a stronger Inducement, for I had not determined on staying, & therefore would not throw my Money away, for the Benefit of others - We pig very well in my Bed-Room, I did not know that I could have accommodated him so well, indeed I say that he declined accepting my Offer, & surprised him much at Dinner on Sunday by asking him where he slept - Had he caught me in my Bed as you suggested my Surprise would not have been so great, as he must he must [sic] have roused me by knocking, & the earliness of the Hour, would have made me guess who it was, at least he would not have seen my Surprise - I am sorry to find my Mother continues so bad - Your affectionate Brother, William Todd.

My dearest Wife,

I believe it is not often that Letters are written under such Circumstances as the present. I am now in the Court of Exchequer, with the Judges on my right hand, and a Crowd of Counsel and Attornies surrounding me. Since I wrote last I have passed my Time just as I did before - I left you

last Saturday before Dinner. William and I, after Dinner, went to the Opera, where I was a little, and very little, entertained by Mrs. Billington⁴¹⁹. I saw the first Act of the Opera, and the first Ballet, when, as the Great Milton says, my Patience was almost subdued; but I waited to hear one Song of Rovedino's⁴²⁰, and then we left the House. I should not omit to tell you that the Opera was Calypso, one of the most favourite that they have had for several Years; that "the House was full of Beauty and Fashion", and that Mrs. Billington, as I saw by Yesterday's Paper, "was in very fine Voice. I have never had the smallest Particle of Curiosity or Inclination to go to the Playhouse. On Sunday, as soon as I could get drest, I went accompanied by William, first to Mr. Orchard's⁴²¹, where I had a long Tete a Tete with Mrs. Orchard; and thence I called at Mr. Carr's⁴²² near Portman Square: Bill and I proceeded to Kensington Gardens, where we made Turn after Turn and finally reached Sever's⁴²³ at five o'Clock. This was a Walk of five hours complete! and I felt so little Fatigue and so little Pain in my Ancles, that I could, very well, have walked again in the Evening. At Sever's we met Brooke, and dined comfortably enough; but not long after Dinner, we were intruded upon by old Brooke, who knew of our Meeting; and he, very wisely and very politely put an End to all sort of Festivity, by calling for Tea. I have broken the Order of my Narrative; for I should have told you that, on Saturday, as soon as I had closed my Letter to you, I walked with William to Islington, and made a pretty long Visit to Mrs. Brooke. She, formally, asked a great many Questions about you, and proclaimed her affection for you much in the same Terms she would have used about her Squirrel or her Linnet. The house they have hired at Lambeth, though small, is, I understand, very comfortable - Severs & Henry Brooke are satisfied with it; but both the old ones are as much dissatisfied as if it were a hovel without Windows or a Roof. She looks very well; but much thinner than usual.

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We did not leave Sever's House till near eleven. On Monday Morning, Yesterday, I attended, as usual the Court. Colonel Orchard came down here to see me. The Court broke up before my Cause could be called on. I met Captain Bickford⁴²⁴ in the Strand, and had a few words with him: his Business, luckily, is not very pressing. William and I called on the Hutchinsons - dined at Georges - and at seven, with Hutchinson, we went to Leathes's in Bernard's Inn, who entertained us with Tea, Curiosities, Prints & Manuscripts, and afterwards with a Supper of Bread and Cheese. We did not leave him till near one in the Morning. I felt myself more comfortable there, than I have felt any where else in Town. This Morning I am come down to Court again - and here I am at a Table, with a very learned Argument of Mr. Plummer's⁴²⁵ dinning in my Ears. I have seen my Counsel here, the principal of whom has just told me that there is no Possibility of the Cause coming on to-day, and consequently it must stand over till Michaelmas Term, when I must, necessarily, have another Journey to-Town. However as it is not strictly impossible that it may be heard to-day, I shall sit here for a few Hours, and scribble on, as long as I can: though the Din of the Court, and the Eyes that may overlook my Letter as I write, will perhaps prevent its being a very connected.

This Morning when I left New [c.o. Court] Inn, I called at Radcliffe's Chambers, and desired he would send into the City and take a Place for me in the Mail to-morrow Night: if that is done, I shall be on the Road when you receive this Letter: but you must not depend on seeing me Thursday Evening and I beg you and Jennefee will not think of meeting me, for I cannot leave the Coach, on Account of my Papers, and the Assize Precept which has been delivered to me here - I cannot trust them a Moment out of my sight, for Fear of Accidents.

Thank you, my dearest wife, for your Letter of Yesterday. I am perfectly well satisfied with your projected visit to Teignmouth; but Jennefee's Report of your gardening and the violent heat your brought on yourself has given me some little Uneasiness. I shall not leave you at home another Time, to play such Tricks. I am very anxious to get Home. Perhaps a little Time might reconcile me to the Course of Life I lead here; but at present, to say the very best of it, it is excessively

disagreeable after the Quiet and Cuffleness⁴²⁶ of Home. Town is become to me, a very odious Place; and leaving my home Business so long, gives me the Fidgets.

As soon as I quit this Court, I mean, if possible, to call William from his Office, and to go with him to the British Museum, to see the Aegyptian Antiquities which have lately been deposited there. A most curious Piece of Antiquity - A Stone with an Inscription in Hieroglyphicks, in Coptic and in Greek, in the Time of Ptolomy Euergetes⁴²⁷ has been brought hither, and I have been poring over a Fac Simile of it. This was nearly 200 years before the vulgar Aera, and is more clear and legible than this Letter.⁴²⁸ At the Museum I expect to see Statues, Idols, Vases &c. &c. & to delight old Downman with the Report. When I come down, I shall tell you all about it; and in the mesne Time, you must read the account of Aegypt in Andrew Brice.⁴²⁹ We are to dine, to day, at half past five, at Brooke's, where Severs is to meet us. Brooke is not very forward in Conversation: he seems more afraid than formerly; for he must now, in Reality, feel the narrow Scale of his own Intellects.

I have complied with your Orders, and bought myself six Pair of beautiful Cotton Stockings. I conclude six Pair make "a Stock". I have laid out no other Money; and I think it by no means unlikely that you will pardon my bringing down no other Bauble than myself. I was going to buy a set of Moliere for myself; till I recollected I should be better entertained in kissing you, than in reading French Plays, and that the former Amusement was much cheaper; as - like Bacon and Eggs in a Farmer's House - it costs nothing. In Truth I am pining for want of some Kisses; which may seem strange, considering where I am; but the Truth is that this whole vast City does not contain one single Pair of Lips to satisfy me, though I were famishing for want of Lips. In Kensington Gardens, though I am an Amateur of fine Faces, I could not discover above two or three that were tolerable, and those were the Property of some very young Chits, just come from School, I should think. This circumstance strengthens my former Apprehensions that upon my quitting Town and marrying you, all the London Beauties cut their Throats, or poisoned or hung themselves, or broke their Hearts or their Necks.

The Argument at my Elbow is now so learned and so loud, that it is no easy Matter to proceed in an orderly way: the Point is whether an Extent can, in the learned Counsel's Case, issue without a previous Scire Facias. His voice, is certainly extended to the Utmost; notwithstanding which, Baron Hotham⁴³⁰ is just asleep: he has not once opened his Mouth, except to yawn, ever since I have been in Attendance here.

I have not the smallest Objection to the extraordinary Cleanliness of our House; for than at the Freedom from Noise are two Circumstances which greatly enhance the Comfort of Home. I have very comfortable bodily sensations, and only want my wife to make my Comforts complete.

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[upside down]

"Sur" will be dismayed at the News of the Postponement of his Trial. You may give Hine to understand that I shall be home on Thursday. The daily Postponements making my Return hitherto uncertain have kept me in utter Ignorance of what has been going on in the Office in my Absence. We shall have a cuffle Day on Sunday; I look forward to it as a delicious Rest, and trust in heaven I shall not find you the worse for Gardening, nor for your Journey to Teignmouth. I take it that William will be down almost immediately as soon as the Assizes are ended, & with the worst of my Office

[addressed:

To

Mrs. Jones

in the Close

Exeter

stamped: C JU 1803 28]

Some of the mob have departed - but I hardly know what use to make of these Folds, for I cannot very well collect my Thoughts. I think you ought to preserve this Letter as a singular Curiosity; for it is perhaps the only "Love Letter" written in this Hall since the Days of William Rufus, when it was built. William principally, I think, at my Instigation has given Warning to his dirty Laundress, and has had one, more cleanly, recommended to him by Hutchinson's Wife. But he passes so little Time in Chambers, that Dirt is a matter of very small consequence. William Hutchinson was to arrive here this morning,

I must now conclude at once; for there are so many People crowded round me, that I cover my Paper, yet I cannot write without being overlooked. Do not depend on my Arrival on Thursday night: yet you may get plenty of warm water for me in Readiness, in Case I should come. Remembrances to all, at Home. Ever, my beloved wife, your own true John Jones -

His Majesty's Court of Exchequer - June - Tuesday 1803

1

My dearest Harriet,

I reached home Yesterday soon after twelve, very safe and no less, wet; for it rained during the whole Journey, and sometimes very hard - Ten Writs had arrived the same Day; two more were brought in; and I had, besides, the Offscourings of Saturday and the Arrears of Sunday to get through - I had not ended the Sheriff's Work last Night till just ten o'Clock; and I worked as quick if not quicker than ever you Father does, or even any of the Clerks of the Alien Office. I ate two Bones of Neck of Mutton and drank my Beer: Gin Wine and Tea are again discontinued since I quitted you. Soon after eight to Day I began again; and have just now, near eight o'Clock, finished. You may be sure I have no Cold, nor any Thing to complain of, except Thirst which I resolve not to gratify.

The Rain has continued ever since I left you with very few and short Interruptions Just before I ate my two Bones of cold Mutton to-day, I called on my Mother, who is much better. Betty will buy your veal and send it to-morrow: there went no Carrier to-day; and on Monday, I was so hurried with the Business of the Office, that I forgot all my Commissions till after the Carrier was gone out of Town. I thought of it, in the Midst of Dinner and sent Betty off; but it proved too late.

Doctor Hutchinson⁴³¹ to-day brought me a Letter to-day from William.⁴³² The Letter is a short one, on Account of the short notice he had for writing it; but it contains a curious Particular - Brooke's Offer to William of a Secretary's Place to somebody

1v

going out to Gibraltar, where Bill would have 200£. a Year!!! a Sum about equivalent to one hundred or eighty Pounds in this Country. Bill asks my Opinion; but I can hardly believe he is in earnest in asking it. I suppose the Patron is some quondam Chophouse Friend of Brooke's. He says he has given your Letter to Elizabeth⁴³³, he says she looks very unwell; owing I suppose to the Agitation which was mentioned in one of the Letters you showed me. Hutchinson says William looks very well, and that Mrs. Todd shows no Appearance of any Complaint. I told him of the Boulimia, and asked him what was a good Cure for it. He answered - "Beef". His Brother's wife,

"Sew-zen o - pen thee Door", is quite as well as any Woman so soon after Childbirth can be.⁴³⁴ The Hutchinsons do'nt stand upon Trifles; and it is sometimes very well with them, when it ought to be very ill.

Mr. Warren,⁴³⁵ too, called this Afternoon, and prosed rather longer than I liked; but the Thoughts of my approaching Journey to Town gave his Conversation a Relish, which no other Circumstance would, perhaps, have bestowed on it.

Unless I copy out the Visit CHECK Book I can give you no further Particulars of any Thing that has passed since our Parting. I wish I could see the Letter you wrote me to-day, before I dispatch this. I am anxious to know how my Little Finger goes on; whether you have any Pain in your Back, Loss of Appetite, or Encrease of Debility. I wish you would give me another Letter to-morrow, unless you should think it quite superfluous after the Account which I shall receive to-morrow. I conclude I shall see Cutcliffe in the Forenoon to-morrow -

I wrote to-day a Billet to Foxton,⁴³⁶ containing my "Cravings" as Undersheriff,⁴³⁷ and I desired him to tell me when I should come to Town. I conclude I shall receive his Answer, by Return of Post on Saturday; but I shall hold myself in Readiness to set off on Monday, or Tuesday at the farthest. In the mean Time you will let me know exactly how much Money you will want, that I may provide it in Time; and get ready all your Letters and Commissions, if you have any: but you must remember, this is a Journey out of my own Pocket; so no Commissions that cost any Thing.

I believe the House is now tolerably clean; and the only Thing I have to fear is, your Bed not being kept properly aired. Betty is very inquisitive to know how Missess and Miss Jones is: and last Night told me that "shore I had had enough of it". I never gave you Betty's "Dooty", with which I am always charged, for you and Jennefee whenever I go to Dawlish -

My Genius runs dry and I can't pump up any Thing more to day. I must take Leave and wish you a good Night. I shall not be very long out of Bed. God Bless you my dearest Harriet,

Your affectionate Husband

John Jones.

Exeter, Tuesday 31. January 1804

Love to Jennefee.

1

x31 Janry 1804

[addressed:

To

Mrs. Jones
(Potter's Lodgings)
Dawlish

stamped: EXETER 176

1

My dearest Harriet

I got Home rather earlier than before; but am not more enamoured of the Stage than I was at first. I have been quite well since my Return, except some Degree of Weakness produced by the Heat of the Weather, which I am very certain is unfavourable to my gouty Complaints; and I believe the uncomfortable Sensations I felt at Exmouth were produced by Fatigue and Heat, neither of which agree with me at present. I have taken short Walks here three Times a day, and I find that the Exercise is quite enough, for every beneficial Purpose. I have not yet called at Downman's. but I mean to to-morrow: Indeed I have been too much engaged, & have been incessantly employed, so that I have not materials for so long a Letter as my former one. No one has been here, except Mrs. O Niel⁴³⁸ & her Children whom, I had not Time to talk to, and my mother who is here every Day & almost the whole of the Day, and sits in the little Parlour. As for myself I do not like to leave the Parlour for the Office, yet.

The Nankeen⁴³⁹ was found in the great Case of Drawers in my Dressing Room, & is not made up in a Parcel, ready for the Carrier, whose coming is, I find, very uncertain. I hope you will immediately make yourself a Pair of Guetres⁴⁴⁰, or any Contrivance to keep out the Sand; for the Stooping to empty your Shoes much be a prejudicial Thing to You.

I wish I had desired you to write on Tuesday; for I want very much to hear how you go on, and particularly whether, since you have eaten Meat, your Pulse has quickened. I want the Time to arrive when you may safely bathe which in this hot weather would make your Sensations more comfortable. As I find more Benefit from Air than from Leg-Exercise, my Walks are usually on the Castle Wall, where I take it in fresh from the Sea; and saw Exmouth yesterday so clearly, that with a good Glass, I might have distinguished you upon the Strand. The Sight of it so near, is tantalizing: like a very young Gentleman, I was wishing for Wings, & was calculating how long the Flight would take.

1v

Since writing the last Paragraph, I have dined; and instead of going to Work after Dinner, I determined on a Walk, and for Want of a better Companion made Pitman go with me by the Side of the River as far as James's Wear. I have just had some Teas since my Return, and feel myself the better for the Walk. 'Tis however excessively hot, and I am sweating profusely; though I took the Walk very leisurely. But this is not the only Gaiety I have indulged in to-day. About Noon Pitman took Occasion to remind me that this was the Day Mrs. Sparke⁴⁴¹ was to be set in the Pillory, and "supposed" I should like to see her. This was asking to go out himself - I accordingly attended Mrs. Sparke whom I found a young well-looking woman; standing very quietly and composedly in the Pillory, which was an enormous Height, and no one offered to pelt her. I afterwards heard that she ascended the Pillory with great Resolution and sat Shame at Defiance. But I have since heard that before her Hour was up her Spirits failed her and she was extremely disheartened. I have been told that this Punishment entirely breaks the Spirits forever, however hardened the Criminal may be. The Executioner was going to take her out of the Pillory before the hour was expired; but the Mob, which was immense, prevented it. She was received and dismissed with an universal Hiss. She had been several Times before the magistrates for the same Offence: but what greatly aggravated her Crime was her having been the Means of seducing several Girls into a Course of Prostitution. I think her Punishment very properly inflicted.

Mrs. Oniel has been here again this Evening with her two Children! but they advanced no farther than the Garden. I should have taken another Walk but for the Din of the regimental Musick, which is not sounding in my Ears though it is just nine o'Clock.

I shall probably come on Horseback on Saturday, for the sake of the Exercise; & you will see me as early as I can possibly come: but the precise Time cannot be certain.

Ever my dearest Harriet, your own true
John Jones.

Exeter, Wednesday 18. July 1804.

Love to Jennefee. No Letter from Bill.

1

[addressed:

To

Mrs. John Jones
at Miss Elson's Lodgings
Exmouth

stamped: EXETER 176

1

[pencil: 106]

[pencil: Nov 11/04]

My dear Jennefee

Harriet and I are not a little perplexed by your Silence, having heard nothing of you since Mr. Lamb was here, which was as long ago, I believe, as last Thursday Week. If any Thing were amiss, we conclude we should have heard, if not from you, at least from Mrs. Lamb. For some Days we have been thinking of writing; and in daily Expectation of receiving a Letter, we have from Time to Time been putting it off, till we are become really anxious to get rid of the Suspense. I beg you will not delay another Day to write.

Harriet has been perfectly well in all Respects ever since you heard from me, when the Parcel was sent. The Parcel was kept for the Carrier to take with him; as we found that the Postman went no further than Totnes, which made Harriet apprehend it might not be safely conveyed to you by that Means. My Mother, too, is perfectly well as has been with us almost every Day since you left Home. She is now in the Room.

I would give you News; but there is none. Harriet has received a Letter from William in which, however, there is nothing very material. Things go on as usual, barring the "Improvements" of the house, which are not yet at an End.

Harriet and my Mother send their best Love.

Ever, Dear Jennefee, your affectionate Brother

John Jones

Exeter, Sunday Night, 11. Nov. 1804.

Make our Remembrances to Mrs. Lamb - and also to Jennefee Minor, and Alexander the little.

1v

11 November 1804

[addressed:

To

Miss Jennefee Jones
at Mr Alexander Lamb's
Dartmouth

stamped: EXETER 176

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[pencil: 107]

[pencil: Mar 15. /06]

My dear Jennefee

Your Silence has kept us for many Days in a State of the most anxious Suspense. I expected nothing would have prevented your writing to me by last Monday's Post, as I either did, or meant particularly to, request; and I cannot imagine to myself the Cause of the Disappointment. Four Days - four clear Days, have elapsed without a Word from you. Besides which Harriet has been expecting the Arrival of a Parcel which, I apprehend, contains Things of some Value, or to have received Advice by Post of their being sent. Darke⁴⁴² and the other Servants are sent Hour after Hour to the different Inns. I assure you I am very far from being at Ease; and beg that, at all Events, I may hear from you by the Return of Post.

I have no other Subject to write upon; and indeed it would, in this present State of Perplexity, leave me no Inclination to write upon any other. Could it happen that you did not receive mine and Harriet's joint Letter? We are all well, but shall not be at Ease till we hear from you.

My dear Jennefee, your ever affectionate

John Jones.

Exeter, Saturday 15. March 1806.

15 March 1806

[addressed:

To

Miss Jennefee Jones
at William Todd's Esqr.
No 19 Gloucester Street
Queen's Square
London

stamped: A MAR 17 1806

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[pencil: 108]

[pencil: Novr/06]

My dear Jennefee

Ever since you went away, which was about a Quarter before Four, until now, when it is just Eight, Little Harriet⁴⁴³ has been in a very composed Sleep, interrupted only when she has changed her Posture, and then only for a few seconds. She is still cooler than she was, and her Breath freer, and deeper and longer drawn - little different from what it is when she is in health. The Fever has

decreased even in the Course of the Evening, and she is comparatively cool. I have not seen her Body; nor, I believe, has Harriet: it would be wrong to disturb her Sleep: but I believe I told you that the Colour had changed in a great Degree, from its Uniformity to a spotted Appearance, which Gater says is a favourable Change. He was here between five and six; & thinking that she has now been sufficiently purged, and that her Medicines would too much weaken, [sic] he is to consult with Doctor Downman before any more is administered. It would, perhaps, be enough to tell you that, if any Alteration has taken Place since you sat [sic] off, it is for the better. I will, notwithstanding, keep this Letter open till near Nine; though it is a Thousand to one if she wakes before that Time.

Harriet seems much exhausted by want of Sleep. She is just awakened from a heavy Sleep of about an Hour, and is quite stupified by it. She will not hear of any Servant's sitting up with her.

I own I was much disconcerted and grieved by your coming home to-day, after so much Pains had been taken to prevent your suspecting any Thing amiss. You could not have remained here without imminent Danger; and you or I must have gone without a Bed: besides which, if the Child had heard your Name or your Voice, it might have produced an Agitation, in her present State, too shocking to be imagined. I wished to spare you a great Deal of Uneasiness, and am disappointed that I did not succeed. I have a great Head Ache which would prevent my writing more, though I had any Thing to say. Let me know, by Return of Post, how you got to Sandford. The Afternoon here turned out so remarkably fine, that we opened all the Windows of the Upper Part of the House, for the Sake of admitting the Fresh Air to the dear Child. God bless you. Ever your affectionate

John Jones.

[top of page]

P.S. - A Quarter before Nine - Since I finished my Letter, Little Harriet has been awake. Harriet gave her some Pap on her asking to eat - the Child ate it with great Relish, and presently called for more, which was also given her - She has eaten nearly so much as one of our breakfast Cups would hold. I am just now come from seeing her, Harriet has her by the Fire warming her Feet: she is quite composed, apparently without the smallest Pain, & falling asleep with her Thumb in her Mouth and her Hand in her Neck in her old Way, which she has not done till this Afternoon.

November 1806

[addressed:

To

Miss Jennefee Jones
at The Revd. George Bent's
Sandford
near Crediton

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[pencil: 109]

[pencil: Nov 8/06]

My most beloved Sister,

I am not in a State of Mind to give you Consolation, nor could I expect any in you, at this Period. I humbly pray God to enable us to bear the present Calamity, with Patience and Resignation to his infinitely wise and merciful Dispensations. As the Almighty has been pleased to take to himself our

dear, most dear, Babe to inherit eternal Life, without Sin or Blemish, in his holy Presence; let us thank him for this Mercy. My dear Sister, our child whom we so loved on Earth, will surely be with the Blessed Spirits in heaven: let us all strive so to live here in this State of Probation, as to obtain God's Promises that we shall there dwell with her forever. Think of God, my ever dear Sister, and you will soon feel Comfort.

First of my dear Wife. My heart swells with Gratitude to Heaven, for inspiring her with such exemplary and pious Fortitude [c.o. which] as she shows under this severe Trial. It is greater, greater abundantly, than I could expect. She is, however, much weakened by her great Exertions and long continued Anxiety; but will soon, I doubt not, recover her Bodily strength. The dear Boy⁴⁴⁴ is tolerably well; and I have no bodily Complaint whatsoever. My mother has been excessively shocked and frightened by the Suddenness of the Event: She is, to-day, more composed.

I feel I cannot write very connectedly. But there are two Circumstances I have to speak to.

Though in my late Letters to you, I have given my Reports, at least, in as favourable Way as I could, yet my dear Harriet herself thought much as I have written. We did not know all the Danger. Downman, as I truly told you, said the dear Babe was better. The fatal Tumour gained Ground all the while: no Art not soften it, it spread & hardened; Debility, mortal Debility came on, and Yesterday Afternoon at Length Nature gently gave Way - almost imperceptibly. I was prepared for it, in the Morning. My dear Harriet could not be apprized of it. I doubted & knew not what to think. I hope I have thus accounted for my Letters and, as much as I can bring myself to it now, for the Unexpectedness of the Event. I wrote to Mr. Bent last Night. I wish

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Hugh⁴⁴⁵ had called: it might have then been communicated to you more gently that I suppose & fear it has been done.

I entreat you to write to me, if only a few words, by Return of Post.

I entreat you to say nothing of coming home till you hear from me. You will have sufficient Reasons assigned for this Request - I speak of hazard of Infection.

You shall have all further Particulars when I have Resolution to give, and you to receive them.

My dear Harriet's best love to you. I have written to London.

Ever my dearest Jennefee, your affectionate Brother

John Jones

Exeter, Saturday Afternoon 8. [c.o.] November 1806.

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8th November 1806

[red pencil: The 2nd. Child - Harriet dies of Scarlatina -]

[addressed:

To
Miss Jennefee Jones
at the Revd. George Bent's
Sandford
near Crediton

stamped: EXETER 176

[pencil: 110]

[pencil: Novr 9/1806]

My dearest Sister,

I ardently hope, and, indeed I cannot but feel some Degree of Confidence, that by this Time you are, at least, in a composed State of Mind. You can draw Arguments of Consolation as well as I can: I feel the Efficacy of our Holy Faith. In all our Grief let us continually reflect that Death is no Misfortune to the Dear departed Child; and that we bewail only our Affliction: Let us beware of offending our gracious God by the Want of a proper Resignation to his Will, remembering this his Will is directed by infinite Wisdom and Mercy. I have already brought myself into a very composed Temper of Mind; and my dear Harriet is as composed even as I can wish. She is very weak; but she ate some Dinner Yesterday, and will, I dare say, do the same to-day. My concern for you makes me very particularly to request you will not fail to write to me, and let me know truly how you are; and if you do not feel equal to the Task, pray desire Mary or Fanny Bent to write. Mrs. Sheldon means to write to you, by this Evening's Post: she will enter into some Particulars that I would rather avoid mentioning; & indeed I cannot write much, Harriet being with me in the Room - your Room - where we have been since we left the Drawing Room, on Friday.

When I yesterday, spoke about deferring your Return, it did not occur to me, & it would have obviated all reasoning about it - that there was no Possibility of your coming back yet; for there is not a Bed except yours, which we lie in. Every Article of Furniture almost, as well as bedding, is carried out, & the Rooms in Fact stripped, in Order for the White-washing almost all over the house, by the Doctor's Orders. And I should not chuse for you to come into this Room - yours - until the Furniture has been fumigated and the Plaistering white-washed. Harriet herself has been violently physicked both in the Stomach and Bowels, and I have undergone something of the same Discipline, in no very gentle way. I am perfectly well, and so is the dear Boy, except that he is certainly teething. I hear him & Sally, now under me in the little Parlour.

My Mother, I hear, is a little indisposed. She is now tolerably pacified. Sally has been violently agitated, but has recovered herself.

Ever, my dearest Jennefee, your affectionate Brother
John Jones.

Exeter, Sunday 9. November 1806

[pencil: 113]

[pencil: Novr 10/1806]

My dearest Jennefee,

I am glad you have written to me, although it must have put you to Pain; but the Pain would have been greater, had you deferred it, such is the Nature of Grief. Unless your own Experience has already dictated it to you, I would earnestly advise you, whenever your Mind shall, as it unavoidably will, recur to any of the Circumstances connected with our dear departed Child, not to attempt to drive and force them from your Memory, for the Sake of present Ease; in which Effort it would hardly be possible or proper that you should succeed; but think of Heaven and of our dear

Child, as you well say, "as one returned spotless into the Bosom of her Creator"; impress your Mind with this certain Truth, that Death is no Misfortune to her: only think we are lamenting for ourselves, and you will soon regain as much Composure of Mind as I can wish. God does not require Insensibility; he requires that we should not lament too vehemently nor too long, and that we should receive all his Dispensations with Gratitude and Thanksgiving. If we strive to obey him with all our Soul, he will never lay on us heavier Burdens than we can bear but "with the Temptation to make a Way to escape that we may be able to bear it" - "For we have Need of Patience, that after we have done the Will of God, we may receive the Promise." That we must be patient because it is the Will of God to afflict us, is an Argument derived only from the Power of God, and would afford little Consolation - it is little consoling, while we are smarting under the greatest Grievs, to be told that such Evils cannot be avoided. God's Will is directed not only by infinite Wisdom, which carries us still farther towards reverent Submission, but by infinite Mercy and Goodness, which then brings to us the Fulness of Consolation, Gratitude and Love. I grieve for the Loss of my dear Child most sensibly; but I praise God for his great Mercy vouchsafed to her; and I account my own Affliction as a further Mark of his Goodness; though I presume not to enquire why it is good for me. I have long, almost constantly & always most fervently offered up my humble Prayers to Heaven, forever to preserve the Innocence and Purity of my Child, amidst all the Trials and Difficulties of her then expected Life. I hope I am not profane or presumptuous, if I say I think the Almighty has heard my Prayer and granted it, although by

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a Dispensation different from what was in my Mind when I offered my Prayers. I now speak, my dear Sister, with a Sincerity that comes from the very Bottom of my Heart: I am not striving to suggest Arguments of Consolation for you, whilst I myself am plunged in Grief: my present State is nothing like it; nor, I thank Heaven, is that of my dear Harriet. We are, both of us, composed and tranquil. It is not a Tranquility drawn out of my own Mind, by my own Reflexion and Efforts to console myself and her; but I receive it, as it must be, as the Gift of the God of all Comfort, who "has made us a Way to escape". I feel the Efficacy of [c.o. yo] our Faith, and bear Witness to it; and I pity & deeply deplore the Miseries of those who through Ignorance know not, or through Pride or Obstinacy reject, such Consolations as Man cannot draw out from the Stores of his own Breast.

I need say nothing more of Harriet. She has, as to her Bodily Health, been very weak; but she ate a tolerable Dinner Yesterday, and slept well last Night. Nourishment and Sleep will soon restore her Strength. The dear Boy is quite well.

Thank Mr. Bent for his very kind Letter to me. I need not now write further.

Ever, my dear Jennefee, your affectionate
John Jones.

Exeter, Monday 10. November 1806.

[different hand] I am desired to write a few words my dearest dear Jennefee and I attempt it willingly to satisfy you of my composure and my love, but am at a loss how to add any thing with effect to what our dear invaluable Instructor and Comforter has said above. I now "feel his real value" my love, and feel it with thankfulness most devout, God ever bless us all my dear Girl and make us better by his [c.o.] chastisement, I cannot write more just now.

Your ever affectionate
Harriet Jones

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10 November 1806

[addressed:

To

Miss Jennefee Jones
at the Revd George Bent's
Sandford
near Crediton

stamped: EXETER 176

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[pencil: 111]

[pencil: Novr 12/06]

My dearest Jennefee,

I know it will give you Satisfaction to hear that our dear Harriet preserves great Composure and Calmness, interrupted sometimes indeed by sudden Bursts of Grief, but these I do not, in the least, endeavour to repress, because I am sensible they afford her considerable Relief. I wrote to my Mother this Morning and accounted, truly, for not desiring to see her, by the Necessity of preserving Harriet's Tranquility and the Circumstance of the House being filled with workmen: I desired her to fix a Time for ordering a Chair, and she came here at Eleven. Harriet was much moved on seeing her [c.o.]. Harriet, before my Mother came, had seen your Letter of this Morning, and also one I received from William at the same Time. I thought it a fit Occasion for communicating to Harriet the News of Frederick Le Mesurier's Death: I am happy to say that she received it with very little Disturbance and soon seemed almost to have forgotten it. My Aunt Jones is now in the Room with us, and they are going on with a Conversation on common Subjects with great Composure. The doctor and Mrs. Downman saw Harriet Yesterday: the Sight of the Doctor moved her extremely, and she was entirely unable to say one Word to them whilst they were here: he indeed, said much to encourage the Flow of Tears, truly judging that it would give her Relief. I thank God, she is as much composed as I can wish. The Doctor gave Leave for her to see the Boy for a few Minutes: she will not avail herself of it, until she can have the whole Care and Charge of him: indeed, to be parted from him again would greatly and unnecessarily distress her.

From William's Letter I collect that he and his Father and Mother were greatly shocked by the Intelligence I gave them. I think you will, certainly, soon hear from William.

I trust, in heaven, my dear Jennefee, you will still preserve your Calmness and Composure. It affords me great Happiness that I can give you Consolation. The Thoughts, I have expressed are

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obvious ones, and such as your own Mind would have suggested to you, by the Favour of Heaven, as soon as the first Turbulence of Grief had subsided. But beware of attributing such a Degree of Goodness as you do to me. We are all miserable and sinful Men; and I can hardly bear such Language, without self Reproaches for my own numerous Offences. There is one Thing however which I will not forbear to mention at this solemn Period - that am not conscious of any Abatement at any Time of my Affection and Concern for you. I fear you have some Times been impressed with a contrary Notion. It was unfounded: it never had a Foundation: and I have been grieved by it. I pray you never harbour such a Thought again. We all have Frailties: upon trifling [c.o.] Occurrences

unpleasing to me, I own I may have expressed myself too strongly: I have perhaps, unnecessarily, thought too strongly. I wish you not to reply to what I have now said: I only desire you to trust to the Truth of my Assurances.

I am in Hopes you will not find it necessary to Sleep in the Little Parlour. It shall certainly be as you 'please; but by the Time you return, I hope you will not feel the Necessity of it. Keep your Mind, my dear Jennefee, as free as you can from Circumstances. The Thoughts of Heaven and the glorified State of our dear departed Daughter, will raise your Mind above all Considerations like those connected with the circumstances of her Sickness and Death. Still you shall have your own Will, and I pray you not to force yourself to any Thing: I only express my Hope that your Mind will be daily Strengthened and [c.o. refreshing] refreshed by religious Reflections. I read much to Harriet, and with great Benefit, from Secker's Sermons. I recommend you to read too; & I know few Things to be redde with such Profit, as Bishop Pearce's Commentary or rather Paraphrase on the 1st. Corinth. 15th. Chapter. Mr. Bent has it. I cannot yet trust myself to read it aloud to Harriet, for Fear of my Voice failing me & hurting her unnecessarily. In a few Days I shall accomplish it.

Harriet's and my Mother's Love. The Boy is quite well. I wish your Return as much as you can: this will satisfy you that you shall be recalled the Moment Danger is clearly gone.

Ever my dear Jennefee, your most affectionate
Brother John Jones

Exeter, Wednesday 12. Nov. 1806.

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12 Novr. 1806

[addressed:

To
Miss Jennefee Jones
at the Revd George Bent's
Sandford
near Crediton

Single }
Inclosure }

stamped: EXETER 176

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[pencil: 112]

[pencil: Novr. 15/06]

My dearest Sister,

I Yesterday sent to you, by Mr. John Brown of Sandford, a Letter which, by the Seal, I saw came from Catherine Brooke.⁴⁴⁶ I could not, without Inconvenience, write to you, and had nothing material to communicate. I had seen Hugh Bent on the preceding Day, and you might judge, from my sending on the Letter alluded to, that all was well, yesterday. I now send you a Letter received this Morning from Croydon, as appears by the Post Mark. I have written this Day to Mrs Lardner,⁴⁴⁷ in Reply to a Letter of hers addressed to Pitman, in Consequence of his having before written to her by my Directions.

Our dear Harriet continues in the same composed and tranquil State of Mind, not often interrupted by any Turbulence or sudden Gusts of Sorrow; and those, when they do occur are not

violent nor of long Duration. For she soon turns back her Thoughts where they should be fixt and presently regains her Composure. She continues to eat very tolerably, and she is certainly acquiring Strength. The living in this confined Room, and the Want of Exercise are not in her Favour. To Night she returns to her own Bed Room; and then, till she goes down Stairs, we shall use this as a Sitting Room only; which will be some Change for the better, and will afford an Opportunity of exposing to the Air the Furniture here, & of purifying this Room entirely: though perhaps it may be almost a superfluous Caution. The Room has been already washed with hot Lime like the Rest. She can, by no Possibility, go down Stairs, until she is allowed by the Doctor to have the Boy, who lives in the Great Parlour and sleeps in the Little one. We expect the Doctor here every Moment, and that he will say something on this Subject; and I will not close my Letter, till we have seen him. The Boy is quite well and in good Spirits; and I will not close my Letter, till we have seen him. The Boy is quite well, and in good Spirits; but little Eruptions of small Spots are perpetually arising and subsiding. I apprehend these are of little or no Consequence; and are probably the Effects of his Teething. I now hear Sally singing to him in the Room below.

1v

The Doctor has been here and has just now left. He said with a good Deal of Hesitation, that as so much Time had elapsed and so much Precaution taken, perhaps Mrs. Jones might have the Boy again with her: as he hesitated, I immediately asked, if he did not think it best to wait some Time longer. He seemed to think so, and on my asking what Length of Time, he answered - "Three or Four Days". It is therefore determined that Harriet shall have him next Wednesday; but I shall recommend his not sleeping with her for some Days longer. As Harriet will feel much Distress and Emotion when she has him again and sees Sally, which she has not yet done; I could wish that you and she should meet on the same Day and nearly about the same Time, that she may not suffer a Succession of Agitations; but that the Whole may be over at once. Therefore I greatly desire that you may hold yourself prepared to be with us not later nor much earlier than about half past Eleven Wednesday Forenoon. As to desiring you to repress your Emotions as much as you could, for her Sake, I know too well the Nature of such Affliction as ours, to ask it, for it cannot be repressed. All that I can in Reason ask is, that when the first Tumult has subsided that you will strive, as we both do, to keep the Thoughts in such a Train, as is consistent with the real existing State of our dear departed Child - a happy State in the Region of departed Spirits, awaiting the Resurrection to everlasting Felicity, in the Society of all the Blessed Spirits whom God hath called to himself from the Death of the righteous Abel hitherto: - and not to dwell on the Circumstances of her Life in this World, so as to invite melancholy and, therefore, improper Reflexions. They will arise too freely of themselves, and have need, not indeed to be discouraged, but not to be sought after and invited. If properly regulated, they may be of Use; by more frequently and strongly impressing on our Minds [c.o.] her real State, with Gratitude to God for his calling her to a State of certain salvation - for of such as her is his Kingdom composed - and with sleep and serious Resolutions of persisting, through his Grace, in the like Innocence of Life, that we may again meet her in his Presence, and receive the Promise.

Harriet sends you her Love. Ever my dearest Jennefee, your
truly affectionate Brother

John Jones

Exeter, Saturday Afternoon 15. Novemb. 1806.

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15 November 1806

[addressed:

To
Miss Jennefee Jones
at the Revd. George Bent's
Sandford
near Crediton

Single
Inclosure

stamped: EXETER 176

1

My dearest Harriet,

That I may not, in the Course of my Letter, forget my Wants, I will begin by desiring you immediately to send me an under Waistcoat of Flannel, directed to me, at Paul Orchard's Esq: Hartland Abbey.⁴⁴⁸ The one I wore away from Exeter begins to feel uncomfortable.

Last Night I finished the Accounts; and to-morrow, I shall have finished all my work here. On Tuesday Morning I do to the Abbey. I hope I shall be able to come back to Bideford - most probably at Smith's, though Buck⁴⁴⁹ is excessively civil and desires me to take Daddon in my Way - the Next Day. Thence I go to Hall⁴⁵⁰, where I have a Couple of Days' Work; and then to Dunsland where I shall have another Day's work; thence to Coham⁴⁵¹ - and so, home. I have been bespoken at Hall and Dunsland, & cannot avoid going. Bickford,⁴⁵² hearing I was at Daddon, came here the Day before Yesterday: but I could not transact his Business at this Place; both, because Buck pays for my Time, and because I want to see Papers and Documents which are at Dunsland House. I have a little Business to do at Barnstaple. It is necessary I should make my Journey as profitable as possible; and therefore I beg you will call on, or write to, Clapp,⁴⁵³ & tell him to write to me directly addressed at Mr Orchard's. instructing me fully what Business he wants me to do at Barnstaple; & say if I can do it, I will. If he does not write to me by to-morrow's Post, he had better address me "to be left at the Post Office Bideford"

Already you know how my Time passes. Breakfast at Eight, Work till Five - Dine - Gossip - Tea and a little more Gossip - & go to Bed at Ten. This is a very comfortable House. Buck is a very pleasant and good Fellow; and his wife, though Nineteen only, has as much Sense and Discretion as belong to Nine and Twenty. An orderly House; and every Thing going right and properly. She has a good Deal of Conversation, and a true Notion of Humour - she mimicks Berry⁴⁵⁴ to the Life. I was going to Church with them, intending to make my Visit to Mrs. Gregory⁴⁵⁵ and to dine with Smith⁴⁵⁶: but the Day is miserably raw and cold, with Snow and Sleet; and if I go, I must either walk home in the Dark and the Mud - for I would not on any Account use the Bucks' Chaise - or I must take the Chance of getting a Post Chaise to convey me back to Daddon.

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Part of the Time I should have past in Church, I shall devote to you - the Rest will be employed in a Letter to Mr. Orchard, telling him to expect me on Tuesday. Nothing can be more inconvenient than the Post Hours here. I do not get my Letters till One or two o'Clock; the Post goes out again at four: and if there even be Time to answer a Letter, it must go in by a Special Messenger, who has a two mile Tramp, in the Mud.

I had your Letter the Day before Yesterday. I assure you, I was very anxious for it. That Anxiety arose only from your having promised to write; and so, giving me to understand I should hear from you before I wrote again. I thank God you are all well. I had Yesterday, a Letter from Carew⁴⁵⁷: it contains nothing material. He has send me down two Sets of Interest Tables, instead of Simpson's Annuity Tables. The same Post brought me a Letter from Jennefee to whom I had written from hence. She complains grievously of having heard but once from home since she went to Taunton; & that, before my Journey took Place. She complains most grievously of her Situation. To avoid Discovery she writes in French and curious French it is. It is worth while to give it you in English: That she has been twice out, returning Old Maid's Visits: that there are Plenty of them, rallying round Jem,⁴⁵⁸ and she should not wonder if he were, one Day, entrapt. She hints that his Servant serves him in every Capacity - but there I think she does him Injustice; for he is certainly not a Man "outwardly given"; a very little Philosophy enables him to controul his No- Passions - however such are her Suspicions; and they must make her abundantly uncomfortable, and particularly as she says this Circumstance has Full Credit amongst the Tauntonians. In Order to entertain her, he culls out choice Stories from Magazines and reads them to her. She ends thus - "Je voudrais mieux succeder Mr. Knight" (who is a poor wretched Mud-raker in Paul's Parish) "Scavenger: He suis quelquefois parfitly at my Wits Ends to preserver my Temper; and am souvent tempted to take to my Heels. I depend on your coming to fetch me next Month, or I shall venture alone."

I Yesterday sent to Bideford for a Cargo of Books, to chuse one for Tom⁴⁵⁹: but unluckily not one was to be met with, that had Pictures in it. I shall try what can be done at Barnstaple, when I go there. If I can get none, you must procure one in Exeter for me to give him.

The hunting is put an End to. I have spoken to B. in the most delicate Way I could, but with as much Force as I could use; and I spoke more than once, Her Mother comes here before her Confinement & takes her to Bath to lie in. Dear Buck is very anxious all should go well. They seem very happy in each other.

He accosted me, the other Day, "Cousin Jones". I do'nt know whether it was Fun or not. But one Circumstance is odd enough, that no one here knows any Thing about my having the Pictures but his Wife. His Mother has no Idea of it. By the Bye, she is full of Thanks for your Attention to her Daughter; & repeated it ever & over again, till I was tired. From her I learned about the Identity of the Portraits. We are wrong as to all at the head of the Room. The Old Lady in Black, is not Sibella Buck⁴⁶⁰, but, her Sister, "Aunt Batt" equally related to us; & the identical Giver of the Spoon. P.B. Patience Batt. She is the Mother of Mrs. Pawley, on Sheldon's Right Hand, & therefore the Link that equally connects us with the Bucks and the Pawleys: so I value it the more. The next to her, which we imagined to be George, is Hartwell; and the one we imagined Hartwell, over my Mother, is George, the Father of Hartwell and the husband of the Lady on his Right Hand. The Rest are all right, as I am now well satisfied. Mrs. K. remarked the Likeness of Hartwell to Lewis B.

I have not yet seen Old Mrs. Buck.⁴⁶¹ I hope I shall be able to call on her, before I leave the Country, as I cannot help feeling a great Respect for her. I should like, too, to see Mrs. Morrison,⁴⁶² but I have not Expectation of that. I am hardly enough known to him to call at his House, though I believe I shall in my Journey to and from the Abbey pass very near it. I am pleased to hear him so well spoken of. Though he is a bit of a Quiz, Lewis Buck tells me he is one of the most correct and honourable and exemplary of Men.

And now for the Back Stairs Door. Do you remember what Doctor Radcliffe said to Sir Godfrey Kneller, on somewhat of alike Occasion? "Do any Thing with the Door, but paint it."⁴⁶³ So as you dont "inconvenience" my Dressing Room, you may do what you like. But your Mother must pay for it: for I wont: if he has any Affection for you, she will advance the Cash, without a Murmer. A few Shillings will make her Daughter happy: let her defray.

Give my Love to little Mr. Panion; & tell him I think of him every Day. If I said I prayed for him every Night, he would not understand me. His Fame has reached these remote Parts, and his Credit

stands so high, that I hardly know whether he does not pass for a Pattern Boy. It is predicted that he will be no Dunce: and therefore must be a Scholar, as that is the Way not to be a Dunce. I wish you would tell me very particularly about Sibella;⁴⁶⁴ whether she eats plentifully, or is feverish & without Appetite - or good humoured or peevish. You pass her over very slightly.

You ask whether I am well protected against Cold. If I were to give you a Drawing of any one of the Fires here; or measure, & send you an Account of the Quantity of Fuel piled in the Grates, you would be quite at Ease. I was never better in my Life: & have not waked once in the Night since I came here. I drink Cider abundantly, and am satisfied it agrees best of any Thing with me.

God bless you ever my dear Wife and Children

John Jones.

Sunday - Daddon - 22. Janry 1809.

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January 22nd 1809

[addressed:

To

Mrs Jones

Close

Exeter

stamped: BIDEFORD 255

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My dearest Harriet,

I had a tolerable Journey here Yesterday. It rained the whole Way from Exeter to Newton Bushell, where I breakfasted: I got a Chaise immediately: the Weather cleared up, and it would have been pleasant enough with a Companion. I cannot say I often looked out of the windows, for I got interested with my Book and reached Dartmouth before I was aware of it, not long after Twelve o'Clock. I found only Mr. & Mrs. Seale here & the two Children, little Lisiter⁴⁶⁵ & Kekewich⁴⁶⁶. I immediately proceeded to Business, which did not close till near Ten last Night. I slept in the same room we were in, or rather tried to sleep, for I got not Rest for a very great Length of Time - not I believe till this Morning; & I rose again at 5, & sat to, at my Book; the Pen & Ink not being then come-at-able. Mr. & Mrs. Seale were so polite as to express Regret at your not coming down, & desired you would in the Course of the Summer. I enumerated the three Children⁴⁶⁷ & intimated that you were in the Stocks. I have nothing further to relate, but that I have been watched [sic] a Porpoise for half an Hour together, wallowing in the harbour. I take the Advantage of Mr. Seales' Absence, who is gone to Mount Boone for some Deeds - on his Return, I am to breakfast & set off to the Place in Dispute, about 3 Miles hence on horseback. Then I shall have to wrangle with an Attorney, with whom I shall be able to conclude nothing; & after Sleeping here another Night, I shall go on to Totnes on my other Business. I do not think I shall be home till Saturday: but I am not sure. If I can, I shall push for home to-morrow Evening; but I am not at my own Disposal.

