

was eminently to be despised. Nothing much more severe can be said of him than the remarks of Horace Walpole—upon his ‘Diary;’ in which he observes that Dodlington records little but what is to his own disgrace; as if he thought that the world would forgive his inconsistencies as readily as he forgave himself. ‘Had he adopted,’ Horace well observes, ‘the French title “*Confessions*,” it would have seemed to imply some kind of penitence.’

But vain-glory engrossed him: ‘He was determined to raise an altar to himself, and for want of burnt offerings, lighted the pyre, like a great author (Rousseau), with his own character.’

It was said by the same acute observer, both of Lord Hervey and of Bubb Dodlington, that they were the only two persons he ever knew that were always aiming at wit and never finding it.’ And here, it seems, most that can be testified in praise of a heartless, clever man, must be summed up.

Lord Melcombe’s property, with the exception of a few legacies, devolved upon his cousin Thomas Wyndham, of Hammersmith, by whom his Lordship’s papers, letters, and poems, were bequeathed to Henry Penruddocke Wyndham, with an injunction, that only such as ‘might do honour to his memory should be made public.’

After this, in addition to the true saying, defend us from our friends, one may exclaim, ‘defend us from our executors and editors.’

