

were employed upon their coast. *But my Lord Ligonier does not want an army at home.*

The Parliament is prorogued by a most gracious speech neither by nor from his Majesty, who was *too ill* to go to the House; the Lords and Gentlemen are, consequently, most of them, gone to their several counties, to do (to be sure) all the good that is recommended to them in the speech. London, I am told, is now very empty, for I cannot say so from knowledge. I vegetate wholly here. I walk and read a great deal, ride and scribble a little, according as my head allows, or my spirits prompt; to write any thing tolerable, the mind must be in a natural, proper disposition; provocatives, in that case, as well as in another, will only produce miserable, abortive performances.

Now you have (as I suppose) full leisure enough, I wish you would give yourself the trouble, or rather the pleasure, to do what I hinted to you some time ago; that is, to write short memoirs of those affairs which have either gone through your hands, or that have come to your certain knowledge, from the inglorious battle of Hastenbeck, to the still more scandalous treaty of neutrality. Connect, at least, if it be by ever so short notes, the pieces and letters which you must necessarily have in your hands, and throw in the authentic anecdotes that you have probably heard. You will be glad when you have done it; and the reviving past ideas in some order and method will be an infinite comfort to you hereafter. I have a thousand times regretted not having done so. It is

at present too late for me to begin; this is the right time for you, and your life is likely to be a busy one. Would young men avail themselves of the advice and experience of their old friends, they would find the utility in their youth, and the comfort of it in their more advanced age; but they seldom consider that, and you, less than any body I ever knew. May you soon grow wiser! Adieu.

L E T T E R C C C X X X V I I .

Blackheath, June the 30th, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THIS letter follows my last very close; but I received yours of the 15th in the short interval. You did very well not to buy any Rhenish, at the exorbitant price you mention, without farther directions; for both my brother and I think the money better than the wine, be the wine ever so good. We will content ourselves with our stock in hand of humble Rhenish, of about three shillings a bottle. However, *pour la rareté du fait*, I will lay out twelve ducats, for twelve bottles of the wine of 1665, by way of an eventual cordial, if you can obtain a *senatus consultum* for it. I am in no hurry for it, so send it me only when you can conveniently; well packed up *London*.

You

You will, I dare say, have leave to go to Cassel; and, if you do go, you will perhaps think it reasonable, that I, who was the adviser of the journey, should pay the expence of it. I think so too, and therefore, if you go, I will remit the 100*l.* which you have calculated it at. You will find the House of Cassel the house of gladness; for Hanau is already, or must be soon, delivered of its French guests.

The Prince of Brunswick's victory is, by all the skilful, thought a *chef d'œuvre*, worthy of Turenne, Condé, or the most illustrious human butchers. The French behaved better than at Rosbach, especially the *Carabiniers Réaux*, who could not be *entamés*. I wish the siege of Olmutz well over, and a victory after it; and that, with good news from America, which I think there is no reason to doubt of, must procure us a good peace at the end of the year. The Prince of Prussia's death is no public misfortune; there was a jealousy and alienation between the King and him, which could never have been made up between the possessor of the crown and the next heir to it. He will make something of his nephew, *s'il est du bois dont on en fait*. He is young enough to forgive, and to be forgiven, the possession and the expectative, at least for some years.

Adieu! I am *unwell*, but affectionately yours.

LETTER CCCXXXVIII.

Blackheath, July the 18th, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YESTERDAY I received your letter of the 4th; and my last will have informed you that I had received your former, concerning the Rhenish, about which I gave you instructions. If *vinum Mosellanum est omni tempore sanum*, as the Chapter of Treves asserts, what must this *vinum Rhenum* be, from its superior strength and age? It must be the universal panacea.

Captain Howe is to sail forthwith somewhere or another with about 8,000 land forces on board him; and, what is much more, Edward the White Prince. It is yet a secret where they are going; but I think it is no secret, that what 16,000 men and a great fleet could not do, will not be done by 8,000 men, and a much smaller fleet. About 8,500 horse, foot, and dragoons, are embarking, as fast as they can, for Embden, to reinforce Prince Ferdinand's army: late and few, to be sure, but still better than never, and none. The operations in Moravia go on slowly, and Olmutz seems to be a tough piece of work: I own I begin to be in pain for the King of Prussia; for the Russians now march in earnest; and Maréchal Daun's army is certainly superior in number to his. God send him a good delivery!

You have a Danish army now in your neighbourhood, and they say a very fine one; I presume you will go to see it, and, if you do, I would advise you to go when the Danish Monarch comes to review it himself; *pour prendre Langue de ce Seigneur*. The Rulers of the earth are all worth knowing; they suggest moral reflections: and the respect that one naturally has for God's Vicegerents here on earth, is greatly increased by acquaintance with them.

Your card-tables are gone, and they enclose some suits of clothes, and some of these clothes enclose a letter.

Your friend Lady * * is gone into the country with her Lord, to negotiate, coolly and at leisure, their intended separation. My Lady insists upon my Lord's dismissing the * *, as ruinous to his fortune; my Lord insists, in his turn, upon my Lady's dismissing Lord * *; my Lady replies, that that is unreasonable, since Lord * * creates no expence to the family, but rather the contrary. My Lord confesses, that there is some weight in this argument; but then pleads sentiment: my Lady says, A fiddlestick for sentiment, after having been married so long. How this matter will end is in the womb of time, *nam fuit ante Helenam*.

You did very well to write a congratulatory letter to Prince Ferdinand; such attentions are always right, and always repaid in some way or other.

I am glad you have connected your negotiations and anecdotes; and, I hope, not with your usual laconism. Adieu! Yours.

LETTER

L E T T E R CCCXXXIX.

Blackheath, August the 1st, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I THINK the Court of Cassel is more likely to make you a second visit at Hamburgh, than you are to return theirs at Cassel; and therefore, till that matter is clearer, I shall not mention it to Lord Holdernesse.

By the King of Prussia's disappointment in Moravia, by the approach of the Russians, and the intended march of Monsieur de Soubize to Hanover, the waters seem to me to be as much troubled as ever. *Je vois très noir actuellement*; I see swarms of Austrians, French, Imperialists, Swedes, and Russians, in all near four hundred thousand men, surrounding the King of Prussia and Prince Ferdinand, who have about a third of that number. Hitherto they have only buzzed, but now I fear they will sting.

The immediate danger of this country is being drowned; for it has not ceased raining these three months, and withal is extremely cold. This neither agrees with me in itself, nor in its consequences; for it hinders me from taking my necessary exercise, and makes me very *unwell*. As my head is always the part offending, and is so at present, I will not do like many writers, write without a head; so adieu.

LETTER

L E T T E R CCCXL.

Blackheath, August the 29th, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR Secretary's last letter brought me the good news, that the fever had left you, and I will believe that it has; but a postscript to it, of only two lines, under your own hand, would have convinced me more effectually of your recovery. An intermitting fever, in the intervals of the paroxysms, would surely have allowed you to have written a very few lines with your own hand, to tell me how you were; and till I receive a letter (as short as you please) from yourself, I shall doubt of the exact truth of any other accounts.

I send you no news, because I have none; Cape Breton, Cherbourg, &c. are now old stories; we expect a new one soon from Commodore Howe, but from whence we know not. From Germany we hope for good news; I confess I do not, I only wish it. The King of Prussia is marched to fight the Russians, and I believe will beat them, if they stand; but what then? What shall he do next, with the three hundred and fourscore thousand men, now actually at work upon him? He will do all that man can do, but at last *il faut succomber*,

Remember

Remember to think yourself less well than you are, in order to be quite so: be very regular rather longer than you need; and then there will be no danger of a relapse. God bless you!

L E T T E R CCCXLI.

Blackheath, September the 5th, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED, with great pleasure, your letter of the 22d August; for, by not having a line from you in your Secretary's two letters, I suspected that you were worse than he cared to tell me: and so far I was in the right, that your fever was more malignant than intermitting ones generally are, which seldom confine people to their bed, or at most only the days of the paroxysms. Now, thank God, you are well again, though weak, do not be in too much haste to be better and stronger; leave that to nature, which, at your age, will restore both your health and strength as soon as she should. Live cool for a time, and rather low, instead of taking what they call heartening things.

Your manner of making presents is noble, *et sent la grandeur d'ame d'un preux Chevalier*. You depreciate their value to prevent any returns; - for it is impossible

possible that a wine which has counted to many Sindicks, and can only be delivered by a *senatus consultum*, and is the *panacea* of the North, should be sold for a ducat a bottle. The *sylpbium* of the Romans, which was stored up in the public magazines, and only distributed by order of the magistrate, I dare say, cost more; so that, I am convinced, your present is much more valuable than you would make it.

