

NAM 11/20/208

71, Queen Street
12th Sept 1806

My Dear Sister,

You certainly ought to have told me, long ago, that you had received the intelligence I sent you about Miss Skinner; but, as I perceive something like contrition, for having neglected to do so, in the first line of your letter of the 8th Instant, I shall very condescendingly grant you a free pardon for the offence.

Lady M. returns you many thanks for the Poetry you sent her. The lines do credit to Mrs John Hunter, and say nothing more than what ^{was} ~~was~~ true of old Bet Carter. She was a fine old Slut, though bearing not the least resemblance to a Woman. She had more the appearance of a fat Priest of the Church of Rome, than of an English Gentlewoman.

Lord Melville ought to have been replaced on the list of Privy Counsellors, the moment his Peers had acquitted him of the Charges brought against him; and, I have no doubt of the Sovereign having wished it, though

his present Advisers seem not to be hasty in acknowledging the injury they have done him. I have not seen Lord Melville since he came to Scotland, being absent from Edinburgh when he was here, and it has not suited my convenience to go so far North as his House at Duneira. It is situated in a part of Scotland, subject to Earthquakes, and as Thunder & Lightning have rather been prevalent this Season, I have not trusted myself where Volcanic Appearances abound. Not that I have been entirely out of the way of Storms. For I had the happiness of travelling twelve Miles in the Thunder Storm, on that dreadful Saturday, when so much mischief was done both in England & Scotland.

Remember, that I am not anumerable for Sir J. B. Warren & his Fleet. Yesterday's post brought me a few lines from my Son, dated off Barbadoes the 12th of July, on which day he arrived there, and set sail again. We know, that they have, since that time, been at Newfoundland, where they may be now, I have not a sufficient portion of the Second Sight to

be able to tell you. The Princess of Wales is the most injured Woman in Great Britain. The Prince, it is said, is soon to be in Scotland. A credit from Messrs Coutts has been lodged at one of the public Banks here, for him & the Duke of Clarence. I do not, however, believe that they will penetrate so far North. As to the Cathcarts, I can say little. His Lordship & his Son Frederick only arrived the day before yesterday, and are to dine with me today. If they behave properly, I shall give them an invitation to a Launch of Demison, this day week. Lady Cathcart and the rest of the family are with us.

My friend Elliot, at Mountstuart, where they will remain till his Lordship has fixed on a place of residence for them, either in this Down, or in its neighbourhood. The latter is what they would prefer; it will, however, be difficult for them to procure ~~such a~~ place as will hold them. I have no doubt of our being very cordial here. As a proof of it, he waited on me the evening of his arrival, without my having taken any previous steps to induce him to do so. There are no Kings & Queens, or Windsors hereabouts and we are as great as themselves. I wish I could have the



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your Husbands shooting. Had he really
been a Sportsman, he would, long ago, have
bent his steps to the Highlands to shoot. With
best Love & kind wishes from all here
to all at Leighton House, viz. Mr. D. Yourself
Louisa & my Countrywoman. I ever remain
My Dear Sister Your Affectionate Brother

Hapier

Edinburgh 6th Oct 1806

Mrs. Dickenson

Leighton House

Leighton House

Wells

Watson



MS. 1.1.11

satisfaction of seeing You & Yours sitting
down to dinner with them in this
House. I should vastly enjoy such
a meeting, and if Lady Mansfield could
be of the party, it would be quite delight-
ful. But, such happiness, I fear, is not
destined for me. Pray don't tell me of