

may essentially serve those you profess to love and esteem. Judge then how much and more particularly it pleases me to see that happy talent of yours exerted in every possible way in favour of our good and valuable cousin, whom (par parenthese) I love as much better than you, as I have known him longer, as well at least as any sister can love a brother, your sister Kate not excepted. This being the case, cousin Johnny, as it certainly is, let me proceed to tell you how much both I myself, and Mrs. Unwin, and this dear cousin of ours, approve and admire all the good you have already done us, and all that you design to do in our service. . . . I know that by this time you hate me cordially for asserting that my affection to the Translator of Homer is stronger than yours, and you will ask me, perhaps, whether it requires half a century to create a sincere friendship and esteem for a deserving object, and to this I answer, "No—not exactly that, yet you must allow, cousin Johnny, that the Tree which has taken the firmest root is the least liable to accidents or injury, and when you have allowed me this, I will honestly own to you that it is in the term of its duration only that I believe my attachment to excel yours, so allow me the melancholy privilege that *age* gives me, and let us part friends. Oh, but we must not part yet. I have several things yet to say; one is about the Mr. Cowper and the Miss Madan whom your friend Mr. Reeves saw at Evesham House. They are both cousins of mine, and Mr. Cowper's Miss Madan is the daughter of the late Mr. Madan, of Epsom, the clergyman who has written so well and so abominably,¹ but no more of him. The Mr. Cowper who was there is the eldest son of the late Major Cowper, of the Park House, in Staffordshire, and is nephew to General Cowper. Take notice, I should have spared myself and you this account, but I love to treat people with their favourite dish when I can, and considering you in the light of Rouge Dragon, or Norroy King-at-Arms, I give you this faint shadow of a ghost of a pedigree, which may prove perhaps, as a little dainty, or kickshaw, to stay your stomach, till something more satisfactory falls in your way."

Mr. Johnson at this time was putting together Cowper's pedigree, hence the allusions to his heraldic tendency. Later on Lady Hesketh furnished him with some further information on this subject, which begins in quaint fashion :

A Tale for the benefit of Superannuated Heralds, Humbly Inscribed to "Johnny of Norfolk," *once* the formidable Rival of Rouge Dragon, Norroy King-at-Arms, and even of the Norfolk Herald ! but now alas !— Sir William Cowper, Bart., of the Mote in Kent, and of Hertford Castle, in the County of Herts, had two sons—William, Lord High Chancellor of England; and Spencer, Lord Chief Justice of Chester, and ditto of the Common Pleas. The above-

¹ The author of "Thelyphthora," a treatise in favour of polygamy.