INTRODUCTION

CARTERET and NEWCASTLE were born within three years and died within five years of one another. Both went to school at Westminster and thence to the University; both started life with all the advantages of wealth, territorial possessions, powerful connexions and political traditions, advantages then almost essential for a political career. But here the likeness ends. No two men starting with almost equal advantages set themselves aims so different in public life, or attained positions so entirely contrasted in the estimation of contemporaries and succeeding generations.

Differing as they did in almost every respect—qualities and attainments, aims and ambitions in life—Carteret and Newcastle had this in common, that each, at the outset of his career, chose that part in the public life of the country in which he was most fitted to excel. For the organization of parties or the humouring of voters and members of the legislature Carteret had the utmost contempt; and for domestic politics he had no special bent, though even in that province, on a matter that interested him, he could show a master's touch. His chief ambition was to guide the fortunes of his country through the shoals and quicksands of foreign policy and to secure for England that predominance in the councils of Europe that he felt to be her due. To deal with kings and princes, then the arbiters of their countries' destinies, he regarded as his province, and conscious as he was of supreme ability in that sphere, he would brook no interference from colleagues whom he was too inclined to despise. Newcastle, with more limited vision, regarded the maintenance of a Whig majority in Parliament and the predominance of Whigs in every sphere of public life, lay and ecclesiastical, as essential for preserving the principles of the Glorious Revolution and the safety of the state. For his self-appointed role as fugleman of a pure Whig majority his wealth and territorial influence gave him immense advantages; and even before he came of age he had already started on his career of electioneer-in-chief to the Whig party. His marked success in that capacity brought him almost as soon as he came of age titles and dignities to which Carteret never attained and high office—eventually the highest—in the state, which his political intelligence by no means justified.

In the heyday of his power Carteret, when asked by his envoy to Berlin to procure for him the 'Green Riband' of the Thistle as a reward for services rendered, replied 'These are affairs I do not meddle with'; and to a pertinacious suppliant for some lucrative post, 'What is it to me who is a judge or a bishop? It is my business to make Kings and Emperors, and to maintain the balance of Europe.' Later, in the dark November days of 1756, when he himself, nearing seventy, had retired from executive office, he said to his favourite pupil Henry Fox, who had expressed his preference for the lucrative ease of the Pay Office to the post of danger as Secretary of State: 'I don't love to have you say such things. If you was my age, very well: I have put on my night-cap; there is no more daylight for me; —but you *should* be ambitious. I want to instil a noble ambition into you; to make you knock the heads of the Kings of Europe together, and jumble something out that may be of service to this country.'

Contrast with these outbursts of self-assurance and haughty indifference to human weaknesses from Carteret Newcastle's feeble self-depreciation on which, almost at the outset of his career, his good friend the younger Craggs addresses to him these home truths: '[Do not] show that at the least difficultys made by some of your friends, you are ready to cry peccavi. . . . Men in your rank and credit, in order to keep up an interest, are to avoid making themselves cheap as much as they are to show no pride and insolence. . . . The noisy hot-headed people of your own friends, tho' much the majority of them, govern you and make you disoblige the rest. Don't let them see you so easily frighted.'[1] Contrast too the Duke's own timid outpourings to his crony Lord Hardwicke later in life: 'I have done my best and think I have done well. I am afraid others are of a different mind: . . . If I err from *capacity*, it is not my fault'; his fretful complaints that he was 'not considered as much as he should be' by his colleagues; his admission that he was 'often uneasy and peevish, perhaps what may be called wrongheaded, to my best friends'; and his unwearying labours for half a century in 'obliging' suitors to him for bishoprics, pensions, sinecures and 'ribbands', and in practising all the arts of low political intrigue at elections, labours which stood him in no good stead on his fall from power, when, of all the twenty-six bishops he had created, only one attended his once thronged levée: 'Bishops', as he then said in the only witty remark recorded of him, 'Bishops, like other men, are apt to forget their Maker'.

