

Your report of future changes, I cannot think is wholly groundless: for it still runs strongly in my head, that the mine we talked of will be sprung, at, or before, the end of the session.

I have got a little more strength, but not quite the strength of Hercules: so that I will not undertake, like him, fifty deflorations in one night; for I really believe that I could not compass them. So good night, and God bless you!

## L E T T E R CCCLXXVII.

Bath, December the 24th, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I CONFESS I was a good deal surpris'd at your pressing me so strongly to influence parson Rosenhagen, when you well know the resolution I had made several years ago, and which I have scrupulously observed ever since, not to concern myself, directly or indirectly, in any party political contest whatsoever. Let Parties go to loggerheads as much and as long as they please; I will neither endeavour to part them, nor take the part of either; for I know them all too well. But you say, that Lord Sandwich has been remarkably civil and kind to you. I am very glad of it; and he can by no means impute to you my obstinacy, folly, or philosophy; call it  
what

what you please : you may with great truth assure him, that you did all you could to obey his commands.

I am sorry to find that you are out of order ; but I hope it is only a cold ; should it be any thing more, pray consult Dr. Maty, who did you ~~so~~ much good, in your last illness, when the great medicinal Mattadores did you rather harm. I have found a Monsieur *Diafoirus* here, Dr. Moisy, who has really done me a great deal of good ; and I am sure I wanted it a great deal, when I came here first. I have recovered some strength, and a little more will give me as much as I can make use of.

Lady Brown, whom I saw yesterday, makes you many compliments ; and I wish you a merry Christmas, and a good night. Adieu !

## L E T T E R CCCLXXVIII.

Bath, December the 31st, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

GREVENKOP wrote me word, by the last post, that you were laid up with the gout ; but I much question it, that is, whether it is the gout or not. Your last illness, before you went abroad, was pronounced the gout, by the skilful, and proved at last a mere rheumatism. Take care that the same mistake

is not made this year ; and that, by giving you strong and hot medicines to throw out the gout, they do not inflame the rheumatism, if it be one.

Mr. Wilkes has imitated some of the great men of antiquity, by going into voluntary exile : it was his only way of defeating both his creditors and his prosecutors. Whatever his friends, if he has any, give out of his returning soon, I will answer for it, that it will be a long time before that *soon* comes.

I have been much out of order these four days, of a violent cold ; which I do not know how I got, and which obliged me to suspend drinking the waters : but it is now so much better, that I propose resuming them for this week, and paying my court to you in town on Monday or Tuesday sevensight ; but this is *sub spe rati* only. God bless you !

## L E T T E R CCCLXXIX.

Blackheath, July the 20th, 1764.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE this moment received your letter of the 3d, from Prague ; but I never received that which you mention, from Ratisbon ; this made me think you in such rapid motion, that I did not know where to take aim. I now suppose that you are arrived, though not yet settled, at Dresden ; your

audiences and formalities are, to be sure, over, and that is great ease of mind to you.

I have no political events to acquaint you with ; the summer is not the season for them, they ripen only in winter ; great ones are expected immediately before the meeting of Parliament, but that, you know, is always the language of fears and hopes. However, I rather believe that there will be something patched up between the *ins* and the *outs*.

The whole subject of conversation, at present, is the Death and Will of Lord Bath : he has left above twelve hundred thousand pounds in land and money ; four hundred thousand pounds in cash, stocks, and mortgages ; his own estate, in land, was improved to fifteen thousand pounds a year, and the Bradford estate, which he \*\*, is as much ; both which, at only five-and-twenty years purchase, amount to eight hundred thousand pounds ; and all this he has left to his brother General Pulteney, and in his own disposal, though he never loved him. The legacies he has left are trifling ; for, in truth, he cared for nobody : the words *give* and *bequeath* were too shocking to him to repeat, and so he left all, in one word, to his brother. The Public, which was long the dupe of his simulation and dissimulation, begins to explain upon him ; and draws such a picture of him as I gave you long ago.

Your late Secretary has been with me three or four times ; he wants something or another, and it seems all one to him what, whether civil or military ; in plain English, he wants bread. He has knocked

at

at the doors of some of the Ministers, but to no purpose. I wish with all my heart that I could help him: I told him fairly that I could not, but advised him to find some channel to Lord B \* \* \*, which, though a Scotchman, he told me he could not. He brought a packet of letters from the office to you, which I made him seal up; and I keep it for you, as I suppose it makes up the series of your Ratisbon letters.

As for me, I am just what I was when you left me, that is, nobody. Old-age steals upon me insensibly. I grow weak and decrepit; but do not suffer, and so I am content.

Forbes brought me four books of yours, two of which were Bielefeldt's letters; in which, to my knowledge, there are many notorious lies.

Make my compliments to Comte Einsiedel, whom I love and honour much; and so good night to *seine Excellenz*.

Now our correspondence may be more regular, and I expect a letter from you every fortnight. I will be regular on my part: but write oftener to your mother, if it be but three lines.