Here I am interrupted, by receiving your letter of the 25th past. I am glad that you are able to undertake your journey to Bremen; the motion, the air, the new scene, the every thing, will do you good, provided you manage yourself discreetly.

Your bill for fifty pounds shall certainly be accepted and paid; but as in conscience I think fifty pounds is too little, for seeing a live Landgrave, and especially at Bremen, which this whole nation knows to be a very dear place, I shall, with your leave, add fifty more to it. By the way, when you see the Princess Royal of Cassel, be sure to tell her how sensible you are of the favourable and too partial testimony, which you know she wrote of you to Princess Amelia.

The King of Prussia has had the victory, which you, in some measure, foretold; and as he has taken *la Caisse Militaire*, I presume, *Messieurs les Russes sont hors de combat pour cette campagne*; for, *point d'argent, point de Suisse*, is not truer of the laudable Helvetic body, than *point d'argent, point de Russe*, is of the savages of the two Russias, not even excepting the

Autocratrice of them both. Serbelloni, I believe, stands next in his Prussian Majesty's list to be beaten; that is, if he will stand; as the Prince de Soubize does in Prince Ferdinand's, upon the same condition. If both these things happen, which is by no means improbable, we may hope for a tolerable peace this winter; for, *au bout du compte*, the King of Prussia cannot hold out another year; and therefore he should make the best of these favourable events, by way of negotiation.

I think I have written a great deal, with an actual giddiness of head upon me. So adieu.

I am glad you have received my letter of the Ides of July.

L E T T E R CCCXLII.

Blackheath, September the 8th, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THIS letter shall be short, being only an explanatory note upon my last; for I am not learned enough, nor yet dull enough, to make my comment much longer than my text. I told you then, in my former letter, that with your leave (which I will suppose granted), I would add fifty pounds to your draught for that sum; now lest you should misunderstand this, and wait for the remittance of that
additional

additional fifty from hence, know my meaning was, that you should likewise draw upon me for it when you please; which, I presume, will be more convenient to you.

Let the pedants, whose business it is to believe lies, or the poets, whose trade it is to invent them, match the King of Prussia with a hero in antient or modern story, if they can. He disgraces history, and makes one give some credit to romances. Calprenede's Juba does not now seem so absurd as formerly.

I have been extremely ill this whole summer; but am now something better: however, I perceive, *que l'esprit et le corps baissent*; the former is the last thing that any body will tell me, or own when I tell it them: but I know it is true. Adieu.

LETTER CCCXLIII.

Blackheath, September the 22d, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE received no letter from you since you left Hamburg; I presume that you are perfectly recovered, but it might not have been improper to have told me so. I am very far from being recovered; on the contrary, I am worse and worse, weaker and weaker every day; for which reason I shall leave

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this place next Monday, and set out for Bath a few days afterwards. I should not take all this trouble merely to prolong the fag-end of a life, from which I can expect no pleasure, and others no utility; but the cure, or at least the mitigation, of those physical ills which make that life a load while it does last, is worth any trouble and attention.

We are come off but scurvily from our second attempt upon St. Malo: it is our last for this season; and, in my mind, should be our last for ever, unless we were to send so great a sea and land force as to give us a moral certainty of taking some place of great importance, such as Brest, Rochefort, or Toulon.

Monsieur Münchausen embarked yesterday, as he said, for Prince Ferdinand's army; but as it is not generally thought that his military skill can be of any great use to that Prince, people conjecture, that his business must be of a very different nature, and suspect separate negotiations, neutralities, and what not? Kniphausen does not relish it in the least, and is by no means satisfied with the reasons that have been given him for it. Before he can arrive there, I reckon that something decisive will have passed in Saxony; if to the disadvantage of the King of Prussia, he is crushed: but if, on the contrary, he should get a compleat victory (and he does not get half victories) over the Austrians, the winter may probably produce him and us a reasonable peace. I look upon Russia as *bors de combat* for some time; France is certainly sick of the war, under an unambitious King.

King, and an incapable Ministry, if there is one at all : and, unassisted by those two Powers, the Empress Queen had better be quiet. Were any other man in the situation of the King of Prussia, I should not hesitate to pronounce him ruined ; but he is such a prodigy of a man, that I will only say, I fear he will be ruined. It is by this time decided.

Your Cassel Court at Bremen is, I doubt, not very splendid : money must be wanting : but, however, I dare say their table is always good, for the Landgrave is a *Gourmand* ; and as you are domestic there, you may be so too, and recruit your loss of flesh from your fever : but do not recruit too fast. Adieu.

L E T T E R CCCXLIV.

London, September the 26th, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I AM sorry to find that you had a return of your fever ; but, to say the truth, you in some measure deserved it, for not carrying Dr. Middleton's bark and prescription with you. I foresaw that you would think yourself cured too soon, and gave you warning of it ; but *by-gones* are *by-gones*, as Chartres, when he was dying, said of his sins : let us look forwards. You did very prudently to return to Hamburgh, to good bark, and, I hope, a good physician. Make

all sure there before you stir from thence, notwithstanding the requests or commands of all the Princesses in Europe; I mean a month at least, taking the bark even to supererogation, that is, some time longer than Dr. Middleton requires; for I presume you are got over your childishness about tastes, and are sensible that your health deserves more attention than your palate. When you shall be thus re-established, I approve of your returning to Bremen: and indeed you cannot well avoid it, both with regard to your promise, and to the distinction with which you have been received by the Cassel family.

Now to the other part of your letter. Lord Holderness has been extremely civil to you, in sending you, all under his own hand, such obliging offers of his service. The hint is plain, that he will (in case you desire it) procure you leave to come home for some time; so that the single question is, Whether you should desire it or not, *now*. It will be two months before you can possibly undertake the journey, whether by sea or by land, and either way it would be a troublesome and dangerous one for a *convalescent*, in the rigour of the month of November; you could drink no mineral waters here in that season; nor are any mineral waters proper in your case, being all of them heating except Seltzer's; then, what would do you more harm than all medicines could do you good, would be the pestilential vapours of the House of Commons, in long and crowded days, of which there will probably be many this session; where your attendance, if here, will

will necessarily be required. I compare St. Stephen's Chapel, upon those days, to *la Grotta del Cane*.

Whatever may be the fate of the war now, negotiations will certainly be stirring all the winter; and of those, the Northern ones, you are sensible, are not the least important: in these, if at Hamburgh, you will probably have your share, and perhaps a meritorious one. Upon the whole, therefore, I would advise you to write a very civil letter to Lord Holderness; and to tell him, that though you cannot hope to be of any use to his Majesty's affairs any where, yet, in the present unsettled state of the North, it is possible that unforeseen accidents may throw it in your way to be of some little service, and that you would not willingly be out of the way of those accidents; but that you shall be most extremely obliged to his Lordship, if he will procure you his Majesty's gracious permission to return for a few months in the spring, when probably affairs will be more settled one way or another. When things tend nearer to a settlement, and Germany, from the want of money or men, or both, breathes peace more than war, I shall solicit Burriſh's commission for you, which is one of the most agreeable ones in his Majesty's gift; and I shall by no means despair of success. Now I have given you my opinion upon this affair, which does not make a difference of above three months, or four at most, I would not be understood to mean to force your own, if it should happen to be different from mine; but

mine, I think, is more both for your health and your interest. However, do as you please; may you in this, and every thing else, do for the best! so God bless you!

L E T T E R CCCXLV.

Bath, October the 18th, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED by the same post your two letters of the 29th past, and of the 3d instant. The last tells me, that you are perfectly recovered; and your resolution of going to Bremen in three or four days proves it; for, surely, you would not undertake that journey a second time, and at this season of the year, without feeling your health solidly restored; however, in all events, I hope you have taken a provision of good bark with you. I think your attention to her Royal Highness may be of use to you here; and indeed all attentions, to all sorts of people, are always repaid in some way or other; though real obligations are not. For instance; Lord Titchfield, who has been with you at Hamburgh, has written an account to the Duke and Duchess of Portland, who are here, of the civilities you showed him; with which he is much pleased, and they delighted.

At

At this rate, if you do not take care, you will get the unmanly reputation of a well-bred man; and your countryman, John Trott, will disown you.

I have received, and tasted of your present; which is a *très grand vin*, but more cordial to the stomach than pleasant to the palate. I keep it as physic, only to take occasionally, in little disorders of my stomach; and in those cases I believe it is wholesomer than stronger cordials.

I have been now here a fortnight; and, though I am rather better than when I came, I am still far from well. My head is giddier than becomes a head of my age; and my stomach has not recovered its retentive faculty. Leaning forwards, particularly to write, does not at present agree with Yours.

L E T T E R CCCXLVI.