Carteret never lacked a policy, but could never command a party

[1] Add. MSS. 32686, f. 143.

to carry it through: Newcastle, until the Patriot King found out the secret of his power and turned it against him, always had a party bound to him by self-interest, but never a policy on which to exercise the formidable instrument he had forged. For twenty years and more the two men, one with the grandiose ideas and the touch of genius, the other with the pedestrian talent, were rivals: and the victory at last rested, not with the brilliant statesman, but with the industrious politician, who, to make his triumph quite complete, swept his rival within his net. How came it about, it may be asked, that, where Carteret failed, Pitt, who admitted Carteret to be his master in all the upper departments of government, succeeded, not so much in beating Newcastle, as in using him for his own great purposes? It is the object of this study to find the answer to this problem, an answer which may be found not entirely discreditable, as might at first sight appear, to the English political sense of the eighteenth century.

The material available for an account of Newcastle's character and career is almost embarrassingly ample. After he came of age he seems to have preserved nearly every letter he received, and, not only the fair copies of those he sent, but also his own, almost illegible, first drafts, besides masses of memoranda and state papers, his rent rolls at various stages of his career, accounts of his expenses, especially on the banquets and electoral feasts (often with the menus) that he gave in such profusion, and above all full particulars of his own and his agents' activities at general elections. By the generosity of the late Earl Chichester all these documents are included in his gift of the Newcastle Papers (Add. MSS. 32684–33078) to the British Museum. Moreover, any conceivable gaps in this mass of self-revelation can be filled from the correspondence with and about him to be found in the 1000 volumes of his friend Lord Hardwicke's papers, acquired by the British Museum in 1899.

By contrast the records for the life of Carteret are disappointingly meagre. True, many of his despatches and official papers are to be found in the Record Office, and his own copies of them are conveniently collected in the volumes, Add. MSS. 22511–45, presented to the British Museum by his descendant, the Rev. Lord John Thynne. But there is a lamentable dearth of his more personal letters, except for stray remains in a few private collections. He himself wrote to the Duke of Newcastle, 'I never keep any copy of my private letters'; and what remained of his correspondence in the family archives was destroyed in comparatively recent times by one

of his descendants, on the ground that 'In fifty years' time nobody will be interested in the old Carterets'. Still he was too forceful a personality to escape the attention of contemporary memoir- and letter-writers, such as Hervey, Horace Walpole, Mrs Delany, critical of him though they may have been; and even in his official correspondence he often indulges in an unconventional pungency of utterance, which gives a refreshingly personal touch to such usually arid documents. At any rate enough of him remains on record to tempt a veteran student and lover of the eighteenth century, long fascinated by Carteret's brilliant entrances and exits, to lay one more laurel at his feet.[1]

[1] Two biographies of Carteret have already been published, by Archibald Ballantyne in 1887 and by W. Baring Pemberton in 1936. So far, though much has been written about Newcastle, no full biography of him has been attempted.

Chapter I

CARTERETS & GRANVILLES; PELHAMS & HOLLESES

§I. CARTERETS & GRANVILLES

In his person John, Lord Carteret, Earl Granville, first united the blood of the two Norman families Carteret and Granville,[1] who even before the Conquest appear as men of mark in the Cotentin peninsula facing the Channel Islands. Carterets had already obtained lordships and founded abbeys in the north of that peninsula, and also in Jersey, before two of them came over to England with William the Conqueror in 1066; Granvilles were lords of Corbeil, Thorigny and Granville farther south in the Cotentin when they obtained from the Conqueror lands at Kilkhampton in Cornwall. In John's reign, when the Norman barons had to opt between their English and French lands and allegiance, the Carteret Seigneur de St Ouen gave up his more valuable barony of Carteret and other domains in Normandy in order to remain a vassal of the English king in Jersey and for his English fiefs; the Granvilles likewise opted for their Cornish grants. During the next five centuries Carterets were always to the fore in defending the Channel Islands from French invaders and later against English rebels to the Stuart kings, not without reward from their sovereigns, from whom, as well as by prudent marriages, they acquired the lordship of Sark and great estates in Jersey and Guernsey. Of the Granvilles it is recorded that 'for at least Five Hundred years [they] never made any Alliance, Male or Female, out of the Western Counties', so that by the beginning of the eighteenth century 'there is hardly a Gentleman', writes a Granville to his kinsman, 'either in Cornwall or Devon but has some of your blood': in fact in the remoter parts of Cornwall the Granvilles exercised a sway more despotic than the King's. In Elizabeth's time a Carteret, Sir Philip, was knighted by the Queen for his family's support of the new religion and for services against the French; an even more notable