## L E T T E R CCCLXXX.

Blackheath, July the 27th 1764.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED, two days ago, your letter of the 11th from Dresden, where I am very glad that you are safely arrived at last. The prices of the necessaries of life are monstrous there; and I do not conceive how the poor natives subsist at all, after having been so long and so often plundered by their own as well as by other Sovereigns.

As for procuring you either the title or the appointments of Plenipotentiary, I could as soon procure them from the Turkish as from the English Ministry; and, in truth, I believe they have it not to give.

Now to come to your Civil List, if one may compare small things with great: I think I have found out a better refreshment for it than you propose; for to-morrow I shall send to your cashier, Mr. Larpent, five hundred pounds at once, for your use, which, I presume, is better than by quarterly payments; and I am very apt to think, that, next Midsummer-day, he will have the same sum, and for the same use, consigned to him.

It is reported here, and I believe not without some foundation, that the Queen of Hungary has acceded to the Family Compact between France and Spain;

if so, I am sure it behoves us to form in time a counter alliance, of at least equal strength; which I could easily point out, but which, I fear, is not thought of here.

The rage of marrying is very prevalent; so that there will be probably a great crop of cuckolds next winter, who are at present only *cocus en herbe*. It will contribute to population, and so far must be allowed to be a public benefit. Lord G—, Mr. B—, and Mr. D—, are, in this respect, very meritorious; for they have all married handsome women, without one shilling fortune. Lord — must indeed take some pains to arrive at that dignity; but I dare say he will bring it about, by the help of some young Scotch or Irish Officer. Good-night, and God bless you!

## L E T T E R CCCLXXXI.

Blackheath, September the 3d, 1764.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE received your letter of the 13th past. I see that your complete arrangement approaches, and you need not be in a hurry to give entertainments, since so few others do.

Comte Flemming is the man in the world the best calculated to retrieve the Saxon finances, which have

been all this century squandered and lavished with the most absurd profusion : he has certainly abilities, and, I believe, integrity ; I dare answer for him, that the gentleness and flexibility of his temper will not prevail with him to yield to the importunities of craving and petulant application. I see in him another Sully ; and therefore I wish he were at the head of our finances.

France and Spain both insult us, and we take it too tamely : for this is, in my opinion, the time for us to talk high to them. France, I am persuaded, will not quarrel with us, till it has got a Navy at least equal to ours, which cannot be these three or four years, at soonest ; and then indeed, I believe, we shall hear of something or other ; therefore, this is the moment for us to speak loud, and we shall be feared if we do not show that we fear.

Here is no domestic news of changes and chances in the political world ; which, like oysters, are only in season in the R months, when the Parliament sits. I think there will be some then, but of what kind, God knows.

I have received a book for you, and one for myself, from Harte. It is upon agriculture, and will surprise you, as, I confess, it did me. This work is not only in English, but good and elegant English ; he has even scattered graces upon this subject ; and, in prose, has come very near Virgil's Georgics in verse. I have written to him, to congratulate his happy transformation. As soon as I can find an opportunity,



portunity, I will send you your copy. You (though no Agricola) will read it with pleasure.

I know Mackenzie, whom you mention. *C'est uns delié ; sed c.ve.*

Make mine and Lady Chesterfield's compliments to Comte et Comtesse Flemming ; and so, *Dieu vous ait en sa sainte Garde !*

## L E T T E R CCCLXXXII.

Blackheath, September the 14th, 1764.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YESTERDAY I received your letter of the 30th past, by which I find that you had not then got mine, which I sent you the day after I had received your former ; you have had no great loss of it ; for, as I told you in my last, this inactive season of the year supplies no materials for a letter ; the winter may, and probably will, produce an abundant crop, but of what grain, I neither know, guess, nor care. I take it for granted, that Lord B \* \* \* *survagera encore*, but by the assistance of what bladders or cork-waistcoats, God only knows. The death of poor Mr. Legge, the epileptic fits of the Duke of Devonshire, for which he is gone to Aix-la-Chapelle, and the advanced age of the Duke of Newcastle,

castle, seem to facilitate an accomodation, if Mr. Pitt and Lord Bute are inclined to it.

You ask me what I think of the death of poor Iwan, and of the person who ordered it. You may remember that I often said, she would murder or marry him, or probably both; she has chosen the safest alternative; and has now completed her character of *femme forte*, above scruples and hesitation. If Machiavel were alive, she would probably be his Heroine, as Cesar Borgia was his Hero. Women are all so far Machiavelians, that they are never either good or bad by halves; their passions are too strong, and their reason too weak, to do any thing with moderation. She will, perhaps, meet, before it is long, with some Scythian as free from prejudices as herself. If there is one Oliver Cromwell in the three regiments of guards, he will probably, for the sake of his dear country, depose and murder her: for that is one and the same thing in Russia.

You seem now to be settled, and *bien rippé* at Dresden. Four sedentary footmen, and one running one, *sont Equipage lessé*. The German ones will give you, *seine Excellentz*; and the French ones, if you have any, *Monseigneur*.

My own health varies, as usual, but never deviates into good. God bless you, and send you better!