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I see you have put up my new Stockings. This was ungenerous, because you know the Value I have for them, & taking an improper Advantage of my unsuspecting Temper. But the Imposition

was detected in Time, & I will not pass: for I shall buy stockings here at Dartmouth, as I did Shoes, the last Time I was here.

Remind Pitman of sending a Copy of R. H. s Case to Mr. George Wills. I am not clear whether he understood me.

Tell Tom of the Porpoise, & say I desired it; & describe it to him. This is a very fine Morning indeed; & it is possible I may enjoy my intended Ride: but I shall have no Company: only a Guide, I believe, to conduct me to the Place. The Sea was very rough last Evening, & I saw a Vessel that was going out of harbour, forced to put back, which seemed to be effected with some Difficulty. It is now as smooth as Glass.

My Cold, I think, is still better: and perhaps it may leave me before I reach Home. Please to prepare me out of some old worne Flannel, another under Waistcoat, single-breasted by Sunday. I wish to have thread bare Flannel, it if can be had; for it is much more comfortable and best answers my Purpose. It should be made to come below the hips: the one I have in Wear begins to feel uncomfortable, & those I left at home are too thick hot & heavy.

Ever, my Dearest Harriet, your affectionate

John Jones.

Dartmouth, Thursday 12. July 1810.

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12 July 1810

[addressed:

To

Mrs. Jones

Close

Exeter.

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My dearest Harriet,

Safe arrived at William's Chambers, I have just had Time to clean myself & to write a short Letter to the Bishop of Ely. They are the filthiest Chambers I ever saw; all Dirt, Disorder and Dismality. As I am not tolerably recovered, I need not hesitate to tell you that I never made so painful a Journey. Before I reached Salisbury, I doubted whether I should be able to proceed any farther. I was quite in a Fever, & seemed to be Gout all over; & I had not, literally, Strength enough to speak to my Companions. I got rather better at Woodyeats, having previously several Times drank large Quantities of thin Milk & Water. Still I was so weak on my Arrival at the Gloucester Coffee House⁴⁶⁸ where William was in waiting for me, that I failed in my Attempt to get without Help into a Hackney Coach. My Dinner Yesterday was principally Mashed Turnips & Milk - & I have drank nothing stronger; nor shall till I find myself much better. I had, as Companions, a Daughter of an Exeter Tailor, Fenwick, and one Dugdale an Exeter Pressman, & from Salisbury hither - all by Night - a Young military Man, & a very pleasant one.

To my great Joy, Brooke could not have been here to-day, as he gives a dinner at his Country Seat: & to my greater Joy, he will be no Incumbrance to me in our Journey - he rather fears I should be one to him; for he has several Friends to visit; & is going to shoot at "his Friend's Horace Hammond's"⁴⁶⁹ - a Man, as William discovered from Catherine, whom he never saw but once in his

life. You will be greatly gratified to hear that it is likely William will be able to come down to me Ely [sic], as soon as I have done at Terrington. Horace Hammond is to be Brooke's Oracle in all that concerns Terrington; for no one knows so much about it, as Horace Hammond. And now I am for the first Time apprised of the Reason of Brooke's Eagerness

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Eagerness to make Sale of Terrington. You know he has sold the Estate in Yorkshire; he talks seriously about giving up the Alien Office, & can neither "make his Arrangements" nor even make his Will, till Terrington is sold. The Purchase Money he received for the Yorkshire Estate, in Exchequer Bills, he put into a Box; & that Box he carried with him wherever he goes. He take it down with him in his Gig to his Country House; &, I conclude, will carry it with him when he goes to Terrington. At this Instant, your Father is come in. I never saw him look so well in my Life. I have just given him a general Account of you all at Home, and of my Journey. We shall dine together, I trow, at some Coffee house; which will be a Sad Pull upon the "Hef Cruns".⁴⁷⁰ William is far advanced in his Dress, & has been for some Time walking from one Room to another in a Pair of dirty Trousers, looking, I suppose, for a clean one. As I must write a Note to Jennefee, who I find is this day at Windsor, I must now conclude. Address to me, "to be left at the Post Office Lynn Norfolk." Write the Day you receive this, & let me know how Tom it. I have been in a continual Fret about him. You shall hear from me as often as I can write. Brooke comes home to Night, & our Places in the Telegraph are taken for to-morrow.

Ever my Dearest Harriet, your affectionate
John Jones.

Exeter, no - Grays Inn Sunday Noon, 26. August 1810.

Kiss the Children for me & let Tom and Bab know I write about them. London the Place of my Abode for ten Years seems a Solitude to me - All my Acquaintance gone

/I was much better in the Course of the Forenoon. At 3 I walked with William to [c.o. see] see the Improvements at Westminster Abbey. The Sermon was preaching. There was but one Clergyman in the Xch, not a Chorister Priest Vicar or Singing Boy - not a single Soul in any of the Stalls - the Congregation a few Stragglers walking about the Choir. The one Clergyman who was preaching was hired from St. Margaret's. Bill & I afterwards dined at George's - & Mr. Todd met us at Chambers afterwards: his is just gone, & we are now (9 o'Clock) going to the Ap⁴⁷¹,

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My dearest Harriet

You see I am now at Ely - At the Lamb Inn - seated in what I suppose is their Ball Room - the House, not yet Six in the Morning. I will go on, in Continuation of my Journal.

As soon as I had finished my last Letter, that of Thursday, to you, Brooke and I recrossed the Ouse, and having previously procured and sent Horses, to the opposite Side, we rode to Terrington; again I had a Sight of the Church. We punctually met the Jewsons; and with my Map in my Hand & sometimes followed and sometimes accompanied by Brooke, went over every Field of the Home Estate, and plucked from one of Shales's Fields some Ears of Wheat to show you, and some Mustard, of which vast Quantities are grown in that Part of "Naafik" (so they call Norfolk) Indeed I found the Mustard Seed, which I rubbed out from the Pods, a very pleasant and seasonable

Refreshment. Then we left the "Rampers" (the high Roads) and proceeded to both of the Salt Marshes, which are each distant from the other and also from Terrington Church, about Two Miles. I was trotting: perhaps Brooke, who is a most wretched horseman, feared he was going to be outdone in the Art of riding & should be lowered in the Estimation of the two Jewsons⁴⁷², so he cried out, "Now I'm your Man" - he put out his horse; & before he had gone ten Paces, down came Horse and Rider. There was no harm done; but he was dismayed, and we walked out Horses all the Rest of the Way. From the highest Places we could not catch a Glympse of the Sea, though so near it. Altho' we came to Terrington by Appointment, there was no Invitation by Jewson to take a Luncheon or any Refreshment, or even to enter the House, as far as I recollect. We got back to the Globe at Lynn before six in the Evening, tired and heated to a great Degree - the Air, hot as a Furnace and stinking. I rose at 5 the next Morning, and explored the whole of Lynn, its two Churches St. Margaret's and South Lynn Xch, & the vast and sumptuous Chapel of St. Nicholas. In Lynn are the largest & handsomest houses that can be seen: it is a very large & populous Town. At this vast Aestuary of the vast River Ouse, with nothing like an In-Equality of Ground any where to be seen; the Stink of hundred Acres of Mud, & of Crabs & Shrimps in all the Streets, rendering the air faetid beyound all Endurance, there is no Comfort to be felt; nor a Glass of water to be had: for there are no Springs, & the Water with which the town is supplied by artificial Means, is in Taste & Colour much like the Lye which you use in washing. Every one has at Times the Ague - the Bark and other medicines avail nothing - As an old woman told me "it only leaves us, when God pleases". On Friday, I went to
(Harvey)

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Harvey Goodwins⁴⁷³ - unluckily he was in London; but I shall see him there. Brooke brought a Mr. Upwood to the Inn & I obtained some Information from him. Brooke's Invitations & intended Visits came to Nothing, & he wants to go to Kent, to buy an Estate which Bellamy has to sell! I paused & halted at Lynn to give him Time to go away; but I saw he would "follow my Fortunes" if he could; so I talked as if I were certainly going to Ely, in Order to get to Peterborough. Peterborough succeeded; & it was agreed we should go together in the Stage as far as Ely, & there part; he, for Cambridge in his way back, and I, for Peterborough. Accordingly we arrived here at half past 10 Yesterday morning. On his Arrival her, unsolicited, you may be assured, by me, he found out, all about it, how I was to go. I tarried at the Inn Door, whilst he scampered to the Cathedral; and departed not till he was safe off & out of Sight. I then sent my Luggage to this Inn; & went to the Cathedral, where service was performing. Between Lynn & this, almost all is Fen, & the Road much like that from March to Wisbeach. In Winter all is covered with water. Ely Cathedral filled me with Wonder - the Nave is Norman Architecture; the Choir, florid Gothick; St. Mary Chapel, the same - Gothick, but of a totally different stile. I saw every Thing. Then I came back to this Inn; dressed, & went to the Palace, a very fine Building close to the Cathedral. In a few minutes, I was shown into the Drawing Rook; where the Bishop⁴⁷⁴ was alone. I should have known him any where. He received me with the greatest Politeness and in the most friendly manner. He wheels himself about in a Chair, as fast as you can walk. He was in his Cassock. We had a great Deal of Conversation. He called to Mrs. Dampier⁴⁷⁵ and introduced me. She is much younger than him, and seems one of your high bred women. The Palace is full of Company, & the Bishop & Mrs. Dampier respectively apologized for not being able to give me a Bed - a Thing which, of Course, I never dreamed of; but desired me to pass every hour of the Day with them. The Company, to which I was in succession, introduced, are, Archdeacon Law,⁴⁷⁶ (Mrs. Henry Dampier's Father) his unmarried Daughter, Miss Sleech (Mrs. Bishop Dampier's Sister) Mrs. Henry Dampier, and all her Sons and Daughters: including myself there are Twelve Visitors at the Palace. Then there were "morning Callers" besides; Doctor Ward one of the Canons, who has given me an Invitation, & others whose Names I

forget. I had a great Deal of Conversation with the Bishop: he is very talkative, very lively, & very well worth listening to. I once called him "Sir", & frightened myself: but providentially no one but the Archdeacon was present. The Bishop keeps up his Dignity: no one present could ask which was the Bishop. He then sent for one of the Minor Canons, Mr. Millers, an Antiquary & Historian of the Cathedral⁴⁷⁷. I observe he came gowned. He introduced me, & desired him to show me every Thing. Mr. Millers executed his Task most punctually. The Bishop himself wheeled into the Dining Room and showed me his Pictures, & gave me a short History of the Originals, he Predecessors - on of the Portraits, is a very fine one of our Bishop Patrick⁴⁷⁸
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the Commentator) - another of Bishop Gooch⁴⁷⁹ & I told his Ldship of that odd Thing said about Gooch in old Chambers's Will. Mr. Millers then showed me what was above Stairs. Thence he conducted me to the old Conventual Xch; into all the Dignitaries Houses except Doctor Ward's (the only one now in Residence) & finally all over the Cathedral & St. Mary's. I need describe nothing here; for, on my Return to the Inn, I bought Mr. Millers' Work, which you will see. A Third Time I strolled about the Cathedral, cooling myself for the Bishop's Dinner Hour of 5. & went into the Palace as the Clock was striking. We did not wait a Minute. A sumptuous Dinner of two complete Courses & a Desert - a Profusion of Plate & Variety of Wine. I was called to high Board, & seated between Mrs. Dampier and Mrs. Henry Dampier - Plenty of Talk & quite at one's Ease, except that I observe great Deference to the Bishop, is shown on all sides, by young & old, Parsons & Laymen. I find Dampier tells Mrs. Henry (I mean his Wife) every Thing about us, & even shows her my Letters, for she was able to catechize me, of the Contents of some of them. Bertram Mitford gave me a just Account of her; she is a sweet woman indeed: Remarkably attentive to me, & is always by my Side. The women went to Table late. We had each of us, three Glasses of Wine, & no more; then the Bishop wheeled back to the Drawing Room; and all but himself, strolled about the Lawn & Plantations, till after it was dark. Coffee was sent out into the Lawn, & handed about to each, in the different Parts. The Palace was lighted up; & the whole Scene was wonderfully pleasant. I had a tete a tete Walk, with each of the Mrs. Dampier's. About 8 Company came. There was one Whist Table, & I sat down to a Commerce⁴⁸⁰ Table of Ten, by Mrs. H. Dampier's Side, & lost four [c.o. of] or five shillings. Of Course there were thirty Deals, & I did not die till near the last deal; when I took my Leave & came to my Inn, where I had a good Bed & slept well. Mrs. Dampier twice told me Breakfast was at half past 9 & that Service began at half past 10. I told the Bishopess, I would attend her at the latter Hour. The Bishop, I saw, was in a Gout Pain at Dinner: in the Evening, I saw he was more in Pain. He retired long before I left the Palace, & Mrs. Dampier came back & told us he felt himself obliged to take 15 Drops of Laudenum. If it is not better to-day, he means agaid to take the lau medicinale. How different is my Society, from what it has been since Sunday last! and what a pretty Mess should I have been in, had Brooke obtruded himself as my Companion. Seeing what I have seen, I sweat at the Thoughts of it: for I can but barely screw myself up to the Pitch Note which they play to, in these Parts. I omitted mentioning that Dampier's other Brother is at the Palace; & I rather think he offered Doctor Ward to give a Sermon this morning at the Cathedral. The Bishop has been planning for my Sight of every Thing at Cambridge. Nothing can exceed his Hospitality & Politeness: his Vivacity too never leaves one unoccupied or silent for a Moment. His Features, at Times, strongly remind me of my Father: particularly when he is in Pain: I observe no one says, then, a Word. I shall pass this whole Day with these Elegant and learned People: Tomorrow, I shall go Post to
(Cambridge

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Cambridge, and shall not depart until I have seen every Thing that I can see. Then I shall go thence

in the Telegraphy which reaches Town at 3 in the Afternoon. I do not think of staying long in Town, nor, of Course, at Petersham⁴⁸¹. But, "for Peace' Sake" I must go & see Brooke's wife & her Gridiron. I will not write much about Brooke; but I have Plenty of good Anecdotes in Store for you. There has been no Dissention between us; & I have said nothing that is likely to discourage him in his Views of taking Orders, on which Subject he is continually harping, and began to try his Voice in St. Nicholas Chapel at Lynn; I believe he did not like the Look I then put up. At the

2d September 1810

[addressed:

To

Mrs. Jones,

Close

Exeter]

Moment, when impressed by the Grandeur & Size of the Building, I did not think such Fooleries were suitable to the Place. I have done every Thing to make him happy. I have always suffered him to seize the Head of the Table; to order the Dinners; to pay the Inn & travelling Charges; to take the best Bed; & to call Terrington Estate - "My Lands". I plucked an Apple at Shales's⁴⁸², & was eating it at the Moment Brooke came up to me. I affected Gravity & apologized to him for eating an Apple of which an undivided fourth Part belonged to him, without his Leave. I do believe Brooke was serious, when he replied that "it did not signify". Severs was not in Town when I passed through. I expect to see him in my way back. Direct to me at Brooke's in Crown Street⁴⁸³. I shall sleep there, & do give me a Line by Return of
(Post

[upside down]

Post. Of Course, I duly received at Lynn your two Letters of the 25th & 27th I do regret, though vainly, William's not being with me. It's confoundedly vexatious; for he will never have such an Opportunity again. Kiss the dear Children for me. Ever my Dearest Harriet, your affectionate
John Jones.

Ely Sunday 2. Septemb. 1810 [Say nothing to Eliz.⁴⁸⁴ abt. Ely - you may show to yr. Mother with my Compliments)

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My dearest Harriet,

I never thought to have been seated at your Father's Desk in the Great Room of the South Sea House, writing Letters to you: but that is my precise Situation, & a nice cool Place for the Purpose it certainly is, and I feel no Disturbance from the Conversation and Noise of the Business now going on. I shall take up my Journal from the Conclusion of my Letter of last [c.o. Monday] Sunday Morning, & bring it up to the present Day.

As soon as I had finished that Letter, I breakfasted, dressed myself as well as I could, & went to the Palace. There, in one of the Drawing Rooms, I found all the Party, except the Bishop who had passed an indifferent night. I found Archdeacon Law in his full-dress Petticoats, & that it was he who had volunteered the Sermon to Doctor Ward, the resident Prebendary, for John Dampier, the Bp's Brother, is as weak as Water; almost an Ideot. I was walked off by the Archdeacon to the

Cathedral, & stuck up into a Stall. The Service was very ill read by Mr. Metcalf, one of the Minor Canons: there was no chanting except the Venite, the Psalms the Te Deum & the Jubilate. We went out into the Nave to hear a most admirable Sermon from the Archdeacon. The Subject was the Necessity of Praise and Thanks to the Almighty for the Bounties in this present abundant Harvest; & then the Argument went on from the temporal to the spiritual Mercies. The Composition perfectly classical. When Service was ended, we all returned to the Palace, & whilst I was walking about with Mrs. Dampier, the Bishop sent for me upstairs, in the upper Drawing Room. There I had a very long Tete a Tete with him; first on literary & ecclesiastical Subjects; & then, making an Apology for one in my Station talking to a great Prelate on the State of the Church, I opened to him very much at large, the alarming Progress of Methodism & Calvinism in Devonshire. He heard me with profound Attention; & then told me he had been striving against it, with all his Force, & particularly against the Progress of the Bible Society, which is the great Engine which the Calvinists and all the Sectaries inimical to the Church at working: that in his Endeavours he was seconded by the Archbishop, & with that Assistance, he had carried some of his preliminary Points & should not desist from his Efforts. He then went through the whole Story & cast much Blame
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on Doctor Gaskin⁴⁸⁵ the Secretary to the Society at Bartletts Buildings for promoting Christian Knowledge (of which I told him I should become a Member) He then gave me the Resolutions he & the Abp. had carried, & Doctor Wordsworth's⁴⁸⁶ Reply to Lord Teignmouth⁴⁸⁷. Doctor Law came in, & seemed rather surprised at the Conversation that was going on. He joined in it; and when it was finished he went away; as the Bishop desired me to sit still: for fearing he was exhausted, I had made a Motion to withdraw. He then told me the Plan I was to follow in seeing Cambridge and gave me three Letters of Introduction - to Doctor Cory, Master of Emanuel, Mr. Hendry Fellow of Bene't's and Doctor Craven, Master of John's. From all this, you will rightly conclude that ours was a long Conference. It lasted till 3 o'Clock, nearly, which is the Dinner Hour on Sunday. His Ldship did not come down stairs, the whole Day. Again there was a very sumptuous Dinner - hardly any Wine drank - the Women went away soon; when I had Doctor Law entirely to myself, & I thought he seemed to interest himself in the Conversation. He gave me an Invitation, in Earnest, to Rochester. When the Bells chimed at 5. Mrs. Dampier marched me to Church, and all the Rest followed. The Service was well performed by my intelligent new Acquaintance, Mr Millers, & a very long Anthem was only tolerably performed. There was no Sermon. We again had Coffee, in the Garden, under the Trees - or rather they had it: and then we all walked out in the Environs of the City, a stragling gossiping Party, & we were joined by Doctor & Mrs. Ward & others. We went to a Thing called, "The Hill", about as High and as large as our Drawing Room: we waited a long Time for the Key of the Enclosure in which it stands. I observed to Mrs. Dampier that a Hill at Ely was so great a Curiosity that I thought they did very right to keep it under Lock and Key: this amazing Witticism was faithfully reported to the Bishop, who thought it good enough to laugh at, & ironically reprimanded me for giving myself Airs about the Prospects at Ely. I forgot to mention that Mr. Metcalf, by a Message from the Bishop, showed me some curious MSS. in the Muniment Room of the Cathedral, and (what I had never seen before) a very splendid Cope of Green Velvet with white Flowers embroidered, and a very Rich Edge of Figures or Saints, the late Dean of Durham, was the last Clergyman who wore a Cope. In out Walk, Doctor Ward joined me; & having heard of my Journey to Terrington & the Object of it, from the Bishop, gave me a great Deal of Information about the Nature of the Property, & said Mr. Metcalf knew more about it than any one, he having himself, Estates there - The Doctor volunteered to obtain all the Intelligence I could possibly want. I accepted the Offer, & it was agreed we should correspond, as soon as I got back to Exeter. It was now dark. We all went up to the Bishop, in the upstairs Drawing Room - had our Tea,

& then the Miss Dampiers were set down at the Piano Forte, and played Musick, both sacred and profane; the Bishop wheeling himself towards the Instrument (and

closely attending to the Play & commenting on it, as Occasion required. You may tell your Mother of this, if you will. There is a very pretty Chapel in the Palace, where the Bishop performs his Offices; for the Cold chilly Air of the Cathedral prevents his often going there. After 9, in an Interval of the Musick, I took my Leave: he gave me a cordial Shake by the Hand, & said I must see him at Ely House⁴⁸⁸, the next Time I come to Town. The Archdeacon - a venerable Old Man, six feet high - conducted me to the Gallery, & with great Cordiality, repeated his Invitation to Rochester, & told me how I could go down there. Thus ended my most gratifying Visit to Ely - but not the Bishop's Politeness. I slept again at the Lamb; & next Morning at 5 posted it to Cambridge. I called on Doctor Cory,⁴⁸⁹ who showed me every Thing at Emanuel - the most material Things were Prince Arthur's Copy of Tully's Offices - one of "the two grandest Books in the World" - & Bishop Hall's, Dort Medal.⁴⁹⁰ a most glorious Picture of Sir Wm. Temple is in his Gallery. Then I went to Bene't College. None can enter the Library, but with a Fellow and a Student - it cannot be opened or entered even by the Master himself without a Fellow or a Student of the College accompanying him. It being Vacation, I waited near two Hours before a student of Bene'ts could be found, & then Abh. Parker's MSS. Library was opened by Mr. Hendry.⁴⁹¹ (I employed those two Hours at Emanuel & elsewhere) he, though a blunt & rather rough Man, was most infinitely obliging: he & t[torn]elman patiently waited whilst I read & examined Parker's Act of Consecration, word by[torn] & over again (of which I'll tell you something: & it was what, of all Things, I most want to [torn] ancient MSS. Gospels, & a Variety of other MSS. of immense Value. Mr. Hendry then took [torn] to the printed Library; & lugged out all he could think of, that was rare & curious - to me I might come at any [torn] Time and as often as I liked; see any Thing; transcribe any Thing. I then sat some Time in Conversation with [torn]m at his Rooms; tumbled down over the Stone Steps & hurt my right Ankle. Then I went to St. John's and delivered the Bishop's Letter to the Master, Old Doctor Craven.⁴⁹² The first Thing he did was to fix me for Dinner, though I did resist manfully. Then the Doctor, being about to transact Business with the Body of Fellows, showed me as fast as he could, King's-College-Chapel, which I am unable to describe; the Senate House; and the Publick Library. There at this last Place is a young Library Keeper, a most active & intelligent Young Man. He showed me Codex Beza⁴⁹³ & other rare Things. Then we returned to St. John's & I was amused a whole hour in the Master's Gallery of Pictures - the finest are Bp. Gunning's, Whitaker's, & the Foundress's, the Countess of Richmond's, Mother of Henry 7th. Then we dined, & tho' it rained, the Doctor again put on his Cap & Gown, & walked me about in the Wet till it was just dark. A very fine venerable Old Man. He showed me Cranmer's Bible on Vellum (Ld. Cromwell's) the other of "the 2 finest Books in the World". The Bishop says it is worth, at least, 500 Guineas. I examined it through & through, & over & over again. I saw a curious Passage - Jeremiah VIII. almost the last Verse - "I am hevy & abashed, for there is no more Treacle" (Triacle) "at Gylead" - (Treacle for Balm) I took my Leave of the Master at 8, & went to the Sun Inn & sat in my Bedroom.

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The two young Dampiers⁴⁹⁴ arrived at Cambridge the next (Yesterday) Morning in their Way to Town. We three breakfasted together at the Sun, & sat off in the Telegraph at 8, & reached Fetter Lane, where William was in Waiting for me, at 4. We, William & I, dined together at a Coffe house in Holborn, and passed the Afternoon with Severs at Chatham Place.⁴⁹⁵ I slept in William's filthy Chambers, in his Bed, & he in a Bed on the Floor of his Sitting Room; I made an excellent Sleep, from one, when we went to Bed, till near 7. this Morning; when we rose and went to Ely House,

Dover Street, the Bishop having directed the Eldest young Dampier to show me the House & his stupendous Library. Young D. met us (Bill and me) at 8 and I saw that magnificent

5th September 1810

[addressed:

To

Mrs. Jones

Close

Exeter.

stamped: indistinct but for 5]

House & Library. It took us an Hour. Bill & I breakfasted together at his Chambers, & he did not get to the Office till past 11. I dressed & have had new Glasses to my Spectacles at Dollonds price 2/. & walked hither [c.o. & walked hither] to arrange about the Exeter Charity Schools', S.S. Annuities. That done, I began, & have now nearly finished this Letter. It is past 3. your father sitting opposite me, with his Snuff Box & newspaper. We now go to meet Bill & dine together at Sever's. To-morrow or next Day, I go to Petersham: I shall again in a day or two write to you. Thank you for your last Letter, which was forwarded to me from Lynn to Cambridge - the one that speaks of Master Powell. Again kiss out dear Children for me. God bless you my dearest Harriet - Ever your affectionate
John Jones.
London, South Sea House, Wednesday 5. Sept. (Bill's Birthday) 1810.

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[no date⁴⁹⁶]

My dearest Jones

I did not receive your letter till Monday and passed a most wretched day of suspense on Sunday in consequence of this delay. I have be [sic] before accustomed to the irregularities of this Post, and ought not to have been uneasy now; but I know not what oppressed me about that time; whether it was the dejected state of your spirits, and your reluctance at going from home; or that my own stomach was disordered and my spirits were affected by that, but I never suffered so much from apprehension in my life At Church I was so overpowered by my forebodings of evil, that I could not command my attention and made a plea of Tom's want to come out, to come home with him; and send Sally into Exeter to see if there had been any letter either for me or Pitman. There were none and I passed the rest of the day in a state I cannot describe and at seven oclock went to bed worn out by anxiety and hoping to get rid of my-self [c.o. by] in sleep, till Jago should return after seeing Monday's post in. He returned at eleven oclock saying the

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letters could not be had till after twelve, but by half past eight in the morning he brought me one: and the joy if brought me was as indescribable as the pain I had before suffered.

I did not write yesterday thinking your would have written again on Sunday wither to the Office or to me, but will not longer put if off lest I should occasion you any uneasiness about the welfare of any of us. Thank God we are all well, Sibella has recovered her bowel complaint and is not at all

weaken'd by its continuance which was of several days. The chilblains are quite cured by the use of the opodeldoc.⁴⁹⁷ I had a long letter from Jennefee on Saturday, which I received in Exeter when I went in to enquire for one from you. She has been to London and seen William twice, once at Petersham. She and Sophia Baratty breakfasted at the Trollop's⁴⁹⁸ where she heard that Mr Dampier was much recovered but would not return to the fatigues of his profession, but would certainly become a Judge in the room of Heath⁴⁹⁹ who is about to retire. She adds it was Doctor Law who told Mr Trollop of your bon mot about the Ely hill. - She asks for Miss Baratty's information if "The four Gospels and Acts of the Apostles, with notes explanatory and practical, by Isaac Mann, D.D. Lord Bishop of Cork and Ross" is a useful[c.o.] and orthodox work. If not she begs you will recommend her one for "she is very anxious for Elucidation" She asks [c.o. other] further what authority they is for that part of our creed

"He descended into Hell" and if she is right in saying "He preached to the Saints in Prison" and "He was three days in the heart of the earth". - She says your snuff-box is at Flower's and she hopes it will be done to your satisfaction. Her letter contains nothing more that I can afford room for as it has occupied a large share already of my paper, and home thought it has nothing novel to relate may have some interest - One thing [c.o. h] I must tell you of little Henrietta, that she tried to pull Sally over to your dressing room door; and cried till she complied and till [c.o. the door] it was opened, and she went in to search for you. Frank often asks for Papa. Tom says "it is a fine time for the dogs, for they are never beat, and have plenty to eat" in this he is however mistaken their diet having undergone no change. They behave very well and I have not heard of their being in the Kitchen since you left home. I have some hopes of getting a place for Leo in Mr Fulford's⁵⁰⁰ pack or rather kennel I believe I should have said: for he was at the Office when I called for a letter, and admired him, Sibella said this morning she was very sorry Papa was gone away and asked when he would come back. I wish I could answer this question for I anxiously long for your return. I have sent in for a letter, and trust my next will give me some [c.o.] prospect of it. God bless you my dearest dear, and restore you to us all in health and safety.

Your ever affectionate Wife H Jones.

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My Dearest Harriet,

My County Rate Business is not disposed of, and my Clients Bassett & Hole left Town this morning. An engagement to dine with the Trollopes on Saturday, would not of itself perhaps have detained me, although it might have seemed rude to break it; but I have other Business to attend to, during the Remainder of the present Week. I purpose going to Petersham on Sunday, & making my Visit, there, as short as possible, & then to hasten home -

I ended my last Letter, I believe, with an Account of my Morning Visit at Ely House. I returned there again full drest at 6; and to my great Mortification found Rhodes,⁵⁰¹ the second Brother, there, a great long Fellow that sometimes used to sit before us in St. Martin's Church. I feared he would interfere with our Conversation, or be a Restraint upon it; but I was mistaken; for the Bishop⁵⁰² seemed to give him over to the Women, Mrs. Dampier & Miss Sleech, who are related to him, & I do'nt recollect that, after Dinner, he addressed one Word to him. As all that Family and particularly the Gentlemen, are as proud as Lucifer, my Spite was abundantly gratified, not only by the Bishop's exclusive Attention to me, but by the Nature of a Conversation which lasted, without Intermission from Seven till Half past Eleven o'Clock: Rhodes, indeed, went away at Ten. When I went away, I told the Bishop three Lies, namely that I was engaged Yesterday, To-day, & To-morrow: "well then,

you are disengaged on Friday and so I expect you at 6." My lying and my Appointment for Friday, allow of my dining with Seale to-day, & with Severs to-morrow, which, if I did not, Offence would be taken. I do'nt know why Severs should wish to keep up any Acquaintance with me, when he so evidently discourages William from visiting him. All the Londoners are become Rechabites,⁵⁰³ and they do every Thing to dissuade you from drinking their Wine, except desiring you in plain Terms to forgo it. Seale has just now interrupted me. He is engaged to-day, so, of Course, I dine in Chambers, which is much more agreeable to me: for I should have been worried with Coffeehouse Politicks.

I do'nt remember whether I told you that the Bp. is much pleased with Roberts's Sermon,⁵⁰⁴ and immediately after reading it, sent one of the Two Copies I gave him, to the Archbishop of Canterbury I should think this will be the Means of putting all the Copies into proper Hands immediately by which my Purpose of running down the Dissenters will be effectually answered.

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My Journal of Yesterday is a very meagre one. I transacted some Business in the City & wrote a very long Letter to Mr. Dampier. I have not heard of him since I last wrote, the Day. The Rest of the Day I passed in Chambers. Altogether, William is better, & talks of throwing off his Wraps to-morrow. His Illness has prevented my going any where, but to the Two Halves of Opera's.

Your Letter and the Terrington Documents arrived at Noon. Dampier thought you too bold to venture to St. Thomas's Cold Church so soon.⁵⁰⁵ I trust you are not the worse for it.

After I had read your Letter, I went to Trollope's & settled with Jennefee for going to Petersham on Sunday Morning. As I cannot estimate my Time at less than Three Guineas a Day, I shall endeavour to begin my Journey home on Monday Evening. This is my present Plan; but do not depend upon it - You will hear from me again either from Town or from Petersham; but do'nt write to me after Saturday next; & if you write on that Day, direct to me at Petersham - Whilst I was at Trollope's, where I shall dine on Saturday, Mrs. Severs called there on Jennefee, with a blue Velvet Mantle and Apparatus. Severs had not received my Note, offering myself to dine with him, To-morrow. But Mrs. Severs accepted my Proposal, & Jennefee accompanies me; & I suppose we are to meet Brooke & his B.

As to this Day's Journal, this Letter gives an Account of the greater Part of it. I will take Care about the Arrow Root to-morrow when I go to Sever's.

It is well Beauty did not come Home whilst I was there. I should perhaps have hanged him. I will write to Bassett & get him (the Dog I mean) handed off again in Bassett's Way home -

I thank God, you are all well, & trust I shall meet you so. I am quite tired of this Place.

Ever my dearest Harriet, you affectionate

John Jones.

Grays Inn, Wednesday 29. April 1812.

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My Dearest Harriet,

I am safe landed at Gray's Inn, breakfasted and dressed, and now begin to write, whilst William is preparing to accompany me to several Places where I must go this Forenoon; principally to arrange my Proceedings for To-morrow: but I think I shall call at Baratty's and Brooke's.

When I got to the London Inn on Friday, I perceived the walk from Franklyn & the Expectation

of the Morrow had so roused me that no Sleep was to be expected: so I ordered a Rush Light by Way of Company. I was not disappointed in my Expectations. I slept about an hour and passed all the Rest of the Night and Morning awake. I set off at Six with Munden⁵⁰⁶ and Two Young Men, sensible enough & well educated and apparently belonging to some of the publick Offices in London. They were all of a travelling Size, and I had tolerable Room. I passed the whole of the Day and a great Part of the Night in Conversations with Munden, and I drained him of the History of the Stage from a little before Garrick's quitting it, to the present Time. If I begin, for I can only begin, on any Part of it, I shall waste your Time & my own. He is well behaved, but more of the Player than the Gentleman - certainly warm hearted, but parsimonious to the last Degree. No Drollery passed except that, at Wincaunton, where we dined, he ordered a Tumbler of Rum and water. It was brought to him - about a large Teacupful in a Goblet. He looked, then at the Waiter, then at the Goblet with a state of vacant surprise, that raised a Roar of Laughter - "Dear me, said he, with the same Stare, this is the tiniest little Thing for its Age I ever [c.o.] saw in my Life; pray how much will your good Master charge for it?" -

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A shilling, Sir. - "then says Munden, your Master has Three Guineas a Gallon for all the Rum he sells, while I give only Sixteen Shillings "at home. I had not Resource when arrived in Town, but to borrow Silver of Munden to pay the Coachman. We got so thick that when we parted, I invited him, and he promised, to come and see me, next Spring - I mean the Spring of 1814. He passes this Day with his wife and children (of which he has had seventeen) at his House at Kentish Town, & then proceeds for Scotland. He has for some Time been disgusted with the Manager's Treatment; & is now going on, acting all over the Empire, by which scheme he says he avoids Ill-Usage, Loss of his salary, and much stage fatigue, and in Two years, calculates on realizing, [c.o. in Addition] when added to what he has, a comfortable Independence, & then quits the Stage. He has been on the Stage ever since 1775.

On my Arrival at William's Chambers, a most striking Phenomenon occurred - he was not only out of Bed, but actually shaved and pruned; the breakfast Things laid, and a good Fire burning; and all this before half past 8. You may well suppose so extraordinary an Occurrence instantly filled me with Apprehensions that he was either afflicted with a Relapse, or with some other strange and alarming Disorder. But this is so far from being the Case, that he appears to me, in all other Respects, to ail nothing.

I am in momentary Expectation of seeing Mr. Todd wh s nuw at Grsn Chipl, and I conclude William is nearly adorned - I hear Mr. Todd's footsteps on the Stairs, and must conclude. I will keep this open till To-morrow & , if I can, add to it; if not, it goes as it is. Kiss all the dear Children for me. Mr. Dickenson is worse & worse, & going very fast, Mr. Todd says.

Ever my Dearest Harriet, your affectionate

John Jones.

[c.o. Exet] Grays Inn, Sunday 31. January 1813.

My dearest Harriet,

A line or two from me, I suppose Jones concludes will afford you some Satisfaction, for he puts the Pen into my Hand with a Desire that I would. I have little more & certainly nothing better calculated to give you Pleasure, than to tell you that Jones is here safe & sound, and notwithstanding all his Fatigue in very good Spirits - My Father made a Call at Greenwich on Saturday Week, and heard that Mrs. Norris was well he saw some of the young ones, but did not see her, as he was told she had not yet been down Stairs [inserted: he now says that Day] - they

were all well and in good Spirits, one of the Thwaites'⁵⁰⁷ he thinks was there, but whether Louisa or the young one he could not tell - he walked there & back again - he of course has not heard any thing respecting the State of their Affairs - thank Jennefee for me for the Cravats four in Number, which she says I "ordered" - I do not remember giving such an Order, I desired to have * some, but if I mentioned Numbers, I am sure I could not have fixed upon that, as less than a Dozen will not be of much use; so that if that is not understood, this Explanation is necessary - she does not say in part of my Order - my father this moment tells me that Mrs. Matthews⁵⁰⁸ is dead - I heard of Eliza lately from Miss Sally, Tucker her Neighbour, who was in Town for a few Days, she gives a very good Account of her, and she is very well and her Spirits improving - She was at their House, at a Dance, not in the Party, but took great Pleasure in arranging, decorating & superintending - Tell Tom, I expected a Letter from him and am very much disappointed, at not having one to see his improvement how it proceeds - Give my Love to him, Sibella, Frank & Henrietta, these are as many as will be able to accept it, with that Degree of Respect it merits - God bless you & all - dearest Harriet, your affectionate Brother,

William Todd.

Do not omit Love to my Mother & an Acknowledgement with Thanks if you please, for her late transfer.

* Correct Johnson's Dictionary Word - "Some" - thus, "any Number except One or Four".

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31 January 1813

[addressed:

To

Mrs. Jones
Franklyn⁵⁰⁹
St. Thomas's
near Exeter

by the Exeter }

Penny Post }

stamped: B FE 13 1

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My Dearest Harriet,

My County Rate Business is ended; I believe, forever. The Second Reading came on last Evening. There was a good Deal of speaking. The House at Length divided - For the Second Reading 24, Against it 70. So much for the Purity and Justice of the House of Commons! Lord Rolle⁵¹⁰ and Cholwich⁵¹¹ were there all the Time.

I am under the Necessity of staying here till Monday at the Earliest, not only because I must have a Consultation with Gifford,⁵¹² who is now attending the Sessions at Exeter, but because my other Business will take up several Days. I have Colonel Orchard's House⁵¹³ to sell before I go, and several Dinners to eat and Sights to see.

You remember that at the Old London when I came away, I took up Trewman's Paper which Brake⁵¹⁴ had left there for me. In it, I saw a Petition about the Catholick Claims from the Parish of Berrynarbor⁵¹⁵ - no Doubt, a Production of Davie Bassett's⁵¹⁶ - I thought it a Piece of Drollery, intended as a Squib for the Paper only. But William, who was in the Gallery of the House of Commons last Evening, informed me of Tierney's⁵¹⁷ presenting a Petition from Berrynarbor and from his Account of it, I found it was the same I had seen in the Paper. By great good Fortune that Part of my Paper which contained it was not destroyed. I have cut it out, and send it to you enclosed. Take Care of it. It was read in the House in a very audible Voice, & the whole House was convulsed with Laughter. I want William (who is still in Bed, though near Eight o'Clock, for Breakfast is not made yet & I am watching the Toast while I write) - to transcribe it for the London Papers, but he cannot take so much Trouble. It is now just like December - cold, dark and rainy, and the Wind howling through the Courts most piteously. There is not Inducement to stay here.

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I had Yesterday a Note from Mrs. Norris which I mean to enclose in this Letter, to save me the Trouble of stating its Contents. I answered it immediately and told her I would pass a Day with her; and give her a Day's Notice of my coming. I asked William to go down to Greenwich with me next Sunday, which he has agreed to do. I told Mrs. Norris but what Conveyance I meant to bring down your God daughter, - the Subscription Coach - unless she, Mrs. N. preferred the Mail on Account of supposed greater Safety; and I promised to take due Care of my Charge.

And Last Evening I met here a Note from Mrs. Trollope. She invites me to go to the Argyle Rooms next Friday - to-morrow - to hear Mrs. Siddons read Macbeth, & pay a Guinea for it. Thank Gracious I can read Macbeth myself without paying any Thing at all, and full as loud as she - She also asks me to dine on Saturday. I shall tell her I am going to the Opera that Evening, & then if she repeats her Invitation and lets me off at half past Seven, I may perhaps dine there. To-night, I am going with William to see the "Hypocrite"⁵¹⁸; To-morrow, the new Pantomime said to be a very fine one indeed, "Aladdin"⁵¹⁹ - & on Saturday, the Opera. And now, William being happily risen and partly dressed, I go to Breakfast; &, if I can, shall add to the Length of this Letter, in the Course of the Forenoon.

The same wretched Weather prevails. There is no stirring abroad without a Coach; and no Coach can be procured without great Difficulty.

I have seen a great number of Silver Candlesticks, second hand, but none that entirely suit my Fancy. I shall go to Makepeace's in Serle Street,⁵²⁰ where there is the greatest Variety and where I am likely to get some at a more reasonable Price than at Rundle's.⁵²¹ If you think any other Article of Plate is better, for Frank's⁵²² Present, than Candlesticks, let me know in your next Letter; for it is quite indifferent to me.

The Report of Buonaparte being shot is still bandied about, and the Papers seem unwilling to part with it. As I dined at a Coffee House yesterday, on account of the Lateness of the hour at which I left the House of Commons, I had an Opportunity of seeing many Papers, and they all state that the Rumour is repeated from various Quarters on the Continent.

The Rain has ceased, and the Wind is become very high, so that there is some Chance of my having a dry Walk to Westminster and afterwards to the City.

My next Letter shall be to Tom. My Love and a Kiss to all the dear Children. Love to Jennefee.

God bless you my dearest Harriet, ever your affectionate

John Jones.

Gray's Inn, Thursday 29. April 1813.

Lord Boringdon⁵²³ franks this for me.

[change of hand]

Dear H.

Having peeped at the ends of this to see, if I could, whether it were necessary to forward it to Master, I quickly perceived his own Hand, and thinking it possible you may like it a Day sooner than your return, I have taken a liberty with it, supposing I should have taken out the Letter to send you as the Frank to you would have been useless, but lo! there is no Envelope, and I therefore withhold Mrs. Norris's no[torn] as you need not pay postage for that. Your Mother left Franklyn this morning, for despairing [above: not angry at all] of your ever returning to entertain your guest, and quite worried with the Childrens Gambols (which I have in vain endeavoured to moderate for her) she has decamped. We were exceedingly surprised and disappointed at not having a letter yesterday from you. I sent three times to our office and it was shut up each time! I never dreamt you could be ill with Mrs. Reynolds. the Sea Air will have had no great Effect on you. you can stay longer if you and the Reynolds' like. We are all quite well. poor Mr. Radford⁵²⁴ (of the Crescent) in going the other Evening to the House of a poor Woman to deliver her, fell thro' a Trap Door that

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had been left open, into a Cellar. he was dreadfully injured, and with great difficulty taken home. Captn. Foulkes⁵²⁵ (the Father of the Miss Foulkes you have seen) was found dead in his Garden last Sunday. Thinking it possible you might return yesterday, I send Jago for you with an Umbrella, and a Charge to you to come instantly home. A Gentleman⁵²⁶ was to be pilloried at Twelve, he was however too ill to be thus elevated, I found on Jago's Return. Nothing can exceed the Health and Spirits of the Children but their Noise. Kindest Love to Mrs. R. and her Possessions one and All. Dear H. your's affectionately J.J.⁵²⁷

29 April 1813

[addressed:

Wm. Reynolds's⁵²⁸ Esqr.
New North Street,
Exmouth

a single Sheet
1st May

[crossed out:

London april twenty ninth 1813
To John Jones Esq
Franklyn
Exeter

Boringdon]

Mrs Jones,

stamped: EXETER 1 MY 1813 176

[upside down in another hand]

I am glad you are comeing on Monday, and I wish you were comeing tomorrow. T⁵²⁹. Jones.

My Dearest Harriet,

Your Letter of last Friday reached me Yesterday, & I should have written to you by the Return of Post, but for the Disappointment of a Frank; although I walked three Miles to get it. I expect one to-day: if that fails me, this shall go as it is.

The Day after I wrote to you - that is, last Sunday, Todd actually got dressed by a Quarter before 12, so that I had but three hours to wait for him after I was dressed, myself. Disliking the Cram of a Sunday's Stage, we walked to Greenwich, and found Mrs. Norris and all her fine Children well. Harriet Norris is delighted with the Expectation of her Journey. We all went to the Hospital and I saw the New Buildings, & I agreed to Mrs. Norris's Proposal to go to the Afternoon Service in the Chapel, which William had never before seen, & the Decorations of which, Hele, who measured the Work, told me cost upwards of 72,000£. The Day was pleasant enough, though the Weather was bad. A young Lad, Bassett, dined there. I was able to keep them in a broad Laugh almost all the Time I was there. We left them at 8, & came home, only Four, in the Stage. I arranged with Mrs. Norris, to give her one Day's Notice by a Twopenny-Post Letter, & the following Day she is to bring Harriet to the Cannon Coffee House⁵³⁰ at the Hour of setting off. But when that will be, I do not yet know: for I have much to do before I leave Town. You had, however, best not write to me again, for I do not expect to stay long enough to receive another Letter from you.

I sent you five Pounds of Twining's Eight Shilling Black Tea, Don't open it till I come. I went by Russell's Waggon,⁵³¹ about Friday last. I have bought, and shall send

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down Frank's Candlesticks, Two Pair, weighing 91 Ounces. I will give you due Notice of the Time & Mode of Conveyance. If they arrive before me, do'nt open them, till I come.

As yet, I have gone no where to dine. Twice I have called at Mrs. Trollope's without seeing her: but I made him a Visit at his Chambers⁵³² Yesterday and had a long Conversation about Winchester School, which, in Truth, was the sole Object of my Visit to him. If I stay in Town so long, I shall dine with them on Saturday next. I hope Tom has received, and approves, my Letter. I sent it, and one enclosed in it to Jennefee, to get franked by the Bishop of Hereford. My Gaities have been, three Plays, and once at Astleys; and Yesterday & the Day before at the Exhibition⁵³³ which opened on the latter Day. Plenty of Portraits, good, bad and indifferent. Of West's,⁵³⁴ only one Sketch, of Moses & Pharaoh: no historical Piece or any Thing of the Sort, except the Lion Hunt, which Jennefee saw Northcote⁵³⁵ upon, and Joseph let down into the Cavern by his Brothers, by the same Painter. The Models and Sculpture are better than the Paintings. Yesterday whilst I was staring at the Pictures, John Winsloe tapped me on the Shoulder. He is here about a Bill for selling & exchanging young Phillipps's⁵³⁶ Property. I shall see him again. There will be no Opera for me. Taylor⁵³⁷ cannot pay Catalani,⁵³⁸ and so, Catalani w'ont sing; and Last Saturday there was a Disturbance at the Opera House,⁵³⁹ equal in Violence and Blackguardism to the O.P. Business at Covent Garden.⁵⁴⁰ The House was shut, but to be opened again, I believe next Week & some One else to be put in Cat's Place. By the bye, Clifford⁵⁴¹ the O.P. Ringleader died last week. I mean to go once more, if I can, to Sadler's Wells. To-date, the Cause of the Will made by Kingdon's⁵⁴² Man who drowned himself, comes on at Doctor's Commons,⁵⁴³ and, of Course, I attend it. William dines at Sever's with Mrs. Brooke, and I dine, most probably at a Coffee House; but, if I am asked, I shall dine with Townsend.⁵⁴⁴ William thought I dined with Dampier to-day, and therefore accepted Sever's Invitation: but To-morrow is the Day for which I offered myself to Dampier.

