

such a disposition to love another as mine to him; I flattered myself that he would restore some lustre to our house, at least not let it totally sink; but I am forced to give up him and all my Walpole-views. I will describe him to you if I can, but don't let it pass your lips. His figure is charming; he has more of the easy genuine air of a man of quality than ever you saw: though he has a little hesitation in his speech, his address and manner are the most engaging imaginable: he has a good breeding and attention when he is with you that is even flattering; you think he not only means to please, but designs to do everything that shall please you; he promises, offers everything one can wish—but this is all; the instant he leaves you, you, all the world, are nothing to him—he would not give himself the least trouble in the world to give anybody the greatest satisfaction—yet this is mere indolence of mind, not of body; his whole pleasure is outrageous exercise. Everything he promises to please you, is to cheat the present moment, and hush any complaint—I mean of words; letters he never answers, not of business, not of his own business: engagements of no sort he ever keeps. He is the most selfish man in the world without being the least interested: he loves nobody but himself, yet neglects every view of fortune and ambition. He has not only always slighted his mother, but was scarce decent to his old rich grandmother,⁵ when she had not a year to live, and courted him to receive her favours. You will ask me what passions he has; none but of parade—he drinks without inclination—has women,—not without inclination, but without having them, for he brags as much as an old man; games without attention; is immeasurably obstinate, yet like obstinate people, governed as a child. In short, 'tis impossible not to love him when one sees him; impossible to esteem him when one thinks on him!⁶

Mr Chute has found you a very pretty motto; it alludes to the goats in your arms, and not a little to you; *per ardua stabilis*.⁷ All your friends approve it, and it is actually engraving.

You are not at all more in the dark about the war, than we are even here: McNamara⁸ has been returned some time to Brest with

5. Mrs Rolle mother of Lady Orford, was remarried to John Harris of Hayne Esq., and had inherited a large fortune from her brother Mr Tuckfield (HW). Her brother was Roger Tuckfield (ca 1685–1739), M.P. Ashburton 1708–11, 1713–39 (G. P. Judd, *Members of Parliament* 360).

6. The fullest and best account of him is in R. W. Ketton-Cremer, *A Norfolk Gallery*, [1948], pp. 162–87.

7. 'Steady through the steep places.' See illustration.

8. John MacNamara (ca 1690–1756), lieutenant-général des armes navales, 1752;