LETTER

## LETTER CCCLXXXIII.

Blackheath, October the 4th, 1764.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE now your last letter, of the 10th past, lying before me; and I gave your enclosed to Grevenkop, which has put him into a violent bustle to execute your commissions, as well and as cheap as possible. I refer him to his own letter. He tells you true, as to Comtesse Cofel's diamonds, which certainly nobody will buy here, unsight unseen, as they call it; so many *minuties* concurring, to encrease or lessen the value of a diamond. Your Cheshire cheese, your Burton ale and beer, I charge myself with, and they shall be sent you as soon as possible. Upon this occasion I will give you a piece of advice, which by experience I know to be useful. In all commissions, whether from men or women, *point de galanterie*, bring them in your account, and be paid to the uttermost farthing; but if you would show them *une galanterie*, let your present be of something that is not in your commission, otherwise you will be the *Commissionnaire banal* of all the women of Saxony. *A propos*, Who is your Comtesse de Cofel? is she daughter, or grand-daughter, of the famous Madame de Cofel, in King Augustus's time? Is she young or old, ugly or handsome?

I do

I do not wonder that people are wonderfully surprised at our tameness and forbearance, with regard to France and Spain. Spain, indeed, has lately agreed to our cutting logwood, according to the treaty, and sent strict orders to their Governor ~~to~~ allow it; but you will observe too, that there is not one word of reparation for the losses we lately sustained there. But France is not even so tractable; it will pay but half the money due, upon a liquidated account, for the maintenance of their prisoners. Our request, to have Comte d'Estaing recalled and censured, they have absolutely rejected, though, by the laws of war, he might be hanged for having twice broken his parole. This does not do France honour: however, I think we shall be quiet, and that at the only time, perhaps, this century, when we might with safety, be otherwise; but this is nothing new, nor the first time, by many, when national honour and interest have been sacrificed to private. It has always been so: and one may say, upon this occasion, what Horace says upon another, *Nam fuit ante Helenam*.

I have seen *les Contes de Guillaume Vadé*, and like most of them so little that I can hardly think them Voltaire's, but rather the scraps that have fallen from his table, and been worked up by inferior workmen, under his name. I have not seen the other book you mention, the *Dictionnaire Portatif*. It is not yet come over.

I shall

I shall next week go to take my winter-quarters in London, the weather here being very cold and damp, and not proper for an old, shattered, and cold carcass, like mine. In November I will go to the Bath, ~~to secure~~ myself for the winter, and to shift the scene. Good night !

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## L E T T E R CCCLXXXIV.

London, October the 19th, 1764.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YESTERDAY morning Mr. \* \* came to me, from Lord Halifax, to ask me whether I thought you would approve of vacating your seat in Parliament, during the remainder of it, upon a valuable consideration, meaning *money*. My answer was, that I really did not know your disposition upon that subject ; but that I knew you would be very willing, in general, to accommodate them, as far as lay in your power. That your Election, to my knowledge, had cost you two thousand pounds ; that this Parliament had not sat above half its time : and that, for my part, I approved of the measure well enough, provided you had an equitable equivalent. I take it for granted, that you will have a letter from —, by this post, to that effect, so that you must consider  
what

what you will do. What I advise is this, give them a good deal of *Galbanum* in the first part of your letter. *Le Galbanum ne coute rien*; and then say, that you are willing to do as they please; but that you hope an equitable consideration will be ~~had to the~~ two thousand pounds, which your seat cost you in the present Parliament, of which not above half the term is expired. Moreover, that you take the liberty to remind them, that your being sent for from Ratisbon, last session, when you were just settled there, put you to the expence of three or four hundred pounds, for which you were allowed nothing; and that, therefore, you hope they will not think one thousand pounds too much, considering all these circumstances; but that, in all events, you will do whatever they desire. Upon the whole, I think this proposal advantageous to you, as you probably will not make use of your seat this Parliament; and further, as it will secure you from another unpaid journey from Dresden, in case they meet, or fear to meet with difficulties in any ensuing session of the present Parliament. Whatever one must do, one should do *de bonne grace. Dixi.* God blefs you!

## L E T T E R CCCLXXXV.

Bath, November the 10th, 1764.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I AM much concerned at the account you gave me of yourself, in your last letter. There is to be sure, at such a town as Dresden, at least some one very skilful physician; whom I hope you have consulted; and I would have you acquaint him with all your several attacks of this nature, from your great one at Laubach, to your late one at Dresden: tell him too, that, in your last illness in England, the physicians mistook your case, and treated it as the gout, till Maty came, who treated it as a rheumatism, and cured you. In my opinion, you have never had the gout, but always the rheumatism; which, to my knowledge, is as painful as the gout can possibly be, and should be treated in a quite different way; that is, by cooling medicines and regimen, instead of those inflammatory cordials which they always administer, where they suppose the gout, to keep it, as they say, out of the stomach.

I have been here now just a week; but have hitherto drank so little of the water, that I can neither speak well nor ill of it. The number of people in this place is infinite; but very few whom I know. Harte seems settled here for life. He is not well, that

is:

is certain; but not so ill neither as he thinks himself, or at least would be thought.