Mr. Todd dined here Yesterday, & brought with him Six Lemons to make Punch. He says he will not go to the Exhibition, because, as he says, he must pay a Shilling and cannot afford it. He says he spends Four hundred a Year; this he makes out by Mrs. Todds Expenditure and his own; but according to Sever's written Calculation, he can spend not quite a hundred a Year on himself. I think he is become full as loquacious as Grandmamma; and, with a little more Practice, will be able to talk her down. I never saw him look better - perhaps, never so well.

We have had only one dry Day, and that, a dirty one, since I came to Town. The Weather has been most wretched; no stirring without a Coach, & seldom a Coach to be had. It is not dark, wet and sultry. We have had Thunder and Lightning the last two Evenings.

I trust you have got rid of the Effects of your Indigestion. My Tidings from you have been very dismal, this Journey; which has under all Circumstances, been a very uncomfortable one. I shall be glad to return.

My Love to the dear Children and Jennefee. If, on my Return from the Commons, I have Time to scribble a little more, I will, but I must now shut up, & dress to go there.

Ever, my Dearest Harriet, your affectionate

John Jones.

Gray's Inn, Wednesday 5. May 1813.

4 o'Clock - Just returned from the Commons: The Cause having lasted the whole Day. It was very ably argued. The Judge, Nicoll,⁵⁴⁵ takes Time to consider, & will give Judgment next Tuesday. I rather think he is with us. I found my Frank from Lord Somebody: I cannot, in the least, make out the Name. In my way back, I called at Rundell's & directed them to send my Candlesticks by Russell - directed to me at Franklyn. A Day or two hence - that is, the Day after you receive this Letter, watch & continue to watch, the Waybill at Russell's & get home the Candlesticks to Franklyn; but do'nt open them till I come. I have ordered them to be insured. Townsend I fancy is engaged. He did not ask me to dine to-day. So I shall dine Solus at Millington's; & Dampier has written to fix me for To-morrow. I really cannot think of dining at Severs's, where there is neither Meat, Drink nor Conversation. Send the enclosed by the Post. I suppose you need send it no further than Tyler's at the Foot of the Bridge. God Bless you all.

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5 May 1813

[addressed:

To

Mrs. Jones

Franklyn

near Exeter

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My Dearest Harriet,

I fully depended on having a Letter from you this Morning, to acknowledge the Receipt of the Ten Pounds which I remitted to you the Day before Yesterday; and am rather "in a Taking" about it; as, if miscarried the first Taker may convert it to his use. But, on Inquiry at the City Bank, I see it has not been presented to-day: consequently I deem myself safe till Monday, when, or before

which, I think I shall certainly hear of the Fate of my Checque.

I left your Letter at Home; so I know not your Address: but a Letter addressed as my last, or as this will be, ought to come into no Hand but yours.

Since I write, nothing has occurred here or at home worth Notice, except the Dinner given to Vine & Dennis in the Nursery.⁵⁴⁶ It was too humble a Dinner, only a Leg of Mutton & some boiled rice: but I do'nt chuse to speak about it and I desire you do not. I never before sat down with Fellows drinking & taking no Wine myself. It is an odd Business, & a very disagreeable one. The Farmers took a Bottle of wine apiece, & were very merry; I sat by to see fair Play; & then sent them to the Waxwork.

Yes! there is an Event. I bought a Young Gander Yesterday, not yet marriageable, for 3/6d & introduced him to Franklyn: & I have had your bedroom Lock made tight.

Tom is making windlances; & what Jennefee is doing, I do'nt know. I go to bed about Seven. She is not long after me. I rise however at before Three, & she at Seven, or after, ad Libitum. I ordered Howell to do the Trees as you directed. I was the Cause of sending down "a Magnesia Pie" to Dawlish. Did it meet a Squelch or Two?

Mr. Todd is now opposite me. I asked him how Mrs, Todd - "not worse; but very poorly".

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You may well suppose how glad I am to hear of my dear little Frank's Amendment. As to Pax - her Complaints are Dentition & cause no great uneasiness to me, as to the Consequences: for she will easily get over her Ailments. But poor Frank's are serious.

I am hard worked & shall be so for a good while with the confounded Hartland Business, & I have deferred to begin this scrambling Letter till it is almost Time to go home to Dinner. Take Care & have all the moveables that were in the former Lodgings de-bugged. A new Word - something like the other new one - "de-moralized". Great Success with the Mousetrap: no Knock-me-down Doings, as there used to be, in the Bed Room: it is quite free from the Noise of dissolute Mice. The Boar Cat presented to you by Mr. Kerswell, is as big with Kitten as he can go. Tom says he will milk him & have the Milk for his Breakfast. As to the Cucumbers - you never saw such fine Plants in your Life. I never did. I believe, I shall buy a Brace for Dinner.

The Clock strikes - God bless you and the Dear little ones. Make my Love to them.

Ever your affectionate

John Jones.

Exeter, Saturday 17. June 1815

No News in to-day's Paper. The Communication with Paris being apparently at an End. The German Papers talk of beginning to fight on this very Day.⁵⁴⁷

1

17 June 1815

[addressed:

To

Mrs. Jones (of Franklyn)

Dicker's Lodgings

Dawlish

[in faint pencil. Appear to be Harriet's notes on reply:

Cot stand

Camp stool

Cheese
Book of Franks [unclear]
Bertram sling
Hen- iet unl.?? [unclear]
Church
Mag - Tart
Rain
eyes
Cough
Ointmen on eyes [unclear]
little boy drowned
To Mrs Gilpin

[torn off from another letter from John to Harriet]

Report by To-morrow Morning's Post. Irene's Birthday was honoured with the Discharge of Cannon at Franklyn. Only a Discharge of One Gun: she being only One Year old.⁵⁴⁸

The Exeter People are again in a Bustle. The News of the Duke of Wellington being in Possession of Paris⁵⁴⁹ was brought last Night. This Night we may expect, & indeed depend on, a Government Bulletin; which Crockett⁵⁵⁰ has promised to send out to me. If it come & be particular, I will to-morrow give you a full Account of it.

My Dearest Harriet,

Thank you for your long Letter and "pleasing Information" about dear little Frank. I have been great Part of the Morning at the Mayoralty House with Judge Dampier. He seems uncommonly well; but is obliged, as he says, "to keep himself under a Bell Glass". He desired to be remembered to you; and asked particularly after Frank. Tom was with me, all the Time; and, when my Audience, was ended, Charles Tucker⁵⁵¹ took him to the Castle where he staid hearing causes the Rest of the Morning. I have been too busy to hear his Report. I am not without Hopes of seeing the Judge at Franklyn on his Return from Cornwall.

I send you all I can spare - 5 Guineas - & to-morrow you shall have more. This identical Five Guinea Note, I sent to Dampier as a Fee, & he has just returned it. It was for work done a great while ago. It is almost Dinner Time. Jennefee & Mary Bent are in Town, & we all go home together - I mean, Tom & all. My Neck is better - or - of course, I should not be here. But to-morrow & Sunday I shall lie by, with a vast Poultice, which I trust will send the Swelling entirely off, my Monday.

God bless you & the Children

Every your affectionate

John Jones.

Exeter, Friday 21. July 1815

[another hand: My birth two months after this day.

Juxon Henry Jones.]

My Dearest Harriet,

Was there ever so attentive an Husband before? I have written a Letter to Sibella, which I shall enclose in this. I hope it will meet her Approbation, and that she will excuse all Faughts. I doubt whether I should have written to-day; but to make up a good Pennyworth. Perhaps, after all, you may not think so, unless I tell you that I have been with Dampier this morning. He sent me a Note to say he was arrived, which I received, I believe, as soon he came to Town; for it was at 9, and his servant was covered with Dust; and that he was going forward on his Journey towards Somersetshire at Two o' Clock. So at Ten I went to him & sat till half past Eleven. He was alone almost all the Time. In very high Spirits and perfectly well: but he is obliged to be still, for walking raises his Pulse & quickens his Respiration. He desired his best Rembrances to you, and asked particularly after Frank. I dare say you are glad he can't dine with the Bampfyldes. Of Course, I had a great Deal of Conversation with him; & was very well pleased with my Visit. And now for Buonaparte, whose Name D. did not once mention to me. The first orders received from Government are, to make him a close Prisoner; double his Guard; & take him round to Plymouth Harbour. All this has been punctually done; & the Bellerophon - the Bully Ruffian - is riding in Plymouth Sound. The making him a close Prisoner is, the confining him to his Cabin. So there is no more Show for the Publick; nor any more Quarter Deck Walks for him. The "Courier", which seems to be considered as an authentick Government Paper, states positively that he is to be sent to Saint Heléna. I dare say you know this is pronounced - Sant Hèlena. Major Winslow is swearing, because he is not bayoneted & because some French Fellows at Plymouth cried Vive L'Empereur. Now I have disposed of two great Men, I come to a Third - myself! My Thunderbolt became so hard, & the Discharge having ceased, I went to Barnes⁵⁵² this Morning. He looked at it - I should have said - examined it. He ordered a Third fresh Poultice per Diem to be put up, & Oil to be added in the boiling of it. He says there is Matter formed - that he shall not open it: that it will discharge outwardly - and that it cannot do any harm.

My Two Boys, Beauvoir⁵⁵³ & George Pearce⁵⁵⁴ are returned, without having seen Buonaparte: the Bully Ruffian having sailed for Plymouth, before they arrived at the Bay. Since I began this Letter, I have had a Visit from Gifford. He is very well, Hine⁵⁵⁵ will be down in the Vacation. I had no idea Hine has suffered so heavily from Henry Thomas Williams's⁵⁵⁶ breaking. W. had in his Hands upwards of 600£. of Hine's & Hine's Clients! But he is expected to pay a Dividend of, from Ten for Fifteen Shillings in the Pound. Tom goes on very well with his School, & still continues highly delighted with it. I think you will find a very signal Improvement in Tom's Manners & Stile of Thinking. He is very much more manly than he was. Authentick News of Buonaparte comes this Moment - he is not confined to the Cabin; & may quarter-deck it: but he has a Soldier on each Side of him, with Fire Arms - the Bellerophon has a Frigate on each Side; & there are King's Vessels stationed all Round, to prevent all Communication, with the Land or Sea. So now "we think we have him", as sure as can be. I hope you have seen his Letter to the Prince Regent. I mean to buy Flindell's Paper⁵⁵⁷ of next Tuesday, where I think, we shall have a full Account of all the wonderful Things that have occurred for the past Week. Are they not wonderful?

The Fir Plantation is now hoed, & the Play Place shall be kept in order for the young Fry. I have no further News to give of Franklyn. I ate Meat yesterday again: and I doubt I should have felt more comfortably, if I had not.

They are confounded bad Hands at Pudding & Pie making: but you must not tell Jennefee so. I thing her Taste - her Palate - more depraved than ever. I avoid, like Poison, every Thing she

pronounces to be delicious. Grandmamma has bewailed to her, that I do not visit there. I cannot help it. I have said, and will abide by, it: that I would never set my Foot inside the Door, whilst the House remains a Post Office. Your Father seems quite well; but complains as usual. I expect some Venison from Fulford & shall ask him. You may suppose I shall eat none, myself. I believe I told you Yesterday, I think I eat too much Breakfast; but as I do'nt eat too much Dinner I think the Balance must be trimmed by the End of the Day. My Stomach & Bowels are in prime Order. Jennefee & Mary Bent, Yesterday made my Aunt, & the Pitman Joneses a Visit at Heavitree. I find your Ancestors's Name is spelt (spelt), Kyrkby - I have got hold of the genuine Arms & send them, to Bella.⁵⁵⁸ My Love to Frank & Puck. I depend on a Letter to-morrow Mn.

Ever yr. affectionate
John Jones

Not a Word from William!
Exeter Friday 28. July 1815.

lv

28 July 1815

[addressed:

To
Mrs. Jones
Dicker's Lodgings
Dawlish

stamped: EXETER 28 ?? 1815 176

1

[torn at top]

My dea[torn] Jones

Having occasion to write to Jennefee on matters of no interest to you I shall be obliged to defer writing to you till Tomorrow. Mary⁵⁵⁹ has had another attack which being feverish I thought it adviseable to call on Mr Tuke - He says it is only from a disordered stomach and no fever to give alarm[cut] He think[torn]he will be about again very soon -

Frank [torn]ntinues very well and at times his eyes look almost well, and he says they are quite so, very often His appetite for animal food is returned and he sleeps well now that he is not teased by his ears -

My eyes will not let me write more with ease

Your ever affectionate
Harriet Jones

Dawlish 8th August 1815

[red pencil: A little more than 1 month before my birthday - 21st Sept./15 Henry]

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[addressed:

John Jones Esqr
Church Yard
Exeter

stamped: EXETER PENNY POST

[faint pencil: Saints - same Meang as Holy - Communion - is being entitled to partake or Benefits & Kindnesses, & bound to make sabbath Returns for them: as Children of the same Father, Disciples of the same Mother, animated by the same Spirit, Members of the same Body: this extends both to the Dead & the Living]

1

My Dearest Harriet,

There was so material a Change last Evening and this Morning in the State of my Neck, that I cannot refrain from telling you of it. The red Part of it; that which you saw and poulticed at Dawlish, is become quite soft and flabby; and the only hard Tumour is round the Edge of it, and that too, much less hard than it was. The whole Surface has so much subsided this Morning, that I was able to shave, and did shave, over it; for the first Time these five Weeks. I am sanguine in my hopes that, in another week I shall get rid of it altogether. It has been a confounded Annoyance, sure enough. To-morrow, I mean to see Barnes again, to consult him about physicking; for I should imagine it cannot be right to suffer all the former Contents of this Thunderbolt to be deposited and to remain deposited in my bodily System. So I have now not much remaining but the Remains of my local Complain, and somewhat of general Debility.

The Ladies go to Heavitree to-day, to my Aunt's; but not I suppose to eat Venison. I find Pitman dines there; so I conclude all the Pitmans attend. I am very well pleased to be alone; and should be abundantly more at my Ease, if I were oftener so.

It has been raining almost all the Morning, & seems likely to continue.

I have not treated myself with Mr. Flindell to-day; but I saw Coleridge's⁵⁶⁰ London Paper Yesterday. It is filled with the Detail of Buonaparte's being shipped from the Bully Ruffian (excuse all Faughts) to the Northumberland. He made much ado at being sent to St. Helena. He said he thought to have live quietly, the Remainder of his Days, in England under the Protection of our Laws - he complained he was ill treated by

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the Government. The Day before he was Shipped, Bertrand dined on board the Northumberland with Lord Keith & Sir John Cockburne - Bertrand made a great Fuss about the "Emperor's" being sent to St. Helena; and said he, Bertrand, should then follow the Emperor's Directions in blowing his, the "Emperor's" Brains out - aye, that he should, most certainly. Then said Lord Keith, very coolly, you will as certainly be hanged for your Obedience. However on Monday Sennight, the following Day, Buonaparte seems to have gone very quietly on Board the Northumberland; though he gave Vent to most heartbreaking Complaints of Ill-usage from the Government. He was asked if he wanted any Thing, before their Departure. Yes he did - so they sent an Officer to Plymouth for

the Things - namely, Twenty Packs of Cards, a Back-gammon Table, a Domino Board, a great Number of English Books - most of our best writers, and a confounded Sight of Rigging for Madame Bertrand - there was about 700£. I think, laid out. There are gone with him, Bertrand, his Wife and Children, Count Somebody-else his Wife and Children, another Monsieur, about a Dozen Men Servants and 3 Maid Servants. They say, he was suffered to take of his own things, about 1000t. Two costly Services of Plate, and Bedding and Furniture in Plenty: but they took away his Arms. All the Rest of his Attendants and Effects were left on Board the Bully Ruffian. He asked if there was any hunting and Shooting at Saint Helena; but did not stay for an Answer. He asked what he was to do with himself there; and he received No Answer. Someone said, if you had been taken by us off Rochefort, you would have been delivered up to the Russians. He shrugged and said - "Dieu me garde des Russes!" He was startled at being accosted merely "General" by our Officers. Now, Saint Helena is something like this

[SKETCH]

Great Part of it is good hard Stone; and as for Earth, we cannot say much about the Quantity of it. I am sorry to hear that the Story about the Rats has no Foundation. There's no Abundance of them.

Their Supplies are all sent from England, except their Wine, which goes from Madeira. As to fresh Meat, the Garrison tastes it three Days in the Year, New Years Day, King's Birthday & Christmas Day. The Landing is so bad, that the Boats go in [c.o.] back'sn' fore: the Batteries can be assailed by no Ship, & they can sink a Navy in Fourteen Minutes. There is a Place called a Plain: but even there, Stone is very rife, and Vegetation, no great Things. There are Plenty of excellent Potatoes; but no other Wall-fruit. There is very good Water, & in great Abundance. So now, I trust, after we shall have heard of Buonaparte's safe Arrival & Disembarkation, we shall hear nothing more of him. Of his Attendants, his Surgeon refused to go with him. In France, all goes on as I wish it - all, Confusion, Jealousy, Rapine, Treachery and Spoliation. If I had understanding enough to form Conjectures, it should seem to be the Intention of the Allies to bring France to utter Ruin; or at least to cripple it, so as to prevent its doing any more mischief for Ages to come. And it seems to happen fortunately that there is not one man of Talent in the whole Bourbon Family. Monsieur, who was the greatest Rascal alive, is become a superstitious Devotee. The French seem ready to cut one another's Throats. The whole Army of the Allies, dispersed over France, subsists wholly on France. They talk of keeping them there four Years" "Nunky" pays for all. The Institut is disgorging its Plunder daily: all the Stolen Goods will be reclaimed by the true Owners. The French take all this to heart most bitterly. But why should they complain? for the Day even of Retaliation is not yet arrived - only the Day for the Repayment of just Debts - nothing more, as yet. Their Complaints are, as yet, premature. The Allies do not seem to repress the Parisians in their Expressions of ill humour: but they have done what is of more Consequence - taken Possession of the Heights about Paris, and acquired the Power of knocking it about the Monsieur's Ears, at a Minute's Notice: this will prevent any Insurrection. Only suppose an Army of Frenchmen in England - in London - a Division at Plymouth, another at Exeter, & so , over the Kingdom. The French Troops, reviewed in Hyde Park, once a Fortnight - lodged at St. James's, Buckingham House & the Tower. The Reverse of this is now acting in France, and other the most vain-glorious Nation upon Earth - La Grande Nation! I think these are only the Beginnings of Times.

Here is a long Letter, sure enough. Let the Children see Saint Helena, and the Northumberland & the Forts, and the Water. I suppose you will give me a Report to-morrow. Ever your affectionate.

John Jones.

Exeter, Tuesday 15. August 1815.

[addressed:

To

Mrs. Jones
Dicker's Lodgings
Dawlish

stamped: EXETER ???

1

Sunday Morning, Nine.

My Dearest Harriet,

Here I am safe and sound, in William's Chambers, after cleaning myself from the Dust of the Journey and waiting for William's Dressing, in Order to go with me to Petersham. Before I send off this, I shall have heard from you, informing me how Sibella will have been, the whole of Yesterday. Her Illness, of Course, has been and is a Cause of anxiety with me.

To tell you all that has occurred, since we parted on Friday Afternoon. I went from Franklyn to my Office; and being tired of waiting there for the Hour of the Arrival of the Coach, I went on in your Chaise to the Old London Inn. It's well I did; for had I trusted to Pearse and not gone myself, I should not have got a Place. When the Plymouth Coach did come in, Two of its Passengers were going on - coming on, I should say, to Town: I was about to go back to Franklyn again, when one of the Passengers, a School Boy, said if I would pay his Inside Fare, I might take it, and he would go outside. The Bargain was very willingly made on my Part: so on, we went. Edward Gater was with us; and a Linen Draper of the lowest & most vulgar Description, and I believe a woman Servant, or Huckster, or some such Being were the other Passengers. I was never worse off; & unluckily, the Draper was opposite me, and the Servant by my Side: in a Stage Coach it is every Thing to have a good opposite Neighbour. I did not close my Eyes for the Night. The Weather was very hot, & I was obliged to keep my Hat off a good Part of the Time. My Diet on the Road was two Dishes of Tea: but whilst the Coach was breakfasting yesterday Morning I walked on & meeting with a very neat hedge Alehouse, I went in - got Plenty of Water & Sope & Cloth, and soused myself so well that I was extremely refreshed. We reached the Cannon Coffee at a Quarter before Seven, and there found William who, I am sorry had Waited there from

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Four o' Clock, without Dinner; nor, as I did not chuse to dine, would he have any Dinner; you see he is still Obstinate - a great Pity for so young a man - so we had our Tea together in Chambers, & I went to his Bed at Nine, and slept till past 5 this Morning, quite refreshed & comfortable. He has a Sea Cot in a Closet almost close to the Bed Room, and says it was very comfortable; I think it is not unlikely to be so: at any Rate, a much better thing than a Bed on the Floor. His Chambers are very nice ones: from the window, near which I am now writing, there is a very extensive Prospect of Hampstead and Highgate - the foreground is, the Whole of King's Road. I am glad to be able to tell you that there is no Appearance of recent Rain. I may say all the Corn is cut - hardly any, nothing to speak of, uncut; and a great Deal actually housed. I am tired of stooping at this Low Table; & he must be nearly ready - So I will only say, he is very well & in very good Spirits, and go on again

to-morrow with my Letter.

/Monday Morning - 9 o' Clock. - Your Letter, of Course, not yet arrived. I went down, Yesterday Morning, William with me, in the Petersham Stage. It was a very hot Day. Found Miss Baratty, Sophia, their Brother and Jennefee. Jennefee seemed glad to see me, and was much surprised at the Improvement of my Looks. She however, is unfortunately, by no Means well. She has a Return of her Complaint, at Times, of the Difficulty of Breathing, to a considerable Degree, accompanied by a quick & irregular Pulse: she has been under the Care of a Mr. Julius,⁵⁶¹ the Apothecary there who seems a very sensible Man. I had a Conversation with him about her Complaint. He said there is something wrong in the Circulation, of which he cannot judge the Cause, but does not apprehend it can arise from any Cause which would necessarily lead to serious Consequences, if she takes proper Care of herself. He has strictly enjoined her to desist from all violent Bodily & mental Exertions and has struck off Wine & fermented Drink, & put her, for the present, on a vegetable Diet. I asked if he thought it advisable to consult a Physician; he did not think it was, & wished to see the Effect of some Medicines he has been giving her. She had alarmed herself about Dropsy - you know what an

Alarmist she is. He has satisfied her that there is not a Possibility of it. She certainly has for some Years eaten too much: and, at last, I have seriously told her so. Julius thinks that upon her Return to Exeter, she will do well to have Blackall watch her Complaints so as to enable her to guard against their gathering Strength. He says too that the Change which at her Time of life must be, if it is not now actually, [c.o. actually], taking Place, will be very greatly and decidedly, in her Favour. She is in very good Spirits; but I think she does not relish her Diet. We, all of us, passed most of the Day out of Doors, in the Grounds at Ham, Lord Dysarts,⁵⁶² and what they call Richmond, which is Greek for Paradise; and came home again in the Stage by Eight or Nine. I have again slept all Night, from about Ten till near Seven. If you Letter give me good Spirits about yourself and the Children, I shall go down to Greenwich, William agreeing to meet me there and "bring me home". Indeed I shall make this arrangement with him, at all Events, and if it is to be altered, I shall call at his Office & tell him so. I now begin almost to despair of any Letter from you; for it is now near Half past Ten. I shall however wait till Half past Eleven, beyond which Time William tells me, no Letter can come. The Day is very hot; but I don't feel any Inconvenience from it. We were Yesterday packed in the Stage, with three Immense Fellows - Galloways, all three [section cut out after it was opened by Harriet] Let no One go into the Saloon, unless you are there. I fear you will have given me no Letter. I will conclude now, but leave it open to the last, that if your Letter does come, I may announce it. Kiss the dear Children for me: God ever bless you & them.

Ever your affectionate
John Jones.

Verulam Buildings, Grays Inn.
Monday 16: Sept. 1816

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16 Sep: 1816

[addressed:

[cut]rs. Jones
Franklyn
near Exeter.

stamped: C SE 816 16

My Dearest Harriet,

I should not write to you by Return of Post, but to quiet your apparent Alarm about Jennefee, and to tell you that I has a Note from her last Evening in which she says that she was then pretty well, thought she had past an indifferent Night, and that Mr. Julius seemed very confident of setting her to Rights. Jennefee certainly alarms herself. Cutcliffe was ten thousand Times worse, in the same Complaint, and soon got well again.

When I returned from Greenwich, I found your Letter in Chambers, and it made me happy indeed. The Absence of it cast a Damp over the Day at Greenwich. It seems that the Delivery of Letters on a Monday is always a great Deal later than any other Day; and for this Reason that they have then two Posts Letters, to deliver. If the Norrises were not glad to see me, they acted it very well. I got there a little before Two, & found them all at Home, that is, Mrs. Norris, Harriet, Agnes, Hannah, Emma⁵⁶³ and Tom, with a Child of major CHECK Harriet's. Not a word was said on any Subject, but about you, the Children and Franklyn. Mrs. Norris looks uncommonly well, & in excellent Spirits. Harriet looks well too, but she has lost her Colour and Size in a great Degree - she is steady and sensible, and no longer, at all, girlish.

We, Mrs. Norris, Harriet and I, walked about the Hospital and Park before Dinner, and the Afternoon was past in gossiping about your and the Children, and her decided Intention of going into our Neighbourhood, for some Months, next Summer. This is fixt, and I am to look out for a small Place for them, three Lodging Rooms, one Sitting Room, & the use of a Kitchen; & she means to let her own house during her Absence. She speaks with more Animation

1v

about this intended Trip, than I ever saw her show, on any other Occasion. Agnes looked⁵⁶⁴ a little deplorable at the Thoughts of not being one of the Party, as she is going to School; but I think there is an Understanding that she is to be with them during the Vacation. Harriet from a bouncing volatile Girl is become a stayed sensible woman. Tom⁵⁶⁵ is a very fine Boy, quite a Gentleman-Boy, and I really tremble at the Thoughts of our Children's Behaviour towards him. But Hannah⁵⁶⁶, kept the whole Party in a Roar of Laughter, to which perhaps I assisted. She plied me with all Manner of Questions, and I answered to every Thing: she was glued to me the whole Time I was there: and when I asked her why she stuck so close to me and looked in my Face & talked to me, so incessantly, she answered - because I was so agreeable. Agnes does not seem ever agreeable. Harriet was a good Deal out of the Room after Dinner; I imagine she is after the household Affairs; for she seemed bustling at Times. Perhaps you were never so much talked of before, and I bore the Conversation with great Patience. The whole Family is taught to consider you as one of the most delightful of all human Beings. Mrs. Norris made a dead Point of my giving them a whole Day, and I promised I certainly would, if I could, and the Plan is for William to go with me, and the whole Party to go to Woolwich. If I can, I certainly will. William came to me in the Evening, and we returned at 8 in the Stage, to Chambers.

Yesterday, my allotted holiday, was passed from Eleven to Night in going about and seeing Sights. I went, first to West's Picture, and was with it an Hour. Then to the Cast of the Man and Horse the Work of Phidias. the Plate in my "Quintus Curtius"⁵⁶⁷ is very like it. Look at it: is is on the shelf on which I keep my Ink Bottle. There are Two Figures - two men & two horses - you will see the name of Phidias on the Inscription under the one in Question. It is the finest Thing I have ever seen. It is

Twenty Feet high! Then I went to see the new Front of the Opera House, & the new Street opposite Carlton House. Thence to the River, where I rowed round the

Strand Bridge & examined it well. It has only Nine Arches - Westminster Bridge has Thirteen. It is a Doric Building entirely of Blocks of granite: the Pillars at least four Feet in Diameter. Thence up the River to see Vauxhall Iron Bridge, only Nine Arches of a prodigious height. The new London Bridge is to have only Three Arches! Close by Vauxhall Bridge is the new Penitentiary House⁵⁶⁸: a Building already of stupendous Size, but not one Quarter of it yet built. It has a most gloomy and mournful Aspect. It looks, at once, the Mansion of Penitence, - in a foreign Country, it would pass for a vast Prison of the Inquisition. In a Protestant Country it suggests more of Hope and Comfort, but not less of Awe. If one Sinner only can be reclaimed, all the money is well laid out, enormous as the Expenses must be. It excites powerful Sensations. Then I landed at Westminster Bridge, & went through St. James's Park, to see what they call, the Prince Regent's great Bomb.⁵⁶⁹ Beware how you pronounce it. I will endeavour to bring down a Print of it. Thence I walked up S. James Street, Bond Street & Welbeck Street, to see the new Marybone Church - a very grand Corinthian structure indeed. Most glorious. Then home to Dinner at half past 4, in my way calling on Mr. Nicholson⁵⁷⁰ the Architect, who received me very politely, and volunteered himself to go with me and show me whatever was worth my Observation in and about Town. This a lucky Hit. William & I sat down to Dinner, of which I ate with great Moderation, and then I took him to Astley's. The Performance much as usual; but a vastly crowded Audience. To my Astonishment and almost to my Dismay, Signora Saqui⁵⁷¹ (pronounce Saquee) ran along the Top of a Tight Rope stretched from the Top of the Stage to almost the Top of the Upper Gallery, a Distance longer by a great Deal than St. Thomas's Church, and at the least Forty Feet high, full as fast as Tom can run. When they were preparing the Rope, I was preparing to turn my Head from it: I am glad I had Nerve enough (no bad Sign of the State of my health) to look on. I thank heaven for the good News you give of our Dear Children,
[bottom of the page cut off]

1

18 Sep 1816

[pencil: When I wanted 3 days of being one year old

J.H.Jones

3/5/71]

[addressed:

To

Mrs. Jones

Franklyn

near Exeter

stamped: A SE 816 18

1

My Dearest Harriet,

I have received your Letters of the 16. & 18. which make me quite happy, indeed. I have but a few minutes, to tell you, what Comfort they give me. I have, this Instant, finished my Third Day's hard work; beginning the Moment I have breakfasted, & concluding at Dinner Hour. I never worked harder. It will last near a Week longer. Every Evening William & I have gone to some publick Place; & that, almost the Instant we have dined; and when we return, we soon go to our Beds. I am quite well; as, indeed, I always am in London. This Morning, I received from Row, Gribble's Draft of Contract; which I shall probably peruse & settle as I am on the Road to Petersham to-morrow, where William & I pass the Day. The Laundress will soon want m Table to lay the Cloth.

Tell Beauvoir that is Sir Bouchier⁵⁷² has not written, he, Beauvoir, had best remind the Baronet, that the Time is stealing on.

Jennefee gives a better Account of herself. This is short enough: but I do'nt like the Idea of foregoing this Post, & leaving your without a Line till Wednesday next, which would otherwise be the Case. God bless you & our Dear Children.

Ever your affectionate Husband
John Jones

Verulam Buildings Gray's Inn
Saturday Evg. 21. Sept. 1816.

Scarlatina is the Latin Name for Scarlet Fever;
& the three Children have, decidedly, had it.

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My Dearest Harriet,

I am doing a Thing very unusual for me. Writing by Candlelight at Half past Eight, at Night! If I forego it, I hardly seem to have a Chance of writing to you again - at any Rate, not by Daylight, for many Days to come. Your Letter of last Tuesday - of Saturday, I mean - gave me much Uneasiness, about our dear little Irene. Your Letter of Sunday, which I received this Forenoon, sets me more at Ease about her - The Circumstance which perhaps occasions me more Annoyance than I should feel about the Elder Children, is that of her not being able to use the Gargle, and taking all her medicines by Force. Pray write me regularly until you have no further Apprehensions about her Throat. Yesterday and the Day before, I have been a good Deal indisposed, by Obstruction in the Bowels. William & I passed the Sunday at Petersham, where the Restraint and Exertion to conceal my Pain & to converse made me all the worse. I took Medicine the moment we reached Chambers at Night; but it afforded me no Relief; & I was, the whole of Yesterday, much worse. Last Night, I took at 8 o'Clock, Sam Barnes's Dose, which kept me up the greater Part of the Night, but did not bring Relief till about Three this morning. Except weakness & muscular Pain on the Belly, I am now quite well - made a very good Dinner & have just taken my Tea with William, who, whilst I write, is now reading "Phsyche" - I see I have written an H. too much - Psyche⁵⁷³ [above: by my side]. And now as to [c.o. to] Jennefee. I found her much better. She has been a good Deal relieved by Blood-letting the Day before. But still she has Palpitations, and is far from well - I took an Opportunity of speaking to Julius, in private. He says she is certainly better; and, with proper Attention & Care, has not Doubt she will do well. I have written a word or two - William stops me to desire his "Compliments" to you - & sent her your Two Letters this Evening. I work hard: from 9 to 1/2 past 4: so you will believe, when I tell you that this Day's Fees amount to very near, if not quite, Twenty Guineas. I have gone through the Gauntlet of all the Evening Amusements; which, of

themselves, are so little attractive, that, had I been alone they would have excited Sentiments of Disgust. The only Tolerable Thing I have seen was "A new way to pay old Debts" - a revived Play of Massinger's, a good Deal in the way of his Contemporary, or nearly Contemporary, Shakspeare. The principal Character, Sir Giles Over-reach, Kean's acknowledged Chef d'Ouvre. Kean is decidedly Kemble's Inferior, at all Points. Nothing can ever make Kean, act, look or speak, like a

1v

Hero or a Gentleman. It would be Folly, if the Stage were not in so low a state, to put him in the Character of Richard the Third: but preposterous Folly, at any Time, to make him act Othello, Macbeth or Hamlet. They have some tolerable Comick Actors, Men and Women: but the Women are not handsome, & the best of them has her Face suffused with a violent Scorbutick Eruption which no Paint can hide. Miss Kelly⁵⁷⁴. her sister Miss L. Kelly⁵⁷⁵ is rather a fine woman: but then she is full as long as our Middle Gravel Walk in the lower Garden. William says, not quite so long. Astley's and Sadlers Wells - but I spoke of them - much [c.o. of] as usual. How I longed for the Five Eldest Children "according Ages", in the Front Row!

I have seen no one but the Barattys since I wrote to you; nor has any Thing occurred. Indeed Sunday was passed on the Road, and in a "Shut up" at Petersham: & Yesterday and To-day, in a "shut up" at Home. I am in Hopes the Brunt of my Work will be over on Friday: but it is quite impossible to say. It is well I came here to do the Work - a Month would not have done it at Home. The Clerk I have here, is never allowed to tire. Beauvoir or Frank Coleridge would have fainted in Three House, at the driving Work I go on with. Beauvoir, by his Correspondence, seems very attentive and careful of the Office Business; so that I feel quite at Ease about it. Indeed I gave him rather a serious Charge about it, when we parted. I have seen no Paper during my stay here! except the Evening's wonderful Gaieties of last Week, I have been more a Recluse and a greater Drudge than at Home: I have no Wish to prolong my Stay here an Hour, after I shall have seen the Elgin Marbles and have bought a few Toys for the Children.

I shall keep this Open, till to-morrow Afternoon, for the Chance, tho' I have no Expectation, of hearing from you, or of any Thing else what may turn up, worth noticing. God ever bless you and our dear Children.

Ever my Dearest Wife, your affectionate
John Jones.

Grays Inn - Tuesday Night past 9!

24. September 1816. I remember what anniversary it is to-morrow.⁵⁷⁶

William now, has shut up his Psyche, and sends you his "Blessing"

1

My Dearest Harriet,

I am forced to get up at six in the Morning to write to you: for no Time can be found for it after Business Hours begin. I am rejoiced beyond Expression by your Letter of Yesterday - the one written on our Wedding Day - & by the preceding one written in the Folds of Bertram Mitford's Letter which, however, arrived the same Day - Yesterday.

The present Week has, do far, passed without any Amusement - Work from Morning to Night, & the Evening concluded in Chambers in a Tête a Tête with William. For the last Three Days it has been a little varied, by Frank Coleridge's calling in. Yesterday my Meeting with Sir Thomas⁵⁷⁷ took Place in the City - a sensible polite man - I had a regular Invitation to Stratton. We finished our

Negotiation. I have about Three or four Days work more; and William & I seem to have made up our Minds to take a Run down to Terrington, as soon as I have finished. To-morrow Frank Coleridge dines with us in Chambers; and I suppose we are to walk about in the Morning, if the Weather will bear it. Jennefee is very much better - went to Harrow a Day or two since, where she was conveyed by the Baratty's. She resigns her Post of Nurse to Mrs. Milton⁵⁷⁸, whom, with her Husband, she found there. He enquired of Jennefee, how your hot Water Scheme went on! She goes to Greenwich next Tuesday.

It is in vain to leave open this Letter to add to it. I have no Chance of being able to do so. God bless you & the dear Children. I am now quite well again.

Ever my Dearest Wife, your affectionate
John Jones.

Verulam Buildings Gray's Inn.

Your Embden Grits⁵⁷⁹ went by last Thursday's or Yesterday's Waggon.

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My dearest Harriet,

I did not forget your Wedding Day, nor was I unmindful of the approach of it, and would certainly have written to you, but was fearful of giving you unnecessary Pain, by mentioning which I must have done, Jones's temporary Indisposition at the beginning of this Week, and as I supposed he would certainly have written on that Occasion, if our Accounts had varied, it would have alarmed you. Thank God, this was only of short duration, and the Day after taking his Medicine, he was as gay and as brisk, as I remember him, in his gayest Days - he is certainly much improved since his Arrival in Town, and by the Time I bring him back to you, I suspect you will hardly know your own Husband again. His Journey seemed to have done him much good, after a nights Rest, and had you seen him, you would hardly have supposed he had been an Invalid, however, such Invalids would soon knock up us stout Londoners - Such Gaiety and Dissipation I was never before plunged into. Covent Garden, Astley's, Drury Lane, Sadlers Wells, & the new English Opera House, successive Nights, and this to me, who have been as much estranged from all these Gaieties as himself, for upwards of two years, quite astonished me, I thought him half mazed, and on Sunday as we went to Petersham, I directed the Driver to give him a Sight of the New Bedlam, and it seemed to have had its Effect, for I have heard no more of Plays or any other gay doings, and he has been as tame ever since, as a Child that has been shewn a Rod. I mean so far as regards Dissipation, for he seems in perfect Health & good Spirits, and as a Proof that he now feels himself perfectly well, he yesterday to my great Surprise renewed his Attack on Porter, which he had considered as the Cause of his Illness, and had declared he would touch no more of. But what surprised me most in your Invalid, as you had prepared me to expect his going to Bed at eight & rising by Star-light, was to find difficulty after our Return from these Gaieties, to prevail on him to go to Bed, sometimes at the Hour of two in the morning, and twice it has happen'd that the Clerk, whom he employs, has come twice after nine o'Clock! and I have been obliged to inform him that Mr. Jones was not yet up - this is saying something for his Quarters, with which he seems very well pleased - The Time of our Departure is yet unfixed, as he does not yet get through

his Business - I hope and trust that when we meet we shall find you relieved from your Cares, by the complete Recovery of all your little Invalids, and that we shall all be assembled together, without any fear of further Infection, under the old Roof of Franklyn - I congratulate you on the Purchase,⁵⁸⁰ it is what I fully expected, and if I am asked why, I have only to say, Jones has often declared he would not make the Purchase on any Account - but I thought he would so little like House-hunting again, that he would do much to secure himself from it -

As to your Project of Cottage building in the Bolhay,⁵⁸¹ I am afraid that is something too much like Castle-building, and if I should be able to retire, at some future Time, some more economical Plan may be adopted than building, I think the old Proverb, alone would deter me from any Speculation in that way - Jones had yesterday a Letter from Jennefee, giving a very good Account of herself, and she seems much better, and goes on Tuesday to Greenwich - Coleridge breakfasted with us two Mornings ago, & was with us last Night, & will pass tomorrow with us, we are to devote the morning to a Lutheran or Roman-Catholic Chapel, or a Jews Synagogue and he will afterwards dine with us. We three were to have gone somewhere together to-day, but unfortunately it has turned out so wet, that I hardly expect they will call on me; it has been unfortunate that both the Saturdays that he has been in Town, my short Days, the Weather has prevented our moving - he talked of out going to West's Painting - Pray what has given you a Notion of my being a perfect Heathen, and never going to Church? it is I assure you, by no means true; it is true, I do not go so often as I like, but it is only when I do not know where to go - with the Knapps⁵⁸² when in Town, I generally go to their Church, & when in the Country, being so distant from Church, we always have the Service read & a Sermon in due order, with all the Family collected, which makes up a very decent Congregation - we are there three Miles from the Church, Croydon, & consequently cannot go. Give my Love to my Father and Mother - it is better I suppose that nothing should be said about Terrington, till we meet - Remember me with Love to all the young Fry - God bless you,

my dearest Harriet, your affectionate Brother,
William Todd.

Saturday 28 Sept. 1816.

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28 Sep 1816

[addressed:

London twenty eighth September 1816

Mrs. Jones

Franklyn

near Exeter

T free Baring⁵⁸³

1

My Dearest Harriet,

I have this Instant, finished my work. My Clerk, Mr. Bellairs,⁵⁸⁴ is not yet got to the Bottom of the Stairs. I have earned, I see, about Eighty Pounds, clear.

I wrote to you, on Saturday last, by Sir Thomas Baring's Frank, and gave it to William to add a Letter from himself to You. And Yesterday, I received your Letter without a Date or Time or Place. I have abandoned all Thoughts of going down to Terrington, I and frighted from it by the Expense and Loss of Time, it would occasion: and as to Amusement, in again seeing Cambridge and Ely; I am too anxious to get Home to you, & the Children to think any Thing more of it.

William, I suppose reports me as very "gay". The Gaiety has had no Attractions for me: I have not even escaped Disgust. I have only now to make my promised Visit to Greenwich & to see the Elgin Marbles: this will be the Work, probably, of To-morrow & next Day; and I hope to pass next Sunday with you, my dearest Harriet, and the Children at Franklyn. Frank Coleridge has been with me, at any Rate for a short Time, every Day: I have worked very hard. All my late "Gaiety" has been,

during an Interval Yesterday, to stroll with him, about Westminster Abbey & again to see Mr. West's Picture. The State of my Bowels has bereft me of Ease during my whole Stay in Town, since the first four or five Days. The Weather kept me in, and at Work, the whole of Sunday; I have always worked before Breakfast, and sometimes - last Night till 10 - in the Evenings.

I did not perhaps tell you that on Saturday I sent down Gribble's Draft of Contract, settled, with my Name as the Purchaser; so "the murder is now out". I have spent no Money in Town, but the Three Guineas in the Purchase of Nicholson's Book, & Three Shillings! for another Book.

Your Account of the dear Children rejoices me. Cutcliffe's Complaints were a Pretence. He knew the Amount of the Expense, all Stamp Duty, more than a Month ago. he knew it to a Farthing: why then act this Farce - or rather, this Lie, before you? Not only did he know this, but at one Time, he had Reason to think he would have to pay a great Deal more.

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Of Course, you will not write to me again. If Beauvoir calls you may tell him we are to meet next Monday.

I think you will find William altered since you saw him. He appears to me much aged: but he must not be told so. He is certainly quite well, and has an excellent Appetite which never fails him. But his Temper does not improve by Age. He has greater Command over his Temper, in the Country, than he has in Town. His Sight in his Left Eye is entirely well. he reads & writes by Candlelight, & goes abroad at Night, without the smallest Inconvenience. He constantly uses Spectacles in reading.

Frank Coleridge dined here on Sunday. A dark cold and tempestuous Day. Not long after Dinner, down came William's Chimney - a vast long Pipe of Iron to carry Smoke - It fell on the Roof over out heads; & there was something so irresistibly laughable in it, that Coleridge brought himself into Pain by his excessive and long continued Laughter.

I have no Journal to give you. It has been all Confinement & Work. God bless you and the Dear Children.

Ever you affectionate.

John Jones.

Verulam Buildings, Gray's Inn
Tuesday 1. October 1816.

My Dearest Harriet,

Before this Leaves Town, I shall have taken my Place in the Subscription, and Williams's too, of Course, for To-morrow Evening; so that I trust we shall meet Saturday Evening at Seven o'Clock: and heartily glad shall I be to be along-side my old Wife again. The next Thought is how to see the Children at Cot.⁵⁸⁵ I was thinking of walking down Sunday Morning pretty early & meeting at Church, as before. However, perhaps you may contrive something better.

My Business being totally completed Yesterday at Nine, I went solus down to Greenwich. Jennefee had arrived there the Day before. She had been much better, but the Journey had discomposed her. We passed, Mrs. Norris, Harriet, Jennefee & I, almost all the Forenoon in sauntering about Greenwich Hospital & Park. The afternoon being rainy, William did not appear; and I came home, solus, in the Eight o' Clock Stage. To-day, I purpose seeing Hine, and what few "Lions" remain for me to see: but unluckily I am deprived of Frank Coleridge who has some urgent Business of Brodie's⁵⁸⁶ in hand.

I have bought "the History of a Plumb Pudding" for Bertram. A beautiful Book for Henrietta, and

a most lovely Pencil Case with an Almanack & Wafer Seal at the Top of it, for Sibella: and Uncle William has actually laid out Sixteen Shillings! for some Matters to be distributed amongst all the Children, not excepting, even, Henry. God bless you & them.

John Jones.

Exeter, Thursday 3. Oct. 1816.

I have paid Jennefee Eight Pounds to be laid out on your Commissions.

My dear Todd,

I have so great a Pain in my Breast, that I cannot stoop to the Desk [c.o. who] to write[c.o. s], therefore I use B. Brock's⁵⁸⁷ Pen. I am very much better than I was, and I am not confident that in another Week I shall be quite stout again, because I have infallible Indications that the Stomach and the Bowels are again performing their functions properly.

I write now in Consequence of my having seen Mrs. Todd today, who says that Mr. Todd⁵⁸⁸ is so much indisposed that he cannot write the usual Letter of Application for his Pension. You will therefore be so good as to ascertain & inform me what course is to be taken for obtaining it so as to get rid of the Necessity of his Application in his own Handwriting. Mrs Todd thinks & so does Tompson that Mr. Todd is certainly better; but he has not been out of his Bed for several Days.

Harriet has been much indisposed by her Over-exertion in a Walk to Heavitree on Tuesday last, but is getting better All the Rest are quite well.

I have no Doubt of being able to write to you myself in the Course of a few Days.

ever yours

John Jones

Exeter, Saturday 21 June 1817

1

My Dearest Harriet,

I was unable to come to any Thing like a Close of my Work Yesterday. I find I have as much before me as I can get through to-day and To-morrow; but I am not aware that I can possibly be detained after To-morrow.

We, all four of us, dined with Mr. Stowey Yesterday. He is in all Points precisely as he was when I saw him in February last. He took Leave of us about an hour after Dinner; and we then came away.