Bath, October the 28th, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR letter has quieted my alarms; for, I find by it, that you are as well recovered as you could be in so short a time. It is your business now, to keep yourself well, by scrupulously following Dr. Middleton's directions. He seems to be a rational and knowing man. Soap and steel are, unquestionably, the proper medicines for your case; but, as they

they are alteratives, you must take them for a very long time, six months at least; and then drink chalybeate waters. I am fully persuaded, that this was your original complaint in Carniola; which those ignorant physicians called, in their jargon, *Arthritis vaga*, and treated as such. But, now the true cause of your illness is discovered, I flatter myself that, with time and patience on your part, you will be radically cured; but, I repeat it again, it must be by a long and uninterrupted course of those alterative medicines above-mentioned. They have no taste; but, if they had a bad one, I will not now suppose you such a child, as to let the frowardness of your palate interfere, in the least, with the recovery or enjoyment of health. The latter deserves the utmost attention of the most rational man; the former is only the proper object of the care of a dainty, frivolous woman.

The run of luck, which some time ago we were in, seems now to be turned against us. Oberg is completely routed; his Prussian Majesty was surprised (which I am surprised at), and had rather the worst of it. I am in some pain for Prince Ferdinand; as I take it for granted, that the detachment from Maréchal de Contade's army, which enabled Prince Soubize to beat Oberg, will immediately return to the grand army, and then it will be infinitely superior. Nor do I see where Prince Ferdinand can take his winter quarters, unless he retires to Hanover; and that I do not take to be at present the land of Canaan. Our second expedition to St. Malo, I can-

not call so much an unlucky as an ill-conducted one; as was also Abercrombie's affair in America. *Mais il n'y a pas de petite perte qui revient souvent*; and all these accidents put together make a considerable sum total.

I have found so little good by these waters, that I do not intend to stay here above a week longer; and then remove my crazy body to London, which is the most convenient place either to live or die in.

I cannot expect active health any where; you may, with common care and prudence, expect it every where; and God grant that you may have it! Adieu.

L E T T E R CCCXLVII.

London, November the 21st, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU did well to think of Prince Ferdinand's ribband, which I confess I did not; and I am glad to find you thinking so far beforehand. It would be a pretty commission, and I will *accingere me* to procure it you. The only competition I fear, is that of General Yorke, in case Prince Ferdinand should pass any time with his brother at the Hague, which is not unlikely, since he cannot go to Brunswick to his

his eldest brother, upon account of their simulated quarrel.

I fear the piece is at an end with the King of Prussia, and he may say *ilicet*; I am sure he may personally say *plaudite*. Warm work is expected this session of Parliament, about continent and no continent; some think Mr. Pitt too continent, others too little so; but a little time, as the news-papers most prudently and truly observe, will clear up these matters.

The King has been ill; but his illness is terminated in a good fit of the gout, with which he is still confined. It was generally thought that he would have died, and for a very good reason: for the oldest Lion in the Tower, much about the King's age, died a fortnight ago. This extravagancy, I can assure you, was believed by many above *peuple*. So wild and capricious is the human mind!

Take care of your health, as much as you can; for, *to be, or not to be*, is a question of much less importance, in my mind, than *to be or not to be well*. Adieu.

L E T T E R. CCCXLVIII.

London, December the 15th, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IT is a great while since I heard from you, but I hope that good, not ill health, has been the occasion of this silence; I will suppose you have been, or are still at Bremen, and engrossed by your Hessian friends.

Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick is most certainly to have the Garter, and I think I have secured you the honour of putting it on. When I say *secured*, I mean it in the sense in which that word should always be understood at Courts, and that is *insecurely*; I have a promise, but that is not *caution bourgeoise*. In all events, do not mention it to any mortal, because there is always a degree of ridicule that attends a disappointment, though often very unjustly, if the expectation was reasonably grounded: however, it is certainly most prudent not to communicate, prematurely, one's hopes or one's fears. I cannot tell you when Prince Ferdinand will have it; though there are so many candidates for the other two vacant Garters, that I believe he will have his soon, and by himself; the others must wait till a third, or rather a fourth vacancy. Lord Rockingham and Lord Holderness are secure; Lord Temple pushes strongly, ~~but~~, I believe, is not secure. This commission
for

for dubbing a Knight, and so distinguished a one, will be a very agreeable and creditable one for you, *et il faut vous en acquitter galamment*. In the days of antient chivalry, people were very nice, whom they would be knighted by; and, if I do not mistake, Francis the First would only be knighted by the Chevalier Bayard, *qui étoit preux Chevalier et sans reproche*; and no doubt but it will be recorded, *dans les archives de la Maison de Brunswick*, that Prince Ferdinand received the honour of knighthood from your hands.

The estimates for the expences of the year 1759 are made up; I have seen them; and what do you think they amount to? No less than twelve millions three hundred thousand pounds; a most incredible sum, and yet already all subscribed, and even more offered! The unanimity in the House of Commons, in voting such a sum, and such forces, both by sea and land, is not less astonishing. This is Mr. Pitt's doing, *and it is marvellous in our eyes*.

The King of Prussia has nothing more to do this year; and the next, he must begin where he has left off. I wish he would employ this winter in concluding a separate peace with the Elector of Saxony; which would give him more elbow-room, to act against France and the Queen of Hungary, and put an end at once to the proceedings of the Diet, and the army of the Empire; for then no estate of the Empire would be invaded by a co-estate, and France, the faithful and disinterested guarantee of the Treaty of Westphalia, would have no pretence
to

to continue its armies there. I should think that his Polish Majesty, and his Governor Comte Brühl, must be pretty weary of being fugitives in Poland, where they are hated, and of being ravaged in Saxony. This *rêverie* of mine, I hope, will be tried, and I wish it may succeed. Good night, and God bless you!

LETTER CCCXLIX.

London, New Year's-day, 1759.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

MOLTI e felici, and I have done upon that subject, one truth being fair, upon the most lying day in the whole year.

I have now before me your last letter of the 21st December, which I am glad to find is a bill of health: but, however, do not presume too much upon it, but obey and honour your physician, "that thy days may be long in the land."

Since my last, I have heard nothing more concerning the ribband; but I take it for granted it will be disposed of soon. By the way, upon reflection, I am not sure that any body but a Knight can, according to form, be employed to make a Knight. I remember that Sir Clement Cotterel

was

was sent to Holland, to dubb the late Prince of Orange, only because he was a Knight himself; and I know that the proxies of Knights, who cannot attend their own installations, must always be Knights. This did not occur to me before, and perhaps will not to the person who was to recommend you; I am sure I will not stir it; and I only mention it now, that you may be in all events prepared for the disappointment, if it should happen.

G * * is exceedingly flattered with your account, that three thousand of his countrymen, all as little as himself, should be thought a sufficient guard upon three-and-twenty thousand of all the nations in Europe; not that he thinks himself, by any means, a little man, for, when he would describe a tall handsome man, he raises himself up at least half an inch to represent him.

The private news from Hamburgh is, that his Majesty's Resident there is woundily in love with Madame * * * *; if this be true, God send him, rather than her, a good *delivery*! She must be *étrennée* at this season, and therefore I think you should be so too; so draw upon me, as soon as you please, for one hundred pounds.

Here is nothing new, except the unanimity with which the Parliament gives away a dozen of millions sterling; and the unanimity of the public is as great in approving of it; which has stifled the usual political and polemical argumentations.

Cardinal Bernis's disgrace is as sudden, and hitherto as little understood, as his elevation was. I
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have seen his poems, printed at Paris, not by a friend, I dare say; and, to judge by them, I humbly conceive his Eminency is a p—y. I will say nothing of that excellent head-piece that made him, and unmade him in the same month, except *O King, live for ever.*

Good night to you, whomever you pass it with.

LETTER CCCL.

London, February the 2d, 1759.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I AM now (what I have very seldom been) two letters in your debt: the reason was, that my head, like many other heads, has frequently taken a wrong turn; in which case, writing is painful to me, and therefore cannot be very pleasant to my readers.

I wish you would (while you have so good an opportunity as you have at Hamburgh) make yourself perfectly master of that dull but very useful knowledge, the course of exchange, and the causes of its almost perpetual variations; the value and relation of different Coins, the Specie, the Banco, Usance, Agio, and a thousand other particulars. You may with ease learn, and you will be very glad when you have learned them; for, in your business,

ness, that sort of knowledge will often prove necessary.

I hear nothing more of Prince Ferdinand's Garter: that he will have one is very certain; but when, I believe, is very uncertain; all the other postulants wanting to be dubbed at the same time, which cannot be, as there is not ribband enough for them.

If the Russians move in time, and in earnest, there will be an end of our hopes and of our armies in Germany; three such mill-stones as Russia, France, and Austria, must, sooner or later, in the course of the year, grind his Prussian Majesty down to a mere *Margrave* of Brandenburg. But I have always some hopes of a change under a *Gunarchy* *; where whim and humour commonly prevail, reason very seldom, and then only by a lucky mistake.