I long for your answer to my last letter, containing a certain proposal, which by this time, I suppose, has been made you, and which, in the main, I approve of your accepting.

God blefs you, my dear friend, and send you better health! Adieu.

## L E T T E R CCCLXXXVI.

Bath, February the 26th, 1765.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

**Y**OUR last letter, of the 5th, gave me as much pleasure as your former had given me uneasiness; and Larpent's acknowledgement of his negligence frees you from those suspicions, which I own I did entertain, and which I believe every one would, in the same concurrence of circumstances, have entertained. So much for that.

You may depend upon what I promised you, before Midsummer next, at farthest, and *at least*.

All I can say of the affair between you of the *Corps Diplomatique*, and the Saxon Ministers, is *que voila bien du bruit pour une omelette au lard*. It will most certainly be soon made up; and in that negotiation show yourself as moderate and healing as your instructions from hence will allow, especially to Comte Flem-



Flemming. The King of Prussia, I believe, has a mind to insult him personally, as an old enemy, or else to quarrel with Saxony, that dares not quarrel with him; but some of the *Corps Diplomatique* here assure me, it is only a pretence to recall his Envoy, and to send, when matters shall be made up, a little Secretary there, *à moins de frais*, as he does now to Paris and London.

Comte Brühl is much in fashion here; I like him mightily, he has very much *le ton de la bonne compagnie*. Poor Schrader died last Saturday, without the least pain or sickness. God bless you!

## L E T T E R   CCCLXXXVII.

London, April the 22d, 1765.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE day before yesterday I received your letter of the 3d instant. I find that your important affair of the ceremonial is adjusted at last, as I foresaw it would be. Such *minuties* are often laid hold on as a pretence, for powers who have a mind to quarrel; but are never tenaciously insisted upon, where there is neither interest nor inclination to break. Comte Fleming, though a hot, is a wise man; and, I was sure, would not break both with England and Hanover, upon so trifling a point, especially during a  
minority.

minority. *A propos* of a minority; the King is to come to the house to-morrow, to recommend a bill to settle a regency, in case of his demise while his successor is a minor. Upon the King's late illness, which was no trifling one, the whole nation cried out aloud for such a bill, for reasons which will readily occur to you, who know situations, persons, and characters here. I do not know the particulars of this intended bill; but I wish it may be copied exactly from that which was passed in the late King's time, when the present King was a minor. I am sure there cannot be a better.

You inquire about Monsieur de Guerchy's affair; and I will give you as succinct an account as I can, of so extraordinary and perplexed a transaction; but without giving you my own opinion of it, by the common post. You know what passed at first between Mr. de Guerchy and Monsieur D'Eon, in which, both our Ministers, and Monsieur de Guerchy, from utter inexperience in business, puzzled themselves into disagreeable difficulties. About three or four months ago, Monsieur du Vergy published in a *brochure*, a parcel of letters, from himself to the Duc de Choiseul; in which he positively asserts, that Monsieur de Guerchy prevailed with him (Vergy) to come over into England to assassinate D'Eon; the words are, as well as I remember, *que ce n'étoit pas pour se servir de sa Plume, mais de son Epée, qu'en le demandoit en Angleterre*. This accusation of assassination, you may imagine, shocked Monsieur de Guerchy, who complained bitterly to  
our

our Ministers ; and they both puzzled on for some time, without doing any thing, because they did not know what to do. At last du Vergy, about two months ago, applied himself to the Grand Jury of Middlesex, and made oath, that Mr. du Guerchy had hired him (du Vergy) to assassinate D'Eon. Upon this deposition, the Grand Jury found a bill of intended murder against Monsieur de Guerchy ; which bill, however, never came to the Petty Jury. The King granted a *noli prosequi* in favour of Monsieur de Guerchy ; and the Attorney General is actually prosecuting du Vergy. Whether the King can grant a *noli prosequi* in a criminal case, and whether *le Droit des gens* extends to criminal cases, are two points which employ our domestic politicians, and the whole *Corps Diplomatique*. Enfin, to use a very coarse and vulgar saying, *il y a de la merde au bout du bâton, quelque part*.

I see and hear these storms from shore, *suave mari magno, &c.* I enjoy my own security and tranquillity, together with better health than I had reason to expect at my age, and with my constitution : however, I feel a gradual decay, though a gentle one ; and I think that I shall not tumble, but slide gently to the bottom of the hill of life. When that will be, I neither know nor care, for I am very weary. God bless you !

Mallet died, two days ago, of a diarrhœa, which he had carried with him to France, and brought back again hither.