I have twice called at Standert's.⁵⁸⁹ He was not at home, either Time: & I have heard nothing from him, which I much wonder at.

I have received Money & Rents to the Amount of about 420£. but there is a little more to come. Say nothing to any one about the Will.⁵⁹⁰

Tom & Frank⁵⁹¹ are in one unceasing State of Extacy. Incessantly perumbulating the Town & staring at all that is rare and wonderful. I have been obliged to thump them several Times, into Obedience. They eat like famished Tigers.

If I can find Time to day, I may possibly write to Jennefee.

I am as well as a Man can be.

Ever, my Dearest Harriet, your affectionate
John Jones.

[c.o. Exeter] Taunton, Sunday 28. Dec. 1817.

Last Night I read the Bills of Mortality of last Year -
not one Woman died in Childbed; Whilst near 5,000
died of Consumptions.⁵⁹²

1v

[addressed:

To

Mrs. Jones
Franklyn
near Exeter.

stamped: TAUNTON ??

My Dearest Harriet,

I need not say how happy your Letter made me, which I received Yesterday, about the dear Children. On talking about Severs,⁵⁹³ from your Account of him, to the "Doctor", my host (who was brought up under the late Patch of Exeter) he thinks there can be no Doubt that Severs has actually undergone the Measles, though presenting themselves in, seemingly, a questionable Shape.

It is my Intention to get back to Franklyn; and I have arranged, as well as I can, for that Purpose. Do'nt depend on seeing me; but as, if I do get home, I shall be pretty hungry; you'll keep some Dinner for me tho' I should reach home after Four.

I have been very well, ever since I left Home. The Day before Yesterday, unknown to me, the Master of the Inn her, sent down to the Abbey to get some Fruit for the Gentlemen. Mrs. Orchard⁵⁹⁴ condescended to give a flat Refusal, alledging that "Mr. Jones was the worst Enemy she ever had"! I preside at the daily Dinner Table, consisting of Twelve & am tired of it.

Ever your affectionate
John Jones

Hartland Friday 9. April! 1819.

[addressed:

To

Mrs. Jones
Franklyn
near Exeter.

stamped: BIDEFORD 225

Todd Thomas Jones was born 19th May 1806 so he was thirteen when the letters from Winchester College to his mother begin

1

My dear Mamma

I suppose from your not writing that Papa did not receive my letter, but if there is no letter on the road for me, pray write. I had leave out to Mr Iremonger last sunday, in a cud⁵⁹⁵ way; only Iremonger⁵⁹⁶ and myself. I have had no opportunity of seeing the Deans, so that Aunts letter is now in my toys⁵⁹⁷, but I will deliver it as soon as possible; tell Papa, that I asked the doctor's leave to carry his letter to Mr. Ralph,⁵⁹⁸ but he said, nae bai could gae out of cammoners, and that Etheridge⁵⁹⁹ must carry it, which he did. Last Thursday I received my nightcap, hairbrush, and other things, which I left at Mrs Hinxmans.⁶⁰⁰ I am writing in the sick room where I am placed my Mrs Bell, who gave me this morning a black=jack for a bad cough and cold, which I think an extremely odd remedy for such a complaint. We have had here the most disagreeable weather I ever knew, slight frosts in the morning, then heavy snows, which were regularly metted by plenty of rain before one o'clock, but last night we had a good had frost. I have heard some particulars of a row in London, but not having seen any papers I cannot understand any thing of it, but I should be obliged to him if he would tell me any thing about it.

1v

Tell me when you write where Aunt is, for as she was going to leave Sanford when I came away, I shall not know how to direct to her. Pearse⁶⁰¹ has again given me semper⁶⁰²= fagging; it makes a great differnce in scool business, for shagging⁶⁰³ takes up a great deal of time which ought to be employed in learning. The praefects⁶⁰⁴ wrote a letter some time ago to Lord Sidmouth⁶⁰⁵ in which was inclosed a letter to the king, congratulating him on his accession and asking on the strength of it a fortnights holydays at Easter, both letters were written in Latin; I asked Mr Iremonger's opinion of it, and he said that he thought we should certainly have the holydays. Give my love to Papa, and Aunt, and all the chidren [sic]

I am your affectionate son

Todd Thomas Jones,

Winchester,

February 27th. 1820.

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[note in pencil by Henry Juxon: Dear Tom's school-boy letters]

[addressed:

Mrs Jones
Franklyn
Near Exeter
Devon

Cross=Post.

[stamped: WINCHESTER FE27 1820

1

My dear Mamma

I received your letter last Friday, which was very acceptable as I had then been here a fortnight, and heard nothing of you. I received Papa's newspapers, and am very much obliged to him for them; I think I never heard of such a horrible plot before⁶⁰⁶; commoners⁶⁰⁷ made a subscription for Smithers's widow, and raised nearly thirty pounds in one night; perhaps it has been put in the papers, and you have already heard of it. I had leave out to the Deanes yesterday and delivered Aunt's letter; they are very well, and inquired after you, and Papa and Aunt. I am sorry to hear of Papa's indisposition but I hope he will soon get over it. You need not fear any holy=days at Easter, for when CHECK⁶⁰⁸ heard of our letter he said that we should have an additional fortnight at midsummer, and afterwards desired Lord Sidmouth not to trouble the king with our letter. We had hard frosts here every day now, but I suppose from your mentioning a change in the weather that you are better off. I know that Tom Trollope⁶⁰⁹ cannot come into college in less than a year, but I suppose he will come into commoners first.

1v

I have no more time and therefore I must shut up. Give my love to Papa and all the children and Aunt when you write to her,

I am your affectionate son
Todd Thomas Jones.

Winchester.

March 6th. 1820.

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[addressed:

Mrs Jones
Franklyn
Near Exeter
Devon

Cross=Post.

[stamped: WINCHESTER 6 MA 6 1820

1

Winchester. June. 18th, 1820.

My dear Mamma

I am afraid that I ought to have written to you before this, as well as to Papa; tell him that I received the money quite safe, as well as the paper and am much obliged to him for them. I yesterday received an answer to my letter from Uncle William who perfectly agrees to receiving Maitland⁶¹⁰ into our party, and has promised to come at the appointed time to Winchester; he said that he saw Fanny Bent and Miss Gabell⁶¹¹ at Mr. Trollope's, and that Tom Trollope is coming into College next election.⁶¹² To day Urquhart⁶¹³ the under master gave as a subject for prose composition, *quinque zonae terram tenent* which you can construe and I think will pronounce as a very empty subject for any theme.

1v

Iremonger is in college sick=house for a large boil which he has had for nearly a week on his thigh, it pains him a good deal so that he cannot walk about much, but I went down to see him yesterday and shall go down again today. My three writing fingers are very black for a very odd reason, I was writing with some ink the other day which happened to be partly made with Lunar Caustic⁶¹⁴, and I directly afterwards bathed, and the water made the caustic in the ink burn and blacken my hand very much, so that at first I could not guess what was the matter with it. Tell Paper that I have gained another place in classicus paper⁶¹⁵, and tell me when you write, Aunt's direction. Give my love to Papa and all the children.

I remain your affectionate son
Todd Thomas Jones.

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[addressed:

Mrs Jones
Franklyn House
Near Exeter
Devon

Cross=Post.

[stamped: WINCHESTER 1?JU1? ?

[sums apparently for clothing in faint pencil]

1

My dear Mamma

I suppose I received your last letter week [sic], and am most likely going to write you my last this half year, I have just written to Uncle William to tell him what I suppose you already know that Maitland is going to the Isle of Wight and therefore that our party is diminished by one. Tell Papa that I gained two more places last week. This week is standing=up=week, but we always begin the saturday before when I said the whole of the 1st Aeneid for one lesson to my tutor Mr, Washington⁶¹⁶, and he said that I did it excellently

but I don't know what marks he gave me for it. my other lessons will be between four and six hundred which will make a sum total of about 4000. I heard a report here from Fitzgerald [sic] that all our family was going to Budleigh, but I suppose that is some of his old Aunts stupidity, Maitland and I had leave out to the Deane's last sunday I do not exactly know how he became a friend of theirs. I am sorry that I cannot answer your question about Mrs Scott⁶¹⁷, but I should think by the look of the child I have that it was not above eight weeks old. Iremonger has got the better of his boils, but he has pretended illness that he may have time to learn his election business; he will be a praefect next half, I have no time as I want to learn standing up.⁶¹⁸ Give my love to Papa and Aunt if you write to her, and all the family.

I remain you affectionate son
Todd Thomas Jones,

Winton.

July. 2nd. 1820.

I am glad to hear that the Norris's are become our neighbours.

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[addressed:

Mrs Jones
Franklyn House
Near Exeter
Devon

Cross=Post.

[stamped: WINCHESTER 2 JY 2 1820

[note in ink on side - looks like part of a shopping list: mop Peas Fat]

1

My dear Mamma

I expected long ago to have received a letter from home, but I suppose that there is something going on which will not allow of any leisure time. I hope that the letter which I sent to Aunt has been forwarded from Franklyn; I thought perhaps that it might [sic] be opened by Sibella⁶¹⁹, but as you told me to direct always to Franklin, I directed it there. Tom Trollope has been put down out of senior part into middle part of fourth, but does not seem to think any thing of it, he is I think a very disagreeable fellow he has not spoken to me of his own accord since I have been here, but barely answers any question; he is scouted in college as dirty, and is thought rather stupid than clever. Mrs Deane's son in college is now confined at home by an abcess in his side.

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but I have not heard how he is. Iremonger is now a praefect, and is still very kind to Maitland and

myself, he goes next Easter to Oxford. I had toys given me in hall⁶²⁰ very unexpectedly the other day, which is a great advantage, for now I shall no longer have to run through the rain or cold to the place where as you may remember my toys at first were. I gained five places in middle part of fifth the first week that I was here, but I do not know exactly where I am now, but it is somewhere about thirtieth. Dr. Gabell⁶²¹ yesterday called me to him as he went out of chaple, and said that I had done very well lately and he was glad to see me get on so well. Pearse has not given me semper=shagging yet and as it is rather late to give it now I do not expect it, but being in middle part of fifth gets me off a good deal. I have not tried any more drawing, as there is no time for it and nothing to draw but flints, chalk, downs, &c. Our new tutor Bury is come but I still remain under Washington with whom I am very well contented. I would be much obliged to you if you would cover my pad for me, for at present I have some paper only in my neckcloth, and if a little sealing=wax was put on the ends of the wire it would prevent it from wearing out the cloth. Give my love to Papa and all the children, and pray write soon,

I remain you [sic] affectionate son

Winton. Sept. 29th, 1820.

T.T. Jones.

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[addressed:

Mrs Jones
Franklyn House
Near Exeter
Devon

Cross, Post.

[stamped: WINCHESTER 29SE29 1820

1

Winchester. October. 8th, 1820.

My dear Mamma

I received your letter with great joy, for your silence had been of so long duration that I almost despaired of ever hearing from home.

Dr Gabell told me the day after I came that he had received a letter from Papa, which I suppose is the letter about which Papa inquires. I am glad that Aunt remains so comfortably stationed and I hope she continues to improve in health. I do not know whether Mrs Scott has a child or not, indeed I kow [sic] so little of the Dr's family that until last half year I never knew that there was such a person as Mrs Scott. I am sorry to hear that Bertram has been so ill used, but I thought that he could fight his own battles with almost any at his school. I had last Saturday to do some English verse translation from Ovid, which Ridding⁶²² the tutor said were very well done, and told me I should be

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[c.o.] excused the next imposition that I have to do, but I have had none to do this half year yet. Maitland told me the other day that his mother was not at all better but he does not seem at all

depressed. I believe that Pearse has not forgotten me but thinks that I am high enough not to want
semper=shagging, for he asked me the other day if I was not in Middle part of 5. I have a prose task
to finish so I hope you will excuse a short letter. Give my love to Papa and all the children,

I remain your affectionate son
Todd Thomas Jones,

1

[addressed:

Mrs Jones
Franklyn House
Near Exeter
Devon

Cross=Post.

[stamped: WINCHESTER 9 OC 9 1820

1

My dear Mamma

I am much obliged to you for the cake &c. which I received yesterday, it arrived quite safe; I
never tasted a better cake, and am much obliged to you for the stiffener, which I find a very nice
one. The lines from which my translation was taken began at the 509th line of the first book of the
Fasti⁶²³ tell Papa that I have kept my verses as yet, all of them, and will keep the rest. I have not
heard of Papa's having a new clerk, but I well remember Westlake⁶²⁴ at Collins's⁶²⁵, he and I used
often to go part of the way home together, I do not think that Master Noyisa's⁶²⁶ court will succe[c.o.
e]d, for the best of my memory Westlake is a kind of hearty fellow like Frank Bond⁶²⁷, can not so
easily be led into a friendship of that kind. I am sorry to hear that you have that pain in your eyes
again which I remember your having last Christmass,

1v

when reading used to hurt them so. I am glad to hear that Aunt continues to grow better, give my
love to her when you write next. I suppose I need not divide my letter between you and Papa as I
know that all my that all my [sic] letters are read pro bono familiari. I am sorry to hear Papa has
been unwell but I hope he is better. I think that the queen might be better off if she had not brought
any witnesses on her side, as some of them have certainly condemned her majesty, and that Mr
Brougham⁶²⁸ might have some of the threats which he used in his speech; but however things may
appear at present I suppose that we shall soon see this star of virtue break from the clouds of envy
and shine with double=blossomed splendour. Give my love to Aunt and all the Norris's and our
children.

I remain your affectionate son
Todd Thomas Jones.

Winchester

October. 29th.

1

[addressed:

Mrs Jones
Franklyn House
Near Exeter
Devon

Cross=Post.

[stamped: WINCHESTER OC20 1820

1

My dear Mamma

I have been all last week expecting a letter from home, and I hope you will write soon. I am now in the sick room for a sore throat which is now nearly well: I had a black dose for it yesterday about five o'clock, which from the late time when I took it, did not allow to pass the night comfortably or unemployed. I would be obliged to you to send me my other coat for my old one begins to sink oppressed by age and the infirmities which it brings with it. I the other day found an odd little snake about three inches long, it was dead, and had a black belly, and a yellow back divided in the middle by a long black streak, I wish you would tell me what sort of snake it is for I cannot guess in the least.

1v

I met Mrs. Gabell the other day, and she inquired how you all were at home very particularly. I long to see beastly Robert⁶²⁹ in his red accoutrements, I think he must be an odd figure. I have made up my party very cud with Maitland and Fitzgerald and two others. As I want to send my letter by the cross=post which goes at four I hope you will excuse shortness. Give my love to Papa and Aunt when you write and all the children.

I remain your affectionate son

Todd Thomas Jones,

Winchester.

Nov. 19th. 1820.

1

[addressed:

Mrs Jones
Franklyn House
Near Exeter
Devon

Cross=Post.

[stamped: WINCHESTER 19NO19 1820

My Dearest Harriet,

We reached this Place in Safety Yesterday Afternoon at Four, though a Day as bad Weather, as I ever remember - of Darkness and incessant wind and Rain. At half past 5, Frank Coleridge, travelling in the Balloon, arrived; and John Carew⁶³⁰ just in Time to get his Dinner at our Table. The Rest of the Gang, the other Commissioner Geare⁶³¹ and his & Carew's Clerks, in a Car - for they could get no better vehicle at Newton Bushell, arrived about Eight. We had an excellent Dinner, and I had a good Bed; in which however I had little or no Sleep: for just as I had fallen asleep, I was roused by a violent Altercation in the Gallery between the Chambermaid and a drunken "Travelling Gentleman" who insisted on having a Two[bedded Room; very indignant at their putting him into a Room with one Bed only. It was a hot Night, and I passed it uncomfortably. As soon as I had prepared my work this Morning, which I did by One' o'Clock, I took out Frank Coleridge a walk, from which I am this moment returned. We have reconnoitred Totnes Castle, which I have informed some of the Inhabitants, was erected by "Joel", one of William the Conqueror's Barons. The dear intelligent Creatures gaped at my Information: & we have made one Turn on the Publick Walk. The Babbages⁶³² live at no great Distance, and I purpose calling on them to-morrow.

It is impossible to say when I shall be home. Do'nt expect me till you see me; and do not expect me any Evening after 5 o' Clock. At all Events I will not arrive after that House: so make yourself easy and take your Rest.

I gave no Orders about taking out my Letters from the Post. Let them be taken out daily: those directed to Messrs. Jones to be left at the Office: those directed to me, to be kept by you. It now occurs to me that for want of my Orders, this might not reach you in Season. I will provide against this by the Mode which I shall adopt of addressing you. My Dearest Harriet

ever your affectionate

John Jones.

A Kiss to each of the Children & Remembrances to the "Tall Carrot"⁶³³.

Totnes. Tuesday, 21. Nov. 1820.

1

My dear Mamma

I have almost given all hopes of ever hearing or seeing any thing of you all any more, and I write this letter as the last effort of despair to try if it be possible to gain any intelligence of the inhabitants of Franklyn. I have only received one letter yet, this half year, but I have written three, two to Papa and one to Uncle, wherefore I humbly beg that I may have a letter at least before the end of the half; the reason why I have not written before is I believe that I was a little sulky at not hearing from you for so long atime. John Dampier⁶³⁴ when he was here, was so kind as to come down to see me, I walked into college with him and took a turn in College street, he promised to give my love to you when he came to Exeter, and he gave me a pound note. The Duke of Wellington was here about a fortnight ago⁶³⁵, and Winton was I believe never so gay and

1v

crowded before, for I believe that there was a mob of full twenty people assembled to look on his grace; he came down to college to see it and not a soul was following him of the inhabitants of

Winton accompanied him except the beauty of holiness and all commoners and college fellows; I was very glad of the opportunity of seeing him, but I think that all his portraits that I have seen make him too muscular. Tell Papa I am very much obliged to him for the newspapers he has been so kind as to send me; I believe that I very unfairly charged you with leaving out the shoestrings which were bought, but I found them between my dancing pumps, so that it was only my stupidity in not opening the parcels of shoes to look for them. Crocket is come back, he sleeps in my room which is very cud, as I like him very much, he seems not much pulled down by his illness, which I find was very dangerous, he has had seventy eight ounces of blood taken from him within two days and allowed to take nothing for three days but cold water. And now I hope that you will excuse a short letter, and give my love to Papa and Mrs Norris and Agnes, and all the children of Franklyn and Paradise, and pray write soon.

I remain your affectionate son

Todd Thomas Jones

Winchester

March 26th. 1821.

I hope Hannah⁶³⁶ will not be affronted at my not excepting her from the children.

1

[addressed:

Mrs Jones
Franklyn House
Near Exeter
Devon

Cross=Post.

[stamped: WINCHESTER MA27 1821

1

My dear Mamma

The sore throat which I had when I last wrote left me entirely the fourth day after I first felt it, so that I have not been in the sick=room a long time. Mr. Durnford has been so kind as to ask me again to his house, whither I shall go on Saturday next, after a most curious manner of travelling, for I and Strong who is going with me shall one one poney between so that we must take turns to walk and ride alternately. I subscribe now to a cricket match in which Maitland also is, so that we have capital fun. I neglected in my last letter two things which I ought particularly not to have omitted, first the Christian name of Mitford, which Papa desired me to tell him; and what you wanted to know, how many pair of shoes I brought with me; Mitford⁶³⁷ is called after his father, John; and I brought five pair of shoes, including my pumps and skaiting niceties. I think I told Papa in my last letter that I had not heard before of Agnes Norris having the small=pox; I hope she is quite

1v

recovered now from any of its effects. I believe I ought to have written to Aunt Jenefee before now,

but I wish you would excuse me to her, for I will write as soon as I have time. Tell Papa I have finished the first volume and begun the second of Johnsons lives, but lately I have had very little time for reading; I think that Dr Busby⁶³⁸ the master of Westminster school must have been a remarkably wretched old man, when he saw clearly all the wits and clever men of his time had received their education from him: I would be much obliged to you, to send me some tea, about two pounds, because I am now in course to sport tea and sugar in my mess, and if sugar can travel I wish you would send me some, for we are generally cheated here in every thing. We have to our toys a kind of well underneath, but the rats have taken possession of my [sic] and nearly eaten up a poor Virgil which a boy who went away last half year gave me. Give my love to Papa and Aunt and Mrs Norris and all the royal families.

I remain your affectionate son
Todd Thomas Jones

Winton April 18th 1821.

I received yours and Franks letter this morning just after having put this in the post, when I immediately recalled it, as I thought [sic] by unmelting the seal I could make a short answer to your letter. I am much obliged to Frank and you for your letter, which I had been expecting

for some time. I am glad to hear that little Sabina⁶³⁹ is so well, I had no idea of her being so ill. I would rather that you should send my summer clothes as soon as convenient, for I shall want them very soon, and I wish you would send with them what I petitioned in the former part of my letter. Exeter I think seems to have become the entire residence of Vulcan⁶⁴⁰ by the frequent entertainments which he has there. I think myself lucky to have received your letter in time to add this postscript. I will answer Franks letter soon.

1

[addressed:

Mrs Jones
Franklyn House
Near Exeter
Devon

Cross=Post.

[stamped: WINCHESTER 19AP19 1821

1

My dear Mamma

I received your nice cake and the purses yesterday; the cake is extremely good, though it did not look so nice outside, the cake shewed how foolish it is to trust to appearances, for I think that its having so hard a shell kept the inside moist; however, it was approved in full council by Maitland and three others; the purse which Aunt made is indeed a grand one, tell Papa I am much obliged to him for the addition of that fine tassel to the purse, and for taking so much trouble about my tea. Thank Aunt for me for the purse for I have just written to her. I am sorry to hear that Papa is worried with so uncomfortable an indisposition, but I hope he will soon be freed from it. The other day the cricket match which I belong challenged another match, which was thought superior to us,

but we exceeded all our own hopes and beat them. I am glad that Aunt is so mush [sic] better, and that

1v

little Sabina is recovering so nicely. Papa asked me to tell him how much tea I want, I think I said in my last letter that two pounds would do. I am rather in want of money, as a good deal of mine has gone in fresh subscriptions for more cricket bats and balls. We are to do some greek testament directly so that I have no more time.

I remain your affectionate son
Todd Thomas Jones.

Winchester.

May. 10th 1821.

1

[addressed:

Mrs Jones
Franklyn House
Near Exeter
Devon

Cross=Post.

[stamped: WINCHESTER MY13 1821

1

My dear Mamma

Maitland lately received a letter from his father informing him that all our family had had the Typhus fever, but as this was not mentioned in Frank's letter (for which I am much obliged to him) I began to hope that it was not true, but I hope you will tell me, If it was true I hope you are all well now, Please ask Papa if I am to stop election or not for I must determine on my way of coming home, I am very busy now in preparing my standing=up, I can already say a good deal. I wrote to Uncle William the other day to ask him if he would take me up in his way to Franklyn, I have received an answer in which to my sorrow he says that

1v

he cannot come down to Devonshire so early this time, in consequence of business, but that he shall come down before the holy=days are at an end. Like a great fool I forgot to inclose the jays feather which I mentioned in my last letter to Frank, but I will put it in this time. Tell Papa that I have gained three places within the last fortnight, and I hope to gain a good many more before the holy=days so that I may be put up high in senior part of fifth; I have finished the lives of the poets except two lives, which I shall read in the holydas [sic] as standing=up will not suffer me to do it before then. Tell Papa I want his advice about some old numbers of the gentleman's magazine, which the reader is so often referred to in the lives of the poets, that I should like to get them of old

Robbins⁶⁴¹ for the sake of these references of Johnsons, I dare say I could get them for a trifle, ask Papa if it is worth while. Give my love to Papa and all the family

I remain you [sic] affectionate son

Winton.

T T Jones.

June. 10th 1821.

I am glad to hear of Aunts amendment.

1

[addressed:

Mrs Jones
Franklyn House
Near Exeter
Devon

Cross=Post.

[stamped: WINCHESTER 10JU10 1821

1

My dear Mamma

I received your letter on Tuesday, and am much obliged to you for it; you may depend on it I will attend to the most material part of it' I am sincerely sorry that I have given so much reason for your admonition; tell Sibella I am much obliged to her zeal about my cricket=ground. Tell Papa that it is next to an impossibility that I should fail of getting into college by this time year, if I have as much as the Dr's second nomination, as I had last time: you say that you know I am not very desirous of getting into college, but although I was

1v

fool enough to wish not to get in, some time ago, yet I am not quite so blind as to wish to forego so great an advantage for the sake of avoiding a little fagging. I hope to have a better character from Gabell and Williams⁶⁴² this time, for I have not be [sic] scourged or had any imposition from either all the half year. As I shall be with you soon I need not write a long letter. Give my love to Papa and Aunt and all the children and Mrs & Agnes Norris.

I remain your affectionate son.

T.T. Jones.

Winton,

June. 28th. 1821.

1

[addressed:

Mrs Jones
Franklyn House
Near Exeter

Devon

Cross Post.

[stamped: ?? 29JU29 1821

1

My dear Mamma

I shall be able to write to you with more liberty than I did to Papa, as my letter to him had to undergo the perusal of Dr Gabell. When I came to Mrs Hinxmans house on Wednesday night I found there was a large Party there, nearly forty people, at cards; however, Mrs H. ordered up tea for us in another room, and tea being finished we went to the drawing=room, where we spent the time very cutly till about eleven, and then the shoard⁶⁴³ broke up and we went to bed. But the next morning after breakfast we went to the inn where the coach stopped the night before, to get out trunks, which the porter to whom we gave them had neglected to bring down the night before,

1v

here we beheld two trunks which we recognised as our own, but alas that which we thought to be Maitland's was but a gay deceiver, it was precisely the same size and colour but the direction proclaimed it a Londones [sic] property; the man had gone on with Maitlands but his own was left behind; the people of the inn assured us he would have it on friday night, but as yet it has not arrived; Maitland has just finished a letter to his fathers clerk in town to desire him to see about it, I believe there is no danger of its being lost. Mrs. H. desired me to thank you for your letter as she could not then answer it, she very kindly and earnestly inquired after you and Papa and Aunt. Mr Gabell also yesterday morning inquired after you all and all the children, and seemed to be glad to hear a satisfactory account of you.

Henry Trollope⁶⁴⁴ is come into college and seems to like it very much. I am very sorry that you could not hear from me before my last letter but it would have reached you earlier had it not been for Dr G.

Give my love to Papa and all the children

I remain your affectionate son

Winchester

Todd Thomas Jones

September 9th 1821.

1

[addressed:

Mrs Jones
Franklyn House
Near Exeter
Devon

Cross=Post.

[stamped: WINCHESTER 10SE10 1821

[seal with imprint of a bee and INDUSTRY]

1

My dear Mamma

I am much obliged to you for the parcel which you sent me last week, and am very sorry that I could not acknowledge the receipt of my tea which I had from Twining's some time ago. I tried on the trowsers today for the first time, they fit very nicely indeed except that they are a little too long in the legs but I easily remedied that by tucking them up inside, they have not slipped down all the day. I have to thank you, besides your trouble about my trowsers, for your kind provision for the safety of my shins; I am much obliged to you for it as well as to the inventor of the plan whoever it is, but I cannot I think honourably avail myself of such an advantage over others, as no one else has such a protection, who plays at football; I therefore ripped off the leathers; but I hope you will not consider me as slighting your kindness, for nothing could be further from my intention. I bought a pair of scissors at Salisbury for a shilling, but they were very inferior to those you were so kind as to send me, I gave the Salisbury pair to Maitland. He has had his trunk back some time, but I suppose Mr Maitland has heard of it before now. In your letter you say that Sibella desired to fill the other half of your sheet of paper, but I found only one half a sheet and nothing from Sibella, I hope it has not slipped out. Papa told me to ask Dr Gabell if he received a letter from him lately, if you remember I told Papa from the Dr that he

1v

could not answer his letter till the return of the bishop, however the bishop has returned some time, and Papa had found that the Dr's word is no very binding oath; therefore if this is at all connected with the answer mentioned to me by Gabell, I should like to know whether it is necessary to ask Gabell, for he is easily offended and I might feel the consequence of even delivering this message. A Gentleman named Hooke received deacons orders this morning in our chapel, from GREEK CHECK AS BEFORE, all the altar plate was laid out for the communion. I have seen a book called the Mirror⁶⁴⁵ in Robbin's shop, and reading a few paper's of it I liked it very much, pray ask Papa his opinion of it, and if it is proper for me to read, whether I may have it; it is in 3 volumes and costs eighteen shillings. Sir W. Pole's son⁶⁴⁶ is come to school here, he seems half mad, and consequently is much teized, I am just come from the tutors study where he was smoking a segar of touch=paper, although it nearly blinded him. I never wrote you a letter worth reading, and I am afraid I cannot write any more at present without retarding my letter considerably; therefore give my love to Papa and all the children

I remain your affectionate son

Winton.

T.T. Jones. Octr. 1st. 1821

1

[addressed:

Mrs Jones
Franklyn House

Near Exeter
Devon

Cross=Post.

[stamped: WINCHESTER 1 OC 1 1821

John Jones died in Exeter 7th November 1821 and was buried at St. Thomas the Apostle, Exeter, 15th November, aged 54. There was clearly a need for money as the following advertisement, which appeared in the Exeter Flying Post, shows:

TO be SOLD in FEE, or to be LET by TENDER, All that very desirable Property, called FRANKLYN,

Situate about a mile from the city of Exeter, in the parish of St. Thomas the Apostle, in the county of Devon, lately the residence of John Jones, Esq. deceased.

The situation of the House is delightful, standing in a rich Lawn of 8 Acres, most judiciously planted, and commanding very beautiful views of home scenery. It is built on a gentle elevation, with a good approach to it, and is particularly healthy.

The House comprises, on the basement floor, a good kitchen, with extensive offices; on the principal floor, an entrance hall: 30 feet 3 inches by 16-9; dining-room, 30-4, by 17-6; breakfast parlour, 18-3, by 14 3; servants' hall, store-room, and water closet; and on the first floor, a drawing-room, 19-4, by 17-6, four bedrooms, and two dressing-rooms; with four bed-rooms on the attic floor.

There is an Ornamental Inclosure, or Pleasure Garden, adjoining the House, of about an Acre, which is surrounded by a Wall, and contains a very good Green-house, and the total contents are about 10 Acres.

The Property may be viewed, on every day but Sundays, after one o'clock each day, and Tickets for permission to see it, obtained on application, to Mr. J.C. Rowe, Builder, St. John's-street, Exeter, who will also receive Tenders for the Purchase, of for taking it for a Term - Exeter, Feb. 13th, 1822.

John's will was proved 18th June 1822. Harriet and William Todd were the executors. The value of his estate was under three thousand pounds.

1

My dear Mama

I should not have been able to write to you so soon had it not been a half remedy⁶⁴⁷ to day; I might indeed have written to you from Southampton yesterday but I thought that a letter would be more satisfactory from Winchester when I had finished my journey. Mr Maitland paid my fare, and all the road expences coach=man, dinner, breakfasts; the fare was two guineas and when I proposed telling you the expence, he said that would do when we came down again from school.

The coach went very slow, we set off at 5 in the morning and did not arrive at Southampton untill 11 at night. We saw Mr Maitland and his son with Mr Gardin off in the packet next morning the steamboat not working in winter at Southampton, we spent the day in rowing a little boat hardly 6

feet long in the Southampton river which is nearly two miles broad, and in sauntering up and down the town which is a very neat one with wide streets and handsome shops. At four in the evening we set off in a coach

lv

with two horses for Winton where we arrived at half past six; drank tea and playing a leave=taking game at backgammon, went down to commoners. I sleep in a different room from what I did sleep in, for which I have reason to rejoice. I have recovered my purse and money; upon applying to Mrs Bell to know whether she had seen it she said she could not but put the firmest confidence in the maid's honesty, for they always brought her the most trifling things that were left behind; and desired Maitland to search his toy well before she inquired of the servants concerning it; Maitland the next morning found it in his toys; careless fellow. At Southampton the streets are most plentifully lighted with gas, they are not so stingy as the Exeter gas company, the lamps in the streets are not twenty paces distance from one another, and this in on both sides of the way, so that it is as bright as day, it had a beautiful effect on entering the town. John Maitland⁶⁴⁸ will pass thro' Winton this half year and promised to have me out as well as his brother. he is I think a very nice fellow, and certainly very kind to me.

Mr Maitland the father I mean, at parting exhorted me to make the best use of my time and said he had my interest at heart as much as any one. I have not yet seen either Dr or Mrs Gabell, and consequently could not give your compts to the latter; I will write to Uncle on Sunday and to Mrs Hinxman perhaps. I have not time to write a longer letter otherwise I would. Give my best love to all the children, and the Norrisses except Agnes If she has take[cut] Emma's box away.

I remain, dear Mamma your affectionate son

Winchester

T T Jones.

Febr 15th 1822.

1

[addressed:

Mrs Jones
Franklyn House
Near Exeter
Devon

Cross. Post.

[stamped: WINCHESTER 16FE16 1822

1

My dear Mamma

You have no doubt expected a letter from me long before this, and I am sorry that I could not write to you sooner, but at this time of the year, called Easter-time we have so much writing to do in our lessons, that I have not really had time, even on Sundays to write to you. I dined last Sunday with Mr Deane; and he and Mrs D: were very kind and particularly enquired after you and Aunt;

Mrs Deane had not heard of Aunts journey, and was surprized to hear of it, she said she was very glad to hear she performed her journey so well. I believe I did not tell you of Augustus Stowey's⁶⁴⁹ kindness; he wrote a very kind letter, and enclosed a pound note, which he said he did because such gifts were very welcome to him at Eton, he desired me to write to him soon, which I did next day. The pendant of my watch, which you may remember, used to turn round, came off in my hand about a fortnight ago, I sent it to a watch makers who sent word that the works were injured, by I told him through Etheridge, that as it went right before I would have nothing done to it; now Etheridge told me, for want of something else to say, that when he gave the watch to the man, he the watchmaker let it fall on the ground; I determined to make the man mend it gratis; so on Sunday on my way to Mrs Deanes, meeting our writing master who is very fond of determining cases of equity, I asked him if a man who broke my watch ought not to mend it for nothing; when lo! the person with whom he was walking, turned out to be

1v

the very watch=maker, a person of immense consequence in Winchester who however agreed to mend the watch, which he is now about. My common trowsers are beginning to fail very quickly, if they were sound indeed they would be wonderful breeches, for I had them, all last half year as best, as common all last holydays, and, as common for about six weeks of this half year; wherefore, I would be obliged to you to take it into consideration whether I shall have breeches; if I am to have some, to consider further whether you will make them or not. Sir William Pole's son, who I told you was such a mad fool is rather clever, but so incorrigibly idle, that he will not do even his common lessons or exercises, no imposition or beating or flogging can induce him to learn anything, which his natural genius will not carry him through without exertion; he was put in the same part with me at first, about half a year ago, where he did his business perfectly well, till the fear and awe which a boy feels on entering a large school, was over, he then soon got turned down into another class, and now this week he has descended another step, so that he is now where I was three years ago. As the time of your removal now draws on, I shall not in the least expect any letters from you, and indeed I hope you will not put yourself to the inconvenience of writing in the midst of all the bustle that must necessarily surround you, so that till you are settled I shall consider things as going on well, although I may not hear from you. Dr Gabell last week enquired very kindly after you, Aunt, and the children. Although my letter does not cover much paper I hope you will excuse it, as I really have very little time. Give my love to all the children and Mrs Norris.

I remain your affectionate son

Todd Thomas Jones.

Winchester

February 22nd 1822⁶⁵⁰

1

[addressed:

Mrs Jones
Franklyn House
Near Exeter
Devon

[stamped: WINCHESTER 21MA21 1822

My dear Mamma

I received a parcle [sic] from Aunt, last week, it contained a large paper of almonds and raisins, and a piece of seasoned beef and a long letter from herself: she seems to be in high spirits, and says that she finds herself much better; she has been to see a silver shield, to be presented to the Duke of Wellington [sic], of which she gave me a very full and entertaining description; she also desired me to write verses for her, but as I before told her I should never attempt anything of the sort again, I shall keep my word. I should not have tryed to write any unless I had had H Norris's promise not to shew them, but now she has sent them to both my Uncle and Aunt. Mr Trollope brought me the parcel from Aunt, and was to have carried my answer back, but as he went back much earlier than he at first intended, I was obliged to send my letter by the post, I did next evening. I suppose you are by this time settled in Exeter, I hope your trouble is over, or nearly so, pray tell me, when you write, whether Bertram is gone to Christ's hospital. I was informed by Aunt of Sibella's intended visit, I was very happy, as, if she behaves well, I mean, knocks no one down, and has no wrestling matches, she

1v

cannot fail of pleasing, wherever she goes. If Sibella is gone you must have but a small family at home, and I am sure a very quiet and pleasant one it being governed by Frank,⁶⁵¹ tell him I am glad to hear of his promotion to Homer, for I forgot when I wrote to him, to congratulate him on it. I had a very nice fishing=rod which perhaps you may remember, it was kept in the arras=room dressing=room, I hope it is not lost, for as in Exeter I shall not have much amusement, I should like when I have nothing to do, to fish, as we live near the water. If you have plenty of time to do it I would be much obliged to you to send me the 2 pounds of tea, which you said I had better have sent to me, than bring it with me at the beginning of the half year, I wish you would send this by the first of May as I shall then be in course in my mess, I wish you would also tell me whether I shall get some trowsers made here of not, but if you are still busy pray do nothing of the sort. I shall write to Uncle as soon as I have time, for I have not written to him for a long time: I would be much obliged to you if you would send me ten shillings with the tea, I am sorry to appear so extravagant, but you must be aware that my expences must increase as I get higher in the school, for I did not bring so much in the beginning of this half year, as I did the first time I came here when I was not far from the bottom of the school, I will make up for this by coming home in as cheap a manner as possible. Give my love to all the Children that are at home,

I remain you affectionate son

Todd Thomas Jones

April 22nd. 1822. Winchester

1

[addressed:

Mrs Jones
Franklyn House
Near Exeter
Devon

Cross Post

[stamped: WINCHESTER ? A? 22 1822

1

[pencil: 16 May/22]

My dear Mamma

I hope you will forgive my having neglected writing to you so long, but really we have not much time now, I received your parcel containing the trousers some time ago, they fit very well, and I am much obliged to you for the trouble you took in making them. Our confirmation is to take place on the first of July, I am to be confirmed, as you desired; I thank you for your advice about this thing, which I hope I shall not forget; the Bishop of Winchester is to come, and will receive [sic] in college with a grand dinner in the hall. I dined last Sunday at Mr Deane's, their sons and daughter are at home, but I did not see her, or I might perhaps have heard some intelligence of Aunt, as Miss D: has just returned from London. Uncle wrote me a very kind letter about a

1v

fortnight ago containing a sovereign, which was twice as much money as I had need of, so that I shall keep as much as I can of it till the holidays; Uncle sent me also two pounds of tea, which as well as the money he said you desired him to get for me, I acknowledged the receipt of them and thanked him by return of post. I should like to have seen Kean⁶⁵² with you, for what I have heard said of his acting has raised my curiosity very much, I suppose you were well entertained. The weather is very hot here I suppose it is so with you too, the corn about Winton looks very flourishing. I have not heard from Aunt since I wrote to her; you and I received the very same news from each other by the same post, about Aunts going to see the shield. As I have now any thing more of consequence to say, give my love to Grandmamma⁶⁵³ and all the children.

I remain your affectionate son

T.T. Jones. May 16th 1822.

Winchester

1

[pencil: Children's Letters 16 May 1822]

[addressed:

Mrs. Jones

James Street⁶⁵⁴

Exeter

Devon

X post

[stamped: WINCHESTER 17MY17 1822

My dear Mamma

Our letters have twice crossed on the road, owing to my neglecting to write for a long time, but I hope they will not do so again. I am sorry to have caused so much trouble to you by not telling you of my trowsers having arrived safe, but my last letter cleared up your anxiety. You are I suppose at Topsham now, if so give my best love to F. Bent, and Mary if she is at home; I hope you like Topsham, as well as you liked the thoughts of going there; of course you will be at home long before my holydays. Aunt sent me a very large and nice cake on my birthday, which she did because she said she knew you could not; but I certainly never expected any thing of the sort from you or Aunt, besides, 16 is not the age for eating cake; I wrote to thank her for it, by return of post. I think it rather a happy circumstance than otherwise that poor Mrs Piper⁶⁵⁵ is as last dead, for I believe she suffered dreadfully from her horrible disease which was on her so long,

1v

Our holy=days begin on the 8th of July, I shall think come home on the Stockbrige⁶⁵⁶ [sic] coach, and come into Exeter on Tuesday at about eleven o'clock. We had some thunder yesterday, and a good deal of rain to day, but all last week the weather was beautiful, and very hot. I had leave out the other day to Mr Sawbridge,⁶⁵⁷ whom I do not know, except by coming to Winton in the same gig with him from Mr Durnfords; it is very kind of him I think; he is a very nice man, and has a wife whom I am sure you would like, not a fine lady; she said I was "a remarkably old fellow" when she heard I was 16. I am ashamed to write so short a letter after your nice long one, but I have nothing more at present to say, but that I am

Your affectionate son

Todd Thomas Jones.

Winton

May 26th. 1822

1

Tom Jones
26 May 1822

[addressed:

Mrs Jones
at Miss Bent's
Topsham⁶⁵⁸
Near Exeter

Devon

Cross Post,

[stamped: WINCHESTER 26MY26 1822 68

My dear Mamma

I received your letter on last Friday I think, and am sorry that I have not taken an earlier opportunity of thanking you for it. I am glad to hear that you are so comfortable and I hope you will continue so. As for the former part of your letter which relates to my remaining at, or leaving Winchester, I should never wish you to ask my opinion about my disposal, whilst you have one of your own; however I am entirely of your opinion, for I had much rather learn what I can by my own exertions at home, than enjoy any advantages, fancied or real, of a public school, being conscious that I am a burthen to so large a family, each individual of which stands in need of what I enjoy, equally with myself: I hope therefore to act up to the plan for spending my time which you have proposed in your last letter. You desire to know when I am confirmed it is on Monday next the 1st of July; the Bishop of Winchester is to enter College with the same ceremony as the Warden of new College has when he comes down at the election, we are

1v

to be drawn up under the gateways to receive him, and one of the boys will speak an address to him; after the ceremony all who have been confirmed are to dine in College hall, so that there will be more eating and drinking than any thing else carried on. One of the praefects called Peck⁶⁵⁹ is very kind to me, some one he says has desired him to look after me but who it is he has never told me, and I do not like to enquire.

Both the gold medals have this year been awarded to Commoners which is a great honour to the whole Class; Sewell⁶⁶⁰ and Smith⁶⁶¹ are the names of the fellows who got them; Sewell had an elder brother⁶⁶² who won a gold medal last year, he has a younger brother⁶⁶³ at Richards's school⁶⁶⁴ who won a prize about a month ago, by a Latin poem so good that it was printed; and another brother⁶⁶⁵ won a prize in College last half year, besides that the first mentioned Sewell has won at least ten prizes himself, previous to the medal; their father must be either a happy man or a fool. We break up on the Monday after next the 8th of July, and I hope to be with you about twelve o'clock on Tuesday, for I shall go to Stockbrigde [sic] in the evening and there meet the coach by which I came last time; I shall travel all night and arrive at Exeter at about noon. I have not heard from Uncle or Aunt lately, indeed I have written twice to each since they had written to me, but I never expect Uncle to write, nor do I desire him to do so, for has more work

always on his hands than he well knows what to do with. I have kept all my compositions this half year, which I intend to bring home and write out for my Uncle, as I dare say he would like to see them. Give my best love to Grandmamma and all the children that are at home, and all the Norris's.

I remain your affectionate son

Todd Thomas Jones.

Winton. June 24th. 1822. Monday.

1

Tom Jones
24 June 1822

[addressed:

Mrs Jones
James Street
Exeter
Devon

[stamped: WINCHESTER 24JU24 1822

My dear Mother

I hope that my delaying my letter a week longer than I intended has given you no uneasiness, the reason of it was the increase in my school business. I wrote to Frank yesterday which I thought myself bound to do as I had not written to the poor fellow ever since I arrived here. Now first you must understand, that unless I had some doubt whether Uncle has left Exeter or not, nothing would have overcome my fixed determination of dropping all correspondence with you, for I was afraid of directing wrong to Uncle. Poor T. Trollope has had the yellow jaundice since his return to school, it confined him about three weeks, however he is now recovered; neither he nor his brother are getting on much, they are not put up, and upon inquiry I found that Mr T. had been much disappointed at their not being advanced; Mr and Mrs Trollope are gone somewhere into the country, but will return in a fortnight to town. Gabell inquired after you two or three days after my arrival, and Mrs G. spoke to me yesterday, but it was only, how d'ye do. I have got on very well as yet in senior part of the fifth, and have received commendation from Gabell two or three times; the school books which I took are all very necessary to me, if I had not taken them I must have bought others. Give my love to Mrs Norris and tell her that the preserves

1v

which she was so good as to give me, proved excellent, Maitland and I finished the White Gooseberry today. I left my roll of shoe=string behind me like a fool, but I believe I can get supplied here; I shall not want my boots this half year in the least, I suppose I shall not outgrow them by Christmas. I have not had much occasion for my umbrella, except on last Sunday and today, for all intermediate days have been so fine, that I have bathed four times without feeling any inconvenience from the cold; but today it is much colder and there has been rain all day. If you see Holberton⁶⁶⁶ before he goes to town excuse me to him for not going to see him off when he set off for Tor, for it was on account of my accidentally not knowing how late it was that I missed seeing him before he went; however I will write him an apology as soon as I know his direction. If Uncle is not gone by the time this reaches you, tell him that I am in no hurry for the tea he was so kind as to promise me, for I have borrowed a pound of tea from Maitland who brought some with him, and as we mess together, it will be no inconvenience to him or me, if I do not have a supply for a month. Our Chapel is undergoing considerable repairs, but the chief is the renewing of the east window, on which your favorite poem in the Elegant Extracts is written;⁶⁶⁷ the erecting of the scaffolding for raising this window took up all the last holydays, they found some curious sculpture behind the wainscot about the altar, which I hope they will bring to view, for the whole building suffers greatly from the inconsistency of the wainscot with the other architecture; in another part of the building an old helmet and some coin have been found, and as some will have it a Roman pepper=caster, and a curious Danish taper box.

As we cannot now use the chapel, we have morning prayers in the school room, and go twice on Sunday to the chapel belonging to the bishops palace, which you may perhaps remember as being an ugly building close to the ruins of Wolfsey⁶⁶⁸ castle. I have not written to Aunt since I was at Stockbridge, nor have I received any answer from he, indeed I could not expect any answer to two such skirmishing letters as I wrote whilst on the road. Give my love to Uncle and all the children

Pray write soon.

