

UAM 11/4/611

My Dear Mr. Dickson - What a strange woman you are, very few like you, and were it to
you if being singularly amiable and respectable be a crime - You have honored me
first and flattered me secondarily, all together I don't know how to repay your
kindness but by an assurance that the out of sight you have not been flattered from
my remembrance, far from it - When I knew you a little, I liked you a little
when I had a better acquaintance, I thought as your husband -

Little Louisa - and you tell me of a boy -

I sincerely congratulate you both on the charming circumstance of independence -
pray what think you of that mortal who is far from independence yet much
declares himself happy, by comparison - I shall say something of you now
before I get to the bottom of my paper on the 1st side - Mr. D. you are idle
enough to ask if I have seen a match for Lady D. Since I left you, how
could a man of your sense marry a woman of so acute a nose as Mr.
ask such a Q. I tell you nay, nor you in the east vortex of hoops and
petticoats in which you may roam if you please - but softly, you appear to
me to love confinement and one petty thing is enough for a reasonable man -
Mr. D. by this and by that I will not willingly offend you, but do, think
a moment what animal creatures we men are, and you will excuse me -
It is too ridiculous certainly to dwell upon, yet we who are candid must allow it.

The sensible generosity of Mr. D. is to be praised and
rightly, if that sort of conduct were more generally pursued, the world would
be better inhabited, and by a better race than the present, the more things persons.
I thank you very much for the kind communications of your letter etc.
I have as yet red but once and am talking of it only by recollection.
Yours was accompanied by a flight of letters from people whom

John like a lion — If I find you once, I really love you tho' you are the
best friend of another man, and why, because, which you know is a pretty value,
and usually comes reasoning — when I tell you who I like, I should give you
a long roll of shag and rags, eyes both hair and those things included,
but when I come to make a catalogue of those I love it would perhaps appear
long, and that I not acquired a right to love so many, yet I would give you
a list, know, that I would not let Lady D. at the head, because —
because I have the happiness of knowing such as in my opinion I mean
to sit on the same bench with her &c. They are not Legion —

Mrs. P. had an opinion is that a beautiful woman's face is
the highest and most pleasing proof of the skill of the divine Architect, but
how could that possible creature be so incorrect, except she will have
reflected on the variety of parties famous caprices on which exist in this
very pleasant and whimsical world which is so good for hermost of us —
the man is smitten with a face, another with the bust of a fine statue, in
short we would represent that charming creature woman as an object of
admiration and desire, let us not hear a word of mutilation, let us have
the best possible. There was the original design — I would now as of the rest
for her picture give you one sketch of L. D. but you know her — She is mainly
but not masculine — She is feminine but not effeminate — I imagine that her
soul is under the immediate control of a vigorous and enlightened mind, or
which must be the case with every fine woman —

I know I never I admire her, and think she has few equals, what a P.
you have — I now the confidence I must have in your understanding!
I am certain that when I shall receive your letter I shall find questions to be answered,

in the mean time let me assure you that I am with great sincerity your most
devoted and obliged servant — When a man has so high an opinion of the wit
genius, understanding, and impartiality of a woman, as to prove the praise
worthy qualities of another female he is entitled to know her, then pray
signify your gratitude in your next, for I hope you will not treat
me with a bit of a cherry, but supply me with a monthly magazine
of knowledge and pleasure — I know that I have not written to
the end of Bedford Street for the improved proof of hospitality, and
as Mr. Jackson was your host, I beg you will say a kind word
to him — I wish my sister P. had you in a land flowing with
milk and honey — If she be a truth telling woman she loves and
adores you, I won't repeat her expressions, as I do enjoy flattery,
I am too conscientious to administer dose to those who are better
Physicians than I am prepared to be — If I was to meet
you at the end of June I should like to be by the water
for so many minutes or hours, and purge our tongues with something
equivalent as a linguist to baptize and give us an occultist
"for we have much to say" — I have looked into your
letter since beginning this morsel, and you may believe, am not
only highly entertained by the manner but delighted with the
matter — When the glories pay me a short visit, I reflect
that I possess the friendship of such and such, which consoles
and reconciles me in a considerable degree — Take my word
you have many a long letter (if we live) to expect from me,
and as to arrangement, diction, and substance, that jargon
misapplied and proscribed expression you may search and research,

Shakespeare has something, touching two grains of wheat in a bushel
of chaff — You would in earnest love me if you were intimate
with those I love — I am full of them at this distance, yet my
Religion forbids me to refine at the improbability of seeing
them — now in this stage of the baby, what have I told you?
what a dull mortal not to tell you of Comets and Wheels, of
rocks and Women, Ships and Carous, Thunder and Rain, potatoes
and Ducks, and now I am about being married to a young
flaming Jade with black eyes and white teeth, or a fine
complexion blue eyes and good nature — in true truth
when I see a friend after a certain lapse of time I find my
thoughts as distracted as poor Marlowe were who would be
being needful — all abroad, all hith, in short — and
you must know that if ever I should have the pleasant
fortune of seeing you so happily fixed as I believe you are, I
shall have no reserve whatever, but indulge in an overflow
of that precious folly which you have experienced more or less
from some of your maiden namesakes — pray take the pains
of correcting this paper — If I can find time I will write
you a few lines in the envelope, bearing a distant resemblance
to common sense and coherence (if I can) — my best friends
were good enough to overlook the sulky humor I was possessed by
when last in England — The reasons for which might be very
unreasonable, but I will tell all over a second time either in this world or

Postscript — your Husband is a curious fellow to be in love
with his wife, I see he is, and I could be a little bit in love
with you myself, only I happen to be engaged —
Now good Dear pretty M^{rs} D. will you make an apology for
me? that I should send you a most lame and impudent preface
instead of a narrative with beginning middle and end, with
some landings of compliments and never ending assurances of
attachment — and then sort of things, is certainly flying in the
face of gratitude Decorum and Gentilhommeerie, but hear me
I was this day up before the sun, heavy as a leaden dormouse
the Nonpareille having come to an anchor last night has married as
so that I can scarce say my life is my own — however when Marshal
Villars was in the Estates deputation he came by by the way
of the Majesté he claimed the fatal event of the Battle
of Malplaquet wrote to his Monarch the Subject Louis
disgrace befallen the arms of France and the aid
brought on the plains of Lys, I explore his own misfortune with
fortified his bloody present — "attachement &c" Mais je ne puis pas
me braver pour tout — M^{rs} D. pacify, or endeavor to pacify
the ledge just indignation, and on my part assure her that when
I think on absent friends whom I value as you and like, I cannot
but lament with Villars — his little Louis and her cadet
for me, and accept my sincere assurances of friendly regard —
If you know how grateful I feel for your civilities
on our return you would determine to return hopes of my coming home,
2 Postscript per the Faunus — all of a froil preparing
for the King's birth day tomorrow 1790. So happy as to be yours &c

Henry Hamilton's
Letter

4

This day need I need not go
London to see go
I shall be glad to see you
I shall be glad to see you

18

London

Chapel St. Street

Dorsetshire

I like Mr. Waddington being
a Mother and she?

Pray do salute those of our
common acquaintances whom
you may chance to love —

correct my letter for me
and add anything affectionate
that may be wanting —

in haste my heart Yours &c. H. H.

Henry Hamilton

Oct 14
1794