## L E T T E R CCCLXXXVIII.

Blackheath, July the 2d, 1765.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE this moment received your letter of the 22d past: and I delayed answering your former, in daily, or rather hourly expectation of informing you of the birth of a new Ministry; but in vain; for, after a thousand conferences, all things remain still in the state which I described to you in my last. Lord S. has, I believe, given you a pretty true account of the present state of things; but my Lord is much mistaken, I am persuaded, when he says, that *the King has thought proper to re-establish his old servants in the management of his affairs*; for he shows them all the public dislike possible; and, at his levee, hardly speaks to any of them; but speaks by the hour to any body else. Conferences, in the mean time, go on, of which it is easy to guess the main subject, but impossible, for me at least, to know the particulars; but this I will venture to prophesy, that the whole will soon center in Mr. Pitt.

You seem not to know the character of the Queen: here it is—She is a good woman, a good wife, a tender mother; and an unmeddling Queen. The King loves her as a woman; but, I verily believe, has never yet spoken one word to her about business. I have now told you all that I know of these affairs; which,

which, I believe, is as much as any body else knows, who is not in the secret. In the mean time, you easily guess, that surmises, conjectures, and reports, are infinite; and if, as they say, truth is but one, one million at least of these reports must be false; for they differ exceedingly.

You have lost an honest servant, by the death of poor *Louis*; I would advise you to take a clever young Saxon in his room, of whose character you may get authentic testimonies; instead of sending for one to France, whose character you can only know from far.

When I hear more, I will write more; till when, God bless you!

## L E T T E R CCCLXXXIX.

Blackheath, July the 15th, 1765.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I TOLD you in my last, that you should hear from me again, as soon as I had any thing more to write; and now I have too much to write, therefore will refer you to the Gazette, and the office letters, for all that has been done; and advise you to suspend your opinion, as I do, about all that is to be done. Many more changes are talked of; but so idly, and variously, that I give credit to none of them. There

has been pretty clean sweeping already; and I do not remember, in my time, to have seen so much at once, as an intire new Board of Treasury, and two new Secretaries of State, *cum multis aliis, &c.*

Here is a new political arch almost built, but of materials of so different a nature, and without a key-stone, that it does not, in my opinion, indicate either strength or duration. It will certainly require repairs, and a key-stone, next winter; and that key-stone will, and must necessarily be, Mr. Pitt. It is true, he might have been that key-stone now; and would have accepted it, but not without Lord Temple's consent; and Lord Temple positively refused. There was evidently some trick in this, but what is past my conjecturing. *Davus sum, non Oedipus.*

There is a manifest interregnum in the Treasury; for I do suppose that Lord Rockingham and Mr. Dowdeswell will not think proper to be very active. General Conway, who is your Secretary, has certainly parts at least equal to his business, to which, I dare say, he will apply. The same may be said, I believe, of the Duke of Grafton; and indeed there is no magic requisite for the executive part of those employments. The ministerial part is another thing; they must scramble with their fellow-servants, for power and favour, as well as they can. Foreign affairs are not so much as mentioned, and, I verily believe, not thought of. But, surely, some counter-balance would be necessary to the Family Compact; and, if not soon contracted, will be too late. God bless you!

LETTER

## L E T T E R CCCXC.

Blackheath, August the 17th, 1765.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU are now two letters in my debt; and I fear the gout has been the cause of your contracting that debt. When you are not able to write yourself, let your Secretary send me two or three lines, to acquaint me how you are.

You have now seen, by the London Gazette, what changes have really been made at Court; but, at the same time, I believe you have seen that there must be more, before a Ministry can be settled; what those will be, God knows. Were I to conjecture, I should say, that the whole will center, before it is long, in Mr. Pitt and C<sup>o</sup>, the present being an heterogeneous jumble of youth and caducity, which cannot be efficient.

Charles Townshend calls the present, a Lutescent Ministry; fit only for the summer. The next session will be not only a warm, but a violent one, as you will easily judge, if you look over the names of the *ins* and of the *outs*.

I feel this beginning of the autumn, which is already very cold: the leaves are withered, fall apace, and seem to intimate that I must follow them; which I shall do without reluctance, being extremely weary of this silly world. God bless you, both in it and after it!

## L E T T E R CCCXCI.

Blackheath, August the 25th, 1765:

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED but four days ago your letter of the 2d instant. I find by it that you are well, for you are in good spirits. Your notion of the new birth, or regeneration of the Ministry, is a very just one and that they have not yet the true seal of the covenant is, I dare say, very true; at least, it is not in the possession of either of the Secretaries of State, who have only the King's seal; nor do I believe (whatever his Grace may imagine) that it is even in the possession of the Lord Privy Seal. I own, I am lost, in considering the present situation of affairs; different conjectures present themselves to my mind, but none that it can rest upon. The next session must necessarily clear up matters a good deal; for, I believe, it will be the warmest and most acrimonious one that has been known since that of the Excise. The late Ministry, *the present Opposition*, are determined to attack Lord B—— publicly in Parliament, and reduce the late Opposition, *the present Ministry*, to protect him publicly, in consequence of their supposed treaty with him. *En attendant mieux*, the paper war is carried on with much fury and scurrility on all sides, to the great entertainment of such lazy and impartial people as myself. I do  
not



not know whether you have the Daily Advertiser and the Public Advertiser; in which all the political letters are inserted, and some very well-written ones on both sides; but I know that they amuse me, *tant bien que mal*, for an hour or two every morning. Lord T—— is the supposed author of the pamphlet you mention; but I think it is above him. Perhaps his brother C—— T——, who is by no means satisfied with the present arrangement, may have assisted him privately. As to this latter, there was a good ridiculous paragraph in the news-papers, two or three days ago: *We hear that the Right Honourable Mr. C—— T—— is indisposed, at his house in Oxfordshire, of a pain in his side; but it is not said in which side.*