I remain your affectionate son
Todd Thomas Jones

Winchester

Maitlands birthday, September 22nd 1822

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[addressed:

Mrs Jones
James Street
Exeter

[stamped: WINCHESTER 22SE22 1822 68

1

October 13th. 1822

My dear Mother

my Uncle wrote to me in haste on the eve of his departure for Exeter to acquaint me with the melancholy event which called him thither⁶⁶⁹; I was not surprized at it, especially since I had already fancied that that might have been the reason of my not hearing from you before. I hope that this long expected occurrence has had no ill effect on yourself, it ought not to. I heard from my Aunt on Friday she acquainted me of Hery's [sic] entrance at Christs hospital, which gave me great pleasure, she said that he was much liked wherever he went, and that his engaging person and manners had pleased all who saw him. I wrote to Frank a long time ago, full a fortnight, but have not heard from him, I shall write again soon; My Aunt tells me that she and Miss Lamb⁶⁷⁰ sent him two cakes, one of which was demolished before the parcel was unpacked. I suppose my Uncle has left you now; I should have written to him immediately if I had hand leisure, and I forbear writing now because I am afraid that he has left Exeter, and should not know how to direct to him. I would be obliged to you to send me a Greek book of mine, which you may remember my quarrelling about with Frank, it [sic]

1v

one of its covers, the title is Xenophontis Cyri Anabasis, please to send it as soon as you can conveniently, for I shall soon be in want of it. I shall expect a letter to come with the book for you must consider that I have been here six weeks nearly and have had no letter from Exeter, and have heard nothing of you; I would thank you also to send the shoe string which I left behind, as I believe they charge about sixpence for a pair of them here. When the two Trollope's came back to school Mr and Mrs Trollope went into Lancashire, and the boys do not whether [sic] they are returned or not, but I rather suppose that they are in town from some mention of Mrs T. in my Aunts letter. Oct 14 I heard from Frank this morning his letter was rather short, and written in a hurry for want of time, he is very well, & Bertram is getting on better than usual; he and all the school went to the theatre there a short time ago, they saw Tom and Jerry⁶⁷¹ and were much amused. Frank expects to gain some places, and has lately had 3 shillings merit money as he calls it. And now I must ask you for some money, not merit money I am afraid, but as I am in want I would thank you to send it with

the book. Give my love to all at home and the Norris's.

I am your affectionate son

T.T. Jones

October 15th 1822

1

Tom 8 [sic] October 1822

[addressed:

Mrs Jones

No. 9 James Street

Exeter

[stamped: WINCHESTER 15OC15 ??

1

My dear Mother

I hope my long silence has given you no uneasiness, I can assure you that my not answering your last letter did not arise from neglect or idleness, but from my really having no time for it. I was much more pleased with Mr Lambs⁶⁷² second offer than his first, for although I had entirely made up my mind to follow the occupation first proposed, yet I felt much more satisfaction when I heard of Mr L's generosity in offering to take me into his office. I wrote to my Uncle almost immediately to tell him of my preference, and now find that both you and my Uncle and Aunt approve of my choice, which gives me great satisfaction. On the fifth of November I dined with Mr Lyford⁶⁷³, to whom as you well know I have had no other introduction than his attending me occasionally; I had had a bad stiff neck three days before which kept me in the sick room, this I suppose put him in mind of me; he is a most gentlemanly man, he was in Commons in Gabell's time so that he is now rather old; he has a wife and several children, Mrs L. has had two predecesseresses. I hear from my Aunt, whose letter I received this morning that F Bent is with you, give my very best love to her, and tell her that I am extremely sorry that I am not at home to enjoy the pleasure of her visit; I think

1v

your ought to be happy, having Fanny Bent with you, and neither Tom nor tailoring to interrupt you. Both the Trollopes are quite well, but I am afraid not much better off for my being here, which is owing not to any want of good will on my part, but inability. My Aunt tells me in her letter that my Uncle expects to settle you in town by Christmas, and is already busy in looking out for a house for us. I hear also that my Ucle [sic] means to continue me at school till midsummer, on account of Mr L's great expense, and there are several things which make it very unpleasant to me. One of these is that I am made uneasy by being in company of those who from being in better circumstances than myself, are considered my superiors, and amongst whom I should most probably lead a wretched life if the situation of my family were known to them; if I do, as is probable, live in London during the holydays, I must unavoidably meet many of my school=fellows, a large proportion of whom are always resident in town during the Christmas holydays; if I was not about to return to school I should drop my acquaintance with these with as little concern as they would, but on the other hand

on my return to school, our reduced circumstances, our place of residence being known, which the prying curiosity of school boys would have found out immediately, and should live in the contempt of the larger part of the school, which, however unmerited, would be a source of continual misery to me. Half a years classical study cannot be of so much consequence, And the time might be well spent in reading law books, so as not to enter upon my new business in thorough ignorance of it. In town I should not have half those inducements to indleness [sic] which I had in the country, so that with my

Uncle to direct me I might do myself more good attended with less expense than I could do here. I have said nothing of this to my Uncle, but if you think that I argue justly I beg that you will represent this to him. I have at present no time to write more, therefore

Believe me your affectionate son

Todd Thomas Jones

Winchester

Novr 15th 1822

1

Tom [pencil: 15th Nov: 22]

[addressed:

Mrs Jones
No. 9 James Street
Exeter
Devon

[stamped: WINCHESTER 15NO15 1822

1

My dear Mother

I have had no opportunity of answering your letter, and acknowledging the receipt of the one pound note which you were so good as to send me, till now. I am sorry that what I said in my last letter gave you such uneasiness as you mention; and almost as sorry that you so misconstrued my words, as to think them a petition for money, which I can assure you is not the case, for I have plenty of money, having but just received a supply from my Uncle, which you yourself spoke to him about: I now have much more than I have any occasion for; I thought at first I had better send it back to you, but I shall now keep it for next holydays, when, being in London it will be more necessary for me to have some money about me, than it would be in Exeter. With regard to my foolish pride, you have before often brought forward the same excellent arguments against it, and I have never forgotten them, but still I ashamed [sic] to say, that they do not so far overcome my dread and apprehensions, as not to make me wish to avoid even the chance of being exposed to what I have mentioned, I am afraid too strongly, to you in my last.

1v

I am infinitely obliged to you for so kindly granting my request, with regard to mentioning what I said to my Uncle; and I will solemnly promise to make the best use of my time, if my Uncle

approves of my quitting Winchester; my seeing that the interest of my whole family so immediately depends on my exertions, will I am sure prevent the possibility of my breaking my promise in the shameful manner that I did last summer. I heard from my Aunt lately but have not for actual want of time been able to write to her again; she mentions having a seal to make me a present of, and I am very much afraid that she has been laying out her small means, in the purchase of such a useless toy; as you know is her usual custom; if it is so I wish you would tell me what to do, for if I write a jawing letter it is most likely she will say I hate her outright; she writes the most affectionate letters possible. My Aunt tells me that Henrietta⁶⁷⁴ is getting on very well; I am going to write to her as soon as I have time; I have so many letters to write, one to Aunt, one to Frank who has been in my debt some time, one to Holberton and one to Henrietta, that I have employment for a whole days work. I shall not be able to write any more now, therefore my dear Mother

Believe me your affectionate son

Todd Thomas Jones

Winchester

November 21st. 1822

1

Tom [pencil: 21. Nov 22]

[addressed:

Mrs Jones
No. 9 James Street
Exeter
Devon

[stamped: WINCHESTER 21NO21 1822

The letters from Winchester end here and there are no other family letters until 1839 when the long series from Henry Juxon Jones begins. Todd did not become a lawyer. He entered Oriel College, Oxford, as a Bible Clerk, a poor scholar, on 21st October 1824 and graduated with a Third Class in Classics - B.A. 27th November 1828 and M.A. 5th July 1832. Frank followed him to Oriel, also entering as a Bible Clerk, on 14th December 1827. He was presented by the College to the Vicarage of Moreton Pinkney, Northants, after taking an M.A. 1st June 1837, a living he held for the rest of his life.

- 1 Philip Stowey married his deceased wife's sister Anna Maria Frances Sheldon in the presence of Ann Sheldon sr. and Ann Sheldon jur. She was his third of four wives, baptised 31 October 1764 at Old Church, St Pancras. Her sister was baptised 1757 at the same place, children of John and Elizabeth Sheldon. Stowey was brother in law of Thomas Jones, father of John, the letter writer. They had been in partnership as builders and architects in Exeter and among their building contracts was a new Shire Hall which still stands within the castle. They even married on the same day in London in December 1766, but in different churches. Stowey's first wife, Elizabeth Hinton, died in Fort St. George, Madras in 1784. He had been appointed Civil Architect in Madras by the East India Company in 1777, with permission to do "any Private Business as a Civil Architect provided it does not interfere with his Duty to the Company". In a subsequent letter the Directors remarked that Mr. Stowey having "acquired considerable Reputation for his Skill and Talents in his Profession. We have no doubt of your finding him able and useful in the Superintending of such Public or other Buildings as may be committed to his Management in the Character of principal Architect and Surveyor." It is probably to Stowey's talent that Madras owes the design of some of those handsome and spacious private residences which, situated in park-like compounds, are the envy of Calcutta and Bombay. [quoted from Love *Vestiges of Old Madras*]. It is clear that, among others, he did do work for the Nabob Wallajah as his executors were claiming money owed to him in 1805. He clearly did make a lot of money as after his retirement in 1786, he built himself a large house in Exminster outside Exeter, called Kenbury. He married Maria Elizabeth Sheldon in July 1788 but she died the following June, in child-bed. It is clear that there was a significant degree of animosity between Philip Stowey and the Jones family, but what was the original cause is yet to be discovered.
- 2 Thomas Watt Groenhoff Sheldon, son of John and Elizabeth, baptised 1759 at Old Church, St Pancras. Brother of two of the wives of Philip Stowey and John Sheldon.
- 3 John Sheldon, esq. F.R.S. professor of anatomy in the royal academy of arts (1752-1808). Appears to have treated John Jones for medical complaints from time to time (see letter 1 Jul 1794). 1st June 1797 John Sheldon elected surgeon to the Devon and Exeter Hospital. Died 6 Jan 1821 On the Friars, Exeter, Rebecca, widow of the late John Sheldon, esq. Professor of Anatomy in the Royal Academy of Arts and F.R.S. and daughter of the Rev. W. Palmer, formerly Rector of Combrayleigh, Devon [Gentleman's Mag.]
- 4 John Jones, only son of Thomas J., of the City of Exeter, merchant. Admitted to the Middle Temple 21st April 1790. [Register of Admissions to the Middle Temple]
- 5 Ezekiel Abraham Ezekiel (1757-1806) 179, Fore Street, Exeter. He engraved portraits by Opie, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and others, and was also well known as a miniature painter and a scientific optician.
- 6 27 Feb 1839 Died Aged 88, Warwick Hele Tonkin, esq. of Exeter, late of Tiverton, for fifty years the ... Barrister of England, and Colonel of the 8th regt. of Devonshire Local Militia. Called to the bar at the Middle Temple, Nov. 26, 1773 [Gentleman's Mag. 1839 p. 443]
- 7 Andrew Lovering Sarel of the City of Exeter, gent., was witness to the agreement made 5 April 1785 between Thomas Jones of same, Architect, and John Jones the younger his son of the one part and John Jones of same, gent. one of the Attornies of King's Bench, brother of Thomas and uncle of John Jones the younger, whereby John Jones the younger is bound clerk with the said John Jones his Uncle for the term of five years. Sworn 6th April 1785. Thus John is out of his clerkship at the time this letter was written. Another reference to Sarel - William Sarel of Middle Temple gent. 18 July 1791 witnessed agreement made previous September between Richard Sarel of Berkley Square, gent and Andrew Lovering Sarel, late of Middle Temple, now of Surrey St., Strand, gent one of the Attorneys of King's Bench. R.S. bound clerk to A.L.S. for 5 years.
- 8 James Lardner married Elizabeth Stowey, daughter of Philip and Elizabeth (his first wife), 5 January 1791 at Exminster, Devon. Thus the Lardners had married with a first cousin of John and Jennefee. After Elizabeth's death, James Lardner married Harriet Baratty 22 Oct 1799 at Croydon, Surrey.
- 9 Enlarging
- 10 Possibly John Opie (16 May 1761 – 9 April 1807) was an English historical and portrait painter. He painted many great men and women of his day, most notably in the artistic and literary professions. List of all his paintings given in Earland, Ada. John Opie and his circle (London : Hutchinson & co., 1911)
- 11 Philip Stowey
- 12 Gibbs was the first surviving son of George Abraham Gibbs, a surgeon and apothecary of Exeter, and his wife Anne Vicary. He attended Eton from 1764 until 1771 and obtained a BA at King's College, Cambridge. During this period, he was a devoted classical scholar, a King's Scholar at Eton and a Craven scholar at King's College. He was a fellow of King's from 1774 until 1784, when he married Frances Cerjat Mackenzie, the sister of Lord Seaforth. This marked the end of his classical career, although he had as early as 1769 shown himself committed to the law by enrollment at Lincoln's Inn; nonetheless, he remained fond of classical literature and English drama throughout his life. Gibbs's unpleasant voice, disagreeable temper, and jejune pedigree presented formidable handicaps at the start of his career. He initially employed himself as a special pleader, in which capacity he developed a good professional reputation, and was called to the bar in 1783. He proved successful, if acidulous, as an advocate, and powerful in marshaling evidence. He unsuccessfully defended William Winterbotham for sedition in 1793, but so impressed

John Horne Tooke that he was retained as junior counsel to Erskine in the successful defense of Tooke and Hardy in autumn 1794. Gibbs' abilities were already being courted by the government, leading to his appointment as recorder of Bristol that February. His efforts during the trial of Tooke and Hardy impressed Sir John Scott, the prosecutor, and Gibbs took silk in December. [Wiki]

- 13 Noted in 'The London Stage' Part 5, 1776-1800 etc. for May 1791, at King's A NEW KIND OF CONCERT (including dancers, music, etc) Performed for the benefit of the Author (ie. compiler of the entertainment, identified in *Oracle* 21 May as Le Texier). The tickets will be delivered in Lisle St. (Le Texier's home address) only, and no where else.
 - 14 John Chissem, gent. of the City of Exeter was an Attorney of Courts of King's Bench and Common Pleas & Solicitor in High Court of Chancery. Nathaniel Bowring of Exeter, fuller, bound his son William Bowring his clerk in 1782. William Bowring remained an Attorney in Exeter, taking clerks until 1823 [noted in an article of clerkship]
 - 15 May be William Kendal, son of Edward of Exeter, stonemason, who was bound clerk to John Chissem (above) in 1784. Appeared as Attorney aged 34 in Militia List 1803, Parish of St Paul's and Bradninch, Exeter [<http://genuki.cs.ncl.ac.uk/DEV/Exeter/StPaul/StPaul1803.html>] and in 1807, William Kendall is also an Attorney in Exeter, taking a clerk. BUT CHECK
 - 16 James Lardner married Elizabeth Stowey, daughter of Philip, at Exminster, Devon, 5th January 1791
 - 17 Elizabeth Lardner, nee Stowey
 - 18 May be Bellew, John, esq. Jermyn-street, London (noted 1815). Also noted Magna Britannia: volume 6: Devonshire Daniel and Samuel Lysons 1822 - STOCKLEIGH ENGLISH, in the hundred of West Budleigh, and in the deanery of Cadbury, lies about four miles and a half from Crediton. The manor belonged to the ancient family of English, from whom it passed by successive female heirs to Champernowne and Bottreaux. Sir William Pole speaks of this manor as lately purchased by Snittall and Hanse, as agents, probably, for the Bellew family, who have possessed it nearly 200 years. It is now the property of John Bellew, Esq. In the parish-church are memorials for William Bellew, Esq., 1757; Thomas Bellew, Esq., 1772; and Thomas Bellew, Esq., 1789. The King is patron of the rectory.
 - 19 "St. Paul's Church, in Paul street, near the Cathedral yard, which is a handsome structure, was rebuilt in the latter part of the 17th century. It contains a fine painted window with a full length figure of St. Paul. It has also several handsome monuments, and an ancient oval font, of black marble, The tower has a clock and one bell. The rectory, valued in K.B. at £8. 2s. 6d., and in 1831 at £174, is in the gift of the Dean and Chapter, and incumbency of the Rev. R.B. Kinsman, M.A., who is also rural dean." [From White's Devonshire Directory (1850)]
- A parish just within the North Gate of the old walled City of Exeter. Its population in 1801 was 231. Bradninch Precinct was an extra-parochial place, with 41 inhabitants in 1811, whose nearest churches were St Lawrence, St Stephen and St Paul.
- 20 Wilhelm Georg Otto von Cronhelm (b. 12 May 1748, d. 28 May 1813).
 1756 - Soldatenkind - King's Hanoverian Army.
 25 Aug. 1769 - Fahndrich in the Regiment von Goldacker.
 18 Feb. 1782 - Lieutenant in 11th. Infantry Regiment.
 1783 - Demobilised in Plymouth, England.
- A series of advertisements in the "Exeter Flying Post" shows the "William Cronhelm's French Academy" operated from 1783-1793. Another advertises in 1789 "Mr. Cronhelm's Academy" on Bartholomew Street, Exeter which offered inter alia instruction in Book-keeping. It seems that he moved to Yorkshire c. 1794 and so likely the two youngest children were born there.
- Profession - Teacher.
1. Languages (German, French, Italian and Spanish) & Mathematics in Exeter starting in April 1783.
 2. Opened the "Military and Commercial Academy" on Fore Street, Exeter, September 1784.
 3. Opened the "French Academy" Bartholomew Row, Exeter, 1789-1796.
 4. Advisor to Sir Henry Edwards, Woolen magnate at Pye Nest Halifax, Yorkshire (20 yrs).
[\[http://familytreemaker.genealogy.com/users/c/r/o/Claude-H-Cronhelm/WEBSITE-0001/UHP-0110.html\]](http://familytreemaker.genealogy.com/users/c/r/o/Claude-H-Cronhelm/WEBSITE-0001/UHP-0110.html)
- 21 China Taperell was an Exeter connection, born in Exeter in 1770, he married Elizabeth Cann at St Mary Arches, Exeter, 11 January 1795, died in Exeter in 1828.
 - 22 Stephen Weston (11847-1830), antiquary and man of letters, born at Exeter in 1747, was the eldest son of Stephen Weston (d. 19 Jan. 1750), registrar of Exeter diocese from 15 Aug. 1735 until his death, who married Elizabeth Oxenham of South Tawton, Devonshire. Stephen Weston (1665-1742) [q. v.], bishop of Exeter, was his grandfather. It appears from the cathedral register that he was baptised in private on 8 June 1747 and received into the church on 10 July. He was educated at Blundell's school, Tiverton, and at Exeter College, Oxford, where he matriculated on 7 June 1764, and abode as sojourner from 4 July 1764 to 7 July 1768. An interesting letter on his life at Exeter College is printed by the historical manuscripts commission (10th Rep. pt. i. App. p. 406). His degrees were B.A. on 29 Jan. 1768, M.A. on 14 Nov. 1770, B.D. on 2 May 1782, and he was a Devonshire fellow of his college from 1768 to 1784. About 1771 he accompanied Sir Charles Warwick Bampfylde of Devonshire as tutor in a protracted tour on the continent, and never lost his love of travel. To Paris he was devoted. He witnessed the events of the revolution in 1791 and 1792, but fled from the French capital about the middle of August in the latter year as from a city in which

you might be 'killed by mistake or for six livres.' After the treaty of Amiens in 1802 he hastened to visit Paris again, and during the summer of 1829, when over eighty, he was seen almost daily at its theatres and other places of amusement.

On the nomination of Lord Lisburne, a friend in early life, Weston was admitted on 29 March 1777 to the rectory of Mamhead, Devonshire, on the hill overlooking the river Exe, and during his incumbency he rebuilt the parsonage-house. He was instituted on 17 Jan. 1784 to the rectory of Little Hempston, near Totnes in the same county, where he purchased and placed in the north chancel window of the church some curious stained glass which had been in Marlton church (Worthy, Devon Parishes, ii. 77–81). He vacated his fellowship in 1784 by marrying Penelope, youngest daughter of James Tierney, a commissioner of accounts, of Cleeve Hill in Mangotsfield parish, Gloucestershire. She died at Caen in Normandy late in 1789 or early in 1790, of consumption, in her thirty-second year; and late in 1790 Weston resigned the living of Mamhead, but he retained the benefice of Little Hempston until 1823. [Wikisource]

23 May be Thomas Popkins of Fforestt, Llansamlet parish, Glamorgan

24 Henry Bellew, esq. a post captain in the Royal Navy inherited Stockleigh Court from his nephew, Thomas, in 1789. Henry died without issue in 1791 and his brother, John, was his heir.

25 Northernhay Gardens are located in Exeter, Devon, England, on the northern side of Rougemont Castle. They are the oldest public open space in England, being originally laid out in 1612 as a pleasure walk for Exeter residents.

26 Thomas and Catherine Winsloe, both of Collipriest, Tiverton, Devon, were the parents of Catherine, christened on 28 Apr 1764 in Stoke Damerel, Devon. They both died in the early 1800's in Twickenham, Middlesex. Exeter Post notes the death of Thomas Winsloe in 1805 "on Friday last, Nov. 29, died, in advanced age, at his seat, at Twickenham, TW, formerly of Collipriest, esq. who was sheriff of Devon in 1780". By extraordinary coincidence, the death notice above: "On Wednesday last, Nov. 27 [1805], died, at Bath, in her 61st year, Mrs Mary Stowey, wife of James Stowey of Taunton, esq. and sister of the late captain Henry Reynolds of the royal Navy, and the late Mrs. Winsloe, formerly of Collipriest, in this county, and afterwards of Twickenham, Middlesex." Captain Henry Reynolds was killed in the East Indies at the Battle of Sadras, 17th February 1782. He was "Commodore King's captain in the Exeter".

Reference: PROB 11/1437/141 Title: Will of Thomas Winsloe of Twickenham , Middlesex Date: 20 January 1806

27 Oliver Peard married Catherine Winsloe at Tiverton, Devon, 11 May 1783. Marriage settlements of Oliver Peard of Upwey (Dorset) Esq., and Catherine Winsloe of Collipriest, Tiverton, (Devon), spinster, 1783. He died in 1792. His widow then married Simeon Hart Myers 10 Nov 1796 in Cheltenham. After his death, she married John Greatrix Smith 21 Jan 1805.

28 May be Robert Ritherdon - Goldsmith; born: 1757, Aldgate, City of London; marr: 2 Aug 1787, St Olave, Hart Street, City of London; died: 1826. Two of his sons were Civil Servants, Hon. East India Company, so he may have had connections with India House.

29 William Nation, tobacconist, Exeter. Son of Kellow Nation, also a tobacconist who died in 1787. He was born in 1753 and married Elizabeth Codrington at St. Paul, Exeter, 20th October 1785. They had a son, William, born in 1791. Kellow Nation was a Trustee of the Protestant Dissenters' Meeting House (Mint Meeting House) in Exeter.

30 Robert Hele Selby, son of Robert of Marazion, Cornwall, gent. Exeter Coll., matric. 1783, aged 18; fellow 1785-91; B.A. 1788, M.A. 1789, Chaplain in Ordinary of Prince of Wales 1789, Rector of Colmworth, Beds, 1790, and of Brede, Sussex, died 1839. Changed his surname to Hele on his marriage to Felicia Elizabeth, daughter of Rt. Rev. George Horne, Bishop of Norwich, in 1791.

31 NOT KNOWN

32 KENN, or KENNE, in the deanery of that name and in the hundred of Exminster, lies about four miles from Exeter.

The manor of Kenne, which was one of the ancient estates of the earls of Devon, was forfeited by the attainder of the Marquis of Exeter. Of late years, it was in the Oxenham family, who, it is probable, inherited it with Newhouse from the Longs. Having passed by inheritance to Sir J. P. Ackland, Bart., it has been lately purchased of him by Sir L. V. Palk, Bart. [Magna Britannia: volume 6: Devonshire. Daniel and Samuel Lysons, 1822]

William Long Oxenham Esq. was christened on 10 Nov 1731 in Mamhead, Devon. He died in 1814. Death noted at Sidmouth in his 85th year "William John Oxenham, Esq. of Newhouse, Devonshire, possessed of very extensive estates in that county, which descended to his nephew John Acland, Esq. of Fairfield, Somerset." in 'The European Magazine and London Review'

33 Philadelphia, wife of Sir John Call whom he had married in 1772. Call had gone to India in 1750 where he became eminent as a military engineer, and in 1768 he held the offices of Commissary-General and Accountant-General of the revenues and expenses under the Presidency of Madras. He returned to England in 1770. He was apparently an unsuccessful candidate for the governorship of Madras when Lord Macartney was appointed in 1780. In 1784 he was elected member for Callington and in 1786, appointed as one of the commissioners of the crown lands. He was created 1st Baronet Call, of Whiteford, co. Cornwall on 28 July 1791. He died in London in 1801. [Love *Vestiges of Old Madras*]

34 Ann Godwin married Edward Ashwell on 24 Dec 1785 at St James, Westminster.

35 Possibly Leighton Buzzard. Edward Ashwell owned land there which he left by will to his wife Ann after his death

in 1795. [see web ref. to The Ashwell Arms public house]

- 36 His uncle, John Jones, married Mary Pitman, daughter of the Rev. John Pitman of Alphington, near Exeter. They had a son called Pitman, born in 1785. However, the Pitman family was large so this reference could be to any of them.
- 37 A loss or decay of sight, from loss of power in the optic nerve, without any perceptible external change in the eye
- 38 James Stowey, his mother's brother, married Mary Reynolds at Tiverton, Devon in 1775
- 39 George Quicke. Nutcombe (or Quick), Adm. pens. at SIDNEY, Cambridge, Feb. 8, 1787. S. of the Rev. Nutcombe (1745-6, sub Quick), LL.B., Chancellor of Exeter (and Ann, dau. of the Rt Rev. George Lavington, Bishop of Exeter). B. at Exeter, Feb. 17, 1769. Schools, Offwell (Mr J. B. Copplestone) and Exeter (Mr Marshall). Matric. Michs. 1787; LL.B. 1794. His father assumed the name of Nutcombe in lieu of Quick, 1792; no son is recorded in L.G., where only two daughters appear.
- Noted in 'The Monthly Magazine, volume 7. 1799 Deaths. At Colyton, the Rev. G. Nutcombe, vicar of that place, and son of the Rev. N. Nutcombe, chancellor of the Cathedral, Exeter.
- 40 William George Dight, son of John Dight of Little St Martin's Lane, tobacconist & snuff maker, was articled in 1789. His mother was Elizabeth Jones, younger sister of Thomas Jones. The reference in the letter to his uncle, aunt and cousin would appear to be the writer's father, mother and sister Jennefee. William George had a sister, Elizabeth Jennefee and a brother, John.
- 41 William Brutton married Mary Maddern at St Michaels, Bristol, 4 Jun 1778
- 42 Father, Thomas Jones
- 43 Nathaniel Elias Cosserat, of Exeter 1786
- 44 NOT KNOWN
- 45 NOT KNOWN
- 46 Probably same Johnson that John visited in May
- 47 NOT KNOWN
- 48 NOT KNOWN
- 49 James Templer (1748-1813) was Master of the Crown Office in London for 30 Years. He inherited Stover, near Newton Abbott, in 1782, along with granite mining rights on nearby Dartmoor. In due course a granite-railed tramway was built (the first of its kind in England) linking the quarries on Dartmoor with a canal dug from Teigngrace to join the River Teign at Newton Abbot (called Stover Canal).
- 50 Henry William Brooke son of William & Elizabeth, born 24 Aug 1771, baptised 19 Sept 1771 at St Bride's, Fleet Street. Name confirmed by marriage and age noted in letter 17 Feb 1794. Mother appears to be Elizabeth Severs, the sister of Letitia, mother of Harriet Todd.
- 51 Sir John Hopkins of Llanvihangel Ystern Llewern, Monmouthshire. Lord Mayor of London from Michaelmas 1791-2. Husband of Anne Simkins who died 1806. One of their daughters, Amelia, married Thomas Hopkins.
- 52 Lord North became 2nd Earl of Guilford on the death of his father in 1790. He died 5 August 1792 at his house in Grosvenor Square,
- 53 WOOLMER, Shirley. Printer, bookseller, circulating library, music seller, printseller. Fore Street 1783d-1801; St. Peter's Churchyard 1789; warehouse opposite old Theatre 1789; Guildhall 1792; High Street 1793d-1809d; 236, High Street 1810-. [for fuller description see Exeter Working Papers in British Book Trade History. The Devon book trades: a biographical dictionary. Exeter. Surnames: W-Y]
- Shirley Woolmer esq. was born about 1759 at Stepney, London. He died 19 Feb 1831 at Upper Southerhay, Exeter. Initially a printer and bookseller in Exeter, his obituary states "As a bibliopolist he was never surpassed, whilst his indefatigable exertions in the pursuit of the sciences of Mineralogy and Geology have rendered his name renowned amongst those who have devoted themselves to these branches of useful knowledge. He frequently contributed papers on these subjects to periodical publications, and it is some consolation to those who hope to join him in another and a better world, to know that his exertions ever tended to enhance the goodness of the Creator, and to vindicate his Sacred Book from the attempt of the sceptic to bring it into contempt".
[<http://genuki.cs.ncl.ac.uk/DEV/Exeter/Woolmer1811.html>]
- 54 Elizabeth Spicer (1773-), third daughter of William Spicer of Wear House, Nr. Exeter, Devon. She is noted as married in a letter of 3rd July 1798
- 55 Exeter Race Course is at Haldon Hill
- 56 Richard Polwhele (6 January 1760 – 12 March 1838) was a Cornish clergyman, poet and topographer. Born at Truro, Cornwall, Polwhele met literary luminaries Catharine Macaulay and Hannah More at an early age. He was educated at Truro Grammar School, where he precociously published *The Fate of Llewellyn*. He went on to Christ Church, Oxford, continuing to write poetry, but left without taking a degree. In 1782 he was ordained a curate, married Loveday Warren, and moved to a curacy at Kenton, Devon. On his wife's death in 1793, Polwhele was left with three children. Later that year he married Mary Tyrrell, briefly taking up a curacy at Exmouth before being appointed to the small living of Manaccan in Cornwall in 1794. From 1806, when he took up a curacy at Kenwyn, Truro, he was non-resident at Manaccan: Polwhele angered Manaccan parishioners with his efforts to restore the church and vicarage. He maintained epistolary exchanges with Samuel Badcock, Macaulay, William Cowper, Erasmus Darwin, and Anna Seward.

- When in Devon, Polwhele had edited the two-volume work *Poems Chiefly by Gentlemen of Devonshire and Cornwall* (1792) for an Exeter literary society. However, *Essays by a Society of Gentlemen at Exeter* (1796) caused a rift between Polwhele and other society members. Polwhele had by this time begun the first of his two major county histories, the *History of Devonshire*. This appeared in 3 volumes, 1793-1806, but his coverage was uneven and subscribers deserted. His seven-volume *History of Cornwall* appeared 1803-1808, with a new edition in 1816.
- Polwhele's volumes of poetry included *The Art of Eloquence*, a didactic poem (1785), *The Idylls*, Epigrams, and Fragments of Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus, with the elegies of Tyrtæus (1786), *The English Orator* (1796), *Influence of Local Attachment* (1796), and *Poetic Trifles* (1796). However, *The Unsex'd Females*, a Poem (1798), a defensive reaction to women's literary self-assertion, is today perhaps Polwhele's most notorious poetic production: in the poem Hannah More is Christ to Mary Wollstonecraft's Satan.
- Polwhele contributed to the Gentleman's Magazine and (1799-1805) to the Anti-Jacobin Review. He published sermons, theological essays for the Church Union Society, and attacks on Methodism (although he befriended his main Methodist antagonist Samuel Drew). At the end of his life, retired to his estate in Polwhele, he worked to produce *Traditions and Recollections* (2 vols, 1826) and *Biographical Sketches* (3 vols, 1831). He died at Truro. His name survives in Polwhele House School, an independent preparatory school just outside Truro.
- 57 Andrew Brice, printer, aged 29 & Thomas Brice, printer, aged 54 appear in Militia List 1803, Parish of St Paul's and Bradninch, Exeter [<http://genuki.cs.ncl.ac.uk/DEV/Exeter/StPaul/StPaul1803.html>]
- 58 Robert I. Trewman was printer of the 'Exeter Mercury' and Robert Goadby, the 'Yeovil Mercury' and then the 'Sherborne Mercury'
- 59 A person who seeks to know all the latest news or gossip
- 60 DYER, Gilbert I. Bookseller, circulating library. College 1783; High Street, opposite Guildhall 1785-93; Fore Street 1791d; High Street 1793d-1822d. Born: Dunstone, Widecombe, bap. 14/9/1743 Widecombe, son of Gilbert Dyer, schoolmaster (buried 7/11/1809, St. Martin?). Married: firstly Sarah Sayer of Cathedral Close 19/7/1772, Cathedral, died 1788 (EFP 10/7/1788 3c). Children: Sarah bap. 25/2/1775 Cathedral, Gilbert bap. 9/6/1776 Cathedral. Married: secondly Sarah Finnecombe of Exeter EFP 3/12/1789 3b, died 24/10/1811 EFP 31/10/1811 4b. Died: 19/10/1820 EFP 26/10/1820 4b, MM Dec. 1820, p.487. Not freeman of Exeter. Assisted father as schoolmaster. Master of school at Tuckers' Hall, Exeter June 1767-c.1787. Label for circulating library in College with 2-3,000 volumes, subscriptions 12 shillings per year, 4 shillings per quarter c.1785. Opened bookshop opposite Guildhall, in premises probably formerly occupied by Walter Dight c.1785. Advertised stock of circulating library EFP 30/10/1783 3b. Advert for extension EFP 21/4/1785 3b. Books of Exeter Library Society moved EFP 10/11/1785 3c. Advert EFP 2/6/1791 3d. Advert for sale catalogue for 1794 EG 28/11/1793. Libraries for sale EFP 3/8/1797 3d, 18/2/1802 4d. Agent for Plymouth and Dock Telegraph 1809. Advert for assistant EFP 18/1/1810 4d. Selling stock, retiring EFP 28/10/1811 4d. Advert EFP 6/1/1814 3c. Voted for Northmore 1818. Manager Maria Fitze took over library EFP 22/3/1821 4c, son Gilbert took over bookselling business EFP 15/3/1821 1b.
- [Exeter Working Papers in British Book Trade History]
- 61 Probably John Garrett Bussell, son of Joseph of Plymouth, Devon, gent. Oriel Coll. matric. 11 March 1788, aged 18; B.A. 1792, M.A. 1809. [Oxford University Alumni]. He married Sarah Carter at Portsmouth in 1799.
- 62 Probably William Marchant Bussell, son of Joseph of Plymouth, Devon, gent. St. Alban Hall, matric. 6 May 1788, aged 21; B.A. 1792. [Oxford University Alumni]. He married Frances Louisa Yates at St Mary's, Portsea, Hampshire, 11th May 1802.
- 63 George Bent (1741-1814). This reference may refer to the death of his wife. He was son of George of Exeter, doctor, Balliol College, Oxford, matric. 29 Nov 1758 aged 17. B.A. 1762. By this time he was Rector of Sandford, Crediton, Devon. Married Mary Milton, an aunt of the author Frances Trollope whose son Anthony Trollope based the character "Aunt Stanbury" in "He Knew He Was Right" on her daughter, Frances (Fanny) Bent (1779-1860). George Bent, his eldest son, b 1781. Died 1801, aged 20 in Jamaica of Yellow Fever whilst serving as a captain in the 60th Regiment of Foot. John Bent, b 1782. Major in the 5th (Northumberland) Regiment of Foot. Served in the West Indies in 1820s. Married Elizabeth Paul, daughter of Robert Paul, for many years Acting Governor of St Vincent, where she was born. John Bent lived in Wexham House, near Slough, and later inherited it from Mary Granger on her death in 1846. He moved back to Exeter in 1859, where he died aged 91 in 1873.
- George married a second time Hannah nee Honeycombe, widow of Thomas Marsh 20 Dec 1785, Weare Giffard, Devon. She had married Thomas Marsh at the same place, 23 Sep 1773. They had two daughters, Lucy, baptised at Wellington, Somerset 8 Nov 1775, and Hannah Maria baptised at the same place, 11 Feb 1778. The will of Thomas Marsh of Wellington was probated 8 September 1780. He was obviously a wealthy man and aware of the danger of his widow remarrying, gave her only an interest in his property while his widow. His trustees were to protect the interests of his heirs, his daughters. George and Hannah had two sons, Rev Hugh Bent (1786 - 1836) - his successor at Sandford Church, and Colonel William Henry Bent (1790-1855) of the Royal Horse Artillery. He served in The Peninsular War 1811-1813 and was severely wounded at San Muñoz. He married Charlotte Wilkins Remington in 1814; He retired to Heavitree, Exeter.
- 64 Brother of Tom and two wives of Philip Stowey
- 65 George Augustus North, 3rd Earl of Guilford (11 September 1757 – 20 April 1802), known as the Honourable

George North until 1790 and as Lord North from 1790 to 1792, was a British politician. His father died in August 1792.

66 Rev. George Burrington, Vicar of Chudleigh, Devon.

67 Papers relating to Plymouth Dock. Bayly-Bartlett Papers, Plymouth and West Devon Record Office

[no title] 242/1/11 1793

Contents:

Copy Articles of Agreement

1 Thomas Bryer of Lambeth, Surrey, esquire, Thomas Amies of Plymouth, gentleman, Thomas Jones of Exeter, gentleman, Thomas Gray of Exeter, gentleman, and Oliver Toulmin of London, esquire

2 Humphrey Hall of Manadon, esquire

For the passage of a leat through (2's) lands in the event of the enactment of a Bill for providing Plymouth Dock with water brought by (1)

WATER SUPPLY TO PLYMOUTH DOCK / DEVONPORT

Devonport's water supply, by means of the Devonport Leat, owes its existence to the fact that by 1780 the population of Plymouth Dock (Devonport as it was to become in 1824) was greater than that of neighbouring Plymouth. Many times things got so bad in the Town that they applied to Plymouth for water, which was usually refused. Even when the Lord of the Manor, Sir John St Aubyn, offered to build feeder streams at his own expense and to pay Plymouth £200 a year for their supply, they still refused.

It is said that a large number of the poorer inhabitants earned a living simply by collecting rainwater in water butts and selling it to others who needed it for a living, like laundresses. Probably water was also taken from the Plymouth Leat at some point safely out of sight of the townspeople. Plymouth Corporation always claimed that the supply from their leat was only just enough for themselves.

Eventually, in 1790, a scheme was put forward by two businessmen by the names of Jones and Bryer. Like Plymouth's, it would take water from three streams high up on Dartmoor and bring it by means of a leat to a reservoir for the sole use of Dockers. Suddenly Plymouth Corporation changed their attitude and declared that their leat could supply both Towns. Not surprisingly, Dockers were unimpressed.

In due course a Bill was lodged in Parliament for the construction of a leat not more than 10 feet wide from the Blackabrook, Cowsic and West Dart streams. It would serve all the naval and military establishments of both Dock and East Stonehouse. The Plymouth Dock Water Works Act received the Royal Assent on December 17th 1792, which established a company, the Plymouth Dock Water Works Company, with a capital of £25,000. It was not strictly a local company, having only one local shareholder, Mr Thomas Amies, and its head office was in London until 1871.

One of the shareholders was a Mr Thomas Gray, of Exeter, and it was he who, on July 24th 1793, was awarded the contract for the construction of the leat. He experienced difficulties and a Mr Mitchell was called in to assist in the completion of the works. Although water seems to have been carried along the leat by 1797 the works were not completed until the end of 1801.

[<http://plymouthdata.info/WaterSupply-Devonport.htm>]

68 Thomas Gray of Exeter, was a surveyor. Noted as the engineer for the Stover Canal in 1790.

69 The connection with the Templer family and Plymouth docks are as follows. James Templer, the builder of Stover House, was born in Exeter in 1722. He married at Greenwich in 1745 and lived at Rotherhithe. He was a building contractor in a partnership with John Line and Thomas Parlby (his brother-in-law). About 1760 he and his partners won the contract to build the new Naval dockyard in Plymouth. That made it necessary for the partners and their families to move to Devon. John Line in 1765, bought Lindridge House and the estate for £10,000 from John Baring. The other partner, Thomas Parlby, bought Stonehouse near Plymouth. James Templer had already rented Stofford Lodge, and was in the process of negotiating its purchase, a task he completed at about the same time as John Line made the purchase of Lindridge.

70 Richard Polwhele's wife, Loveday, had died.

71 Hugh Downman, M.D. was the son of Hugh Downman, of Newton House, St. Cyrus, Exeter, and was educated at the Exeter Grammar School. He entered Balliol College, Oxford, 1758, proceeded B.A. 1763, and was ordained in Exeter Cathedral the same year. His clerical prospects being very small, he went to Edinburgh to study medicine, and boarded with Thomas Blacklock. In 1768 he published *The Land of the Muses; a Poem in the Manner of Spenser*, by H. D. In 1769 he visited London, for hospital practice, and in 1770, after proceeding M.A. at Jesus College, Cambridge, he practiced medicine at Exeter, where he married the daughter of Dr. Andrew. A chronic complaint, in 1778, compelled him to retire for a time. His best-known poem, *Infancy; or, The Management of Children*, was published in three separate parts, in 1774, 1775, 1776; a seventh edition was issued in 1809. In 1775 appeared *The Drama, An Elegy written under a Gallow, The Soliloquy*, etc. During his retirement he also published *Lucius Junius Brutus*, in five acts (1779); *Belisarius*, played in Exeter Theatre for a few nights; and *Editha*, a Tragedy (1784), founded on a local incident, and performed for sixteen nights. These plays appeared in one volume,

as Tragedies by H. Downman, M.D., Exeter, 1792. He also published Poems to Thespia (1781), and The Death-Song of Ragnar Lodbrach, translated from the Latin of Olaus Wormius (1781). He was one of the translators of an edition of Voltaire's Works, in English. In 1791 he published Poems, second edition, comprising the Land of the Muses. He was also a contributor to Polwhele's Collections of the Poetry of Devon and Cornwall.

Downman seems to have resumed medical practice at Exeter about 1790, and in 1796 he founded there a literary society of twelve members. A volume of the essays was printed [Essays by a society of gentlemen, at Exeter, 1796], and a second is said to exist in manuscript. In 1805 Downman finally relinquished his practice, on account of ill-health, and in 1808 the literary society was discontinued. He died at Alphington, near Exeter, September 23, 1809, with the reputation of an able and humane physician and a most amiable man. Two years before he died, an anonymous editor collected and published the various critical opinions and complimentary verses on his poems, Isaac D'Israeli (1792) being among them.

<http://www.devonhistorysociety.org.uk/2011/12/hugh-downman-exeter-doctor-and-poet.html>

72 Eliza, wife of Rev. John Brutton, was buried at St. Lawrence, Kent, 2nd February 1793 (John Veryard Brutton, Vicar of Cullumton, Devon, 1777-1814.)

73 Mr. Thomas Mudge, of Lincoln's Inn, lived in Newington Place, Surrey with his father, Thomas, an 'eminent mechanist', who had worked on a time-keeper for the Board of Longitude, for which he was eventually awarded £2,500 by the Government. He was born in Exeter in 1715, son of Rev. Zachariah Mudge, and died in his son's house in November 1794. [The General Biographical Dictionary Vol. XXII: A New Edition]

74 Robert Bayly of the Inner Temple [see notes on connections]

75 Elizabeth Brooke, sister of Henry William, daughter of William and Elizabeth, born 1773. She died, unmarried, in 1855.

76 Samuel Rudall, a solicitor of Crediton at this time.

77 Joseph Venour, appointed 14th June 1793. [Roll of commissioned officers in the Medical service of the British army] War Office appointment, 29th September 1799. Apothecary Joseph Venour, to be assistant inspector of hospitals. [The Gentleman's Magazine, Volume 86]

78 Possibly Peter Thelluson (1727-1797)

79 Possibly John Wheble (1746-1820) Printer and bookseller

80 Possibly Mary Pitman, wife of John Jones of Exeter.

81 NOT KNOWN - noted as dead in letter of 9 April 1794. William Newberry buried 9 Mar 1794, Middlesex [England-EASy] PROB 11/1243/276 Will of William Newberry, Brewer of Southwark, Surrey proved 24 March 1794

82 Thomas Hutchinson [see letters 14 Jan 1798 'Tom' and 18 Feb 1798 - brothers named as Andrew and William] Son of Thomas H. of Heavitree, Exeter who wrote his will in 1804, naming his sons, daughter Mary Oliver, and brother Elisha. In the will he referred to estates in North America and money "due to me by the decision of the American Board of Commissioners". These references indicate that his father was Thomas Hutchinson, Governor of Massachusetts at the time of the Boston Tea Party, who died in exile in London in 1780. His will [PROB 11/1066/215] mentioned his eldest son, Thomas, another son, Elisha, and daughter Sarah Oliver.

83 Richard Polwhele married Mary Tyrrell at Kenton, Devon on 22nd November.

84 Another name for Rotherhithe.

85 Edward Collins Polwhele, son of Richard, was born 7th August 1786.

86 NOT KNOWN

87 A housemaid who is still with John and Harriet in 1806

88 James Hine of Exeter, an attorney who took James Hine jun as a clerk on 1st August 1798. In November of the same year an agreement was made between Samuel Hines of Bishop Hull, Somerset gent. and his nephew, James Hine of the one part and John Jones of Exeter gent., one of the attornies of his Majesty's court of King's Bench on the other. [John's uncle] Notes the agreement made between James Hine, then aged sixteen, and his father. However James Hine died on 6th October 1798 "and that John Jones has consented to take the son as clerk until 15th August 1803." Witnessed by William Cuncliffe of Exeter, Surgeon. After his uncle's death in 1801, James Hine was articled for the remainder of his term to John himself.

89 Possibly John, son of Samuel Rudall of Crediton, who was articled to his father in January 1790 although it could be an older son, Thomas, who was articled to his father in 1786.