I except the incomparable Fair-one of Hamburgh, that prodigy of beauty, and paragon of good-sense, who has enslaved your mind, and enflamed your heart. If she is as well *étrennée* as you say she shall, you will be soon out of her chains; for I have, by long experience, found women to be like Telephus's spear, if one end kills, the other cures.

There never was so quiet, or so silent a session of Parliament as the present; Mr. Pitt declares only what he would have them do, and they do it *nemine contradicente*, Mr. Viner only excepted.

Derived from the Greek word *Γυνή*, a woman, and means Female Government.

Dutcheff

Dutcheſs Hamilton is to be married, to-morrow, to Colonel Campbell, the ſon of General Campbell, who will, ſome day or other, be Duke of Argyle, and have the eſtate. She reſuſed the Duke of B——r for him.

Here is a report, but I believe a very groundleſs one, that your old acquaintance, the fair Madame C—e, is run away from her huſband, with a jeweller that *étrennes* her, and is come over here; but I dare ſay it is ſome miſtake, or perhaps a lie. Adieu! God bleſs you!

L E T T E R CCCL.

London, February the 27th, 1759.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IN your laſt letter, of the 7th, you accuſe me, moſt unjuſtly, of being in arrears in my correſpondence; whereas, if our epiſtolary accounts were fairly liquidated, I believe you would be brought in conſiderably debtor. I do not ſee how any of my letters to you can miſcarry, unleſs your office-packet miſcarries too, for I always ſend them to the office. Moreover, I might have a juſtifiable excuſe for writing to you ſeldomer than uſual, for to be ſure there never was a period of time, in the middle of a winter, and the Parliament fitting, that ſupplied

so little matter for a letter. Near twelve millions have been granted this year, not only *nemine contradicente*, but *nemine quicquid dicente*. The proper officers bring in the estimates; it is taken for granted that they are necessary, and frugal; the Members go to dinner, and leave Mr. West and Mr. Martin to do the rest.

I presume you have seen the little poem of the Country Lads, by Soame Jenyns, for it was in the Chronicle; as was also an answer to it, from the Monitor. They are neither of them bad performances; the first is the neatest, and the plan of the second has the most invention. I send you none of those *pieces volantes* in my letters, because they are all printed in one or other of the news-papers, particularly the Chronicles; and I suppose that you and others have all those papers amongst you at Hamburgh; in which case it would be only putting you to the unnecessary expence of double postage.

I find you are sanguine about the King of Prussia this year: I allow his army will be what you say; but what will that be *vis-à-vis* French, Austrians, Imperialists, Swedes, and Russians, who must amount to more than double that number? Were the inequality less, I would allow for the King of Prussia's being so much *ipse agmen* as pretty nearly to balance the account. In war, numbers are generally my omens; and I confess, that in Germany they seem not happy ones this year. In America, I think we are sure of success; and great success; but how we shall be able to strike a balance as they call

it, between good success there, and ill success upon the continent, so as to come at a peace, is more than I can discover.

Lady Chesterfield makes you her compliments, and thanks you for your offer; but declines troubling you, being discouraged by the ill success of Madame Münchausen's and Miss Chetwynd's commissions, the former for beef, and the latter for gloves; neither of which have yet been executed, to the dissatisfaction of both. Adieu.

LETTER CCCLII.

London, March the 16th, 1759.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE now your letter of the 20th past lying before me, by which you despond, in my opinion, too soon, of dubbing your Prince; for he most certainly will have the Garter: and he will as probably have it before the campaign opens, as after. His campaign must, I doubt, at best, be a defensive one; and he will shew great skill in making it such; for, according to my calculation, his enemies will be at least double his number. Their troops, indeed, may perhaps be worse than his; but then their number will make up that defect, as it will enable her, to undertake different operations at the same time.

time. I cannot think that the King of Denmark will take a part in the present war; which he cannot do without great possible danger: and he is well paid by France for his neutrality; is safe, let what will turn out; and, in the mean time, carries on his commerce with great advantage and security: so that that consideration will not retard your visit to your own country, whenever you have leave to return, and your own *arrangements* will allow you. A short absence animates a tender passion, *et l'on ne recule que pour mieux sauter*, especially in the summer months; so that I would advise you to begin your journey in May, and continue your absence from the dear object of your vows till after the dog-days, when love is said to be unwholesome. We have been disappointed at Martinico; I wish we may not be so at Gaudaloupe, though we are landed there; for many difficulties must be got over, before we can be in possession of the whole island. *A propos de bottes*; you make use of two Spanish words, very properly, in your letter; were I you, I would learn the Spanish language, if there were a Spaniard at Hamburgh who could teach me; and then you would be master of all the European languages that are useful; and, in my mind, it is very convenient, if not necessary, for a public man to understand them all, and not to be obliged to have recourse to an interpreter, for those papers that chance or business may throw in his way. I learned Spanish when I was older than you; convinced, by experience, that, in every thing possible, it was better to *trust* to

to one's self, than to any other body whatsoever. Interpreters, as well as relators, are often unfaithful, and still oftener incorrect, puzzling, and blundering. In short, let it be your maxim through life, to know all you can know, yourself; and never to trust implicitly to the informations of others. This rule has been of infinite service to me, in the course of my life.

I am rather better than I was; which I owe not to my physicians, but to an ass and a cow, who nourish me, between them, very plentifully and wholesomely; in the morning the ass is my nurse, at night the cow; and I have just now bought a milch-goat, which is to graze, and nurse me at Blackheath. I do not know what may come of this latter; and I am not without apprehensions that it may make a satyr of me; but, should I find that obscene disposition growing upon me, I will check it in time, for fear of endangering my life and character by rapes. And so we heartily bid you farewell.

L E T T E R CCCLIII.

London, March the 30th, 1759.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I DO not like these frequent, however short, returns of your illness; for, I doubt they imply either want of skill in your physician, or want of care in his patient. Rhubarb, soap, and chalybeate medicines and waters, are almost always specifics for obstructions of the liver: but then a very exact regimen is necessary, and that for a long continuance. Acids are good for you, but you do not love them; and sweet things are bad for you, and you do love them. There is another thing very bad for you, and I fear you love it too much. When I was in Holland, I had a slow fever, that hung upon me a great while; I consulted Boerhaave, who prescribed me what I suppose was proper, for it cured me; but he added, by way of postscript to his prescription, *Venus varius colatur*: which I observed, and perhaps that made the medicines more effectual.

I doubt we shall be mutually disappointed in our hopes of seeing one another this spring, as I believe you will find, by a letter which you will receive, at the same time with this, from Lord Holderneffe; but, as Lord Holderneffe will not tell you all, I will, between you and me, supply that defect. I must do him the justice to say, that he has acted in the most
kind

kind and friendly manner possible to us both. When the King read your letter, in which you desired leave to return, for the sake of drinking the Tunbridge-waters, he said, "If he wants steel waters, those of Pyrmon are better than Tunbridge; and he can have them very fresh at Hamburgh. I would rather he had asked to come last autumn, and had passed the winter here; for, if he returns now, I shall have nobody in those quarters to inform me of what passes; and yet it will be a very busy and important scene." Lord Holderneffe, who found that it would not be liked, resolved to push it no farther; and replied, he was very sure, that, when you knew his Majesty had the least objection to your return at this time, you would think of it no longer; and he owned that he (Lord Holderneffe) had given you encouragement for this application, last year, then thinking and hoping that there would be little occasion for your presence at Hamburgh this year. Lord Holderneffe will only tell you, in his letter, that, as he had some reason to believe his moving this matter would be disagreeable to the King, he resolved, for your sake, not to mention it. You must answer his letter upon that foot singly, and thank him for this mark of his friendship; for he has really acted as your friend. I make no doubt of your having willing leave to return in autumn, for the whole winter. In the mean time, make the best of your *sejour* where you are, drink the Pyrmon waters, and no wine but Rhenish, which, in your case, is the only proper one for you.

Next

Next week, Mr. Harte will send you his *Gustavus Adolphus*, in two quartos; it will contain many new particulars of the life of that real hero, as he has had abundant and authentic materials, which have never yet appeared. It will, upon the whole, be a very curious and valuable history; though, between you and me, I could have wished that he had been more correct and elegant in his style. You will find it dedicated to one of your acquaintance, who was forced to prune the luxuriant praises bestowed upon him, and yet has left enough of all conscience to satisfy a reasonable man. Harte has been very much out of order, these last three or four months, but is not the less intent upon sowing his Lucerne, of which he had six crops last year, to his infinite joy, and, as he says, profit. As a gardener, I shall probably have as much joy, though not quite so much profit by thirty or forty shillings; for there is the greatest promise of fruit this year, at Blackheath, that ever I saw in my life. Vertumnus and Pomona have been very propitious to me; as for Priapus, that tremendous garden God, as I no longer invoke him, I cannot expect his protection from the birds and thieves.