I do not find that the Duke of York has yet visited you; if he should, it may be expensive, *mals on trouvera moien*. As for the Lady, if you should be very sharp set for some English flesh, she has it amply in her power to supply you, if she pleases. Pray tell me in your next, what you think of, and how you like Prince Henry of Prussia. God bless you!

## L E T T E R CCCXCII.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR great character of Prince Henry, which I take to be a very just one, lowers the King of Prussia's a great deal; and probably that is the cause of their being so ill together. But the King of Prussia, with his good parts, should reflect upon that trite and true maxim, *Qui invidet minor*, or M. de la Rochefoucault's, *Que l'envie est la plus basse de toutes les passions, puisqu'on avoue bien des crimes, mais que personne n'avoue l'envie*. I thank God I never was sensible of that dark and vile passion, except that formerly I have sometimes envied a successful rival with a fine woman. But now that cause is ceased, and consequently the effects.

What shall I, or rather what can I, tell you of the political world here? The late Ministers accuse the present with having done nothing; the present accuse the late ones with having done much worse than nothing. Their writers abuse one another most scurrilously, but sometimes with wit. I look upon this to be *peleter en attendant partie*, till battle begins in St. Stephen's Chapel. How that will end, I protest, I cannot conjecture; any farther than this, that, if Mr. Pitt, does not come in to the assistance of the present ministers, they will have much to do to stand their ground. C—— T—— will play booty; and  
whom

whom else have they? Nobody but C——; who has only good-sense, but not the necessary talents nor experience,

*Ære ciere viros Martemque accendere cantu.*

I never remember, in all my time, to have seen so problematical a state of affairs; and a man would be much puzzled which side to bet on.

Your guest, Miss C——, is another problem which I cannot solve. She no more wanted the waters of Carlsbadt, than you did. Is it to show the Duke of Kingston that he cannot live without her? a dangerous experiment! which may possibly convince him that he can. There is a trick, no doubt, in it; but what, I neither know nor care: you did very well to show her civilities, *cela ne gête jamais rien*. I will go to my waters, that is, the Bath waters, in three weeks or a month, more for the sake of bathing than of drinking. The hot bath always promotes my perspiration, which is sluggish, and supplies my stiff rheumatic limbs. *D'ailleurs*, I am at present as well, and better than I could reasonably expect to be, *anno septuagesimo primo*. May you be so as long, *y mas!* God bless you!

LETTER

## L E T T E R CCCXCH.

London, October the 25th, 1765.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED your letter of the 10th *sonica*; for I set out for Bath to-morrow morning. If the use of those waters does me no good, the shifting the scene for some time will at least amuse me a little; and at my age, and with my infirmities, *il faut faire de tout bois flèche*. Some variety is as necessary for the mind, as some medicines are for the body.

Here is a total stagnation of politics, which, I suppose, will continue till the Parliament sits to do business, and that will not be till about the middle of January; for the meeting on the 17th December is only for the sake of some new writs. The late Ministers threaten the present ones: but the latter do not seem in the least afraid of the former, and for a very good reason, which is, that they have the distribution of the loaves and fishes. I believe it is very certain, that Mr. Pitt will never come into this or any other Administration: he is absolutely a cripple all the year, and in violent pain at least half of it. Such physical ills are great checks to two of the strongest passions, to which human nature is liable, love and ambition. Though I cannot persuade myself that the present Ministry can be long-lived, I can as little imagine, who or what can succeed them,

them, *telle est la disette de sujets Papables*. The Duke of — swears, that he will have Lord — personally attacked in both Houses; but I do not see how, without endangering himself at the same time.

• Miss C—— is safely arrived here, and her Duke is fonder of her than ever. It was a dangerous experiment that she tried, in leaving him so long; but it seems she knew her man.

I pity you for the inundation of your good countrymen, which overwhelms you: *je sçai ce qu'en vaut l'aune*. It is, besides, expensive; but, as I look upon the expence to be the least evil of the two, I will see if a New-year's gift will not make it up.

As I am now upon the wing, I will only add, God bless you!

## L E T T E R CCCXCIV.

Bath, November the 28th, 1765.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE this moment received your letter of the 10th; I have now been here near a month, bathing and drinking the waters, for complaints much of the same kind as yours; I mean, pains in my legs, hips, and arms; whether gouty or rheumatic, God knows; but, I believe, both, that fight without a decision in favour of either. and have absolutely reduced me  
to

to the miserable situation of the Sphynx's riddle, to walk upon three legs; that is, with the assistance of my stick, to walk, or rather hobble, very indifferently. I wish it were a declared gout, which is the distemper of a gentleman; whereas the Rheumatism is the distemper of a hackney-coachman or chairman, who are obliged to be out in all weathers and at all hours.