90 NOTHING FOUND

91 William Gater of Exeter, apothecary. Died Sept. 1831 aged 83

92 Pallot's Marriage Index - Brooke Henry William (of St. Mary Islington) = Mary Larchin Lynch Lic. St. Georges Hanover Square 1794

93 Will of Margaret Eleanor Alpress of the City of Bath, Somerset, widow but now of London 1797 [PCC Prob 11/1288] shows her to have been a wealthy woman. Margaret Eleanor Alpress was born Margaret Eleanor Aikenhead in Jamaica in the early 1740s and married Samuel Alpress in the parish of St Andrew on the 27th January 1761. He died in 1784 leaving a widow and three surviving daughters. Margaret had leased out shares in the Jamaican estate of Caswell Hill, Vere, to provide herself with an annuity during her lifetime. [<http://aparcelofribbons.co.uk/apr/archive/files/daab14e7ee7c81272ad8ba3c75a2dc84.pdf>]

- 94 Mary Larchin Lynch was widow of Mark Lynch, an attorney in Jamaica who died in 1789. She was daughter of Larchin Gordon of Clarendon, Jamaica, and was born in 1763. She had two surviving children, John born in 1785 and Larchin in 1787. Mary Larchin Brooke was buried 3rd January 1795 at St James, Swansea. Her age is given as 25, but this would give a birth date of 1770 which is clearly wrong.
- 95 Is he a relative of Robert Stribling noted as an eminent builder of Exeter. Bedford House was let on a building lease to him in 1780. He demolished it and built a crescent of fourteen genteel houses. [Jenkin's 'History of Exeter']
- 96 NOTHING KNOWN
- 97 Philip Stowey
- 98 Carnival mask
- 99 The bag wig was held in a bag at the back of the head
- 100 Arthur Champernowne b. 30 Dec. 1767, o.s. of Rev. Richard Harington, rector of Powderham, by 1st w. Jane, da. and h. of Arthur Champernowne of Dartington Hall. m. 11 Sept. 1806, Louisa, da. of John Buller of Morval, Cornw., 3s. 4da. Took name of Champernowne 7 May 1774 [The History of Parliament: the House of Commons 1790-1820, ed. R. Thorne, 1986]
- 101 Mary Ann Winsloe, daughter of Thomas and Catherine, was baptised 13 November 1775, Tiverton, Devon
- 102 The Sorrows of Young Werther is an epistolary and loosely autobiographical novel by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, first published in 1774 [Wiki]
- 103 More likely to be Lucy Marsh, George Bent's step-daughter
- 104 Several possible in Exeter - eg. Edward CHAVE was born about 1735 in Exeter. He was baptised about 1735 in Exeter, St. Mary Major. He owned on 15 Apr 1776 in Exeter; Property: Bartholomew Yard. He served in the military in 1795 in Captain East Devon Militia. He died on 24 Dec 1812. His brother, Arthur, was born about 1738 in Exeter. He was baptised about 1738 in St. Mary Major, Exeter. He was a between 1761 and 1774 in St. Petrock, Exeter; Occupation: Grocer. He died about 1797
- 105 Charles Cutcliffe (1710-1791) Educated at Bideford Grammar School under the direction of the Rev. Zachariah Mudge. Educated for the legal profession, which, however, he does not appear to have followed subsequently to his father's death. He succeeded to the estates in Ilfracombe, and to the Barton of Weach, in West Leigh, where he resided, following the pursuits of a country gentleman. He was appointed to the Commission of the Peace for the county of Devon (a Justice of the Peace). He was known as Charles Cutcliffe of Weach (Westleigh, Devonshire). Charles Cutcliffe died in June 1791, aged 82 years, and was buried on 15 June at Westleigh. Four of his children were born in Exeter and were a little older than John. [See Cutcliffe.txt]
- 106 Alexander Wellington, Mathematical Instrument Maker, at the Globe, Crown Court, St Ann's, Soho, London [Trade card dated 1794 BM]
- 107 Lucy Marsh
- 108 John Lens? (see notes)
- 109 Bertram Mitford, barrister, Commissioner of Bankruptcy in Ireland (b. 1 Oct 1774; d. 16 Dec 1844), mar. 24 May 1806 Frances Vernon (d. 30 Jan 1867), dau. of John Vernon, of Clontarf Castle, co. Dublin
- 110 Mentioned in a letter of 2nd November 1793
- 111 John Alexander Gresse (1741-1794), was an English painter and drawing-master. Will of John Alexander Gresse of Saint Pancras, Middlesex. Proved 27 February 1794 by John Hele.
- 112 John Hele, of Charlotte Street, Tottenham Court Rd., surveyor. Died 12th Oct 1806 aged 74. Rev. Robert Hele Selby Hele, Bovingdon, Herts., heir and administrator of his uncle John Hele late of Charlotte St.
- 113 Bryan Higgins was a natural philosopher in chemistry. He was born in Collooney, County Sligo, Ireland in 1741. His father (d. 1777) was also called Dr. Bryan Higgins. Higgins entered the University of Leiden in 1765, from whence he qualified as a doctor of physics. He subsequently ran a School of Practical Chemistry at 13 Greek Street, Soho, London during the 1770s, which was patronised by the then Duke of Northumberland amongst others. He was more of a speculator than an experimenter, and published many works on chemistry and related disciplines. Joseph Priestley was an attendee of Higgins's lectures, but the two became enemies following a dispute over experiments on air (Priestley at the time was working on his six-volume tome Experiments and Observations on Different Kinds of Air). At some point between 1780 and 1790, Higgins visited Saint Petersburg at the favour of Catherine the Great, Empress of Russia. He returned to London in January 1794 to continue his lectures at the School of Practical Chemistry.
- In 1779, Higgins obtained a patent for a cheap and durable cement, "...composed of sand and lime, and a certain proportion of bone-ashes, the lime being slaked with limewater instead of common water, and the mixture made use of as rapidly as possible after being made".
- In 1797, Higgins was hired by a public committee in Jamaica for the improvement of the manufacture of Muscovado sugar and rum. He resided in Jamaica from 1797 to 1799. Higgins died at his estate in Walford, Staffordshire in 1820. [Wiki]
- 114 Brooke
- 115 NOT KNOWN ALTHOUGH UNCLE TOOK ROBERT GIFFORD AS CLERK 1795 (see txt)
- 116 A Sermon, Preached in the Cathedral Church of St. Peter, Exeter, on Friday, February 28, 1794, . by George Gordon

- 117The bench wig, also referred to as a judicial tye, evolved from a shorter wig called the peruke, which was popular in the early 1700s. The bench wig differs from a barrister's wig in that it only has one (vertical) curl, positioned just over the tail of the wig. Its size and shape make it more comfortable and practical
- 118A Ramillies wig had a long plait in back that was tied top and bottom with bows, named after a British victory over the French in 1706 during the War of Spanish Succession
- 119John Heaviside (1748-1828), surgeon and museum proprietor was born in Hertfordshire. He was the apprentice of the surgeon Percivall Pott and in 1770 became the house surgeon at St Bartholomew's Hospital, London. In 1790 he obtained the post of Surgeon-Extraordinary to King George III and three years later the post of Court Assistant of the Company of Surgeons. He was elected a fellow of the Royal Society in 1797. In 1793 Heaviside established a museum based on the anatomical collection of the late Henry Watson. The collection grew to be one of the most valuable and extensive in Britain at the time. Gresse bequeathed "To John Heaviside of George St., Hanover Sq. surgeon £50 for a piece of plate".
- 120Possibly a reference to The Grand Menagerie at Exeter Change, in the Strand as there is nothing to suggest that he was ever connected with Exeter, Devon.
- 121The "Glorious First of June" of 1794 was the first and largest fleet action of the naval conflict between the Kingdom of Great Britain and the First French Republic during the French Revolutionary Wars. Three days of illuminations were ordered after the news of the victory of Lord Howe arrived in London.
- 122STANHOPE, CHARLES, third Earl Stanhope (1753-1816), ..He consistently opposed the war with France. On 23 Jan. 1794 he moved to acknowledge the French republic, and on 4 April 1794 he brought forward a motion 'against any interference in the internal government of France,' which provoked his fellow-peers, at Lord Grenville's instance, to order the entry of it to be expunged from their journals. Owing to his revolutionary sympathies, Stanhope's house in Mansfield Street was attacked by rioters and set on fire at different times on the night of 11-12 June 1794. He believed, and declared in an advertisement, that the mob had been paid...
[Dictionary of National Biography, 1885-1900, Volume 54]
- 123Probably Hannah Tremlett of Stoke Fleming mentioned in a letter 9th May 1796
- 124Shirley Woolmer
- 125Stowey & Lardner??
- 126NOTHING KNOWN
- 127Letter in The Western Antiquary 1887 From Robert Dymond F.S.A:
"Samuel Dix, fuller, was a member of the Chamber of Exeter, was sheriff in 1758 and mayor in 1761. His son, William Spicer Dix, born 1729, lived in St. Sidwell's and became owner of a field adjoining Southernhay. Stimulated by the progress of new buildings there, he advertised in the Exeter papers in January 1796, that he was ready to lease or sell sites for houses to be built on his land, in accordance with a plan and design which he had caused to be prepared. Hence the name of "Dix's Field" still applied to the two rows of brick houses, with their intervening pleasure ground.
Whether Mr. Dix sustained loss in this speculation or in other affairs, I do not know, but a little more than two years later, the Exeter papers reported a meeting of the creditors of William Spicer Dix and his son John, brewers, their brewery being in Exe Lane." (Note: There is a reference to "Dixes, Gazetted to-day as Bankrupt" in a letter of 17th April 1798)
- Remarks on the utility of a new-invented patent machine, for cleaning grain from the straw, instead of threshing it with the flail.* By William Spicer Dix, of Exeter, Devon
London : printed by J. W. Myers for the author, and sold at No.74, Margaret Street, Cavendish Square, and by Messrs. Trewman and Son, Exeter; also by R. Marsh, and G. G. & J. Robinson, 1797.
- 128NOTHING KNOWN
- 129It refers to a partial or complete visual loss or impairment that may occur without an observable damage in the eye. It is most often a symptom of a medical condition or may occur in people at high acceleration as in flight. The word was formerly known in Latin as "gutta serena" where "gutta" means 'drop' and "serena" stands for 'clear'. The name referred to the fact that this form of blindness does not have a clearly known cause and the anterior segment of the eye of patients tends to be clear without any cataract or inflammation.
- 130Virgil
- 131A spirit or familiar from Stradbroke in the county of Suffolk, known to appear in the shape of a toad and to belong to Doll Barthram. After Barthram had a falling out with Joan Jordan, Barthram sent a series of three toads to torment Jordan and keep her from sleeping. The third and last of the toads, Jordan was advised to burn herself, so she picked it up and went to do so, but she fell down the stairs. Jordan's employer, Symon Fox, put it in the fire for her, and when it began to burn, saw a massive flame arise at the foot of the stairs. The fire seemed to endanger the house, but did no damage <http://witching.org/brimstone>]
- From: The trial of Maist Dorrell, or, A collection of defences against allegations not yet suffered to receive convenient answers : tending to clear him from the imputation of teaching Sommers and others to counterfeit possession of divells ... [Middelburg : Printed by Richard Schilders], 1599
- 132George Dyer (1755-1841) The son of a London shipwright, George Dyer attended Christ's Hospital and Emmanuel

College Cambridge (B.A. 1778) where he befriended his tutor, the Shakespeare scholar Richard Farmer. Dyer worked as an usher at Dedham Grammar School in Essex, before returning to Cambridge as a private tutor. He became a Unitarian and taught school before taking up residence in Clifford's Inn (1792) where he spent the rest of his long life. Charles Lamb describes Dyer affectionately in his essays "Oxford in the Vacation" and "Amicus Redivivus."

Poems. By G. Dyer, B.A. late of Emanuel College, Cambridge. 1792

Thomas Ogle: "Mr. Dyer's poetry has given us pleasure. His verses are sensible and nervous, if they do not abound in splendid imagery, nor in glowing fiction. His poems, however, are sometimes rendered obscure by allusions to circumstances which require to be explained at the bottom of the page; and which, by drawing our attention from the text, injure the effect of the whole. For the same reason, the frequent introduction of passages imitated from other writers, is injudicious: if these are marked as imitations, our progress is stopped by continual references; if left unmarked, they lead to a suspicion of the author's poverty of invention. Poets have been too fond of introducing sentiments borrowed from ancient writers: these may sometimes give a grace and a value to their compositions, but, in general, they require an apology; and if they admit of excuse more readily than similar copies of contemporary productions, it is only because they are less universally known or remembered" Monthly Review NS 9 (November 1792) 264.

Critical Review: "These poems are, however, in general, sufficiently polished and correct: we say in general, for in some few places we object to the diction, in a few others to the sentiment it contains. In an Ode to Liberty we have the following harsh lines: "With Jebb and Price thou 'pass'dst' the studious hour, | And 'stor'dst' with gen'rous truths their ample mind [...].'" Here we object to the sound: in our next quotation, which we take from the following page, we object more strongly to the sense. Liberty is again addressed: 'Or dost thou from Columbus' blissful plains, | Invite thy Paine, to rouse the languid hearts | Of Albion's sons'.... We feel not the least congenial glow on the occasion. 'Columbus' plains,' or any other plains, are welcome to 'their Paine,' so long as we are free from him. His electric fire, in connection with that of other political electricians, has given such a shock, and 'imparted such passions,' as not only strike us with 'wonder,' but with the utmost horror and detestation likewise" NS 7 (March 1793) 271-72.

[<http://spenserians.cath.vt.edu/authorrecord.php?action=GET&recordid=33268>]

133May refer to two school charters [See <http://www.queenelizabeths.devon.sch.uk/history/thetwocharters.asp>]

134Recorders of the City and County of the City of Exeter includes:

1794 Charles Fanshawe, Esq - elected 31st July; he lived at Franklin House, Cowick. He was born in 1742 and died 1814. He was a Barrister and Treasurer of the Inner Temple. [http://www.myheritage.com/person-1000088_56226821_56226821/charles-fanshawe]

135Sam Coddington???? barrister? (see above)

136Ratcliff or Ratcliffe is a former hamlet lying by the north bank of the River Thames between Shadwell and Limehouse. It is now a district in the London Borough of Tower Hamlets, and is located to the south of Stepney.

The Ratcliffe Fire was the largest fire disaster in London between the Great Fire of 1666 and the Blitz in 1940. The fire took place in July 1794 when a smaller fire ignited a barge loaded with saltpetre. The conflagration that followed destroyed over 400 homes and 20 warehouses and left 1000 people homeless. Following the fire tents were set up near to St. Dunstan's Church whilst the area was rebuilt.[Wiki]

137The Annual Register for 1794 contains this note: "15th August.—About two o'clock, a melancholy accident happened in Johnson's court, Charing Cross. George Howe, a genteel young man, was taken to a recruiting-office there, belonging to the East-India company, to be enlisted: and, upon attempting to make his escape, his hands were tied behind his back, and in that situation Le was put into a garret, where he was not many minutes before he jumped from the window, and was killed upon the spot. This circumstance very naturally attracted the attention of passengers, and presently a crowd was collected, who, fired by indignation, pulled down the house. A detachment of the Guards was called in, and with difficulty the mob was dispersed." [<http://www.british-history.ac.uk/report.aspx?compid=68266>]

138When the war between the United Kingdom and revolutionary France broke out in 1793, Philip Astley, who was 51 years old, reenlisted in the 15th Light Dragons, "acting as a horse-master, celebrity morale-booster and war correspondent in one." On August 16, 1794, while he was serving abroad, Astley's London amphitheatre burned to the ground. It had been refurbished in 1786, with a proper stage (albeit far from the size of the Royal Circus's true theater stage) and the sylvan decoration, replete with false foliage, that Astley had already used in his Parisian amphitheatre. The revamped building had been christened Astley's Royal Grove.

The Royal Grove was no more. Astley quickly obtained his discharge from the military and returned to London to rebuild it. This was done in record time: Astley's New Amphitheatre of the Arts was ready for the 1795 season, which commenced, as usual, on Easter Monday.

[http://www.circopedia.org/index.php/Philip_Astley]

139 28th July 1794

140 A likely contact of Thomas Jones who could have loaned money to his son was John Fentiman (1747-1820), builder, developer and proprietor, Died in Kennington 1820 leaving a will. Property listed: in Rotherhithe,

- Southwark, Kennington, Walworth, Battersea. Public houses "The Queens Head" at Stockwell.
- 141Overton, Hampshire, was located on the stagecoach route from London to Exeter.
- 142James Templer of Stover House, Teigngrace, Devon, was Master of the Crown Office in London for 30 Years. He inherited his father's estate in 1782, along with granite mining rights on nearby Dartmoor. In due course a granite-railed tramway was built (the first of its kind in England) linking the quarries on Dartmoor with a canal dug from Teigngrace to join the River Teign at Newton Abbot (called Stover Canal). This venture ensured the continued success of the family. James Temple died in 1813 [<http://my.rootsmagic.com/templerfamilycouk/index.html>]
- 143Mary Templer was the eldest daughter, born 1778 but her sister, Anne Sophia, was only two years younger.
- 144Anne Templer, sister of James, married John William de la Pole 6th Baronet in 1779.
- 145Hannah Maria Marsh, baptised 1778, step-daughter of George Bent.
- 146Mary Bent, elder daughter of George Bent, born 1776.
- 147First reference to Frances "Fanny " Bent (1779-1860) who was important to all the Jones family, including Juxon, throughout her life. Daughter by George Bent's first wife, Mary Milton, an aunt of the author Frances Trollope whose son Anthony Trollope based the character "Aunt Stanbury" in "He Knew He Was Right" on her daughter, Fanny.
- 148Sir John Chichester, 6th Baronet, who was high sheriff for Devonshire in 1788, had seats at Youlston, near Barnstaple, and Sandford, near Crediton, Devon.
- 149Rev Hugh Bent (1786-1836) - his successor at Sandford Church
- 150Colonel William Henry Bent (1790-1855) of the Royal Horse Artillery. He served in The Peninsular War 1811-1813 and was severely wounded at San Muñoz. He married Charlotte Wilkins Remington in 1814; He retired to Heavitree, Exeter.
- 151The 1794 Treason Trials, arranged by the administration of William Pitt, were intended to cripple the British radical movement of the 1790s. Over thirty radicals were initially arrested; three were tried for high treason: Thomas Hardy, John Horne Tooke and John Thelwall. In a repudiation of the government's policies, they were exonerated by three separate juries in November 1794 to great public rejoicing. [Wiki]
- 152The origin of the Franking system was a decree of the Council of State in 1652, by which correspondence to and from Members of Parliament and of certain State Officials was permitted to pass free through the post.
- 153The Society of Antiquaries of London is a learned society "charged by its Royal Charter of 1751 with 'the encouragement, advancement and furtherance of the study and knowledge of the antiquities and history of this and other countries'." It is based at Burlington House, Piccadilly, London. Members of the Society are known as Fellows and are entitled to use the post-nominal letters FSA after their names. Fellows are elected by existing members of the Society, and to be elected persons shall be 'excelling in the knowledge of the antiquities and history of this and other nations' and be 'desirous to promote the honour, business and emoluments of the Society'. The Society retains a highly selective election procedure, in comparison with many other learned societies. Nominations for Fellowship can only come from existing Fellows of the Society, and must be signed by at least five and up to twelve existing Fellows, certifying that, from their personal knowledge, the candidate would make a worthy Fellow. Elections then occur by anonymous ballot, and a candidate must achieve a ratio of four 'yes' votes for every 'no' vote cast by Fellows participating in the ballot to be elected as a Fellow. Fellowship is thus regarded as recognition of significant achievement in the fields of archaeology, antiquities, history and heritage. [Wiki]
- 154 NOT KNOWN
- 155Henry Ley of Exeter, gent. 1801. Ley family of Trehill, Kenn, Devon - four miles from Exeter. [Rev. John Ley was incumbent at St. Paul's, in 1806. Cambridge University Alumni. Adm. pens. at SIDNEY, July 3, 1779. 2nd s. of the Rev. Thomas (Exeter College, Oxford, 1729-30), R. of Doddiscombsleigh, Devon. B. there Aug. 1763. School, Blundell's, Tiverton (Mr Atherton and Mr Keats). Matric. Lent, 1780; B.A. 1783; M.A. 1787. Ord. deacon (Norwich, Litt. dim. from Exeter) Mar. 7, 1784. R. of St Paul's, Exeter, 1789-1832. R. of Upton Hellions, Devon, 1794-1807. Died Mar. 22, 1849, at The Island, Tiverton. (Clergy List; Cant. Act Bk.; G. Mag., 1849, I. 549.)]
- 156Now Exeter racecourse
- 157Richard Rodd married Maria Yard, Holy Trinity, Exeter, 11th April 1794. [England-ODM]
- 1581st December
- 159The Reverend Stephen Weston, BD, FRS, FSA (1747–1830) was an English antiquarian, clergyman and man of letters. Weston played major roles in the translation of the Rosetta Stone, presenting his work before the Society of Antiquaries in April 1811. He also published travel notes, classical texts and annotations, notes on Shakespeare, scriptural discussions and translations from Arabic, Chinese and Persian. [Wiki]
- 160St Swithun is the name of the church in Sandford
- 161Up to the 19th century, there were many rules, technicalities and difficulties in drafting pleadings and claims and defenses could be dismissed for trivial errors. Some practitioners made it their business to frame pleadings, rather than to appear in court or to write legal opinions, and were called special pleaders. They were not necessarily barristers, but might be licensed to practice under the bar. At one time it was usual to practice for a time as a special pleader before being called to the bar. The system had largely fallen into disuse as a specialty by the beginning of the 20th century. [Wiki]

- 162A number of shoemakers of that name in Exeter
- 163It is worked with a hook, an 'ari' in India, and in the West, a 'tambour hook', like a sewing machine needle turned into a crochet hook which is placed inside a wooden holder. Tambour hooks sizes 70 to 140, were as thin as sewing needles. A fine fabric – cambric, muslin or netting – is placed drum tight in a free standing embroidery hoop. The right hand holds the tambour needle whilst the left hand, below the work, holds the thread. The needle pushes through the fabric, catches the thread, pulls a loop back through the fabric and through the loop to create a continuous line of chain stitch. Its height of popularity in Europe was 1780 to 1850, to decorate the fine flowing muslin gowns, net wedding veils and scarves when, due to the Napoleonic Wars, it was difficult to obtain the highly fashionable French laces. [<http://www.embroiderersguildwa.org.au/Types%20of%20Embroidery/Tambour.htm>]
- 164 James Glasford was cmmissioned Lieutenant 1758; Commanding Officer of 'Monkey' 1780-82; Commissioned Commander 1782; Commanding Officer of 'Alderney' 1782-83, and 'Otter' 1783-86. Commissioned Captain in 1790; Commanded no ship after these. Died 1796 [http://threedecks.org/index.php?display_type=home] Will of James Glasford, Gentleman of Saltash , Cornwall, proved 27 August 1796, PROB 11/1278/149 [National Archives]
- 165 Charles Luxmoore born in Okehampton, Devon, in 1755, brother of Rebecca who married Thomas Pearce Hockin. He was a bachelor of the Middle Temple when he married in October 1792. In fact he was at New Court, Middle Temple. A notice of bankruptcy in the London Gazette c1791 asks claimant to "give Notice to Mr. Jones, Attorney, in Exeter, or to Mr. Charles Luxmoore, New Court, Middle Temple". It suggests that John found his new chambers through his uncle's association with Luxmoore. He later practiced as a solicitor in Red Lion Square. This he left by his will in 1834 to "William Lamb Hockin of Dartmouth Gentleman".
- 166NOT KNOWN
- 167NOT KNOWN
- 168Poems by William Kendall. Printed by R. Trewman and son, for G.G.J. and J. Robinson, and G. Dyer, Exeter. 1793
- 169Who
- 170Northernhay Gardens are located in Exeter, Devon, England, on the northern side of Rougemont Castle. They are the oldest public open space in England, being originally laid out in 1612 as a pleasure walk for Exeter residents. [Wiki]
- 171Anthony James Pye Molloy (c. 1754 – 25 July 1814) was an officer of the Royal Navy. He served during the American War of Independence and the French Revolutionary Wars. Molloy was attached to Lord Howe's fleet, hunting for the French convoys during the Atlantic campaign of May 1794. When the French fleet, under Louis Thomas Villaret de Joyeuse, was sighted, Howe ordered an attack, with Molloy leading the column into battle at the Glorious First of June. Caesar sustained casualties of 18 men killed and 71 wounded, but in the aftermath Molloy was strongly criticised by Howe for failing to obey orders and break the French line. Accordingly a court martial was convened aboard HMS Glory at Portsmouth on 28 April 1795, and Molloy was charged with '[his failure to] cross the enemy's line, in obedience to the signal of the admiral', and 'that he did not use his utmost endeavours to close with and defeat the enemy.' Speaking for the prosecution was Rear-Admiral Sir Roger Curtis, the captain of the fleet during the battle. Molloy argued that the ship had been thrown into confusion after a ball had struck the stern-beam and left her unmanageable, but after three weeks of deliberations, the charges were found to have been proved. The court tempered the findings with the observation that his courage was unimpeachable, but nevertheless he was sentenced to be dismissed from his ship.[Wiki]
- 172Cornwall
- 173One was buried at Cullompton 9th June 1795, William Brutton esq of St Pauls Exon. The other appears to be his wife. He possibly married Mary Maddern at Bristol, 4th July 1778. A Miss Maddern is also referred to in the letter which supports this hypothesis..
- 174NOT KNOWN
- 175A narrow band or braid used as trimming and commonly made of lace, metallic thread, or embroidery.
- 176Philip Hammersley Leathes (1768-1838). Son of David, an apothecary of Hanover Square who married Charlotta Emerton in 1749. He entered the Middle Temple, 1787; elected a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, 1793; worked as a clerk in the cheque office of the Bank of England, 1799-1838; subscriber to King's College London, 1832; established book prize for medical students at King's College London, 1833-1834 [biographical note in King's College Archives - Reference code(s): GB 0100 KCLCA Leathes] Married by licence at St Andrew, Holborn, 4 April 1806 to Mary Ann King. He of Thavies Inn, Holborn, bach. she a widow of the parish. [Thavies Inn was described as an appendage to Lincoln's Inn, situated near St Andrew's Church]. He presented to the Society of Antiquaries in 1817, a certified copy of the foundation deed of the Free Grammar School of the City of Exeter established in the Hospital of St John Baptist; 20 Feb. 1629/30, copy made 13 Nov. 1817. Annotated (left hand corner) 'Ex autographo John Jones Penes me 12 Novemb. 1817'. Buried at the Temple Church, March 17 1838. Will of Philip Hammersley Leathes, Gentleman of Peckham , Surrey Proved 30 April 1838. He donated his papers to King's College, London. [See Leathes]
- 177John Mitford, barrister (b. 25 May 1772; d. 20 Jan 1851), mar. (1) 23 Jan 1802 Sarah Woodward (d. 30 Mar 1836), and (2) 1836 Susan Annette Henry (mar. (2) 5 Jan 1852 Maj W S R Hodson)
- 178Henry Dampier (1758-1816). Adm. (age 17) at KING'S, a scholar from Eton, Sept. 10, 1776. [S. of Thomas (1731),

clerk, Lower-Master of Eton and Dean of Durham, by his second wife Frances, dau. of Rev. Thomas Walker of Tilehurst. B. at Eton, Bucks. Bapt. there Dec. 21, 1758.] Matric. Easter, 1778; B.A. 1781; M.A. 1784. Fellow 1779-90. Adm. at the Middle Temple, May 1, 1781. University Counsel, 1811. One of the justices of the Court of King's Bench, 1813. Knighted July 15, 1813. Married 1790, Martha, dau. of Rev. Dr Law, Archdeacon of Rochester. Died at Montagu Place, Bloomsbury, Feb. 3, 1816. Father of the next and John L. (1812). Half-brother of Thomas (1766). 'Few have left a name so universally respected.' (Hist. Reg. 57, note 16; Eton Coll. Reg.; Foss, Biog. Dict. of Judges, v. 212.) [Cambridge University Alumni]

179 Tuesday was the 10th

180 John Southerton, of Wellington, Somerset, gent., an Attorney of the King's Bench, took a clerk in 1793

181 William George Dight, cousin of John's. Referred to first as George Dight in a letter 12th July 1791.

182.. Problems manning the Royal Navy also led to Pitt to introduce the Quota System in 1795 addition to the existing system of Impressment. The war with France was extremely expensive, straining Great Britain's finances. Unlike the latter stages of the Napoleonic Wars, at this point Britain had only a very small standing army, and thus contributed to the war effort mainly by sea power and by supplying funds to other coalition members facing France. In 1797, Pitt was forced to protect the kingdom's gold reserves by preventing individuals from exchanging banknotes for gold. Great Britain would continue to use paper money for over two decades. Pitt was also forced to introduce Great Britain's first ever income tax. The new tax helped offset losses in indirect tax revenue, which had been caused by a decline in trade...[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/William_Pitt_the_Younger]

183 May be the man who worked on Exeter Cathedral and who wrote an introduction to Gothic architecture

184 What are these

185 William Ilbert, Mayor of Exeter 1783. His will was probated 1787

186 Nathaniel Elias Cosserat, Mayor of Exeter 1786. His will was probated 2 January 1796

187 John Guy Esq. of Grays Inn Middx, bachelor married Mary Ann Winslow spinster, a minor of St Paul, Covent Garden with consent of Thos Winsloe her father, by licence at St Martin in the Fields, 1 Sept 1796 [Pallot's Marriage Index & England-ODM]

188 Col William Mitford, of Exbury House, co. Hampshire, Newton Park, co. Northumberland, and Newby Wiske, co. York, barrister Middle Temple, Member of Parliament for Beeralston 1796-1806 and for New Romney 1812-18 (b. 10 Feb 1744; d. 8 Feb 1827), mar. 18 May 1766 Frances Molloy (d. 27 Apr 1776), dau. of James Molloy, of Dublin

189 John Mitford later Freeman-Mitford, later 1st Baron Redesdale, barrister, Inner Temple 1777; Member of Parliament (Tory) for Beeralston 1788-99 and for East Looe 1799-1802; KC 1789; Justice of Carmarthenshire, Pembrokeshire and Cardiganshire 1789; Chancellor of the Diocese of Durham 1791; Solicitor-General 1793-99; knighted 1793; Treasurer of the Inner Temple 1796; Attorney-General 1799-1801; Speaker of the House of Commons 1801-02; Privy Councillor 1802; Vice-Chancellor of Dublin University 1803-06; took the additional name of Freeman before that of Mitford by Royal Licence 1809 on inheriting the Batsford estate in Gloucestershire in accordance with the will of Thomas Edwards Freeman, the husband of his maternal aunt, Elizabeth Reveley

190 Actually 2nd December

191 NOT KNOWN

192 Jacob Bryant (1715-1804) *A Treatise Upon the Authenticity of the Scriptures, and the Truth of the Christian Religion..* (1792).

193 Stout, thickset

194 NOT KNOWN There is some reason to believe that this is a name given by John to Thomas Hutchinson.

195 Articles of Clerkship for Gilbert Neville Neyle, son of Gilbert Neyle, merchant of Exeter 6th November 1780. He was christened in Exeter 9th March 1764. Letter of 16th May 1799 mentions that "he is called to the Bar". He is noted in the Electoral Register for 1802 as living in Lincoln's Inn as freeholder in Chambers.

196 This may refer to the portrait we have that appears to have been painted in John's chambers. The text suggests that it was painted by Bertram Mitford. CHECK

197 Another subscriber to William Chapple's *A review of part of Risdon's Survey of Devon* (1785) -Mr. Bloomer Ireland, of London [B Esq. 29, Surry St 1805 Holdens trade directory, will Bloomer Ireland of Richmond, Surrey PROB 11/1544/340 6 May 1813. Obituary died 11 Mar at Richmond Green, Surrey, aged 78, Mr Bloomer Ireland late of Surrey St., Strand. (Gents. Mag.) [see letter 20.12.97 for confirmation]]

198 James Garrett of St. Thomas the Apostle, Exeter was baptised there 1734. Married Elizabeth Gill at the same place in 1758. Noted as taking apprentices in 1760 and 1772 as "joiner". Their son, James, baptised in 1761 and was at Blundell's school 1775-76 "son of James Garrett, builder, of Exeter". He was as subscriber to William Chapple's *A review of part of Risdon's Survey of Devon* published 1785. Other subscribers included Mr John and Mr Thomas Jones of Exeter, and Mr. Philip Stowey, of Madras. No kinship link has been discovered as yet.

199 Rev. John Garrett, master of the Grammar-school at Chudleigh 1785

200 Charles Woolcombe, surgeon, aged 43, infirm, listed in Militia List 1803, Parish of St Paul's and Bradninch, Exeter [<http://genuki.cs.ncl.ac.uk/DEV/Exeter/StPaul/StPaul1803.html>]

201 Reference to the War Office is connection to Brooke probably refers to his job at the Alien Office.

202 NOT KNOWN Could be John Fleming, rector of Plymtree, Devon, who died in March 1796. He was born at

- Thorner, Yorkshire, so there could be a family link with the Severs? [see John Fleming.tex]
- 203 Very small breasts.
- 204 Michael Massey Robinson (1744-1826), convict, public servant and poet, was born probably in the south of England, where he attended the University of Oxford and later practised law. He also wrote poetical quips, one of which was the cause of his transportation to Australia. It no longer exists but is known to have been an attack on James Oldham, an ironmonger and alderman of the city of London. In it Robinson revived an old, disproven charge against Oldham of having murdered a former employer; he attempted to extort money from his victim by threatening to publish the verse, whereupon Oldham prosecuted him for blackmail. Robinson was convicted and sentenced to death at the Old Bailey in February 1796, but was reprieved at the prosecutor's request, and transported to New South Wales. [*Australian Dictionary of Biography*, Volume 2]
- 205 NOT KNOWN
- 206 Hannah Tremlett of Stoke Fleming married Alexander Lamb bach. gent. of St Petrox, at Stoke Fleming, Devon, 2nd November 1796. Their first daughter, Prudence Jennefee, was baptised at Stoke Fleming 19 August 1798. Their son, Alexander, was baptised in Dartmouth in 1800. This son matriculated from Exeter College, Oxford, in 1817; B.A. 1821.
- 207 This is a mistake as John Townshend did not die until 1833. The brother was in fact Lord Charles Townsend, a younger brother of John. He was elected to the House of Commons for Great Yarmouth on 25 May 1796. However, only two days later he was murdered by his brother the Reverend Lord Frederick Townshend during a coach journey to London, aged only 27. Lord Frederick was later declared insane.
- 208 James Hodges of Monmouth, and later of Trelleck, timber merchant, built up estates in Trelleck and Henlllys by purchase. On 25th July 1796, at Trelleck, Amelia (1776-1822) his only child married John Eliot Winsloe (d. 1842) of Twickenham, esq., youngest son of Thomas Winsloe of the same, esq., when the estates were settled on their marriage. [Gwent Archives. Winsloe Estate, Trelleck, Deeds]
- 209 Simeon Hart Myers (1763-1803) was son of Naphtali Hart Myers and Hester Moses. His elder brother, Joseph, was born in New York in 1758. His children were born in the parish of St Olave, Hart Street, City of London, where he was a doctor. There is an interesting note in the parish register: "These births are here registered at the express desire of the parents, Dr Joseph Hart Myers & Leah Hart Myers who, professing the Jewish Religion, judge such Insertion may prove useful to their children hereafter." Simeon's son John Powell Matthew Myers, was born in Cheltenham in 1801. Simeon of Cheltenham, made his will in June 1803, but he was buried on 19 Aug 1803 St Mary the Virgin, Twickenham, and the probate notes that at death he was of Twickenham Common.
- 210 Hester Thackrah, wife of John. Previously wife of Naphtali Hart Myers who died in 1788. She married Thackrah a year later. Will made in 1804 (with agreement of husband John Thackrah of Tooley St, Southwark & Isleworth, Middx.) By that time her son, Simeon, was dead but his older brother, Joseph and sister, Rebecca were still alive. However, the main beneficiary was Simeon's only son, John Matthew Powell Myers. [See Simeon Hart Myers & family]
- 211 The Revd. Richard Winsloe of Twickenham married Catherine Walter of Teddington by licence 20 October 1796 at St. Mary, Teddington.
- 212 Of or like Lord Chesterfield; suave; elegant; polished
"The Chesterfieldian system of endeavouring to please by dissimulation..."
[Maria Edgeworth, Richard Lovell Edgeworth 'Practical education']
- 213 17th November 1796 was a Tuesday, but there is no internal date verifying this
- 214 In the London land tax records, Thomas Winsloe Esqr. pays £4 as occupier of a house (20) belonging to the Duke of Northumberland in Twickenham from 1791 until 1803. He also rents (11) Duncans Land for £2 4s, so £6 4s land tax in all. 1804 he appears as proprietor and occupier in a house with rent of £25 and tax of £5. In 1807 John and Richard Winsloe own a house and land, rents noted as 120 with £4 land tax
- 215 Journal of the House of Commons 6 Mar 1793 Plymouth Dock &c Water Bill read the Third Time.
An ingrossed Bill for supplying the Towns fo Plymouth Dock, Stoke Damarel, Stonehouse, and the Parts adjacent, in the County of Devon, with Water, was read a Third Time....Another ingrossed Clause was offered to be added to the Bill, by Way of Ryder, for laying Pipes for supplying the Barracks at Plymouth Dock with Water...
- 216 See image
- 217 1797
- 218 NOT KNOWN
- 219 NOT KNOWN
- 220 John Gullett son of Christopher Gullett of the City of Exeter, Gent., one of the Attornies of his Majesty's Court of King's Bench, (being of the age of twenty one years & upwards) on 7 Feb 1793 signed articles of agreement to serve his father as his Clerk in the practice of an Attorney for the term of five years. Witnessed by Ann and Mary G. This agreement did not last as another was made 16 Feb 1796 between John and Christopher G. and Richard Eales the younger of Exeter, Gent. by which John should be articted to Eales for the residue of his term. Again witnessed by Ann G. John G. was taking clerks himself, in Exeter, in 1804
- 221 NOT KNOWN

- 222 Charlotta Leathes was only left 1/3 of her husband's residuary estate in lieu of all interest in his freehold estates. Her son and daughter inherited the land and the other thirds. The "cool" nature of the will suggests that she was no longer living with her husband.
- 223 A Gothic novel written by Matthew Gregory Lewis and published in 1796 and was highly praised by reviewers in *The Monthly Mirror* of June 1796 as well as the *Analytical Review*. Lewis owned an estate in Jamaica and his journal of his visit to his estate there was published posthumously in 1818
- 224 Calculated?
- 225 Gertrud Elisabeth Mara [née Schmeling] (23 February 1749 – 20 January 1833) was a German operatic soprano. She was born in Kassel, the daughter of a poor musician, Johann Schmeling. From him she learnt to play the violin, and while still a child, her playing at the fair at Frankfurt was so remarkable that money was collected to provide for her. She was helped by influential friends, and studied under Johann Adam Hiller in Leipzig for five years, alongside Corona Schröter, proving to be endowed with a wonderful soprano voice. She began to sing in public in 1771, and was soon recognized as the greatest singer that Germany had produced. She was permanently engaged for the Prussian court in Berlin, but her marriage to a debauched cellist named Mara created difficulties, and in 1780 she was released. After singing in Vienna, Munich and elsewhere, she appeared in Paris in 1782, where her rivalry with the singer Luisa Todi split the public into Todists and Maratists. In 1784 she went to London and continued to appear there with great success, with visits at intervals to Italy and to Paris till 1802, when for some years she retired to Russia, where she lost her fortune at the time of the French invasion. [Wiki]
- 226 Possibly William Heberden. Both father and son were distinguished scholars and physicians. The father died in 1801
- 227 Possibly 23rd March as this letter clearly follows the one written on 15th March
- 228 This appears to be about an attempt by Philip Stowey to convert property Betsy holds into an annuity. James Lardner's will describes their marriage settlement by which Stowey gave eighth parts in property in Exminster. It is possible that he is hoping to convert into an annuity which would die with her and hurt her husband and children. That the rights in property are still in place in 1829 when James Lardner made his will suggests that Stowey was unsuccessful in persuading her.
- 229 "When low spirits are owing to a weak relaxed state of the stomach and bowels, an infusion of the Peruvian bark with cinnamon or nutmeg will be proper. Steel joined with aromatics may likewise in this case be used with advantage; but riding, and a proper diet, are most to be depended on.." Buchan's *Domestic Medicine* (1785)
- 230 Monday is 17th April not May
- 231 John Phillips Carpenter of Tavistock, esq. appears in a mortgage dated 7 Jan 1796 and as John Phillips Carpenter of Mount Tavy, Devon in releases of 1805 to 1813 [BRA845 Cornwall Record Office] Noted as nephew of Sir Jonathan Phillips of Camelford [<http://www.historyofparliamentonline.org/volume/1790-1820/constituencies/camelford>]
- 232 His servant???
- 233 NOT KNOWN tailor?
- 234 The Magdalen Hospital, St George's Fields. Many 'Magdalens' - homes for reformed prostitutes - were established in France and other Catholic countries throughout the middle ages. The first English, non-Catholic, version was established in Prescott Street in 1758, with a 7-year lease on the 'commodious house' vacated by the London Hospital, which provided space, air and privacy at a modest expense. Six penitents were admitted on the first day; by 1769, 1,500 had passed through its doors, most having stayed for three years - it was judged a success, and had little difficulty in raising funds. Typical collections from chapel visitors were well over £1,000, whereas even the Foundling Hospital could only raise £160. [<http://www.stgite.org.uk/magdalenhospital.html>]
- 235 Rowland Hill (1744–1833) built his own free chapel, Surrey Chapel, in Blackfriars Road, London, which opened in 1783. The chapel's trust deed ensured it would not subscribe formally to the theological standpoint of any particular denomination. [Wiki]
- 236 Daughter of John Jones and Mary Pitman, born 1783 in Exeter
- 237 Sir Robert Eyre (1666 – 28 December 1735) was an English lawyer, who served as Solicitor-General and then as a judge, ultimately as Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.
- 238 The Battle of Camperdown (known in Dutch as the Zeeslag bij Kamperduin) was a major naval action fought on 11 October 1797, between a Royal Navy fleet under Admiral Adam Duncan and a Dutch Navy fleet under Vice-Admiral Jan de Winter. The battle was the most significant action between British and Dutch forces during the French Revolutionary Wars and resulted in a complete victory for the British, who captured eleven Dutch ships without losing any of their own... On 17 October 1797, Duncan's limping convoy began to arrive at Yarmouth to be greeted with great celebrations. Several ships were delayed, with three wallowing off Kentish Knock, three more in Hosley Bay and several still at sea due to an adverse northwesterly wind. News of the victory had already spread across Britain, and on 20 October Duncan was created Viscount Duncan of Camperdown and Baron Duncan of Lundie. [Wiki]
- 239 Attorney of Camelford, Cornwall. Note of his political involvement from 1796 in the borough. [<http://www.historyofparliamentonline.org/volume/1790-1820/constituencies/camelford>]

- 240Either John Garrett Bussell or his brother William Marchant Bussell.
- 241The most likely is Charles Squire, attorney at law, of Ipswich, who died 6th February 1817, but there are other brothers [see Squire.txt]
- 242NOT KNOWN
- 243Henry Ainslie, son of a Kendal physician. He was senior wrangler in 1781. He began to practise while still at Cambridge, having obtained a licence ad practicandum from the University in 1787. (fn. 6) In 1793 he settled in London and in 1795 was elected a fellow of the Royal College of Physicians and physician to St. Thomas's Hospital. He delivered the Harveian oration in 1802. He died in 1834.
- 244John Squire (1732–1816) M.D. (of Ely Place, London) was born in Suffolk and educated at the grammar school of Lavenham, of which parish his father was for many years rector. Created doctor of medicine by university of Aberdeen, 1765, eventually settling in London and devoting himself to the practice of midwifery; in 1786 he was admitted by the College of Physicians a Licentiate in Midwifery. He died suddenly in 1816 aged 84, while assisting a medical friend in a difficult delivery. He, in conjunction with his friend Mr. Chamberlaine, was the founder of the Society for the Relief of the Widows and Orphans of Medical Men in London and its vicinity. [The Roll of the Royal College of Physicians of London..] Vol. II, 1701 to 1800. William Munk.
<http://archive.org/details/rollofroyalcolle02royaiala>
- 245Cambridge University Alumni - William Pearce. Adm. pens. (age 18) at ST JOHN'S, May 7, 1763. S. of William, surgeon, of Cornwall. B. Dec. 3, 1744 (G. Mag.). Bapt. Dec. 3, 1744 (Biblio. Cornub.), at St Keverne. School, Helston. Matric. Michs. 1763; Scholar; Chancellor's medal, 1767; prizeman; B.A. (3rd Wrangler) 1767; M.A. 1770; B.D. 1778; D.D. 1787. Fellow, 1768-88; tutor, and President, 1781-7. Orator, 1778-88. Master of Jesus, 1789-1820. Vice-Chancellor, 1789-90 and 1806-7. Ord. deacon (Lincoln, Litt. dim. from Norwich) July 12, 1767; priest (Peterb.) June 14, 1772; C. of Ashley and Kirtling, Cambs., 1767. R. of Miningsby, Lincs., 1774-86. Whitehall Preacher, 1772. R. of Houghton Conquest, Beds., 1786-1820. Master of the Temple, 1787-97. Cole said of his appointment as Orator, 'Mr Pearce has every qualification but person and manner.' Gunning writes, 'Dr Barnes laid down his office of Vice-Chancellor on 3rd Nov. 1789, and the greater part of his speech consisted of a violent Philippic against the Bishop of Ely. On the following day Dr Pearce was elected, and his speech, from beginning to end, was an unqualified eulogium on the same Prelate, from whom he had received the Mastership of Jesus.' R. of Wentworth, Isle of Ely, 1799-1820. Dean of Ely, 1797-1820. Married, Apr. 21, 1795, Anne, eldest dau. of the Rev. Walter Serocold, of Cherry Hinton, Cambs. Author, Sermons. Died Nov. 14, 1820, at Jesus College, Lodge. M.I. in the College Chapel. Father of Edward S. (1813). (St John's Coll. Adm., III. 689; Northants. Clergy; Boase, Biblio. Cornub., 438; G. Mag., 1820, II. 466.)
- 246Cambridge University Alumni - Thomas Kipling. Adm. sizar (age 18) at ST JOHN'S, June 28, 1764. S. of William, cattle salesman, of Richmonds, Yorks. B. at Bowes. Schools, Scorton and Sedbergh. Matric. Michs. 1764; B.A. (Senior Wrangler) 1768; M.A. 1771; B.D. 1779; D.D. 1784. Adm. Fellow, 1769, but removed on a mandate from the Bishop of Ely as Visitor; again adm. 1771; filled up 1786. Ord. deacon (London) May 29, 1768; priest (Peterb.) June 10, 1770. Lady Margaret Preacher, 1782. Chaplain to the King at Whitehall, 1778. Boyle Lecturer, 1792. R. of Owmbly, Lincs., 1778-98. V. of Holme-on-Spalding Moor, Yorks., 1784-1822. Master of the Temple, 1797. R. of Fiskerton, Lincs., 1798-1822. Dean of Peterborough, 1798-1822. Deputy Regius Professor of Divinity, 1787-1802. 'Edited Beza, and published a Latin preface so full of bad Latin that he deemed it expedient to call in those copies that had been circulated in the University.' In 1793 became prominent as prosecutor in connection with the proceedings against William Frend (Jesus College), who had been deprived of his Fellowship and tutorship because of his openly professed Unitarian or Socinian views; 'in this capacity he seems to have displayed more zeal than discretion, and rendered himself very obnoxious'; in return his learning and slips in Latin were ridiculed, and his writings were sharply criticised by Porson in The British Critic, III; he was also fiercely attacked by Thomas Edwards (1776), Fellow of Jesus. Died Jan. 28, 1822, at Holme vicarage. (Sedbergh Sch. Reg.; Northants. Clergy; D.N.B.; Cant. Act Bk.; Gunning, I. chap. 9 and II. 49-53; St John's Coll. Adm., III. 698.)
- 247Clerk of the Paper-office, an officer belonging to the king's bench, whose business it to make up the paper-books of special pleadings in that court [Pantologia: A New Cyclopaedia, Comprehending a Complete Series of Essays ...1813]
- 248NOT KNOWN
- 249Oxford University Alumni: Winsloe, Richard, s. Thomas, of Exeter, arm. MAGDALEN HALL, matric. 18 Nov., 1789, aged 19; B.C.L. 1796, rector of Minster and Forrabury, Cornwall, perp. curate of Ruishton, Somerset, 1800, until his death 31 Oct., 1842.
- 250Service of thanksgiving at St Paul's Cathedral on 19 December 1797 for the Naval victories at St Vincent and Camperdown.
- 251Most likely to be nephew of Sir Robert Palk of Halden, late Governor of Madras. He obtained a writership through the influence of Sir Robert, in 1769, and supplemented his monthly salary by embarking on private trade. He married Catherine Pelling, daughter of Thomas Pelling, of the firm of Pelling & de Fries. Letters between him and his uncle survive. His uncle referred to him as "Tom" to distinguish him from a more distant relative for whom he had also secured an army position. Tom apparently went home a prosperous man in 1787 and in 1788 acquired the

estate of Butterford in the parish of North Huish, near Totnes. [CHECK FURTHER]
 NOT SURE THAT THE FOLLOWING IS THE SAME MAN
 Apprenticeship indentures, 1777-1844 [no ref. or date]
 These documents are held at Devon Record Office
 Elizabeth Nies apprenticed to Thomas Palk for the Globe Inn 122 A/PO 694 1799 THERE IS AN OLD COACHING
 INN OF THIS NAME AT CHAGFORD, DEVON.