[1] The orthography of the family name was long unsettled. Besides Granville, the variants Greenvile, Grenvil, Grenville, and several others occur in old documents. John Lord Bath seems to have stabilized Granville as the spelling of his branch. The Bucks offshoot of the family, into which Chatham married, fixed on the spelling Grenville.

Grenville, Sir Richard of Flores in the Azores, had a like honour. Richard's grandson, Sir Bevil, was known in his Cornwall as the 'Father of his Country', while 'the vertuous actions' of his wife Grace, it was written after her death, 'do yet smell sweet, and blossom, and Preach very powerfully to all her living relations'. Sir Bevil himself was a dear friend of Eliot and, like so many of Charles I's best supporters, had many scruples before casting in his lot with the King; but, having chosen this side, became, says Clarendon, 'the Foundation of what had been done in Cornwall.... A brighter Courage, and a gentler Disposition were never married together to make the most cheerful, and innocent Conversation'—before he met a hero's death at Lansdown in 1643.[1]

Bevil's son John Granville[2] and Sir George Carteret, the maternal grandfather and paternal great-grandfather respectively of our John, Lord Carteret, Earl Granville, appear to have been the first of these two families to have been brought once more into close relationship since they left the Cotentin in King John's time. John Granville, after his father's death, made it his business to consolidate the royalists in Cornwall and hold the Scilly islands for the King, while George Carteret, bailiff and Lieutenant-Governor of Jersey and a daring naval officer, brought over supplies for the king's men in Cornwall, besides defending his own island as a place of refuge for Clarendon, and also for Charles II as Prince of Wales and later as king. But in June 1651 Granville was ordered by Charles to surrender the Scilly islands to Blake; and in December Carteret, after a desperate defence of Fort Elizabeth, Jersey's last stronghold, was forced to yield his island also to the parliamentary admiral. Thus both Granville and Carteret became fellow-exiles with their king on the continent. On the Restoration John Granville, who had taken a large part in the negotiations with his cousin Monck, was rewarded by the earldom of Bath, designed by Charles I for his father Sir Bevil before his untimely death: while George Carteret, besides obtaining a baronetcy, became Vice-Chamberlain and successively Treasurer of the Navy, Vice-Treasurer of Ireland and a Commissioner of the Navy; he also became one of the eight joint-proprietors of the new colony Carolina and was granted a large slice of New Jersey on its conquest from the Dutch. Sir George, after the death of his only son Philip, who was

[1] For these early Granvilles or Grenvilles see E. Handasyde, *Granville the Polite*, 1933.

[2] John seems to have been the first of the family to fix the spelling of the name of his branch as Granville instead of Grenville.

Portrait by William Hoare, R.A., in National Portrait Gallery

JOHN CARTERET, EARL GRANVILLE, K.G.

killed with his father-in-law Lord Sandwich at Southwold Bay in 1672, thinking it 'prudent to provide for keeping up the honour of his name and family; and there being the greatest friendship between him and the Right Honourable John Granville Earl of Bath...a marriage was agreed upon between his [Carteret's] eldest grandson George Carteret, with the Lady Grace Granville, the youngest daughter of the said Earl; which was solemnized on March 9th, 1674/5 when they were both very young'. In fact the bridegroom was only eight and the bride just ten; and the marriage was not consummated till eleven years later.[1] A year after Sir George's death this grandson, our Carteret's father, was created Baron Carteret of Hawnes in recognition of his grandfather's services and his father's gallantry. He died in 1695 leaving an elder son John, the second Lord Carteret, then only five years old, the subject of this memoir, another son Philip, a lad of great promise who died in 1711, and a daughter Jemima. Thus came it about that in Lord Carteret, the statesman, were united the two great pre-Conquest families of Carteret and Granville, equally notable in English history for their loyal services to the king, but hitherto mainly in their separate spheres of the Channel Islands and the West of England.