I think you will do very right to ask leave, and I dare say you will easily get it, to go to the baths in Suabia; that is, supposing you have consulted some skilful physician, if such a one there be, either at Dresden or at Leipzig, about the nature of your distemper, and the nature of those baths; but, *suos quisque patitur mores*. We have but a bad bargain, God knows, of this life, and patience is the only way not to make bad worse. Mr. Pitt keeps his bed here, with a very real gout, and not a political one, as is often suspected.

Here has been a Congress of most of the *ex Ministres*. If they have raised a battery, as I suppose they have, it is a masked one, for nothing has transpired; only they confess, that they intend a most vigorous attack. *D'ailleurs*, there seems to be a total suspension of all business, till the meeting of the Parliament, and then *Signa canant*. I am very glad, that, at this time, you are out of it; and for reasons that I need not mention: you would certainly have been sent for over, and, as before, not paid for your journey.

Poor

Poor Harte is very ill, and condemned to the Hotwell at Bristol. He is a better poet than philosopher; for all this illness and melancholy proceeds originally from the ill success of his *Gustavus Adolphus*. He is grown extremely devout, which I am very glad of, because that is always a comfort to the afflicted.

I cannot present Mr. Larpent with my New-year's gift, till I come to town, which will be before Christmas at farthest; till when, God bless you! Adieu.

## L E T T E R CCCXCV.

London, December the 27th, 1765.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I ARRIVED here from Bath last Monday, rather, but not much, better than when I went thither. My rheumatic pains, in my legs and hips, plague me still; and I must never expect to be quite free from them.

You have, to be sure, had from the office an account of what the Parliament did, or rather did not do, the day of their meeting: and the same point will be the great object at their next meeting: I mean, the affair of our American Colonies, relatively to the late imposed Stamp-duty; which our colonists absolutely refuse to pay. The Administration

are for some indulgence and forbearance to those forward children of their mother country : the Opposition are for taking vigorous, as they call them, but I call them violent measures ; not less than *les dragonnades* ; and to have the tax collected by the troops we have there. For my part, I never saw a forward child mended by whipping ; and I would not have the mother country become a step-mother. Our trade to America brings in, *communibus annis*, two millions a year ; and the Stamp-duty is estimated at but one hundred thousand pounds a year ; which I would by no means bring into the stock of the Exchequer, at the loss, or even the risk, of a million a year to the national stock.

I do not tell you of the Garter given away yesterday, because the news-papers will ; but I must observe, that the Prince of Brunswick's riband is a mark of great distinction to that family ; which, I believe, is the first (except our own Royal family) that has ever had two blue ribands at a time ; but it must be owned they deserve them.

One hears of nothing now, in town, but the separation of men and their wives ; Will Finch, the ex-vice Chamberlain, Lord Warwick, and your friend Lord Bolingbroke. I wonder at none of them for parting ; but I wonder at many for still living together ; for in this country, it is certain, that marriage is not well understood.

I have this day sent Mr. Larpent two hundred pounds for your Christmas-box, of which, I suppose, he will inform you by this post. Make this Christmas



as merry a one as you can ; for *pour le peu de bon-tiens qui nous reste, rien n'est si funeste qu'un noir chagrin*. For the new years ; God send you many, and happy ones ! Adieu.

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## LETTER CCCXCVL

London, February the 11th, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED, two days ago, your letter of the 25th past ; and your former, which you mention in it, but ten days ago ; this may easily be accounted for, from the badness of the weather, and consequently of the roads. I hardly remember so severe a winter ; it has occasioned many illnesses here. I am sure it pinched my crazy carcase so much, that, about three weeks ago, I was obliged to be let blood twice in four days ; which I found afterwards was very necessary, by the relief it gave to my head, and to the rheumatic pains in my limbs ; and from the execrable kind of blood which I lost.

Perhaps you expect from me a particular account of the present state of affairs here ; but, if you do, you will be disappointed : for no man living (and I still less than any one) knows what it is ; it varies, not only daily, but hourly. Most people think, and amongst the rest, that the date of the present Mi-  
nisters

nisters is pretty near out; but how soon we are to have a new style, God knows. This, however, is certain, that the Ministers had a contested election in the House of Commons, and got it but by eleven votes; too small a majority to carry any thing: the next day they lost a question in the House of Lords, by three. The question in the House of Lords was, to enforce the execution of the Stamp-act in the Colonies *vi et armis*. What conclusions you will draw from these premises I do not know; I protest, I draw none; but only stare at the present undecypherable state of affairs, which in fifty years experience I have never seen any thing like. The Stamp-act has proved a most pernicious measure; for, whether it is repealed or not, which is still very doubtful, it has given such terror to the Americans, that our trade with them will not be, for some years, what it used to be. Great numbers of our manufacturers at home will be turned a starving, for want of that employment which our very profitable trade to America found them: and hunger is always the cause of tumults and sedition.

