

Sr Chas. Hastings to Col. Dickson -

19981 - 2

Willesley Hall, Atherton
August 19th 1812 -

My dear Friend -

It is with shame, tho' not contrition,
I acknowledge having had the presumptuous
vanity to think, that in the course of those habitual
changes, which occasionally take place in the
Present's Household, you would have taken an
opportunity of reminding your Royal Master,
that there is still living, tho' nearly buried, an old
loyal friend of his, called Charles Hastings, whom
he has frequently honored with his regards, and
whose utmost ambition is to be placed about
his Royal person on matter in which way -
The Retirement I have lately been doomed to,
from untoward circumstances that shall be
nameless, has certainly not been favorable for
that purpose, as all candidates of every descrip-
-tion, should pay their court, If they wish to succeed.
It was therefore upon this principle, I was going

up to Town on the 12th Inst. to pay my respectful
duty to His Royal Highness, when reflecting that
I have always considered the birth day of one I
loved more as a subject of condolence than con-
gratulation, I dropped my intention, not
choosing to play the Hypocrite, for I have myself
than sometimes past experienced that an additional
year was no joke, and I would as soon a
man should spit in my face, as congratulate
me the 11th of next March upon my being
Sixty one - I go up to Town the 1st of Sept^r.
in order to allow my old House (which is
tumbling down about my ears) to be repaired
if possible. It will keep me near a year in
Town, during which time, I propose being the
greatest Courtier imaginable. - and if I find
on my arrival in Town, that I have only lost
your influence, but still preserve your

S. C.

memorandum
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Sr Chas. Hastings to Col. Muckahou -

friendship, I shall be perfectly satisfied -

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I remain my dear friend with great regard & esteem -

Yours most faithfully -
Charles Hastings -

Right Honble
J. Muckahou -

P.S. I have just this instant received the distressing intelligence, that a new farm of mine, which I had very lately finished, and was a show farm, from meaning it sometimes or there, for myself, has been burnt down to the ground by lightning - It never rains, but it pours - Lady Hastings, & Miss Moore, beg to join me in best regards to Mr. Muckahou -

*See No. 2. Starting
Aug. 19. 1812*