The first Lord Carteret's widow Grace, who survived her husband close upon fifty years, was created Countess Granville in her own right in 1715, four years after the death of her nephew the third and last Earl of Bath of the Granville family; and after several family law suits she and her sister Lady Jane Leveson-Gower were awarded most of their father's great estates in Cornwall and Devonshire. Grace, Lady Granville was a notable woman, hardly less shrewd in business than her contemporary Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, and as formidable for plain-speaking to friends and enemies—'a pair of beldams' Horace Walpole calls them in recording their death on the same day. Known familiarly as 'The Dragon' or 'The Queen Mother' in the days of Carteret's power, Lady Granville was the terror of her cousin Mrs Delany and of that self-satisfied blue-stocking Mrs Montagu, notably on the day when 'she fell with all her violence on my complexion', though she was kind enough to attribute it to 'my lying-in': and perhaps the only person in whom she met her match in repartee was that saucy charmer Kitty, Duchess of Queensberry. But 'the pride that glowed in old Granville's heart', at which Mrs Montagu sneered, was chiefly concentrated on her son John.

[1] Collins, *Peerage* (1768), IV, 360–411; and *Remains of Denis Granville*, Surtees Society, 1865, p. 133.

She brought him up, after her husband's death, with the two other children, first at Hawnes, the Bedfordshire estate bought by Sir George Carteret with the help of Mr Pepys in 1667, with its park and noble trees, its lake and its historic house, where James I and his Queen had slept: there was also the town house in Arlington Street, 'the statesmen's row'. To his mother Carteret owed the care bestowed on his early upbringing and without doubt that 'noble ambition', of which he spoke to Fox in his old age, an ambition centred more on his country than himself. All the love and pride she felt for him overflows in one of the rare letters remaining from her. She was writing on his wife's illness to her son, then aged fifty, when he was in attendance upon the King in Germany, 'knocking the heads of emperors and kings together', the cynosure of all eyes in Europe.

My dear Son [the letter runs], you are infinitely kind and good to me in making me easy about Lady Carteret whose illness has lain very heavy upon my spirits.... I am glad to hear you design to take your son under your protection [on his staff].... I am in great hopes he will turn out a man of bussiness for there is nothing I detest so much as an Idle Fellow.... The Dutchess of Marlborough has been lately told, and indeed y^e^ report is all over y^e^ Town, y^t^ there has been a Duel between you and a Foreign Minister, w^ch^ report does not affect me in y^e^ least, tho' I can't help mentioning it.... I beseech God to bless and preserve you in good health, and give you success in all your undertakings, for y^e^ honour and Glory of your King and Country. I am my Dearest son with gratitude and tenderness.

Intirely Yours

GRANVILLE[1]

At an early age Carteret was sent to school at Westminster, then the only rival of Eton for the training of great statesmen and of many of the princes of the Church. If Eton could boast of the two giants Walpole and Chatham, the Westminsters included—besides Carteret—Pulteney and Lord Hervey, Primate Stone, two archbishops of York and such notable bishops as Atterbury, Trelawney and Newton, Lord Chief Justice Mansfield, Lord Chancellor Northington, besides the Duke of Newcastle, his brother Henry Pelham and his faithful henchman Andrew Stone: Locke, the evangelist of the Whig party, had been of their number, Samuel Wesley overlapped Carteret at the school and his youngest brother Charles came later. The rivalry

[1] Add. MSS. 32416, f. 402.