Adieu! I will conclude like a pedant. *Levius fit patientid quicquid corrigere est nefas.*

L E T T E R CCCLIV.

London, April the 16th, 1759.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

WITH humble submission to you, I still say, that if Prince Ferdinand can make a defensive campaign this year, he will have done a great deal, considering the great inequality of numbers. The little advantages of taking a regiment or two prisoners, or cutting another to pieces, are but trifling articles in the great account; they are only the pence, the pounds are yet to come; and I take it for granted, that neither the French, nor the Court of Vienna, will have *le démenti* of their main object, which is unquestionably Hanover; for that is the *summa summarum*; and they will certainly take care to draw a force together for this purpose, too great for any that Prince Ferdinand has, or can have, to oppose them. In short, mark the end on't, *ſ'en augure mal*. If France, Austria, the Empire, Russia, and Sweden, are not, at long run, too hard for the two electors of Hanover and Brandenburg, there must be some invifible Powers, some tutelar Deities, that miraculously interpoſe in favour of the latter.

You encourage me to accept all the powers that goats, affes, and bulls, can give me, by engaging for my not making an ill uſe of them; but I own, I cannot help diſtruſting myſelf a little, or rather
human

human nature ; for, it is an old and very true observation, that there are misers of money, but none of power ; and the non-use of the one, and the abuse of the other, increase in proportion to their quantity.

I am very sorry to tell you, that Harte's *Gustavus Adolphus* does not take at all, and consequently sells very little ; it is certainly informing, and full of good matter ; but it is as certain too, that the style is execrable : where the devil he picked it up, I cannot conceive, for it is a bad style, of a new and singular kind ; it is full of Latinisms, Gallicisms, Germanisms, and all *isms* but Anglicisms ; in some places pompous, in others vulgar and low. Surely, before the end of the world, people, and you in particular, will discover, that the *manner*, in every thing, is at least as important as the matter ; and that the latter never can please, without a good degree of elegancy in the former. This holds true in every thing in life : in writing, conversing, business, the help of the Graces is absolutely necessary ; and whoever vainly thinks himself above them, will find he is mistaken, when it will be too late to court them, for they will not come to strangers of an advanced age. There is an *History* lately come out, of the Reign of Mary Queen of Scots, and her son (no matter by whom) King James, written by one Robertson, a Scotchman, which, for clearness, purity, and dignity of style, I will not scruple to compare with the best historians extant, not excepting Davila, Guicciardini, and perhaps Livy. Its success has consequently been great ; and a second edition is already published, and

bought up. I take it for granted, that it is to be had, or at least borrowed, at Hamburgh, or I would send it you.

I hope you drink the Pyrmont waters every morning. The health of the mind depends so much upon the health of the body, that the latter deserves the utmost attention, independently of the senses. God send you a very great share of both! Adieu.

L E T T E R CCCLV.

London, April the 27th, 1759.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE received your two letters of the 10th and 13th, by the last mail; and I will begin my answer to them, by observing to you, that a wise man, without being a Stoic, considers, in all misfortunes that befall him, their best as well as their worst side; and every thing has a better and a worse side. I have strictly observed that rule for many years, and have found by experience, that some comfort is to be extracted, under most moral ills, by considering them in every light, instead of dwelling, as people are too apt to do, upon the gloomy side of the object. Thank God, the disappointment that you so pathetically groan under, is not a calamity which admits of no consolation. Let us simplify it, and see what it amounts

amounts to. You were pleased with the expectation of coming here next month, to see those who would have been pleased with seeing you. That, from very natural causes, cannot be; and you must pass this summer at Hamburgh, and next winter in England, instead of passing this summer in England, and next winter at Hamburgh. Now, estimating things fairly, is not the change rather to your advantage? Is not the summer more eligible, both for health and pleasure, than the winter, in that northern frozen Zone? and will not the winter, in England, supply you with more pleasures than the summer, in an empty capital, could have done? So far then it appears, that you are rather a gainer by your misfortune.

The *tour* too, which you propose making to Lubeck, Altena, &c. will both amuse and inform you; for, at your age, one cannot see too many different places and people: since, at the age you are now of, I take it for granted, that you will not see them superficially, as you did when you first went abroad.

This whole matter then, summed up, amounts to no more than this—that you will be here next winter, instead of this summer. Do not think that all I have said is the consolation only of an old philosophical fellow, almost insensible of pleasure or pain, offered to a young fellow who has quick sensations of both. No, it is the rational philosophy taught me by experience and knowledge of the world, and which I have practised above thirty years. I always made the best of the best, and never made bad worse by fretting; this enabled me to go through the various scenes of
life,

life, in which I have been an actor, with more pleasure and less pain than most people. You will say, perhaps, one cannot change one's nature; and that, if a person is born of a very sensible gloomy temper, and apt to see things in the worst light, they cannot help it, nor new-make themselves. I will admit it, to a certain degree, and but to a certain degree; for, though we cannot totally change our nature, we may in a great measure correct it, by reflection and philosophy; and some philosophy is a very necessary companion in this world, where, even to the most fortunate, the chances are greatly against happiness.

I am not old enough, nor tenacious enough, to pretend not to understand the main purport of your last letter; and, to show you that I do, you may draw upon me for two hundred pounds, which, I hope, will more than clear you.

Good night: *æquam memento rebus in arduis servare mentem*; be neither transported nor depressed by the accidents of life.

L E T T E R CCCLVI.

Blackheath, May the 16th, 1759.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR Secretary's last letter of the 4th, { which I received yesterday, has quieted my fears { a good deal, but has not entirely dissipated them. *Your fever still continues*, he says, *though in a less degree*. Is it a continued fever, or an intermitting one? If the former, no wonder that you are weak, and that your head aches. If the latter, why has not the bark, in substance and large doses, been administered? for, if it had, it must have stopped it by this time. Next post, I hope, will set me quite at ease. Surely you have not been so regular as you ought, either in your medicines, or in your general regimen, otherwise this fever would not have returned; for the Doctor calls it *your fever returned*, as if you had an exclusive patent for it. You have now had illnesses enough, to know the value of health, and to make you implicitly follow the prescriptions of your physician in medicines, and the rules of your own common sense in diet; in which, I can assure you, from my own experience, that quantity is often worse than quality; and I would rather eat half a pound of bacon at a meal, than two pounds of any the most wholesome food.

I have

I have been settled here near a week, to my great satisfaction, *c'est ma place*, and I know it, which is not given to every body. Cut off from social life by my deafness, as well as other physical ills, and being at best but the ghost of my former self, I walk here in silence and solitude as becomes a ghost; with this only difference, that I walk by day, whereas you know, to be sure, that other ghosts only appear by night. My health, however, is better than it was last year, thanks to my almost total milk diet. This enables me to vary my solitary amusements, and alternately to scribble as well as read, which I could not do last year. Thus I saunter away the remainder, be it more or less, of an agitated and active life, now reduced (and I am not sure I am a loser by the change) to so quiet and serene a one, that it may properly be called, still life.

The French whisper in confidence, in order that it may be the more known and the more credited, that they intend to invade us this year, in no less than three places; that is, England, Scotland, and Ireland. Some of our great men, like the Devils, believe and tremble; others, and one little one, whom I know, laugh at it; and, in general, it seems to be but a poor instead of a formidable scarecrow. While *somebody* was at the head of a moderate army, and wanted (I know why) to be at the head of a great one, intended invasions were made an article of political faith; and the belief of them was required, as in the Church the belief of some absurdities, and even impossibilities, is required, upon pain of heresy,

excommunication, and consequently damnation, if they tend to the power and interest of the Heads of the Church. But now there is a general toleration, and the best Subjects, as well as the best Christians, may believe what their reason and their consciences suggest. It is generally and rationally supposed, the French will threaten and not strike, since we are so well prepared, both by armies and fleets, to receive, and, I may add, to destroy them. Adieu God blefs you!

LETTER CCCLVII.

Blackheath, June the 15th, 1759.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR letter of the 5th, which I received yesterday, gave me great satisfaction, being all in your own hand; though it contains great, and I fear just complaints of your ill state of health. You do very well to change the air; and I hope that change will do well by you. I would therefore have you write, after the 20th of August, to Lord Holderneffe, to beg of him to obtain his Majesty's leave for you to return to England for *two or three months*, upon account of your health. Two or three months is an indefinite time, which may afterwards be insensibly stretched to what length one pleases: leave that to

me. In the mean time, you may be taking your measures with the best œconomy.

