

Merrion, September 6, 1735.

MADAM,—I have now been a few days at a house of which Lord Fitzwilliam is the proprietor. It is called Merrion. No canal ever lay more regularly, or at a fitter distance, or seemed to be more a part of, or belonging to the improvement, than the sea, called St. George's Channel, that runs between England and Ireland, lies to this place. The ponds, the basons, the rivers in England, that cost so many thousands, are but a drop of water to the termination of this view. I can't cast my eye a moment from this paper without seeing the canvas wings of many ships that are continually flying cross me, and if I look a little to the left I have at the same time all the ships at station in the harbour, the city of Dublin, a thousand little white country houses, and three islands, the Hill of Howth, Ireland's Eye, and Lambay all in prospect. To the right is an obelisk raised by Lord Allen, like one of the pyramids of Egypt, towering above many rocks, and which is only excused by a mountain beyond it formed by nature into the figure of a sugar-loaf, and called by that name. Behind the house are extraordinary good gardens, and behind them a wood cut into many pleasant walks, which is overlooked by an environ of very stately mountains, which seem part of the boundary, but are some miles distant. On each side of the garden are two plantations, the best grown and the best kept of any in Ireland. The hedges of one of them are little inferior to the high hedges at Kensington, but they are rather too close. The whole demesne or territory is encompassed with an excellent stone wall, within which the ridings will take up an hour or two, and there is not a walk, an opening, a field, a spot, but has its proper, peculiar, various view of sea, ships, churches, Dublin, villas, islands, pyramids, mountains. In these recesses, among these shifting scenes, I pass happier days than I have known in Ireland, free from crowding, crowding thoughts, and with a well-spring of innocent pleasure perpetually bubbling up in the heart. Here I forget the fatigues of circuit, the hurry of terms, the longings after England, and only remember my benefactors, my friends and myself. Therefore, in my most retired retirement, I must think of courts, and Merlin's Cave, and Sundon. My humble respects to my lord.—I am, Madam, your ladyship's ever obliged humble servant,

J. WAINWRIGHT.