252 John King (born Jacob Rey) was popularly known as 'Jew' King. He was a notorious money lender and broker, and one of the best-known Jews in London between 1780 and 1820. He divorced his wife for Lady Lanesborough. Jane Isabella, Countess of Lanesborough, was the only daughter of the first Earl of Belvedere. Born in 1737, she was 15 years older than King, but beautiful. She married Brinsely Butler in 1754. She left him in the late 1770s and moved to London, her husband dying soon after in 1779. In London she lived a dissipated and extravagant life, far beyond her means. In financial distress she applied to King for assistance in 1783. It was rumoured that he extracted sexual favours in return for material aid, but she remained with him for the next forty years. When King had to flee England in 1784 to escape imprisonment, she went with him and they lived in Italy for five or six years on her jointure. They had to flee abroad again in 1802. [from: Todd M. Endleman 'The Chequered Career of 'Jew' King: A Study in Anglo-Jewish Social History.' In 'Profiles of Diversity' ed. Frances Malino etc.]

253 NOT KNOWN

254 NOT KNOWN

255 Possibly Richard Dewdney of Exeter, grocer, who married Harriet Sweetland in 1791. The Dewdneys appear to be a large Exeter family.

256 NOT KNOWN

257 Bradninch Precinct was an extra-parochial place, with 41 inhabitants in 1811, which adjoined the parish of St Paul, Exeter. King Street was the town residence of the Winsloe's.

258 Sandford church.

259 A hollow smoothing iron containing a heater within

260 William Shenstone (1714-1763)

261 NOT KNOWN

262 NOT KNOWN

263 NOT KNOWN WHO EITHER IS

264 It is probable that it was through his recommendation that Philip Stowey went to Madras. He was a trustee of the marriage settlement of James Lardner and Elizabeth Stowey in 1791.

265 Phillida Call was the daughter of Sir John Call, 1st Bt. and Philadelphia Battie She married Benjamin Bathurst, son of Rt. Rev. Henry Bathurst and Grace Coote, on 25 May 1805

266 NOT KNOWN

267 NOT KNOWN

268 Probably Stowey

269 Short of breath; asthmatic.

270 A short fat person

271 Lucy Marsh married William Smith on 20th May 1798 at Sandford.

272 Andrew Hutchinson Adm. sizar at ST CATHARINE'S, Apr. 7, 1796. Matric. Lent, 1799; M.B., 1801. [Cambridge University Alumni]

273 William Hutchinson. Adm. pens. at ST CATHARINE'S, Apr. 7, 1796. Matric. Michs. 1796; B.A. 1800; M.A. 1803. Probably V. of Mortehoe, Devon, 1806-7. C. of Heavitree, and V. of Colebrooke, 1807-16; died 'lately' (June, 1816), aged 37. (G. Mag., 1816, I. 635.) [Cambridge University Alumni] Will of William Hutchinson, Clerk of Heavitree, Devon, 8 July 1816 PROB 11/1582/131

274 NOT KNOWN

275 The only will relevant to that date is that of William Benn, a butcher in Bermondsey. The terms of his will and death are noted in a letter of 17 April 1798 but his burial is actually on 22 April. [see notes William Benn will 1798]

276 Elizabeth Davenport (nee Vale). Her husband., John, of Twickenham Lodge, left her a life interest in his considerable property (will PROB 11/1271/221 probate 20 February 1796) [see notes John Davenport 1796] Mrs D. of Teddington, Middlesex married George Bolton of Preston, 22 October 1799.

277 A warm drink consisting of wine or ale mixed with sugar, eggs, bread, and various spices, sometimes given to ill persons.

278 John Graves Simcoe (February 25, 1752 – October 26, 1806) was a British army officer and the first Lieutenant Governor of Upper Canada from 1791–1796. In July 1796 poor health forced Simcoe to return to Britain. He was unable to return to Upper Canada and resigned his office in 1798. Simcoe was commissioned Colonel of the 81st Foot in 1798, but exchanged the position for the 22nd Foot less than six months later. He was also commander of the Western District in Britain. In 1806, he was appointed commander-in-chief of India (to succeed Charles Cornwallis, 1st Marquess Cornwallis, who had died shortly after arriving in India.) Simcoe died in Exeter before assuming the post. Simcoe was buried in Wolford Chapel on the Simcoe family estate near Honiton, Devon. He was the only

surviving son of John and Katherine Simcoe. His father, a captain in the Royal Navy, commanded the 60-gun HMS Pembroke, with James Cook as his sailing master, during the 1758 siege of Louisbourg. When his father died of pneumonia a few months prior to the siege of Quebec, the family moved to his mother's parental home in Exeter. His paternal grandparents were William and Mary (née Hutchinson) Simcoe. He was educated at Exeter Grammar School and Eton College. After a year at Oxford University, Simcoe was admitted to Lincoln's Inn, but then decided to follow the military career for which his father had intended him. He was initiated into Freemasonry in Union Lodge, Exeter on November 2, 1773. Simcoe's godfather was British admiral Samuel Graves. Simcoe married Graves' ward, Elizabeth Posthuma Gwillim, in 1782. [from http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/John_Graves_Simcoe - a long, and very informative article]

- 279 John Hawtrey (1781 - 1853), son of Stephen Hawtrey, Recorder of Exeter, whose career was in many ways unconventional even by other than family standards. Educated at Eton, he was successively soldier, and Methodist minister before taking orders in the Church of England in 1831. In later years, he was minister of St. James, Guernsey, 1834-1848, and rector of Kingston Seymour, Somerset, neither of which was an Eton or Kings College living.
- 280 An obvious reference to the Dixes as they were fullers. (Fuller's soap was an alkali made from plant ashes which was also used to clean and full new cloth)
- 281 Isabella, daughter of his uncle John Jones. She was born in 1792.
- 282 The fifth bank to open in Exeter was the Western Bank in January 1793. The partner's were all prominent Exeter men including Sir Stafford Henry Northcote, Richard and William Kennaway and Henry Waymouth. The life of the bank was short and it closed in 1798. Northcote was the son-in-law of Charles Baring, and it is possible the closure was to avoid family competition. [<http://www.exetermemories.co.uk/em/banks.php#Western>]
- 283 <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Selah>
- 284 Johannes Buxtorf (December 25, 1564 – September 13, 1629) was a celebrated Hebraist, member of a family of Orientalists; professor of Hebrew for thirty-nine years at Basel and was known by the title, "Master of the Rabbis". His massive tome, *De Synagoga Judaica* (1st. ed. 1603), scrupulously documents the customs and society of German Jewry in the early modern period. [Wiki]
- 285 David Kimchi (or Kimhi) (1160–1235), was a medieval rabbi, biblical commentator, philosopher, and grammarian. He is probably best known today for his biblical commentaries on the books of the Prophets. He also wrote commentaries on the books of Genesis, Psalms, and Chronicles. His biblical work mirrors his grammarian work, and focuses on issues of language and form as well as upon content. He explains words on the basis of their grammatical construction and their etymological development. [Wiki]
- 286 NOT KNOWN
- 287 The Bloomsbury and Inns of Court Volunteers were reformed in 1797 during the Napoleonic Wars. It was shortly afterwards that the Regiment gained its enduring nickname. During a review by King George III in Hyde Park in 1803, King George used his dislike for lawyers – particularly ones carrying arms – to name the massed ranks of the Law Association as "The Devil's Own". "It is understood that the King was in high health and excellent spirits at the time. When the 'Temple companies' had defiled before him, his Majesty enquired of Lord David Erskine, who commanded them, as lieutenant colonel, what was the composition of that corps? 'They are all lawyers, Sire,' said Erskine. 'What! What! 'exclaimed the King, 'all lawyers? all lawyers? Call them the Devil's Own, call them the Devil's Own!' "And the Devil's Own they were called accordingly." [Wiki]
- 288 Articles of Clerkship 13th November 1780 show John Anthony Noguier (son of Anthony Noguier of the City of Exeter, Esquire), with his father's consent, has placed himself as Clerk with Oliver and James Farrer of Chancery Lane, Middlesex, Attornies and Solicitors. Later of Lincolns Inn. He was baptised at St Mary Major, Exeter, 9th October 1763. He had a brother, Thomas Lewis, baptised in the same place in 1766 and a sister, Mary Ann similarly, in 1769. John Anthony Noguier, Fellow of the Royal Society 1809. Noguier are listed among Huguenot exiles.
- 289 Christopher Gullet, Esq. of Exeter father of John who is mentioned in a letter 15 March 1797 or is John referred to as Kit?
- 290 The only 'Smith' in the London Tax Records living in Gower Street in 1799 is Captain William Smith. Another survey of Gower Street shows "No. 113. 1791–1825, Captain William Smith.". This is confusing as Lucy Marsh's husband is also William. [<http://www.british-history.ac.uk/report.aspx?compid=65176>]
- 291 Greedy Park, Sandford, home of the Davie family at this time. The Davie Baronetcy, of Creedy in the County of Devon was created on 9 September 1641 for John Davie, the Member of Parliament for Tiverton in 1621-22. The baronetcy became extinct in 1846 on the death of Sir Humphrey Phineas Davie, 10th Baronet. Sir John Davie, 5th Baronet was the grandson of the first Baronet. He succeeded to the title while a yeoman living in New London, Connecticut.
- 292 Simeon Hart Myers was their daughter, Catherine's, second husband. They married 10 Nov 1796 in Cheltenham
- 293 Thomas Wisloe survived his wife so the will that was probated in 1806 is not this will. However, there are hints that the rift with Myers still rankled. He left his sons as trustees of £6,000, to pay interest of 5% on the sum into the hands of his daughter during her lifetime "for her separate use apart from her said husband and so he may not intermeddle or have any thing to do therewith and so the same may not be subject or liable to his debts contoul or

Engagements" [PROB 11/1437]

- 294See image - A volunteer soldier of the Bloomsbury & Inns of Court Association in uniform presenting his rifle in the grounds of the Foundling Hospital. 1803 "Pubd Novr 1st 1803 by E.Walker Cornhill" BM
- 295John Foster, Esq. commissioned in the Bloomsbury and Inns of Court Association, to be Lieutenant. Dated April 24, 1798. [London Gazette]
- 296 James Buller married Mary Templer 23 June 1795 at St Clement Danes, Westminster. As Mary was a minor, a marriage bond for £200 was issued the day before showing James Buller to be of the Inner Temple, London and Mary's father as James Templer of Stover Lodge, Devon. Mary was seventeen and James twenty-two. James Buller was a younger son of John Buller and Anne Lemon, of Morval, Cornwall. His aunt, Mary Buller, had married James Templer so he and Mary were first cousins.
- 297 Possibly Thomas Smith, (bap. 1756, d. 1828), attorney and town clerk of Bideford, father of Sir Montague Edward Smith who was born in Bideford in 1806. Barrister and judge who served as one of the last Justices of the Court of Common Pleas. There does not seem to be a link with Lucy's husband, William Smith.
- 298George Tierney PC (20 March 1761 – 25 January 1830) was an English Whig politician. Born in Gibraltar, Tierney was the son of Thomas Tierney, a wealthy Irish merchant of London, who was living in Gibraltar as prize agent. He was sent to Eton and Peterhouse, Cambridge, where he took the degree of Law in 1784. He was called to the bar from Lincoln's Inn in the same year, but abandoned law and plunged into politics. When Charles James Fox seceded from the House of Commons, Tierney became a prominent opponent of William Pitt's policy. In May 1798, Pitt accused him of want of patriotism. A duel ensued at Putney Heath on Sunday, 27 May 1798; but neither combatant was injured. [Wiki]
- 299Samuel Compton Cox, Colonel of the Bloomsbury and Inns of Court Volunteers, was a Master in Chancery. He was treasurer of the Foundling Hospital for 33 years (1806–1839).
- 300Son of Samuel Rudall of Crediton, who was articled to his father in 1786.
- 301Hutchinson
- 302Sir John Davie, 8th Bt. (1772-1803). Married Anne Lemon (1773-1812), daughter of Sir William Lemon, 1st Bt. and Jane Buller, on 6th September 1796.
- 303Handel?
- 304Alexander Wedderburn, Lord Loughborough, later 1st Earl of Rosslyn
- 305A novel by Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra. the author of *Don Quixote*.
- 306*The Influence of Local Attachment with Respect to Home*, a Poem, in Seven Books: a new Edition, with large Additions: and Odes, with other Poems. In Two Volumes. By Mr. Polwhele. (1798)
- 307Vol. 1 Page 91
- 308Vol. 1 Page 92
- 309William Bennet (1746-1820) Educated at Harrow School and Emmanuel College, Cambridge, where he was senior tutor for many years. One of his pupils was John Fane, who appointed Bennet as his chaplain on taking up the post of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1790. Bennet then became Bishop of Cork and Ross until 1794 when he became Bishop of Cloyne. He was a scholar and antiquary, elected Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries in 1790. He was a scholar and antiquary, elected Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries in 1790. [Wiki].
- 310The outbreak in County Wexford, Ireland in May 1798 of a United Irishmen rebellion against the English domination of Ireland. was the most successful and most destructive of all the uprisings that occurred throughout Ireland during the Irish Rebellion of 1798, lasting from 27 May 1798 until about 21 June 1798 [Wiki]
- 311John Buller was his older brother born in 1771.
- 312Elizabeth Spicer (1773-), third daughter of William Spicer of Wear House, Devon, married James Bruce of Kinnaird in 1798. The Spicers of Exeter, an ancient family, who had been for some centuries merchants in that city. John Spicer was Mayor of Exeter in 1273 and Spicers appear in that role over the next centuries. William Spicer was sometime M.P. for Exeter, and High Sheriff for the county in 1764. He married Elizabeth, second daughter and co-heir of Francis Parker of Blagden, Devon. [Family Records of the Bruces and the Cumyns: With an Historical Introduction ... By Mary Elizabeth Cumming Bruce] She is referred to several times in earlier letters.
- 313Tom has three sisters, at least - Mary Ann, baptised in 1772, Amelia, in 1775 and Maria in 1778
- 314Charles Lunin [sic] Stafford Place, St Margaret, Westminster. Occ. Rate £9 7s 6d. Sum assessed £1 17s 6d. Land Tax Records 1801 & Poll book 1806 Charles Lullin 10 Stafford Place, Pimlico, gentleman. Lullin was a Swiss who was appointed to the Alien Office by William Windham, the first head of the office.
- 315Amelia Winsloe, baptised 12th November 1797 at Trelleck, Monmouthshire..
[http://www.charsbrokenbranches.com/miscellaneous/trelleck_baptisms-1792-1812.html] A son, John Hodges Wimsloe, was born 6th March 1799 and baptised at St Mary the Virgin, Twickenham, 24th December 1799.
- 316In 1801 John Winsloe Esqr. (his son) rents a large estate in Twickenham, paying a rent of £60 10s and £12 10s for land, "late Davenport", with land tax of £12 2s and £2 10s. on each. John Davenport was described in his will "of Twickenham Lodge", a property near the junction of the Hampton Road and Wellesley Road, Twickenham surrounded by a substantial amount of land. He bought this property in 1772. This may well be the house that John Winsloe rented. [see John Davenport 1796]

- 317 Samuel Horsley (1733–1806) bishop of Rochester from 1792. With the see of Rochester he held the deanery of Westminster.
- 318 John Buckner (1734-1824) Bishop of Chichester from 1797 to 1824.
- 319 Probably refers to Bloomer Ireland's sister Elizabeth Ireland. He left her an annuity of £100 by his will written in 1811. His residuary legatees were his spinster daughters, Charlotte & Dorothy.
- 320 Charlotte Ireland. Bloomer Ireland left 10gns to his "worthy friend Mrs Boyden of Bedfordshire" in his will.
- 321 Richard Winsloe son of Richard and Catherine baptised 1797 at Teddington. A daughter, Matilda was baptised 1799 at the same place.
- 322 The description of Mrs Smith suggests that they were staying in Gower Street with Lucy's brother-in-law.
- 323 John Burton of Jacobstow, Devon, was patron of the rectory which George Bent held. He died aged 68 in 1804
- 324 Presumably John Jones and the books from Luxmoore would have been law book.
- 325 The Will of Richard Radford, Apothecary of Exeter, Devon, was proved 22 January 1799 PROB 11/1318/168
- 326 James Lackington (1746-1815) was the proprietor of a book shop with a frontage of 43 metres (140 feet) at the southwest corner of Finsbury Square. Crowned with a dome from which flew a flag, it was called 'The Temple of the Muses', and was one of the capital's tourist attractions. Within was an immense circular counter, round which it was said was room enough to drive a coach-and-six. 'Lounging rooms' were reached by way of a broad staircase, and there was a succession of Galleries, where the stock was cheaper and shabbier the higher one climbed.
[<http://www.mertonhistoricalsociety.org.uk/index.php?cat=publications&sec=!lhn24>]
- 327 The Leverian collection was a large natural history and ethnographic collection assembled by Ashton Lever. It was noted in particular for the content it acquired from the voyages of Captain James Cook. For three decades it was on display in London, being broken up by auction in 1806. After it passed from Lever's ownership, it was displayed for nearly 20 years more near the south end of Blackfriars Bridge. When there it was often known as the Museum Leverianum. [Wiki]
- 328 George Bent
- 329 Mary Stowey, Mrs Winsloe's sister (John refers to his uncle, James Stowey, as Uncle Jem in his next letter)
- 330 NOT KNOWN William Sabatier of Devonport [Stoke Damerall] will 1826
- 331 John Jones's son, born in Exeter in 1785. He later became an attorney in Heavitree, Exeter.
- 332 Dr. Joseph Goodall. In 1802 he became the Head Master of Eton. It would appear from letters of Richard Arkwright's sons who were at Eton at the same time as Pitman, that Goodall might have been the tutor for the Dame, Mrs S. Harrington. John and Charles Arkwright were much the same age as Pitman, and Dr. Goodall was their tutor. [*The Arkwrights: spinners of fortune* By R. S. Fitton]
- 333 Sir George Yonge, 5th Baronet, KCB, PC (1731 – 25 September 1812) was a British Secretary at War (1782–1783 and 1783–1794) and the namesake of Yonge Street, a principal road in Toronto, Canada, which was named in 1793 by the Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada John Graves Simcoe. He succeeded to the baronetcy in 1755 and it became extinct on his death. He also served as Member of Parliament for Honiton from 1754 to 1761 and again from 1763 to 1796. He was elevated to the Privy Council of the United Kingdom in 1782. He acted as Governor of the Cape Colony for a short period from 1799 to 1801. [see note by Woolmer of the rebuilding of Shire Hall in Exeter. "In 1773 an act was passed for taking down the Shire Hall of the County of Devon, and for building a new Shire Hall in a more commodious manner. The 13th April, 173, an agreement was entered into between Sir George Younge, bart. and others, of the one part, and Philip Stowey and T. Jones, of the other part, for building the new Shire Hall, for 4000l. which was paid at several times; and also £2831, the 23rd of January, 1797, for extra work."]
- 334 Bayes is a character in 'The Rehearsal', a play by George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham (1671)
- 335 William Lemon born 1774 died 1st March 1799 [see Coroner's inquest under his name]
- 336 Rebecca Hart Myers.
- 337 Case in King's Bench, Monday 7th November 1803 - Bunn, Executor of Bunn, against Guy - refers to an agreement made 6th December 1797 between Charles Carpenter and J. Bunn and J. Guy, all practising attorneys and solicitors, that Carpenter, in consideration of money and annuity to be paid him, would make over to Bunn & Guy his business within London, and not practice his profession within 150 miles from thence. He would also encourage his clients to favour them, they using the name Carpenter, Bunn and Guy for one year. Bunn and Guy agreed to pay £1000 25th December 1797 and a further sum of £1000 24th June 1800; they would also pay an annuity of £600 for seven years from 25th December. Bunn and Guy to indemnify Carpenter for any losses etc. while they used his name. If there was default in payment of 21 days, then lawful for Carpenter to resume the relinquished business. Bunn and Guy became bound to Carpenter in a penal sum of £10,400, and a further bond in the like sum, with a condition to be void on payment to Carpenter of £1000 on 24th June 1800, with interest half-yearly until paid, also for payment to Carpenter of the further sum of £4,200 by half-yearly payments of £300 each, being the half-yearly payment of the said annuity of £600. A large part of the money stipulated to be paid to Carpenter remaining unpaid, the question referred to the Lord Chancellor was whether such contract was good in law, so that Carpenter could recover such money in an action against Bunn and Guy. [See full case - *Reports of Cases Argued and Determined in the Court of King's Bench, Volume 4. By Sir Edward Hyde East* p. 190-200] also C 13/2/10 [W1801 B33]. Short title: Bunn v Winsloe. Document type: bill and three answers. Plaintiffs: Benjamin Bunn. Defendant: Charles Carpenter, Thomas

- Winsloe and John Guy. Hilary 1799.
- 338 Henry William Brooke married Catherine Tucker 2nd March 1799 at Davington, Kent.
- 339 Scolding
- 340 NOT KNOWN
- 341 NOT KNOWN
- 342 Hannah Maria Marsh, baptised 1778, step-daughter of George Bent.
- 343 War Office appointment, 29th September 1799. Apothecary Joseph Venour, to be assistant inspector of hospitals. [The Gentleman's Magazine, Volume 86]
- 344 John Seale of Mount Boone, Townstall, Dartmouth. Two letters exist in the Seale papers which refer to these dinners with Pitman. [See ancestry]
- 345 NOT KNOWN
- 346 NOT KNOWN
- 347 NOT KNOWN
- 348 James Quin (1693-1766); David Garrick (1717-1779)
- 349 Possibly to Dorothy Ireland??
- 350 A fine woolen cloth with a fancy twill weave
- 351 Eton Montem (or ad Montem - literally to the Mountain) was a custom observed by Eton College from at least 1561 until it was finally suppressed in 1847, at the Montem Mound (or Salt Hill) in Chalvey, Slough. By the 18th century, the ceremony had changed to a glorified flag day. Salt was no longer scattered on scholars; instead, pinches of salt and little blue tickets were sold to passers-by (the blue ticket - inscribed on alternate celebrations with 'Mos Pro Lege' or 'Pro More et Monte' - acted as a ticket of exemption from further contributions) for 'salt' - money that went towards the Captain of the School's (the senior Colleger's) anticipated expenses at King's College, Cambridge. Collecting was restricted to two 'salt-bearers' (also senior boys at the college) and ten or twelve 'servitors' or 'runners' who between them covered all the roads around Eton and Windsor. Until 1758, Montem was held annually in January. The timing was then moved to the more clement weather of Whitsun Tuesday and the festival became biennial. In 1778, the frequency was reduced further so that Montem was only celebrated one year in three. [Wiki]
- 352 The first great review, of about 8,000 men from 65 London Voluntary Corps, was held in Hyde Park on the king's birthday, 4th June 1799. More than 100,000 spectators attended
- 353 In the Land Tax records for 1801, Hy. William Brooke was living in Upper Belgrave Place, Hanover Square.
- 354 Edward Ireland Clayfield lived at Dowrich House, Sandford in 1850. There is a reference to the name Clayfield in a census of Sandford in 1800. However, E.I. Clayfield was not born until 1798 and his father did not live there - Edward Rolle Clayfield, merchant of Bristol, married Frances Constance Ireland in 1795. She was daughter of James Ireland by his second wife, Frances Godde. Edward Rolle J.P. & D.L. co. Somerset died 1825 at Brislington, Somerset. CHECK FURTHER
- 355 Thomas Hutchinson married Elizabeth Hagon on 21st August 1799 at Heavitree, Devon. Hutchinson, Ths: Barrister Magdalene Street, Exeter [Pigot's Directory 1822-3] Will of Thomas Hutchinson, Barrister at Law of Exeter, Devon 29 November 1837 PROB 11/1886/326. Elizabeth died in 1808 leaving him with three children.
- 356 Possibly Thomas Charles Bastard Adm. Fell.-Com. (age 19) at ST JOHN'S, Oct. 14, 1791. [S. and h. of Thomas, of Sherborne, and Rose, dau. of Charles Plucknett, R. of North Cheriton, Somerset. [B. at Sherborne, Dorset.] Matric. Easter, 1796, as Thos. C.; B.A. 1797; M.A. 1801. Of Charlton Musgrave, Somerset. D.L. for Somerset. Died Sept. 3, 1864, aged 94, at Charlton Musgrave. (St John's Coll. Adm., IV; Hutchins, III. 523; G. Mag.) [Cambridge Univ. Alumni]
- 357 John appears to be using 'frank' as synonymous with 'free' in this letter.
- 358 First performed on 24 May 1799 at London's Drury Lane theatre, Richard Brinsley Sheridan's operatic drama *Pizarro* was a phenomenal success in its day. Freely adapted from an English translation of the German dramatist August von Kotzebue's *Die Spanier in Peru* (1796), and focused on the conquest of Peru by the Spanish conquistador Francisco Pizarro (c. 1475 – 1541), the play delighted the public with its steady appeal to patriotic and humanitarian sympathies, spectacular stage designs, and stirring music. Despite some criticisms that it lacked literary merit, *Pizarro* remained in the repertoire for some sixty years. [http://litencyc.com/php/sworks.php?rec=true&UID=2778]
- 359 John Jones
- 360 May be Robert Cornish (1760-1844) who held the post of Surveyor to Exeter Cathedral from 1800 until his retirement in 1838. ... Holy Trinity Church, Exeter, was rebuilt in 1820-1 by 'Cornish & Sons, Architects and Builders' [I.C.B.S.]. St Edmonds' Church, Exeter, appears to have been rebuilt by Messrs Cornish & Julian in 1834. Both churches are described as being in the elementary Perpendicular Gothic style of the period. Messrs Cornish & Julian also designed the vicarage at Fremington, Devon, in 1830, and repewed St Pancras' Church, Exeter, in 1831. The younger Mr Cornish designed The New City Prison at Exeter in 1819, and parsonages at Lynton, 1834, and Heanton Punchardon, Devon, in 1836. The designs for the latter are in the Greek Revival style, with incised pilasters (a pillar engaged in a wall, from which it projects a portion of its breadth; Oxford English Dictionary) of the kind which ornament many early 19th Century houses in the suburbs of the City of Exeter.

[<http://www.cornishsurname.matthewcornish.info/articles/133.htm>]

- 361 It is possible that this aunt is Elizabeth Stowey, elder sister of Mary Jones. She died a spinster in 1803 leaving all but one small bequest to her sister, Hannah Lake, to the Jones family. John and Jennefee were her residuary legatees and John was sole executor. This will was made in 1792 and neither brother Philip nor James are mentioned.
- 362 4th August
- 363 A seton or seton stitch is, in medicine, a procedure used to aid the healing of fistulae (abnormal connections between two epithelium-lined organs or vessels). [Wiki]
- 364 William Cutcliffe, of Exeter, surgeon. Son of Charles and Elizabeth, born 1751 at Exeter. Died in 1833
- 365 John Arscott, son of John and Wilmott, born 1769. He was a surgeon in Exeter until about 1808, when he sold his 6 bedroomed house at the top of Fore St. At that time he was appointed Paymaster to the 3rd (or Prince of Wales) Dragoon Guards. He was captured by the French in the Peninsular War in 1812. The Duke of Wellington arranged for him to be exchanged with a French prisoner. He retired on half pay in 1817. He died in 1824.
[<http://medicalgentlemen.co.uk/aboutthedoctors/john-arscott>]
- 366 Presumably Philip Stowey's new wife. He married Martha Hickman 22nd August 1799 at St Andrew's, Hertford.
- 367 Surrendered 30th August 1799
- 368 The Battle of Novi, near Novi Ligure, Italy, was fought on August 15, 1799. The Austrians and Russians under Fieldmarshal Alexander Suvorov defeated the French under General Barthélemy Catherine Joubert. Joubert was shot and killed the same day.
- 369 Could refer to Pitman's sister who was two years older.
- 370 Given the reference to Texel surrender, likely to be 4th September.
- 371 Harriet & William Todd
- 372 Charles Luxmoore, brother of John Luxmoore, Dean of Gloucester 1800-8. Charles married Sarah Pinfold in 1792.
- 373 Dr George Bent with his daughter, Mary (born 1776), and son Hugh, by his second marriage. Hugh was born in 1786 and was later his successor at the church in Sandford.
- 374 Refer to George Kekewich, a younger brother of Samuel, who married Elizabeth Maria Seale, the daughter of John Seale of Mount Boone, Dartmouth, in 1800. The Seale letters include a number detailing the opposition of her family to this marriage.
- 375 Daughter of John, Pitman's sister, born in 1783. The reference is probably to Charles Kekewich, born 1769 who matriculated from Balliol College in 1796; B.A. 1800. He was perpetual curate of Linton & Countisbury, Devon then Rector of Grenton, Somerset from 1832 until his death in 1849. He died unmarried.
- 376 Samuel was the eldest son of William of Islington. He is noted in Oxford University Alumni as Doctor of Civil Law, was a student of the Inner Temple in 1781 and a Barrister in 1801. He married Salome Sweet, daughter of George and Catherine of Tiverton, Devon in 1795. He was High Sheriff for the county in 1805. He lived at Peamore House, Alphington, Exeter. Samuel Kekewich and the Rev. Thomas Sweet were the executors of Philip Stowey's will made in 1802. This friendship may have coloured John Jones's attitude to him.
- 377 Rev Thomas Sweet son of George of Tiverton was at Balliol College and matriculated 23rd November 1782 aged 18. He assumed the additional surname of Escott which may reflect the inheritance. [A will of John Kirkpatrick Escott of Chertsey, Surrey was proved 19 April 1799].
- 378 Paris Street, Exeter, was a couple of streets away from St. Paul's Street where he had been living.
- 379 Elliott. Saddle tree maker is still in Paris Street in 1822/3
- 380 Edmund Granger (1755-1840) a prosperous wool merchant in Exeter.
- 381 NOT KNOWN
- 382 Elizabeth Stowey?
- 383 REED, George, b.1756 b/d NK Devon, Bricklayer, address 1803: Exeter St.Kerrian-Dev. Militia List.
REED, George, b/d NK, Mason, address 1790: Exeter-Dev. Had contract for work on Rockbeare Bridge in 1790.
CHECK THESE
- 384 Harriet
- 385 Holborn
- 386 Home of the Todd family - 41 Great James Street, Bedford Row, Bloomsbury
- 387 Although he appears to have an office in Exeter, this suggests that he did not intend to leave London permanently at this time.
- 388 A reference to the Treaty of Amien which was made on 27th March 1802 between Britain, France, Spain and the Netherlands. There was peace for fourteen months but the cool reception of the treaty by Londoners suggests that they did not believe that it would last.
- 389 The miniature of the young dark boy that passed through the Jones family with that of Harriet is presumably of him. In 1797 Frederick le Mesurier was appointed as a Civil Servant at Fort Marlborough, Bencoolen, West Sumatra. From 1770 this was held by the East India Company and was exchanged for the Dutch Factory at Chinsura, South of Calcutta, in 1825. In 1803 he was noted "in charge of Poolo Bay, ass. pepper-godown-keeper at Saloomah, writer. There is a record of his death 25th October 1805 at Manna, Sumatra. Of his parentage, the Will of Frederick Le Mesurier, Mariner at Present commanding the Ship Ponsborne in the Service of the Honourable East

India Company, dated 13 May 1783 [PROB 11/1103/218] gives a likely explanation. "...In Addition to and as a Codicil to my Will which is left in the Hands of my Brother Paul Le Mesurier made at Sea during my last voyage I hereby bequeath one thousand Pounds to my Executors therein mentioned to be taken out of my Estate before any Legacies paid for the Purposes following that is to say that it shall be placed in the Bombay Treasury at Interest which Interest shall go to maintain and educate my Son whom I left there born out of my then Slave Jemima and also to support the Mother in part if that should be necessary the Principal to be paid to my said Son when he shall arrive at the Age of twenty one years or not till twenty five as my said Executors of the Survivor of them shall think proper they disposing of him in the mean time as they shall think best but it is my desire that he do not come to England but be brought up and settled in his own native Country ...". He died at Brentford aged thirty, and was buried at St Mary's Spitalfield 9th May 1783. Paul Le Mesurier was elected a Director of the East India Company in 1784 and remained so until his death in 1805. He would have been able to secure the position in the Company for his brother's son. [<https://sites.google.com/site/sumatraswestkust/bencoolen> also information on death from Raymond Le Mesurier-Foster]

390 They are obviously betrothed but do not marry until September.

391 John was born on the 9th April 1768

392 Lloyd Kenyon, 1st Baron Kenyon, was Lord Chief Justice at his death on 4th April 1802

393 John Scott, 1st Earl of Eldon, was Lord Chancellor from 1801-1806

394 Sir John Mitford, 1st Baron Redesdale. In February 1801 Mitford was chosen Speaker of the House of Commons and sworn of the Privy Council. Exactly a year later, he was appointed Lord Chancellor of Ireland and raised to the peerage as Baron Redesdale, of Redesdale in the County of Northumberland. He held office until his was dismissed in 1806. He was the uncle of Bertram Mitford.

395 Richard Pepper Arden, 1st Baron Alvanley. In May 1801, he was appointed Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, and on 22 May 1801, was created Baron Alvanley, of Alvanley, in the County of Chester. Alvanley died on 19 March 1804.

396 Sir Edward Law succeeded Kenyon as Lord Chief Justice, taking office 11th April 1802 and at the same time taking the the title 1st Baron Ellenborough.

397 Spencer Perceval was appointed Solicitor General in 1801 and Attorney General the following year. He kept the position of Attorney General until 1806, was Chancellor of the Exchequer 1807-1809 and Prime minister 1809-1812.

398 William Garrow joined Lincoln's Inn in November 1778, and was called to the Bar on 27 November 1783. He quickly established himself as a criminal defence counsel, and in February 1793 was made a King's Counsel by HM Government to prosecute cases involving treason and felonies. He was Solicitor General from June 1812 - May 1813 and Attorney General from May 1813 - 6 May 1817.

399 Charles William Flint of the Parish of St George, Hanover Square married Anna Maria Seton of same parish, banns published 7th March 1802. He was Superintendent in the Alien Office and Brooke filled this roll in a temporary capacity when Flint left. Flint was Private Secretary to the 1st Duke of Wellington between 1808 and 1815. Later he was Under Secretary for Ireland. He died in 1832.

400 NOT KNOWN The only one found with an interest in law is Joseph Lane Yeomans of Worcester College, Oxford B.A. bound clerk to Moses James of City of Worcester, execution prefered by Richard R. 3 Dec 1788 for 5 years. Same of Inner Temple London to same 3 Dec 88, & 3 Dec 1791 also for 5 years. Oxford Alumni son of Henry of St Helen's, Worcester, gent. Worcester Coll. matric 25 June 1784, aged 18; B.A. 1788, fellow, M.A. 1799, rector of Bishop Tawton-cum-Lankey 1802, and of Braunton, Devon, 1807 until his death 1826.

Tax records - Josh. Yeomans Southampton Row tax record 1798, 1800, 1802 QUERY

401 Terrington St Clement is a marshland parish west of King's Lynn.

402 The Bentincks of Terrington St Clement were descended from a junior branch of the Bentinck family. The first Bentinck of Terrington St Clement was William, 1st Count Bentinck (1704-1774), the 1st Earl of Portland's second son (and the eldest by his second marriage to Jane Temple). Count William, who inherited his father's Dutch estates, was educated and lived all his adult life in the Netherlands. By his marriage in 1733 to Countess Charlotte Sophie von Aldenburg, daughter of Anthon II, Count of Aldenburg and Princess Wilhelmina-Maria of Hessen-Homburg, he had two sons, Christian Antoine (1734-1768) and John Albert (1737-1775). It was John Albert Bentinck, a British naval captain, and his heirs who inherited the Terrington St Clement estate. They also held land in Terrington St John.

403 WHO Could it be Elizabeth Maria Kekewich, wife of George? Her sister, Harriet Lister, died 4th December 1802. In August letters from Elizabeth to her father suggest that she could not recover from her illness, which seems to have been consumption, but information that she was pregnant made Elizabeth hope that she would recover DHRG No.101750

404 Croydon is mentioned as near the home of the Knapps in a letter from William to Harriet in 1816.

405 John Jones of the Close of the Cathedral Church of Exeter, Bachelor, and Harriet Todd of the Parish of Saint Andrews Holborn, London Spinster, were married in this Church by Licence on the Twenty fifth day of September in the Year One thousand eight Hundred and Two, By me John Lake Curate. This marriage was solemnized between

Us, John Jones Harriet Todd In the Presence of Us, Jennefee Jones William Todd Junr. [London Metropolitan Archives, Guildhall, St Andrew Holborn, Register of marriages by licence, 1802 - 1812, P69/AND2/A/01/Ms 6671/8.]

406Buried at Sandford 16th May

407John Bourke, 4th Earl of Mayo, GCH, PC (Ire) (18 June 1766 – 23 May 1849) was an Irish peer and courtier, styled Lord Naas from 1792 until 1794. He was the eldest son of Joseph Deane Bourke, 3rd Earl of Mayo (Archbishop of Tuam 1782–94) and his wife, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Richard Meade, 3rd Baronet. He succeeded to his father's titles on the death of his father on 20 August 1794. Before the Act of Union, he was Chairman of Committees in the Irish House of Lords; as compensation from the abolition of the House in 1801, he was awarded an annual pension of £1332. On 20 February 1810, he was sworn of the Privy Council of Ireland and was elected an Irish representative peer on 2 March 1816. On 11 May 1819, he represented the Duke of Clarence and St Andrews (later William IV) at the baptism of Prince George of Cambridge in Hanover and was appointed a GCH that year. At the coronation of George IV on 19 July 1821, he carried the Standard of Hanover. [Wiki]

408Militia List 1803, Parish of Holy Trinity, Exeter - John Sheldon Surgeon - 4th Class, Remainder between 17 and 55.

409Thomas Norris of St Mary Lambeth, Surrey, married Catherine Hannah Thwaites of St James, Clerkenwell, at Clerkenwell, 15th January 1795. Thomas Norris, Gent., was buried at St Alfege, Greenwich, 20th December 1812. Catherine Hannah Norris died at Berkhamstead, Herts in 1846.

410NOT KNOWN

411A poultice used in the treatment of cancer. Its used described in '*An Essay on the medicinal Nature of Hemlock*' (1760) by Dr. Anton von Storck of Vienna.

412Later wife of Thomas Anthony Trollope. She was a niece of George Bent's first wife, Mary.

413Eldest daughter of George Bent christened at Sandford in 1776.

414Richard Hole, son of William Hole, archdeacon of Barnstaple, Devonshire, attended Exeter College Oxford (B.C.L. 1771); he was rector of Farringdon in Devonshire (1792). A member of Hugh Downman's literary society at Exeter, Hole re-translated Fingal "in lines scarcely less flowing and elegant than those of Pope" Literary Anecdotes (1812-15) 8:92n. His Arthur, or the Northern Enchantment (1789) was briefly popular; his translations of Homer appear in Anderson's Poets (1793). Hole was the uncle of another Spenserian poet, John Herman Merivale (1779-1844). He published over the initials "H. O." [<http://spenserians.cath.vt.edu/authorrecord.php?action=GET&recordid=33218>]

415Elizabeth Maria, wife of George Kekewich, wrote to her mother about a new house they are to move to in London in April 1803. A letter from her brother, J.H. to her mother in August 1803 notes concern about her. Her only child, George Granville K. was born in Dartmouth in October 1801. She appears to have died before January 1804 when a letter from her husband refers to their son but not to her. [Seale Family Papers]

416NOT KNOWN

417Obsessed

418New Inn was attached to the Middle Temple. New Inn, originally St. George's Inn or Our Lady Inn, was founded in the 15th century from our Lady Inn, a hostel. The buildings of New Inn were pulled down in 1902 to make way for a road between Holborn and the Strand. [Wiki]

419Elizabeth Billington. Peter von Winter wrote his opera 'Calypso' (1803) expressly for her . [Wiki]

420Carlo Rovedino, an Italian basso.

421 Paul Orchard of Hartland Abbey, Devon. Born 26 June 1739, oldest son of Paul Orchard, M.P., of Aldercombe, Cornwall and Hartland, Devon, by his 3rd wife, Rebecca, daughter of Charles Smith of Isleworth, Middlesex. Educated Exeter College, Oxford 1757. Married 17 July 1764, Bettina, daughter of Sir Robert Lawley, 4th Bt., of Canwell, Staffs. He was colonel of the Northern Regiment of the Devon militia. Orchard died 1 Mar. 1812.

422Thos Carr Gt Titchfield St, SM W 1/4

" Devonshire St 3/6

Henry Carr Oxford St. 3/-

Edmund Carr Beaumont St. 1/8 All live in the vicinity in 1803 Land Tax

423Possibly Benjamin Severs who first appears in the Land Tax in 1802 for two buildings in Fleet Street "William Leaf & Benjamin Severs" No. 56 £11 4s (1st column) & No. 46 £9 4s (2nd column). He appears thus in 'Farringdon Without' until 1812 ie. Fleet St. in two buildings with William Leaf. In 1814 he appears alone at 200. Benjamin Severs late Raban. £28.6.8 in 'Lower Division in the Ward of Castlebayard' in the City of London. He also appears in St Anns Black Friars in the Dowgate area of the City at 50. £7.5.10 & 60. £8.15. He is both Dowgate and Castle Bayard until 1818. In the London Gazette - "Notice that the partnership of Warehousemen in the Old Change, London, under the firm of Leaf, Severs, Coles, and Leaf, is this day dissolved by mutual consent; and all debts due to and from the said Partnership will be received and paid by the undersigned William Leaf the elder, James Coles, and William Leaf the younger, at No. 39, Old Change aforesaid [Severs not mentioned]: As witness to our bonds this 30th day of June 1821. William Leaf, Benjamin Severs, James Coles, William Leaf". He married Elizabeth, the daughter of John Raban, in 1811, and he was the residuary legatee of John Raban's will in 1813. Elizabeth was born in 1769 so was forty-two at her marriage. Benjamin Severs was connected in some way to the family as by his will proved in 1847, he left bequests to the Raban family and also the Brookes and Harriet Jones of Leamington..widow

of John Jones solicitor".

424Possibly Capt. William Bickford, born c1734 in Bickington, Devon. Died 1803 in Ashburton, Devon. PROB 11/1621/238 Will of William Bickford, Gentleman of Ashburton , Devon 19 October 1819 QUERY

425NOT KNOWN

426Looks like a word of their own.

427Ptolemy III Euergetes, (246–222 BC) was the third ruler of the Ptolemaic dynasty in Egypt.

428After the defeat of the French forces under Napoleon at the Battle of the Nile in 1801, the Egyptian antiquities collected were confiscated by the British army and presented to the British Museum in 1803. These works, which included the famed Rosetta Stone, were the first important group of large sculptures to be acquired by the Museum.

429Andrew Brice was born in Exeter in 1690 and became a printer and writer. His last and greatest work, *Grand Gazetteer, or Topographic Dictionary*, published in 1759, included a detailed account of Egyptian history.

430Beaumont Hotham, second Baron Hotham (1737-1814) resigned his seat in the exchequer court in Hilary term, 1805, having sat on the bench for nearly thirty years.

431This is probably Andrew Hutchinson, younger brother of Thomas. He is noted as M.B., 1801. He married Ann Parker on 29th October 1805 at Kingston Upon Thames, Surrey.

432William Todd

433Possibly Elizabeth Brooke, sister of Henry.

434Elizabeth, wife of Thomas Hutchinson. She gave birth to Frederick Oliver Hutchinson 20th January 1804 and he was baptised at Heavitree 25th October of the same year. The other brother, William, did not marry until 1807.

435NOT KNOWN

436NOT KNOWN

437Does he mean for Devon? Samuel Kekewich was Sheriff in 1805. "In the England, Wales, and Northern Ireland, but not in Scotland, the undersheriff is the deputy of the high sheriff and is appointed directly by the high sheriff. In practice, the undersheriff performs most of the legal functions of the sheriff for him or her. The same person (usually a solicitor) is appointed annually by successive sheriffs over many years, leaving the sheriff to perform the ceremonial functions of the office." [Wiki]

438NOT KNOWN

439Hard-wearing buff-coloured cotton fabric imported from China

440Gaiters

441July 12th 1804 Jane Sparkes convicted at the Sessions for keeping a disorderly house, was sentenced to be imprisoned for 6 months, and to stand in the pillory in front of the Guildhall for one hour on the 18th, and to find sureties for good behaviour for 3 years. [From Trewman's Flying Post Feb 19th 1879, Exeter and its neighbourhood under George III-IV, selected by Robert Dymond]

442NOT KNOWN

443 Harriet Jennefee was born on 19th January 1805 and baptised at St Peter's Cathedral, Exeter, on the 22nd.

444Todd Thomas, born 19th May 1806 and baptised at St Peter's Cathedral, Exeter, on the 20th.

445Presumably Hugh Bent, son of George.

446Wife of Henry William Brooke

447Croydon is the home of the Baratty family and Mrs Lardner was Harriet Baratty. Croydon is also mentioned by William Todd in a letter to Harriet of 1816 and three miles from the home of the Knapps. CHECK THIS AS THE BARATTYS ARE AT PETERSHAM

448Paul Orchard (1739-1812) inherited Hartland Abbey on his father's death in 1740. His mother lived at Hartland Abbey and managed the estate for her son in his minority.

449Lewis William Buck (1784-1858) of Daddon House, near Bideford, Devon. His father died in 1791, and his grandfather, in 1794. He inherited the family estates on the death of his elder brother, and administration was granted to him, 9th May 1806. He married Anne, daughter of Thomas Robbins of Roundham, Berkshire, 18th April 1808.

450Hall, Bishop's Tawton, Devon. Owned by Charles Chichester (1750-1835)

451Rev. William Holland Coham (1764-1825) of Coham in the parish of Black Torrington, Devon.

452Arscott Bickford (1769-1817) of Dunsland in the parish of Bradford, Devon.