The day before yesterday, an express arrived from Caudaloupe ; which brought an account of our being in possession of the whole island. And I make no manner of doubt, but that, in about two months, we shall have as good news from Crown-point, Quebec, &c. Our affairs in Germany, I fear, will not be equally prosperous ; for I have very little hopes for the King of Prussia or Prince Ferdinand. God bless you !

L E T T E R CCCLVIII.

Blackheath, June the 25th, 1759.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE two last mails have brought me no letter from you or your Secretary ; I will take this silence as a sign that you are better ; but however, if you thought that I cared to know, you should have cared to have written. Here the weather has been very fine for a fortnight together ; a longer term than in this climate we are used to hold fine weather by. I hope it is so too at Hamburgh, or at least at the *villa* to which you are gone ; but pray do not let it be your *villa viciosa*, as those retirements are often called, and too often prove ; though (by the way) the ori-

ginal name was villa *vezzosa*; and by wags miscalled *viciofa*.

I have a most gloomy prospect of affairs in Germany: the French are already in possession of Cassel, and of the learned part of Hanover, that is, Gottingen; where I presume they will not stop *pour l'amour des Belles Lettres*, but rather go on to the Capital, and study them upon the coin. My old acquaintance Monsieur de Richelieu made a great progress there in metallic learning and inscriptions. If Prince Ferdinand ventures a battle to prevent it, I dread the consequences; the odds are too great against him. The King of Prussia is still in a worse situation; for, he has the Hydra to encounter: and, though he may cut off a head or two, there will still be enough left to devour him at last. I have, as you know, long foretold the now-approaching catastrophe; but I was Cassandra. Our affairs in the new world have a much more pleasing aspect: Gaudaloupe is a great acquisition; and Quebec, which I make no doubt of, will still be greater. But must all these advantages, purchased at the price of so much English blood and treasure, be at last sacrificed as a peace-offering? God knows what consequences such a measure may produce; the germ of discontent is already great, upon the bare supposition of the case; but, should it be realised, it will grow to a harvest of dissatisfaction.

You are now, to be sure, taking the previous necessary measures for your return here in the autumn;
and

and I think you may disband your whole family, excepting your secretary, your butler, who takes care of your plate, wine, &c. one, or at most two, maid-servants, and your valet de chambre, and one footman, whom you will bring over with you. But give no mortal, either there or here, reason to think that you are not to return to Hamburgh again. If you are asked about it, say, like Lockhart, that you are *le serviteur des événemens*; for your present appointments will do you no hurt here, till you have some better destination. At that season of the year, I believe it will be better for you to come by sea than by land; but that you will be best able to judge of from the then circumstances of your part of the world.

Your old friend Stevens is dead of the consumption that has long been undermining him. God bless you, and send you health!

LETTER CCCLIX.

Bath, February the 26th, 1761.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I AM very glad to hear that your election is finally settled, and, to say the truth, not sorry, that Mr. * * has been compelled to do, *de mauvaise grace*,
 O 3 that

that which he might have done at first in a friendly and handsome manner. However, take no notice of what is past, and live with him as you used to do before; for, in the intercourse of the world, it is often necessary to seem ignorant of what one knows, and to have forgotten what one remembers.

I have just now finished Coleman's play, and like it very well; it is well conducted, and the characters are well preserved. I own, I expected from the author more dialogue wit; but, as I know that he is a most scrupulous classic, I believe he did not dare to put in half so much wit as he could have done, because Terence has not a single grain; and it would have been *crimen læsæ antiquitatis*. God bless you!

L E T T E R C C C L X.

Bath, November the 21st, 1761.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE this moment received your letter of the 19th. If I find any alterations by drinking these waters, now six days, it is rather for the better; but, in six days more, I think I shall find, with more certainty, what humour they are in with me; if kind, I will profit of, but not abuse their kindness;

ness; all things have their bounds; *quos ultra citrâve nequit consistere rectum*: and I will endeavour to nick that point.

The Queen's jointure is larger than, from *some reasons*, I expected it would be, though not greater than the very last precedent authorised. The case of the late Lord Wilmington was *, I fancy, remembered.

* Lord Wilmington, then Sir Spencer Compton, Speaker of the House of Commons, and who had long been treasurer and favourite of George the Second, when Prince of Wales. Upon the death of King George the First, he was in a manner declared Prime Minister; but a few days after the accession of George the Second to the throne, Queen Caroline asked Sir Spencer Compton, what dowry she should have, in case she had the misfortune to survive her Royal Consort. He replied, "As much as any Queen of England ever had, which was, "fifty thousand pounds the year." Sir Robert Walpole hearing of this, observed, that, "had her Majesty referred herself on that article to him, he should have answered, One hundred thousand." This being reported to the Queen, she sent to Sir Robert, desiring to speak with him. When applying to herself an indelicate epithet, which she knew he had formerly applied to her, and had from thence conceived a dislike to him, she with great good humour asked him the same question which she had before proposed to Sir Spencer Compton, which he answered agreeably to his former declaration. This, it is said, was one principal step on which Sir Robert Walpole mounted to that zenith of power he afterwards enjoyed; and which had otherwise been designed by the King for Sir Spencer Compton, who was, however, soon after created Earl of Wilmington, Knight of the Garter, and appointed President of the Council.

I have now good reason to believe, that Spain will declare war to us; that is, that it will^r very soon, if it has not already, avowedly assist France, in case the war continues. This will be a great triumph to Mr. Pitt, and fully justify his plan of beginning with Spain first, and having the first blow, which is often half the battle.

Here is a great deal of company, and what is commonly called good company, that is, great quality. I trouble them very little, except at the pump, where my business calls me; for what is company to a deaf man, or a deaf man to company?

Lady Brown, whom I have seen, and who, by the way, has got the gout in her eye, enquired very tenderly after you. And so I elegantly rest,
Yours till death,

L E T T E R CCCLX.

Bath, December the 6th, 1761.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE been in your debt some time, which, you know, I am not very apt to be; but it was really for want of specie to pay. The present state of my invention does not enable me to coin; and you would have had as little pleasure in reading, as I should have had in writing *le coglionerie* of this place;

place; besides, that I am very little mingled in them. I do not know whether I shall be able to follow your advice, and cut a winner: for, at present, I have neither won nor lost a single shilling. I will play on this week only; and if I have a good run, I will carry it off with me; if a bad one, the loss can hardly amount to any thing considerable in seven days, for I hope to see you in town to-morrow sevensnight.

I had a dismal letter from Harte, last week; he tells me that he is at nurse with a sister in Berkshire; that he has got a confirmed jaundice, besides twenty other distempers. The true cause of these complaints I take to be, the same that so greatly disordered, and had nearly destroyed, the most august House of Austria, about one hundred and thirty years ago; I mean Gustavus Adolphus; who neither answered his expectations in point of profit, nor reputation, and that merely by his own fault, in not writing it in the vulgar tongue; for, as to facts, I will maintain, that it is one of the best histories extant.

Au revoir, as Sir Fopling says, and God bless you!

LETTER

L E T T E R CCCLXII.

Bath, November the 2d, 1762.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I ARRIVED here, as I propos'd, last Sunday; but as ill as I fear'd I should be when I saw you. Head, stomach, and limbs, all out of order.

I have yet seen nobody but Villettes, who is settled here for good, as it is called. What consequences has the Duke of Devonshire's resignation had? He has considerable connections and relations; but whether any of them are resign'd enough to resign with him, is another matter. There will be, to be sure, as many, and as absurd reports, as there are in the law books; I do not desire to know either; but inform me of what facts come to your knowledge, and of such reports only as you believe are grounded. And so God bless you!

LETTER

L E T T E R CCCLXIII.

Bath, November the 13th, 1762.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE received your letter, and believe that your Preliminaries are very near the mark; and, upon that supposition, I think we have made a tolerable good bargain with Spain; at least, full as good as I expected, and almost as good as I wished, though I do not believe that we have got *all* Florida; but, if we have St. Augustin, as I suppose, that, by the figure of *pars pro toto*, will be called all Florida. We have by no means made so good a bargain with France; for, in truth, what do we get by it, except Canada, with a very proper boundary of the river Mississippi? and that is all. As for the restrictions upon the French fishery in Newfoundland, they are very well *per la predica*, and for the Commissary whom we shall employ; for he will have a good salary from hence, to see that those restrictions are complied with; and the French will double that salary, that he may allow them all to be broken through. It is plain to me, that the French fishery will be exactly what it was before the war.

The three Leeward islands which the French yield to us are not, all together, worth half so much as that of St. Lucia, which we give up to them. Senegal is not worth one quarter of Goree. The
restrictions

restrictions of the French, in the East Indies, are as absurd and impracticable as those of Newfoundland; and you will live to see the French trade to the East Indies, just as they did before the war. But, after all I have said, the articles are as good as I expected with France, when I considered that no one single person, who carried on this negotiation on our parts, was ever concerned or consulted in any negotiation before. Upon the whole, then, the acquisition of Canada has cost us fourscore millions sterling. I am convinced we might have kept Guadaloupe, if our negotiators had known how to have gone about it.

His most Faithful Majesty of Portugal is the best off of any body in this transaction; for he saves his kingdom by it, and has not laid out one Moidore in defence of it. Spain, thank God, in some measure, *païe les pots cassés*; for, besides St. Augustin, Logwood, &c. it has lost at least four millions sterling, in money, ships, &c.

Harte is here, who tells me he has been at this place these three years, excepting some few excursions to his sister; he looks ill, and laments that he has frequent fits of the yellow jaundice. He complains of his not having heard from you these four years; you should write to him. These waters have done me a great deal of good, though I drink but two thirds of a pint in the whole day, which is less than the soberest of my countrymen drink of claret at every meal.

I should

I should naturally think, as you do, that this session will be a stormy one, that is, if Mr. Pitt takes an active part; but if he is pleased, as the Ministers say, there is no other *Æolus* to blow a storm. The Dukes of Cumberland, Newcastle, and Devonshire, have no better troops to attack with, than the militia; but Pitt alone is *ipse agmen*. God ~~bless~~ you!

L E T T E R CCCLXIV.

Bath, November the 27th, 1762.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED your letter this morning, and return you the ball *à la volée*. The King's speech is a very prudent one, and, as I suppose that the Addresses, in answer to it, were, as usual, in almost the same words, my Lord Mayor might very well call them innocent. As his Majesty expatiates so much upon the great *atchievements* of the war, I cannot help hoping that, when the Preliminaries shall be laid before Parliament *in due time*, which, I suppose, means after the respective ratifications of all the contracting parties, that some untalked-of and unexpected advantage will break out in our treaty with France; St. Lucia, at least. I see, in the newspapers, an article which I by no means like, in our treaty with Spain; which is, that we shall be at liberty

liberty to cut logwood in the Bay of Campeachy, but paying for it. Who does not see that this condition may, and probably will, amount to a prohibition, by the price which the Spaniards may set it at? It was our undoubted right, and confirmed to us by former treaties, before the war, to cut logwood *gratis*; but ~~this~~ new stipulation (if true) gives us a privilege, something like a reprieve to a criminal, with a *non obstante* to be hanged.

I now drink so little water, that it can neither do me good nor hurt; but as I bathe but twice a week, that operation, which does my rheumatic carcase good, will keep me here some time longer than you had allowed.

Harte is going to publish a new edition of his *Gustavus*, in octavo; which, he tells me, he has altered, and which, I could tell him, he should translate into English, or it will not sell better than the former; for, while the world endures, style and manner will be regarded, at least as much as matter. And so, *Dieu vous ait dans sa sainte garde!*

L E T T E R CCCLXV.

Bath, December the 4th, 1762.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED your letter this morning, with the enclosed Preliminaries, which we have had here these three days; and I return them, since you intend to keep them, which is more than I believe the French will. I am very glad to find that the French are to restore all the conquests they made upon us in the East Indies during this war; and I cannot doubt but they will likewise restore to us all the *Cod* that they shall take within less than three leagues of our coasts in North America (a distance easily measured, especially at sea), according to the spirit, though not the letter of the Treaty. I am informed, that the strong opposition to the Peace will be in the House of Lords, though I cannot well conceive it; nor can I make out above six or seven, who will be against it upon a division, unless (which I cannot suppose) some of the Bishops should vote on the side of their maker. God bless you!

LETTER

L E T T E R CCCLXVI.

Bath, December the 13th, 1762.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YESTERDAY I received your letter, which gave me a very clear account of the debate in your House. It is impossible for a human creature to speak well for three hours and an half; I question even if Belial, who, according to Milton, was the orator of the fallen Angels, even spoke so long at a time.

There must have been a trick in Charles Townshend's speaking for the Preliminaries; for he is infinitely above having an opinion. Lord Egremont must be ill, or have thoughts of going into some other place; perhaps into Lord Granville's, who they say is dying: when he dies, the ablest head in England dies too, take it for all in all.

I shall be in town, barring accidents, this day sevensnight, by dinner-time; when I have ordered a *Haricot*, to which you will be very welcome, about four o'clock. *En attendant Dieu vous ait dans sa sainte garde!*

LETTER

L E T T E R CCCLXVII.

Blackheath, June the 14th, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED, by the last mail, your letter of the 4th, from the Hague; so far so good. You arrived *sonica* at the Hague, for our Embassador's entertainment; I find he has been very civil to you. You are in the right to stop, for two or three days, at Hanau, and make your court to the Lady of that place *. Your Excellency makes a figure already in the news-papers; and let them, and others, Excellency you as much as they please, but pray suffer not your own servants to do it.

Nothing new of any kind has happened here since you went; so I will wish you a good night, and hope that God will bless you.

* Her Royal Highness Princess Mary of England, Landgravine of Hesse.

L E T T E R CCCLXVIII.

Blackheath, July the 14th, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YESTERDAY I received your letter from Ratibon, where I am glad that you are arrived safe. You are, I find, over head and ears engaged in ceremony and *étiquette*. You must not yield in any thing essential, where your public character may suffer; but I advise you, at the same time, to distinguish carefully what may and what may not affect it, and to despise some German *minuties*; such as one step lower or higher upon the stairs, a bow more or less, and such sort of trifles.

By what I see in Cressener's letter to you, the cheapness of wine compensates the quantity, as the cheapness of servants compensates the number that you must make use of.

Write to your mother often, if it be but three words, to prove your existence; for, when she does not hear from you, she knows, to a demonstration, that you are dead, if not buried.

The enclosed is a letter of the utmost consequence, which I was desired to forward, with care and speed, to the most serene *Louis*.

My head is not well to-day. So God bless you!

LETTER

L E T T E R CCCLXIX.

Blackheath, August the 1st, 1762.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HOPE that by this time you are pretty well settled at Ratisbon, at least as to the important points of the ceremonial; so that you may know, to precision, to whom you must give, and from whom you must require, the *seine Excellenz*. Those formalities are, no doubt, ridiculous enough in themselves; but yet they are necessary for manners, and sometimes for business; and both would suffer by laying them quite aside.

I have lately had an attack of a new complaint, which I have long suspected that I had in my body, in *actu primo*, as the pedants call it, but which I never felt in *actu secundo*, till last week, and that is a fit of the stone or gravel. It was, thank God, but a slight one; but it was *dans toutes les formes*; for it was preceded by a pain in my loins, which I at first took for some remains of my rheumatism; but was soon convinced of my mistake, by making water much blacker than coffee, with a prodigious sediment of gravel. I am now perfectly easy again, and have no more indications of this dreadful complaint.

God keep you from that and deafness ! other complaints are the common, and almost the inevitable lot of human nature, but admit of some mitigation. God bless you !

L E T T E R CCCLXX.

Blackheath, August the 22d, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU will, by this post, hear from others, that Lord Egremont died two days ago of an apoplexy ; which, from his figure, and the constant plethora he lived in, was reasonably to be expected. You will ask me, who is to be Secretary in his room ? to which I answer, that I do not know. I should guess Lord Sandwich, to be succeeded in the Admiralty by Charles Townshend ; unless the Duke of Bedford, who seems to have taken to himself the department of Europe, should have a mind to it. This event may perhaps produce others ; but, till this happened, every thing was in a state of inaction, and absolutely nothing was done. Before the next session, this chaos must necessarily take some form, either by a new jumble of its own atoms, or by mixing them with the more efficient ones of the Opposition.

I see

I see by the news-papers, as well as by your letter, that the difficulties still subsist about your ceremonial at Ratisbon; should they, from pride and folly, prove insuperable, and obstruct your real business, there is one expedient, which may perhaps remove difficulties, and which I have often known practised; but which I believe our people here know nothing of: it is, to have the character of *Minister*, only, in your ostensible title, and that of Envoy Extraordinary in your pocket, to produce occasionally, especially if you should be sent to any of the Electors in your neighbourhood: or else, in any transactions that you may have, in which your title of Envoy Extraordinary may create great difficulties, to have a reversal given you, declaring, that the temporary suspension of that character *ne donnera pas la moindre atteinte ni à vos droits ni à vos prétensions*. As for the rest, divert yourself as well as you can, and eat and drink as little as you can: and so God bless you!

L E T T E R CCCLXXI.