453NOT KNOWN Several of that name in Exeter

454NOT KNOWN

455NOT KNOWN Presumably in Bideford

456NOT KNOWN Presumably in Bideford

457John Carew was John's articled clerk from 1805 until November 1809 when he was transferred to James Hine, by then of the Inner Temple.

458James Stowey. His wife died in 1805 so he was living as a widower in Taunton. By his will written in November 1810, he bequeathed "to my invaluable Housekeeper and servant Christian Lock fifteen pounds a year for and during her natural life also some Goods and some other Articles including a Tenement for her habitation..".

459He was a little over two and a half year's old.

- 460 Sibilla Buck was the widow of Hartwell Buck. She is said to be daughter of John Ford by Dorothy Pennicot. She was executor of her husband's will in 1691 and died in 1705. Her elder daughter was a Patience, born 1663, She married Paul Luxon and died the same year as her mother. As yet I have found no Patience Batt, and the only link between Batt and Pawley, is a marriage of Dorothy Batt and William Pawley. Their only child, Judith, married John Buck, great-grandfather of Lewis.
- 461 Ann, widow of Lewis William Buck's grandfather, George. She was daughter of Paul Orchard, born 1729 and did not die until 1820. Her daughter in law, Lewis's mother, had remarried James Kirkman in 1801.
- 462 NOT KNOWN Presumably in Bideford
- 463 Contemporary reference to this in *Characteristic Anecdotes of Men of Learning and Genius....* By John Watkins (1808)
- 464 Sibella was born 1st April 1808 and baptised 4th August at St Peter's Cathedral, Exeter.
- 465 Possibly Thomas Henry Lister, baptised at St George, Bloomsbury 6th February 1801, son of their daughter Harriet who died in 1802.
- 466 Possibly George Granville Kekewich, baptised in Dartmouth 23rd October 1801, son of their daughter Elizabeth Maria who died in 1803.
- 467 Francis was born 20th May 1809 and baptised 22nd May 1809 at St Peter's Cathedral, Exeter. Further, Henrietta was born 27th September 1810 which may be implied in the word "stocks".
- 468 Piccadilly. It was where the West Country mail coaches stopped.
- 469 Cambridge University Alumni. Adm. pens. at CORPUS CHRISTI, Oct. 9, 1774. Of Norfolk. [Only s. of the Rev. Dr Horace (1735), Preb. of Norwich, and R. of Harpley and Bircham, Norfolk. His mother was a granddaughter of Sir Charles Turner, Bart., of Warham, Norfolk, first cousin to Lord Nelson's mother.] Matric. Michs. 1775; Scholar; B.A. 1779; M.A. 1782. Ord. deacon (Norwich) Feb. 20, 1780; priest, July 25, 1783. R. of Massingham, Norfolk. Died Nov. 12, 1815, aged 59, at Bath
- 470 Meaning not known
- 471 Unclear
- 472 Probably William and Francis Jewson, both farmers of Terrington St Clement. William is noted at a shepherd in later parish registers.
- 473 Harvey Goodwin (1756-1819), Attorney in King's Lynn. [History of the Borough of King's Lynn]
- 474 Thomas Dampier (1748-13 May 1812). He was celebrated for his love of literature, and for the splendid library and collection of prints which he accumulated throughout his life, often at considerable cost, and of the rarer books in which he left an account in Latin, the manuscript of which was extensively used by Dibdin in compiling his 'Aedes Althorpianae.' His bibliomania had begun early in life before he went to college, and remained his ruling passion to the day of his death. His library was sold by his half-brother, Sir Henry Dampier (a baron of the exchequer and a celebrated ecclesiastical lawyer), and his widow, to the Duke of Devonshire at a valuation amounting to nearly 10,000l. [DNB]
- 1812 May 26
- Letter from Sir Henry Dampier to the Rev. Thomas Frognall Dibdin, regarding the disposal of the library of the late Dr Dampier, Bishop of Ely
- "..The late Bishop had a large Collection of Prints, which are, I believe, of great value. What he collected himself were principally English Portraits, and I believe there is a Granger complete; some came to him from my father: there are some very good Nantueil's and a large collection of Rembrandts. I have no sort of knowledge on this subject, and I understand you have. They are directed to be sold: I have been recommended to a man of the name of Philippe, in Golden Square. Mr. Sutherland of Gower-Street, who is very learned in Prints, says he should prefer a Mr. Dod who lives in St. Martin's Lane..." [Sutherland Collection, Ashmolean]
- 475 Elizabeth, daughter of Rev. Henry Sleigh, married at Eton, 17th December 1778. She was baptised at Eton, 2th June 1757.
- 476 John Law. Adm. pens. (age 17) at EMMANUEL, Jan. 31, 1756. S. of Stephen, Esq. [Governor of Bombay]. B. at Bombay. School, Harrow. Matric. Easter, 1756; Scholar, 1756; B.A. 1760; M.A. 1763; D.D. 1778. Fellow, 1760. R. of Watlington, Kent, 1769-70. V. of Shorne, 1770-6. Archdeacon of Rochester, 1767-1827. Minister of Chatham, 1784-1827. R. of Westmill, Herts., 1771-1827. R. of Gt Easton, Essex, 1776-1827. Gave 20 guineas towards rebuilding at Emmanuel, after the fire, 1811. Author, Charges delivered to the Clergy; Sermon in St Paul's, 1797. Married Mary, dau. of Lucien Charles, 7th Viscount Falkland, and had issue. Died Feb. 5, 1827, at Rochester. M.I. in the Cathedral. Father of Henry (1799). (Harrow Sch. Reg.; Shindler, Register of Rochester; Cant. Act Bk.; Clerical Guide, 1822; G. Mag., 1827, I. 282; Burke, P. and B.; C. R. Hudleston.) [Cambridge University Alumni]
- 477 George Millers *A Description of the Cathedral Church of Ely; with some Account of the conventual Buildings.* London, 1807 or 1808 [Lowndes, Bibliographer's Manual]
- 478 Simon Patrick (1626-1707) Bishop of Ely from 1691, famed for his commentaries on the Old Testament.
- 479 Thomas Gooch. Bishop of Ely from 1747.
- 480 The player to the left of the dealer bids to buy or trade. To buy, she gives a chip to the dealer for a card from the deck and discards a card which is placed at the bottom of the deck. To trade, she offers to pass a card to the player

on her left in exchange for one given to her. If the player agrees to trade, the exchange is made without looking at the cards being received. No chip is paid. If a player does not buy or trade on the first opportunity, she cannot do it during the remaining play of the hand. If she buys or trades, she may buy or trade on a later turn. Trading can only occur to the left. Play continues with each in turn having the opportunity to buy or trade until a player "knocks." A player knocks when she is content with her hand. All hands must then be shown and the winner determined.
[<http://www.janeausten.co.uk>]

481 Home of Sophia Baratty (sister of Harriet Lardner) part of Richmond, Surrey.

482 Thomas and Mary Shales had a number of children of children baptised in Terrington St. Clements between 1790 and 1804.

483 Alien Office, - 18, Crown Street, Westminster, a few doors on the R. from King St. [Lockie's *Topography of London*, 1810]

484 Presumably Elizabeth Brooke, Henry's sister.

485 George Gaskin (1751-1829) He apparently had sympathy with the Bible Society's aim of distributing Bibles and not just devotional tracts and pamphlets [The Christian Observer, Volume 9 (1811) p. 446-448 - Google Books]

486 Domestic Chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury

487 President of the Bible Society

488 37 Dover Street, Piccadilly

489 Robert Towerson Cory Adm. sizar at EMMANUEL, May 8, 1776. Of Cambs. Matric. Michs. 1776; Scholar, 1780; B.A. (5th Wrangler) 1780; M.A. 1783; B.D. 1790; D.D. (Lit. Reg.) 1798. Fellow, 1782. Master, 1797-1835. Vice-Chancellor, 1797-8 and 1813-14. Professor of Moral Philosophy, 1809-13. Ord. deacon (Bath and Wells, Litt. dim. from Ely) May 26, 1781. R. (sinecure) of Kilken (or Kilkern), Flints., 1813. Married Ann Apthorp, at St Andrew-the-Great, Cambridge, Apr. 10, 1798 (date of licence). Gave £50 towards rebuilding after the fire in 1811. Died Apr. 1835 [Cambridge University Alumni]

490 Joseph Hall (1574-1656) Bishop of Exeter - a portrait of him with a gold medal, representing the Synod of Dort [Dordrecht], hanging on a chain around his neck, was noted as hanging in the Gallery at Emanuel in a letter to Horace Walpole from Thomas Gray 2nd September 1760. The medal was preserved at Emanuel.

491 Nicholas Langley Hendry Adm. pens. at CORPUS CHRISTI, Nov. 11, 1785. Of Norfolk. [School, Norwich.] Matric. Michs. 1786; Scholar, 1787; B.A. (11th Wrangler) 1790; M.A. 1793; B.D. 1801. Fellow, 1796-1814. Tutor. Ord. priest (Ely) Oct. 27, 1793. V. of Babraham, Cambs., 1793; C. of Foxton, 1799-1814: 'fifteen years Minister of this Parish.' Died Mar. 1, 1814, aged 44, in College. Buried in the chancel of Foxton Church. M.I. (Lamb; G. Mag., 1814, I. 412.) [Cambridge University Alumni]

492 William Craven Adm. sizar (age 19) at ST JOHN'S, July 3, 1749. S. of Richard, husbandman, of Yorks. B. at Gouthwaite Hall, Nidderdale. School, Sedbergh. Matric. 1749; Scholar, 1752; B.A. 1753; M.A. 1756; B.D. 1763; D.D. 1789 (Lit. Reg.). Fellow, 1758-89. Master, 1789-1815. Vice-Chancellor, 1790. Ord. priest (Lincoln) Sept. 28, 1759. For a time assistant Master at Harrow. Professor of Arabic, 1770-95. Lord Almoner's Reader in Arabic, 1770-1815. Benefactor to the College. Died Jan. 28, 1815. (Coll. Hist. of St John's.) [Cambridge University Alumni]

493 The Codex Bezae Cantabrigiensis is so called because at one time it belonged to Theodore Beza, who in 1581 gave it to the University of Cambridge.

494 Henry Thomas [Adm. pens. at ST JOHN'S, Apr. 29, 1811. S. of Henry, Esq. (1776), barrister-at-law [later Judge of the King's Bench]. B. Aug. 15, 1791 [at Westmill, Herts., according to (King's Adm. Bk.)], in Bloomsbury Square, Middlesex. School, Eton. Migrated to King's, Aug. 1, 1811. Matric. Lent, 1812; B.A. 1816; M.A. 1819. Fellow of King's, 1814. Ord. deacon (Hereford, Litt. dim. from Ely) May 26, 1815; priest (Ely) Aug. 24, 1815; R. of Crawley with Hunton, near Winchester, Hants., 1817-31. V. of West Wrattling, Cambs., 1821-9. Preb. of Ely, 1821. Died 1831] and John Lucius [Adm. at KING'S, a scholar from Eton, Feb. 1812. 2nd s. of Sir Henry (1776). [Justice of Court of King's Bench.] B. Jan. 22, 1793 in London. [Boase gives b. Dec. 3, 1792]. Matric. Michs. 1812; B.A. 1816; M.A. 1819. Fellow, 1815. Adm. at Lincoln's Inn, Jan. 21, 1817, aged 24. Called to the Bar, 1819. [Previously adm. at the Middle Temple, Nov. 6, 1815, as 'John Luke, 2nd s. of Sir Henry, Knt., one of His Majesty's Judges.'] Recorder of Portsmouth, 1837-8. A Commissioner to enquire into rights and claims connected with the New Forest and Waltham Forest, 1849. A Commissioner for investigating state of the University of Oxford, 1850. Vice-Warden of the Stannaries of Devon and Cornwall, 1850, till his death. Of Twyford House, Hants. Died May 24, 1853, at Bath.] [Cambridge University Alumni]

495 Benjamin Severs Esq., 4, Chatham Place, Bridge Street, London, listed as subscriber to Henry Gauntlett's *An exposition of the book of Revelation* (1821)

496 Probably 1811 as Henrietta is clearly small and Bertrand (born March 1812) is not mentioned.

497 A saponaceous, camphorated liniment; a solution of soap in alcohol, with the addition of camphor and essential oils; soap liniment.

498 Thomas Anthony Trollope married Frances Milton at Heckfield, Hants., 23rd May 1809. She was niece of George Bent's first wife, Mary, so cousin of Fanny Bent. They were living at 16 Keppel Street, Bloomsbury.

499 Possibly John Heath who was a judge in the Court of Common Pleas until his death in 1816 [Oxford University Alumni]

500NOT KNOWN

501George Rhodes son of George of Modbury, Devon. born 1743. Exeter Coll. matric 14 March 1761 aged 17; rector of South Pool, Devon, 1768, vicar of St. Erth and Uny Lelant, Cornwall 1776-81, of Colyton, Devon 1782 until his death 15 March 1798. He married Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. John Sleece, Archdeacon of Cornwall. Their eldest son was George Ambrose, baptised 29 July 1776 at Uny Lelant, Cornwall and the second living son was Rev. Ambrose William Rhodes, baptised 25 September 1781 at St Erth, Cornwall. Worcester College, Oxford, matric. 9 February 1799, aged 17; B.A. 1802, M.A. 1805, fellow until his death in 1818.

502The Bishop died 13th May 1812.

503"..."And I set before the sons of the house of Rechabites, pots full of wine and cups. And I said unto them, "Drink ye wine". But they said, "We will drink no wine, for Jonabad, the son of Rechab, our father commanded us saying, ye shall drink no wine, neither ye, nor your sons forever". Jeremiah 35:5-6

504NOT KNOWN

505Bertram was born only one month before, on 28th March 1812.

506Joseph Shepperd Munden, an eminent comic actor. Born in Holborn in 1758, died 1832.

507NOT KNOWN

508NOT KNOWN

509First reference to this house. They must have move there between 1810-12.

510John Rolle, 1st Baron Rolle (1750 – 3 April 1842) was a British peer who had served as a Member of Parliament in general support of William Pitt the Younger and was later an active member of the House of Lords. He was the largest landowner in Devon, with about 55,000 acres centred around his seats of Stevenstone in the north and Bicton in the south-east, and thus was highly influential in that county.

511John Burr ridge Cholwich, esq., of Faringdon House, Faringdon, about six miles from Exeter [Lysons *Magna Britannia: volume 6: Devonshire* (1822)]

512Robert Gifford, son of John Gifford of Exeter, linen draper, born Exeter 1779. Articled as clerk to John Jones, uncle of John, in 1795. Gifford was elected to the House of Commons for Eye in 1817, a seat he represented until 1824, and served under the Earl of Liverpool as Solicitor General between 1817 and 1819 and as Attorney General between 1819 and 1824. The latter year he was raised to the peerage as Baron Gifford, of St Leonard's in the County of Devon, and appointed Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. Lord Gifford only held this post for a short time and was then Master of the Rolls from 1824 until his early death in September 1826, aged 47. [Wiki]

513Both John Rolle Esq and Paul Orchard had houses in Chesterfield Street, Hanover Square, in the Poll Book for 1788. Orchard is there in the Land Tax records from 1784 until 1811. It is presumably this house that John is selling. In 1814, Genl. White is living there. However, Paul Orchard also has a number of houses and land in Isleworth, Hounslow which are let to various tenants, some of which are still in his name in 1816. John witnessed the second codicil of Orchard's will 3rd January 1810. The thrust of the main will made 16th May 1794 was that the property he held in the City of London, Lolworth in Cambridgeshire, Isleworth, Kentish Town or elsewhere in Middlesex was that his trustees should sell them to pay debts and legacies, and invest the remainder to pay annuities. The original trustees were Sir John Call of Whiteford, Cornwall, bt. & John Morth Woollcombe of Ashbury, Devon, Esq. In a codicil dated 20th March 1809, Rev. John Phillipp of Mambury, Devon, clerk & William Tucker of Compton, Devon, were to act in place of the original trustees if they died before the testator. Both Call and Woollcombe were dead by 1809.

514William Brake, son of John Brake, merchant, deceased, and Sarah, widow of the Holy Trinity, City of Exeter was articled to John Jones 20th June 1810.

515A village in North Devon about three miles from Ilfracombe.

516Joseph Davie Bassett (1764-1846), son of John Davie (d.1793) of Orleigh Court, Buckland Brewer, (3rd in descent from the Bideford tobacco merchant John Davie (d.1710) of Orleigh Court, Buckland Brewer) by his wife Eleanora Basset of Heanton Court, Heanton Punchardon. After his mother became the sole heiress of her childless brother Francis Basset (d.1802), Joseph Davie adopted the name Bassett in lieu of his patronymic and adopted the Bassett armorials. He sold Orleigh in 1807 and built Watermouth Castle at Berrynarbor as his principal residence.

517George Tierney (1761-1830) Member of Parliament for Appleby at this time and from 1818, for Knaresborough, until his death. He had a reputation as a debater and presumably this was an example of the sort of subject he would argue about.

518 Isaac Bickerstaffe's play, *The Hypocrite*, which was based on Molière's *Tartuffe*.

519*Aladdin; or the Wonderful Lamp. A Drama in Two Acts*, was performed at Covent Garden in 1813. An earlier version was first performed in 1788.

520Robt. & Thos. Makepeace, Goldsmiths and Jewellers. Serle Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields. [Trade card in the BM]

521Rundell, Bridge and Rundell, silversmiths, 32 Ludgate Hill. [<http://www.georgianindex.net/Shop/Rundell-Bridge/Rundell-Bridge.html>]

522NOT KNOWN It is very unlikely to be their son. The only other Frank is Francis Coleridge, clerk in John's office but articled in Pitman in

523John Parker, 1st Earl of Morley FRS (3 May 1772-14 March 1840), known as Lord Boringdon from 1788 to 1815,

- was a British peer and politician. Of Saltram House, Plympton, Plymouth, Devon.
- 524 Peter Radford, elected surgeon at the Devon and Exeter hospital in 1809 on the death of John Sheldon. He died in 1815.
- 525 John Davey Foulkes of Medland, Cheriton Fitzpaine, Tiverton, Esq. Captain R.N. died at Tiverton aged 56, 25th April 1813 [*The Monthly Magazine*, Volume 35 & *The History of Tiverton, in the County of Devon*: book IV.]
- 526 NOTHING FOUND
- 527 Jennefee Jones
- 528 NOT KNOWN - could he be related to Reynolds above?
- 529 Todd
- 530 At Charing Cross.
- 531 A Devon carrier that ran from the Bear Inn, Exeter to the Bell Inn, Cheapside, London.
- 532 Thomas Anthony Trollope was a barrister practising in the chancery court, with chambers at 23 Old Square, Lincoln's Inn. He had been at Winchester and New College, Oxford.
- 533 The forty-fifth exhibition at the Royal Academy, Somerset Place, which opened on 3rd May. [noted in *The Piozzi letters*. 5. 1811 - 1816]
- 534 Benjamin West (1738-1820) an American who became the official painter at the court of George III and President of the Royal Academy. His most important commission was a series of Biblical painting for the Royal Chapel at Windsor. These were never completed, but the sketch alluded to was probably related to this.
[http://www.worcesterart.org/Collection/Early_American/Artists/west/biography/index.html]
- 535 James Northcote (1746-1831) a pupil of Sir Joshua Reynolds. They were both educated at Plympton Grammar School, near Plymouth. Northcote was elected to the Royal Academy in 1787. He published a *Life of Reynolds* in 1813. [Wiki]
- 536 NOT KNOWN
- 537 William Taylor, Manager of the King's Theatre, Haymarket, was insolvent. In 1797, he was elected as member of Parliament for Leominster, a position that gave him immunity from his creditors. When that parliament dissolved in 1802, he fled to France. Later, he returned, and was member of Parliament for Barnstaple from 1806 to 1812 while continuing his association with the theatre. Taylor paid little of the agreed receipts to performers, or composers, and lived for much of his period of management in the King's Bench, a debtors' prison in Southwark.
- 538 Angelica Catalani (1780-1849) an Italian opera singer
- 539 Plate from the 'Satirist', xii. 489. A fantastic rendering of a riot at the 'Opera-house' (the King's Theatre in the Haymarket) on 1 May 1813.
- 540 Old Price riots of 1809 were caused by rising prices at the new Theatre at Covent Garden, London, after the previous one had been destroyed by fire. The riots lasted three months, and ended with John Philip Kemble, the manager of the theatre, being forced to make a public apology. [Wiki]
- 541 Henry Clifford, a well-known barrister, was arrested for riotous behaviour by one of Kemble's men. Kemble was found guilty of false arrest, and on 14th December 1809, Kemble agreed terms with Clifford and the old prices were reinstituted.
- 542 NOT KNOWN but Kingdon a common Devon name
- 543 Doctors' Commons, also called the College of Civilians, was a society of lawyers practising civil law in London. Like the Inns of Court of the common lawyers, the society had buildings with rooms where its members lived and worked, and a large library. Court proceedings of the civil law courts were also held in Doctors' Commons. [Wiki]
- 544 NOT KNOWN
- 545 Sir John Nicoll (1759-1838) was a Welsh Member of Parliament and judge. He was called to the bar of the Doctors' Commons in 1785. In 1809 he was appointed Dean of the Arches, was admitted to the Privy Council and became a judge of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury. [Wiki]
- 546 May be a reference to John Veitch's nursery which was established at Budlake, near Killerton by 1800 OR his own nursery at Franklyn
- 547 The Battle of Waterloo was fought on 18th June 1815.
- 548 Irene was born 6th July 1814.
- 549 Wellington entered Paris 7th July 1815.
- 550 NOT KNOWN
- 551 Charles Tucker, second son of the Reverend Marwood Tucker, Vicar of Harpford, Devon. was articled to John 12th May 1814. Endorsed by Francis George Coleridge and Beauvois Brock.
- 552 Samuel Barnes (1776-1858) MRCS, May 3rd, 1811; FRCS, Dec 11th, 1843, one of the original 300 Fellows. He was educated at the Exeter Grammar School and at the Hunterian School in London, where he came under the notice of John Sheldon (1752-1808), who had a family connection with Exeter, and thus acquired the traditions set by William and John Hunter. He passed from the Hunterian School to St Bartholomew's Hospital, where he acted for two years as House Surgeon to John Abernethy (1764-1831), and then returning to Exeter, began to practise ophthalmic surgery, and was elected to the Eye Infirmary. He was chosen without opposition Surgeon to the Devon and Exeter Hospital on July 13th, 1813. Within five years of his appointment the Surgeon to the Eye Infirmary and

- three out of the four hospital surgeons died, so that Barnes soon obtained a considerable practice. He introduced into Exeter the scientific Hunterian surgery and made a medical school there. With the help of his colleague John Haddy Jones, he obtained the leave of the Governors to discuss medical matters twice a week with students in the committee room of the hospital, to allow dissection and demonstrations of anatomy to take place, and to form a museum. Amongst the pupils were P C De la Garde (qv), who made a reputation as an ophthalmic surgeon, and John Harris, who became Surgeon to the Hospital. Barnes was at this time living at 5 Barnfield Crescent. He resigned his office as Surgeon in September, 1846, and in October of the same year he was appointed to an office especially made for him and Dr Blackall, as a Member of an Honorary Consulting Staff. From 1813-1858 he was Secretary of the Devon and Exeter Literary Institute. [<http://livesonline.rcseng.ac.uk/biogs/E000532b.htm>]
- 553 Beauvoir Brock was a witness to John's will in 1819. Born 1797 in Guernsey, son of William and Anne Mourant. Died in the Isle of Wight in 1889. He was articled to Pitman Jones 10th August 1813. This indicates that John and Pitman are partners at this time. Pitman married his sister Mary Carey Brock the previous year.
- 554 George Pearse, son of Thomas of Bradninch, Devon, articled to John January 1815. Witnessed by Beauvoir Brock and Charles Tucker.
- 555 James Hine, previous his articled clerk. In 1809 he was of the Inner Temple and took the remainder of the term of John Carew from John Jones. In 1822 he was an attorney and solicitor of Essex Court.
- 556 NOT KNOWN
- 557 Flindell's Western Luminary. The Family Newspaper of the Nobility & Gentry Farmers & Traders of the Counties of Devon, Cornwall, Dorset, & Somerset. It was a Tory paper, published by Thomas Flindell in Exeter from 1813.
- 558 Daughter Sibella.
- 559 Servant?
- 560 Francis George Coleridge, son of James and Frances Duke, baptised 20th July 1796 at Tiverton, Devon. He was articled to Pitman in March 1811. He was then of Ottery St Mary.
- 561 George Charles Julius. On 9th July 1812 was appointed apothecary to the King's Household at Kew, a post he held till 1836, thus serving George III, George IV, William IV. [There is a very full account of him <http://www.thekingscandlesticks.com/webs/descendants/johnjulius%20d5.html#g5>]
- 562 Wilbraham Tollemache, 6th Earl of Dysart (1739-1821) owner of Ham House, Petersham.
- 563 Emma Norris born December 11th 1807, baptised 12th January 1808, St Andrew, Holborn. Her parents of King's Street.
- 564 Agnes Norris born 29th August 1802, baptised St Giles, Camberwell
- 565 Thomas George Norris born 14th June 1809, baptised 9th January 1810, St Andrew, Holborn. His parents of King's Street.
- 566 Hannah Mary Norris born 21 May 1805, baptised 27 June 1805, St Andrew, Holborn. Her parents of King's Street.
- 567 *The history of the life and reign of Alexander the Great* by Quintus Curtius Rufus (1809) There are earlier editions. Image not found. Possibly part of the frieze of the Parthenon which was one of the greatest works of Phidias. The Elgin Marbles were purchased by the Government in 1816
- 568 Millbank Prison, opening in 1816 and closed in 1890.
- 569 'View at Horseguards Parade. The Prince Regent is portrayed as the mortar known as the Regent's Bomb. Castlereagh bows, George Rose holds a rose. Wellesly Pole pushes a pole down the mouth of the mortar (the Regent's posterior) while Vansittart appears to kiss it. The fat Lady Hertford, Mrs Fitzherbert and Lady Jersey (standing on a map of Jersey), three of the Regent's mistresses, look on. Next to them stands Lord Eldon with a mace'. Cartoon by Cruikshank 1816
- 570 Probably Peter Nicholson (1765-1844) Establishing a school in Oxford Street, Nicholson taught mathematics, architecture, surveying and building technology. The period between 1810 and 1829, during which Nicholson lived in London, was his most prolific as an author. During this time he published *Mechanical Exercises* (1812), *The Builder and Workman's New Director* (1822), and *The Architectural Dictionary*, in two volumes (1812 and 1819). This work was considered the most important of the numerous works that were to make his reputation as a national authority on building technology at a time when the building industry was changing rapidly under the influence of scientific research.[4] In addition to practical books relating to building and architecture, Nicholson also wrote about purely scientific, and sometimes rather esoteric subjects. His *Treatise on Practical Perspective* (1815) included a discussion and full instructions on the use of the centrolinead, while his mathematical works included such titles as *An Introduction to the Method of Increments* (1817), *Essays on the Combinatorial Analysis* (1818), and *The Rudiments of Algebra* (1819). His *Essay on Involution and Evolution* (1820) earned him the commendation of the Académie des Sciences in Paris..[Wiki]
- 571 Marguerite Antoinette Lalanne (1786-1866). Performed on the tightrope with her husband and daughter who was aged about four in 1816. [http://www.vauxhallgardens.com/vauxhall_gardens_performers_page.html]
- 572 Sir Bouchier Wrey, 7th Baronet (1757-1826) Married Ann, daughter of Sir Robert Palk of Haddon House in 1786, and secondly, Anne, daughter of John Osborne Esq. in 1793. He lived at Tawstock Court, near Barnstaple, which he had rebuilt in Neo-Gothic style after the previous house burnt down in 1787.
- 573 Molière?

- 574Miss Frances Maria Kelly (1790-1882)
- 575Miss Lydia Kelly bn. 1795
- 576Their wedding day in 1802.
- 577Sir Thomas Baring (1772-1848), of Stratton Park, nr. Winchester, Hants
- 578In 1813 Thomas Anthony Trollope leased Illots Farm on Lord Northwick's Harrow estate. Fanny's father, Rev. William Milton married for the second time in 1800, Sarah Partington of Clifton. This could be the Mrs Milton mentioned. Although William held the living of Heckfield, Hampshire, for fifty-one years, during that time he did live for periods elsewhere, and was particularly interested in mechanics and gadgets. For instance, while living in Bristol he presented a scheme for converting the port into a floating harbour. The remark about the hot water scheme suggests that Jennefee was acting as nurse to his wife. [see chapter 1 of Pamela Neville-Sington *Fanny Trollope* for a fuller description of William Milton]
- 579Unhusked oats called grits or groats, of which great quantities are imported from Embden and other towns.
- 580Indicates that until this time they were renting the house.
- 581QUERY Is this part of the land at Franklyn which comprised in all 10 acres according to the sale advert in 1822?
- 582Sarah Ann Knapp died in George Street, Croydon, in 1818 leaving a will. Her brother Thomas George Knapp, her executor, lived at Norwood, near Croydon according to his will of 1843. Their father, Jerome (1722-1792) was the Clerk of the Haberdashers' Company and Treasurer of the Middle Temple in the City of London, and also Clerk of the Assize on the Home Circuit in England. Thomas George Knapp was an attorney of Haberdashers Hall when he took his own sons as articled clerks in 1813 and 1815.
- 583Frank of Sir Thomas Baring
- 584NOT KNOWN
- 585QUERY
- 586T. Brodie, boot and shoe maker, is in St. Sitwell in 1822/3
- 587Beauvois Brock wrote the letter but John signed it.
- 588Exeter, Wednesday July 30 1817. Died this morning, at his house, in this city, aged 75. William Todd, Esq. formerly of the South Sea House. [Trewman's Exeter Flying Post]
- 589Hugh Chudleigh Standert, surgeon to the Taunton and Somerset Hospital.
- 590James Stowey made his will on 5th November 1810. John with two Taunton men were made trustees. Both John and Jennefee were left half the rents of his properties - nine houses in Taunton - with Augustus and Augusta Stowey, his brother Philip's children, left the other half. If they die, then their half interest to go to Elizabeth Lardner's children. The will specifically mentions that the houses should not be sold but that the children of the legatees should inherit the rent. John, in particular, is directed to concern himself with the letting and repairs. It would appear that this visit concerned the collection of rents from the properties for Stowey himself. He did not die until 1823, when Jennefee and Augustus Stowey, as the surviving legatees were granted probate.
- 591Tom was eleven and Frank eight at the time.
- 592Harriet was pregnant with son Severs, who was born 14th March 1818 and baptised on the 18th at St Thomas the Apostle, Exeter.
- 593Severs died on 28th April 1819, just one year old.
- 594Bettina Orchard, widow of Paul, died 1833. John was witness to the second codicil of her husband's will in 1809, but was also engaged in selling houses for the trustees in London in 1813.
- 595Winchester slang for "pretty, attractive, nice, cosy" [Wrench *Winchester Word-Book*]
- 596Richard Joshua, oldest son of Richard Iremonger of Wherwell, Hants, clerk. He matriculated at Christ Church, Oxford, on 16th May 1821, aged 18. Mr Iremonger is not his father as he died 31st May 1819. [*Oxford University Alumni*]
- 597Small book-case and desk combined [Wrench *Winchester Word-Book*]
- 598NOT KNOWN
- 599"Billy Etherege" the major-domo of the four Commoner servants. When he retired, he hired out rowing boats from a public house that he ran in Winnall. Rev. H.C. Adams *Wykehamica* p. 219 & 310
- 600NOT KNOWN
- 601NOY KNOWN
- 602Always [Wrench *Winchester Word-Book*]
- 603Not mentioned as Winchester slang
- 604Number of Praefects was eighteen in College, three to each Chamber - in Commoners first eight, with four senior inferiors, who were like Praefects in half-power [ibid]
- 605Henry Addington, 1st Viscount Sidmouth, an old Wykehamist, Home Secretary from 1812 to 1822. George IV ascended the throne in 29th January 1820.
- 606The Cato Street conspiracy to murder all the British cabinet ministers and the Prime Minister, Lord Liverpool. It was discovered on 23rd February 1820 when one of the plotters, Arthur Thistlewood, killed Richard Smithers, a police officer.
- 607School divided into Collegers and Commoners. The former, the Scholars, lived in the original building, headed by

the Warden. The Commoners lived in the Head-masters' house, under his direct care. Commoners lived entirely separate from the Collegers except in school time, in Chapel, and when the School went to the Cathedral. They competed with College boys for all School prizes, but had nothing to do with the fellowships and scholarships for New College, Oxford. There is a graphic description of Commoners at this time in *Wykehamica* p. 213 onwards.

608Greek

609Thomas Adolphus Trollope was born 29th April 1810

610Thomas Henry Maitland, third son of William and Charlotte, was born 22nd September 1806 and baptised at St. Thomas the Apostle, Exeter. He was admitted commoner at Oriel College, Oxford, 11th December 1824, in the same year as Todd. He was Vicar of South Molton, Devon from 1833. He died in 1881. He was clearly the best friend that Todd had at Winchester. Farewell letter (printed) of Rev. Thomas Henry Maitland, now of Starcross, to parishioners of South Molton, 23 May 1876 [North Devon Record Office 3331-5/1]

611A daughter of Dr Gabell, Head-master of Winchester.

612Description of the process of Election to College *Wykehamica* p. 49 onwards.

613Rev. Charles J. Urquhart, son of David, of Yarmouth, cleric. Magdalen College, Oxford, matric. 26 July 1803 aged 18; B.A. 1807, M.A. 1810, fellow 1812-20, B.D. 1817, chaplain to Bromley College 1846. [*Oxford University Alumni*] Tutor: Winchester College [*The Royal Kalendar, and Court and City Register for England, Scotland...1821*]

614Silver nitrate.

615Classicus Paper or Cuse. The book in which boys are marked for all work done. [Wrench *Winchester Word-Book*]

616Rev. J. Washington, B.A. Tutor: Winchester College [*The Royal Kalendar, and Court and City Register for England, Scotland...1821*]

617Maria, the third daughter of the Gabells who married Sir Joseph Scott of Great Barr Hall, Staffordshire, 18th July 1818.

618In the last week or so of the Summer half-year, boys were required to take up eight letters chosen from some Greek or Latin author, to be able to construe them and to say by rote. The marks were added to the total of the Classicus Paper for the half-year and would affected the final order of the boys. *Wykehamica* p. 356 onwards

619Sibella was born 1st April 1808, appears to have been suffering from some streak of instability which is recorded here and in later letters of Henry Juxon's.

620Commoner Hall described *Wykehamica* p. 220 onwards

621Henry Dison Gabell (1764-1831) was son of the Rev. Timothy Gabell of Winchester. Gabell was born at Winchester in 1764, and was elected a scholar of Winchester College in 1779, and subsequently of New College, Oxford, where he matriculated on 11 Oct. 1782; graduated B.A. on 8 July 1786; and held a fellowship from 1782 to 1790. Soon afterwards he was appointed master of Warminster School, where he had twenty boys to teach, with a salary of 30l., and liberty to take private pupils. He was presented to the rectory of St. Lawrence, Winchester, in 1788, and was appointed second master of Winchester College in 1793. He graduated M.A. at Cambridge University in 1807; succeeded Dr. Goddard as head-master of Winchester College in 1810; was presented to the rectory of Ashow, Warwickshire, in 1812, and that of Binfield, Berkshire, in 1820; resigned the head-mastership of Winchester College in December 1823, receiving a present of plate richly engraved from the scholars. He continued to hold the three livings of Binfield, Ashow, and St. Lawrence until his death, which took place at Binfield on 18 April 1831. Gabell married, on 11 Jan. 1790, Miss Gage, the daughter of a clergyman of Holton, Oxfordshire. [Wiki] There is more personal account of Dr. Gabell's time at Winchester *Wykehamica* Chapter X.

622Rev. Charles Henry Ridding, son of John of Winchester, Hants., New College, Oxford, matric. 31 March 1815, aged 18; fellow 1815-24, B.C.L. 1823, 2nd master and fellow of Winchester College, rector of Rollstone, Wilts, 1824, and vicar of Andover, Hants, 1835, until his death 5 May, 1871 [*Oxford University Alumni*] Tutor: Winchester College [*The Royal Kalendar, and Court and City Register for England, Scotland...1821*]

623The *Fasti* is a six-book Latin poem written by the Roman poet Ovid

624George, son of Mary Westlake, widow of St Sitwells, Exeter was taken as clerk by John Jones 4th November 1820. After John's death, he was taken by Pitman Jones on 24th November 1821.

625Possibly Collyns, Charles H: Academy (Grammar School) , Fore Street, Exeter [Pigot's Directory 1822-3]

626NOT KNOWN

627Possibly Francis Godolphin Bond, born 16th December 1804 at East Teignmouth, Devon. Second son of Admiral Francis Godolphin Bond.

628Henry Brougham led the legal team that defended Queen Caroline in the action for divorce brought against her by George IV.

629Probably a reference to Sir Robert Gifford, Attorney General, who had been an articled clerk to John Jones, his father's uncle, from 1795. He became a Peer in 1824 as 1st Baron Gifford. On December 30th 1820, he was to be presented with the freedom of Exeter, and it may be to this that Todd is referring.

630Was clerk to John Jones in 1805 but now an Attorney in the City of Exeter. He later took Winslow Jones, son of Pitman, as his clerk.

631John Geare of the City of Exeter, attorney. He took his first clerk in 1815.

632Benjamin Babbage, father of Charles, was born in Totnes in 1753. He had been a partner at Praed's Bank in London,

- but on retirement in 1803 moved back to Totnes. The family moved to East Teignmouth in 1808, to a house called 'The Rowdens', and died there in 1827.
- 633 Probably Todd as the only child not at home.
- 634 Probably John Lucius or Luke, son of Sir Henry Dampier. He was called to the Bar in 1819 so that might be a reason for him being in Winchester.
- 635 12th March 1821
- 636 Norris
- 637 John Reveley Mitford born 12th February 1807 and baptised at St Pancras Old Church on 20th. Son of John and Sara. Matric. Christ Church, Oxford, 1st June 1827, aged 19; B.A. 1830, M.A. 1837, vicar of Manaccan, Cornwall, January until his death 19th March 1838. [*Oxford University Alumni*]
- 638 Rev. Dr. Richard Busby (1606-1795) was head master of Westminster School for more than fifty-five years.
- 639 Sabina was born 30th April 1820. She died on 1st July 1824 at Walmer. This was where her mother's cousin, Henry William Brooke lived.
- 640 NOTHING FOUND
- 641 James Robbins, bookseller and publisher, College Street, Winchester.
- 642 Rev. David Williams (1786-1860) succeeded Dr. Gabell in 1824. He became Warden of New College, Oxford, in 1840, and Vice-Chancellor of the University from 1856-58.
- 643 Not listed as Winchester slang
- 644 Henry Trollope. Adm. pens. (age 19) at Caius, Cambridge, 1830. [2nd] s. of Thomas Anthony (1792), Esq., of London. B. in London. Bapt. Nov. 11, 1811. School, Winchester. Matric. Michs. 1830. Owing to ill-health did not reside long, but went for sometime, with his mother, to America. Adm. at the Middle Temple, June 15, 1832. Died of consumption, Dec. 1834, at Bruges. (Winchester Scholars; Venn, II. 212; Inns of Court.) [*Cambridge University Alumni*]
- 645 May be *The Mirror* in two volumes published in 1794. The author was Henry Mackenzie and it was a compilation of weekly periodical that he edited from 1779-1780.
- 646 John George Pole, born 21st January 1808, son of Sir William-Templer Pole, born 1782 at Shute House, Devon. He inherited the baronetcy in 1847 and was styled Sir John George Reeve-de la Pole 8th Baronet.
- 647 Holiday [Wrench *Winchester Word-Book*]
- 648 NOTHING FOUND
- 649 Augustus Stowey was the son of Philip Stowey, born 23rd June 1800. He lent and also gave money to all the Jones boys, but despite his generosity, they never forgave him for his father's supposed "crime" against the family, although he was only four when his father died.
- 650 This date looks wrong as the previous letter was sent on 16th February and this is stamped 21st March.
- 651 Frank must be at school in Exeter.
- 652 NOTHING FOUND
- 653 This must be Letitia Todd.
- 654 In the St. Thomas district of Exeter. It no longer exists.
- 655 NOT KNOWN
- 656 North-west of Winchester, on the A30 (London Road)
- 657 NOT KNOWN
- 658 Between Exeter and Exmouth on the east side of the River Exe.
- 659 NOT KNOWN
- 660 For English Verse - *Subjection to Vice is real essential Slavery* [*The Gentleman's Magazine* Volume 92, Part 2]
William Sewell (23 January 1804 – 14 November 1874) was educated at Winchester and Merton College, Oxford, was elected a fellow of Exeter College in 1827, and from 1831-1853 was a tutor there. From 1836-1841 he was White's Professor of Moral Philosophy. Sewell, who took holy orders in 1830, was a friend of Pusey, Newman and Keble in the earlier days of the Tractarian movement, but subsequently considered that the Tractarians leaned too much towards Rome, and dissociated himself from them, his novel *Hawkstone* being opposed to Newman's position at the time. When, however, in 1849, J.A. Froude published his *Nemesis of Faith*, Sewell denounced the wickedness of the book to his class, and, when one of his pupils confessed to the possession of a copy, seized it, tore it to pieces, and threw it in the fire. In 1843 he, with some friends, founded at Rathfarnham, near Dublin, St Columba's College, designed to be a sort of Irish Eton, and in 1847 helped to found Radley College. Sewell's intention was that each of these schools should be conducted on strict High Church principles. He was originally himself one of the managers of St Columba, and later the third Warden of Radley, but his business management was not successful in either case, and his personal responsibility for the debts contracted by Radley caused the sequestration of his Oxford fellowship. In 1862 his financial difficulties compelled him to leave England for Germany, and he did not return till 1870. [Wiki] Noted in as the only boy who refused to join rebellion of 1818 *Wykehamica* p. 183
- 661 For Latin Prose - *Georgius Quartus Britanniarum Rex coronatus* [*The Gentleman's Magazine* Volume 92, Part 2]
- 662 Mr R.C. Sewell for English Verse - *Liberty restored to Greece by the Roman Senate* [The New monthly Magazine and Literary Journal. Etc.] Richard Clarke, first son of Thomas, of Newport, Isle of Wight. Magdalen Coll. matric.

27th July 1821 aged 18. etc. On 25 June 1830 he was called to the bar at the Middle Temple, became known as a special pleader, and took business on the western circuit and at the Hampshire sessions. Later in life he went to Australia, where he practised in the criminal law courts, and was in 1857 appointed reader in law to the University of Melbourne. On 17 April 1857, the university conferred on him the first law degree awarded by an Australian university, a doctorate of laws (LL.D.), to which he was entitled by virtue of his Oxford doctorate. Sewell died at Melbourne on 7 November 1864. [Wiki]

663 Henry Sewell was born on 7 September 1807 in the town of Newport, on England's Isle of Wight. His family was relatively wealthy, and Sewell received a good education. He eventually qualified as a lawyer. In 1840, however, Sewell's father lost a staggering sum of money when a bank failed, and died shortly afterwards, leaving the family with a great deal of debt. This put considerable strain on Sewell. In 1844, Sewell also suffered from the untimely death of his wife Lucinda (whom he had married on 15 May 1834 and had six children with). He put his sister in charge of his children and his mother and moved to London for better opportunities. Sewell remarried, probably on 23 January 1850, and made plans to emigrate with his new wife Elizabeth Kittoe to New Zealand, hoping for improved financial prospects in the colony. Sewell's connection to New Zealand arose through the Canterbury Association, a British organisation dedicated to the colonisation of the New Zealand region known as Canterbury. Until his departure for New Zealand, Sewell was the Association's deputy director, and contributed greatly to its activities. The Association's plan for colonisation encountered a number of serious problems, however, and considerable debts were incurred. Sewell was instrumental in solving these problems. Sewell personally arrived in Lyttelton, the port of Christchurch (the principal settlement in Canterbury) on 2 February 1853, hoping to sort out what remained of the colony's problems. Gradually, and despite conflict with provincial superintendent James FitzGerald, Sewell managed to get the colony back onto a reasonable course. He was a notable campaigner for New Zealand self-government, and is generally regarded as having been the country's first Premier, having led the Sewell Ministry in 1856. In 1873 Sewell retired from politics, and returned to England shortly afterwards. He died in Cambridge on 14 May 1879. [Wiki]

664 The Classical Academy alias Hyde Abbey, Winchester

665 May be James Edward Sewell, youngest son of Thomas, of Newport, Isle of Wight. New College, matric. 4th December 1827 aged 16. etc. In 1830, he became a Fellow of New College, and practically passed the rest of his life there, being elected to the headship in 1860. He died in his ninety-third year, having been Warden of New College for 43 years, and was interred in the College cloisters. [Wiki]

666 Thomas Henry Holberton, born at Newton Ferrers, Devon, 28th February 1802. Son of Robert Holberton of Torr, Newton Ferrers (PROB 11/1540/287 Will of Robert Holberton of Newton Ferrers, Devon, 20 January 1813. There are many references to Thomas Henry in Juxon's letters).

667 The east window of the Chapel was filled with glass depicting the genealogy of Jesus Christ in the form of a 'Tree of Jesse'. Between 1821 and 1828, the Chapel windows were taken down to be restored by the firm of Betton and Evans of Shrewsbury. However, the firm decided to replace the originals with copies.

668 Wolvesey

669 Possibly the death of his mother, but no exact record of her death has been found. The nearest is for Elizh Todd buried 27th August 1822, but the burial place is just given as England. The birth date is also incorrect giving it as 1748, and her age 74. [FamilySearch.org England-EASy]

670 Probably Prudence Jennefee Lamb, daughter of Alexander Lamb and Hannah of Dartmouth

671 *Tom and Jerry; or, Life in London*, performed 7th & 8th October 1822 at the Adelphi Theatre, London - . [http://www.umass.edu/AdelphiTheatreCalendar/index.htm] (Life in London; or, the Day and Night Scenes of Jerry Hawthorn, Esq. and his elegant friend Corinthian Tom, accompanied by Bob Logic, the Oxonian, in their Rambles and Sprees through the Metropolis.) The fact that Frank suggests that both he and Bertram go to see the play suggests that Frank has joined him at Christ's Hospital which was then in Newgate Street in the City of London.

672 Researches suggest that Alexander Lamb moved to London as he is noted of Aldersgate St. attorney & solicitor of High Court of Chancery, taking a clerk from Plymouth in February 1811 and another in May 1813 from Dartmouth, by which time he is at 26, Prince's Street, Bank, City of London - an address that he is at until at least October 1821 when he took yet another clerk. [see Alexander Lamb.txt]

673 Giles King Lyford (1764-1837) was a doctor in Winchester. He was married first to Elizabeth Binfield in 1794, then to Elizabeth Johnson in 1811. He had seven children by his first wife and three by his second. He was Jane Austen's doctor and it was to be near him that she moved to Winchester in 1817.

674 His sister Henrietta was born 27th September 1810 and baptised the following day in St Peter's Cathedral, Exeter. This suggests that she is possibly away at school.