Blackheath, September the 1st, 1763

MY DEAR FRIEND,

GR**EAT** news! The King sent for Mr. Pitt last Saturday, and the conference lasted a full hour: on the Monday following, another conference, which lasted much longer; and yesterday a third, longer than either. You take for granted, that the treaty was concluded and ratified; no such matter, for this last conference broke it entirely off; and Mr. Pitt and Lord Temple went yesterday evening to their respective country houses. Would you know what it broke off upon, you must ask the news-mongers, and the coffee-houses; who, I dare say, know it all very minutely; but I, who am not apt to know any thing that I do not know, honestly and humbly confess, that I cannot tell you; probably one party asked too much, and the other would grant too little. However, the King's dignity was not, in my mind, much consulted, by their making him sole Plenipotentiary of a treaty, which they were not, in all events, determined to conclude. It ought surely to have been begun by some inferior agent, and his Majesty should only have appeared in rejecting or ratifying it. Lewis the XIVth never sat down before a town in person, that was not sure to be taken.

However

However, *ce qui est différé n'est pas perdu*; for this matter must be taken up again, and concluded before the meeting of the Parliament, and probably upon more disadvantageous terms to the present Ministers, who have tacitly admitted, by this late negotiation, what their enemies have loudly proclaimed, that they are not able to carry on affairs. So much *de re politica*.

I have at last done the best office that can be done, to most married people; that is, I have fixed the separation between my brother and his wife; and the definitive treaty of peace will be proclaimed in about a fortnight; for the only solid and lasting peace, between a man and his wife, is, doubtless, a separation. God bless you!

L E T T E R CCCLXXII.

Blackheath, September the 30th, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU will have known, long before this, from the office, that the departments are not cast as you wished; for Lord Halifax, as senior, had of course his choice, and chose the southern, upon account of the colonies. The Ministry, such as it is, is now settled *en attendant mieux*; but, in my opinion, cannot, as they are, meet the Parliament.

The only, and all the efficient people they have are in the House of Lords: for, since Mr. Pitt has firmly engaged Charles Townshend to him, there is not a man of the Court side, in the House of Commons, who has either abilities or words enough to call a coach. Lord B * * * is certainly playing *un d'ffus de carrie*, and I suspect that it is with Mr. Pitt; but what that *d'ffous* is, I do not know, though all the coffee-houses do most exactly.

The present inaction, I believe, gives you leisure enough for *ennui*, but it gives you time enough too for better things; I mean reading useful books; and, what is still more useful, conversing with yourself some part of every day. Lord Shaftesbury recommends self-conversation to all authors; and I would recommend it to all men; they would be the better for it. Some people have not time, and fewer have inclination, to enter into that conversation; nay, very many dread it, and fly to the most trifling dissipations, in order to avoid it; but, if a man would allot half an hour every night, for this self-conversation, and recapitulate with himself whatever he has done, right or wrong, in the course of the day, he would be both the better and the wiser for it. My deafness gives me more than sufficient time for self-conversation; and I have found great advantages from it. My brother and Lady Stanhope are at last finally parted. I was the negotiator between them; and had so much trouble in it, that I would much rather negotiate the most difficult point of the *jus publicum Sacri Romani Imperii*, with
the

the whole Diet of Ratisbon, than negotiate any point with any woman. If my brother had had some of those self-conversations, which I recommend, he would not, I believe, at past sixty, with a crazy, battered constitution, and deaf into the bargain, have married a young girl, just turned of twenty, full of health, and consequently of desires. But who takes warning by the fate of others? This, perhaps, proceeds from a negligence of self-conversation. God bless you!

L E T T E R CCCLXXIII.

Blackheath, October the 17th, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE last mail brought me your letter of the 2d instant, as the former had brought me that of the 25th past. I did suppose that you would be sent for over, for the first day of the session: as I never knew a stricter muster, and no furlows allowed. I am very sorry for it, for the reasons you hint at; but, however, you did very prudently, in doing *de bonne grace*, what you could not help doing: and let that be your rule in every thing, for the rest of your life. Avoid disagreeable things as much as by dexterity you can; but when they are unavoidable, do them with seeming willingness and alacrity.

Though

Though this journey is ill-timed for you in many respects, yet, in point of *finances*, you will be a gainer by it upon the whole; for, depend upon it, they will keep you here till the very last day of the session; and I suppose you have sold your horses, and dismissed some of your servants. Though they seem to apprehend the first day of the session so much, in my opinion, their danger will be much greater in the course of it.

When you are at Paris, you will of course wait upon Lord Hertford, and desire him to present you to the King; at the same time make my compliments to him, and thank him for the very obliging message he left at my house in town; and tell him, that, had I received it in time from thence, I would have come to town on purpose to have returned it in person. If there are any new little books at Paris, pray bring them me. I have already Voltaire's *Zelis dans le Bain*, his *Droit du Seigneur*, and *Olympie*. Do not forget to call once at Madame Monconseil's, and as often as you please at Madame du Pin's. *Au revoir*.

L E T T E R CCCLXXIV.

Bath, November the 24th, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I ARRIVED here, as you suppose in your letter, last Sunday; but after the worst day's journey I ever had in my life: it snowed and froze that whole morning, and in the evening it rained and thawed, which made the roads so slippery, that I was six hours coming post from the Devizes, which is but eighteen miles from hence; so that, but for the name of coming post, I might as well have walked on foot. I have not yet quite got over my last violent attack, and am weak and flimsy.

I have now drank the waters but three days; so that, without a miracle, I cannot yet expect much alteration, and I do not in the least expect a miracle. If they proved *les eaux de Jouvence* to me, that would be a miracle indeed; but, as the late Pope Lambertini said. *Frà noi, gli miracoli sono passati già un pezzo.*

I have seen Harte, who enquired much after you: he is dejected and dispirited, and thinks himself much worse than he is, though he has really a tendency to the jaundice. I have yet seen nobody else, nor do I know who here is to be seen; for I have not yet exhibited myself to public view, except at the pump,
which.

which, at the time I go to it, is the most private place in Bath.

After all the fears and hopes, occasioned severally by the meeting of the Parliament, in my opinion, it will prove a very easy session. Mr. Wilkes is universally given up; and if the ministers themselves do not wantonly raise difficulties, I think they will meet with none. A majority of two hundred is a great anodyne. Adieu! God bless you!

L E T T E R CCCLXXV.

Bath, December the 3d, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

LAST post brought me your letter of the 29th past. I suppose C—— T—— let off his speech upon the Princess's portion, chiefly to show that he was of the Opposition: for otherwise, the point was not debatable, unless as to the *quantum*, against which something might be said; for the late Princess of Orange (who was the eldest daughter of a King), had no more, and her two sisters but half, if I am not mistaken.

It is a great mercy that Mr. Wilkes, the intrepid defender of our rights and liberties, is out of danger, and may live to fight and write again in support of them; and it is no less a mercy, that God hath raised

raised up the Earl of S—— to vindicate and promote true religion and morality. These two blessings will justly make an epocha in the annals of this country.

I have delivered your message to Harte, who waits with impatience for your letter. He is very happy now in having free access to all Lord Craven's papers, which, he says, give him great lights into the *bellum tricennale*; the old Lord Craven having been the professed and valorous knight-errant, and perhaps something more, to the Queen of Bohemia; at least, like Sir Peter Pride, he had the honour of spending great part of his estate in her Royal cause.

I am by no means right yet; I am very weak and flimsy still; but the Doctor assures me, that strength and spirits will return: if they do, *lucro apponam*, I will make the best of them; if they do not, I will not make their want still worse, by grieving and regretting them. I have lived long enough, and observed enough, to estimate most things at their intrinsic, and not their imaginary, value; and at seventy, I find nothing much worth either desiring or fearing. But these reflections, which suit with seventy, would be greatly premature at two-and-thirty. So make the best of your time; enjoy the present hour, but *memor ultimæ*. God bless you!

LETTER

L E T T E R CCCLXXVI.

Bath, December the 18th, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED your letter this morning, in which you reproach me with not having written to you this week. The reason was, that I did not know what to write. There is that sameness in my life here, that *every day is still but as the first*. I see very few people; and, in the literal sense of the word, I hear nothing.

Mr. L— and Mr. C— I hold to be two very ingenious men; and your image of the two men ruined, one by losing his law-suit, and the other by carrying it, is a very just one. To be sure, they felt in themselves uncommon talents for business and speaking, which were to reimburse them.

Harte has a great poetical work to publish, before it be long; he has shown me some parts of it. He had intitled it Emblems; but I persuaded him to alter that name for two reasons; the first was, because they were not emblems, but fables; the second was, that, if they had been emblems, Quarles had degraded and vilified that name to such a degree, that it is impossible to make use of it after him: so they are to be called Fables, though Moral Tales would, in my mind, be the properest name. If you ask me what I think of those I have seen, I must say that *sunt plura bona, quædam mediocria, et quædam—*

Your