As you have escaped a fit of the gout in this severe cold weather, it is to be hoped you may be intirely free from it, till next winter at least.

P. S. Lord —, having parted with his wife, now keeps another w—e, at a great expence. I fear he is totally undone.

LETTER

## L E T T E R CCCXCVII.

London, March the 17th, 1766.

MY DEAR-FRIEND,

YOU wrong me, in thinking me<sup>e</sup> in your debt; for I never receive a letter of yours, but I answer it by the next post, or the next but one, at farthest: but I can easily conceive that my two last letters to you may have been drowned or frozen in their way; for portents, and prodigies of frost, snow, and inundations, have been so frequent this winter that they have almost lost their names.

You tell me that you are going to the baths of *Baden*; but that puzzles me a little, so I recommend this letter to the care of Mr. Larpent, to forward to you; for *Baden* I take to be the general German word for baths, and the particular ones are distinguished by some epithet, as *Weissbaden*, *Carlsbaden*, &c. I hope they are not cold baths, which I have a very ill opinion of, in all arthritic or rheumatic cases; and your case I take to be a compound of both, but rather more of the latter.

You will probably wonder that I tell you nothing of public matters; upon which I shall be as secret as *Hotspur's* gentle *Kate*, who would not tell what she did not know; but what is singular, nobody seems to know any more of them than I do. People gape, stare, conjecture, and refine. Changes of the Ministry,

try, or in the Ministry, at least, are daily reported and foretold : but, of what kind, God only knows. It is also very doubtful whether Mr. Pitt will come into the Administration or not ; the two present Secretaries are extremely desirous that he should ; but the others think of the horse that called the man to its assistance. I will say nothing to you about American affairs, because I have not pens, ink, or paper enough to give you an intelligible account of them. They have been the subjects of warm and acrimonious debates, both in the Lords and Commons, and in all companies.

The repeal of the Stamp-act is at last carried through. I am glad of it, and gave my proxy for it ; because I saw many more inconveniencies from the enforcing, than from the repealing it.

Colonel Browne was with me the other day, and assured me that he left you very well. He said that he saw me at Spa, but I did not remember him ; though I remember his two brothers, the Colonel and the ravisher, very well. Your Saxon Colonel has the brogue exceedingly. Present my respects to Count Flemming ; I am very sorry for the Countess's illness ; she was a most well-bred woman.

You would hardly think that I gave a dinner to the Prince of Brunswick, your old acquaintance. I am glad it is over ; but I could not avoid it. *Il m'avoit accablé de politesses.* God bless you !

LET.

## L E T T E R CCCXCVIII.

Blackheath, June the 13th, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED, yesterday, your letter of the 30th past. I waited with impatience for it, not having received one from you of six weeks; nor your mother neither, who began to be very sure that you were dead, if not buried. You should write to her once a week, or at least once a fortnight; for women make no allowance for either business or laziness; whereas I can, by experience, make allowances for both: however, I wish you would generally write to me once a fortnight.

Last week I paid my Midsummer offering, of five hundred pounds, to Mr. Larpent, for your use, as I suppose he has informed you. I am punctual, you must allow.

What account shall I give you of ministerial affairs here? I protest I do not know: your own description of them is as exact a one as any I, who am upon the place, can give you. It is a total dislocation and *dérangement*; consequently a total inefficiency. When the Duke of Grafton quitted the seals he gave that very reason for it, in a speech in the House of Lords: he declared, *that he had no objection to the persons or to the measures of the present Ministers; but that he thought they wanted strength and efficiency to carry on proper measures with success; and that he knew*

*but one man* (meaning, as you will easily suppose, Mr. Pitt) *who could give them that strength and solidity; that, under this person, he should be willing to serve in any capacity, not only as a General Officer, but as a pioneer; and would take up a spade and a mattock:* When he quitted the seals, they were offered first to Lord Egmont, then to Lord Hardwicke; who both declined them, probably for the same reasons that made the Duke of Grafton resign them: but, after their going a begging for some time, the Duke of — begged them, and has them *faute de mieux*. Lord Mountstuart was never thought of for Vienna, where Lord Stormont returns in three months: the former is going to be married to one of the Miss Windsors, a great fortune. To tell you the speculations, the reasonings, and the conjectures, either of the uninformed, or even of the best-informed public, upon the present wonderful situation of affairs, would take up much more time and paper than either you or I can afford, though we have neither of us a great deal of business at present.

I am in as good health as I could reasonably expect, at my age, and with my shattered carcase: that is, from the waist upwards: but downwards it is not the same; for my limbs retain that stiffness and debility of my long rheumatism, I cannot walk half an hour at a time. As the autumn, and still more as the winter approaches, take care to keep yourself very warm, especially your legs and feet.

Lady Chesterfield sends you her compliments, and triumphs in the success of her plaster. God bless you!

LET-

## L E T T E R CCCXCIX.

Blackheath, July the 11th, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU are a happy mortal, to have your time thus employed between the Great and the Fair; I hope you do the honours of your country to the latter. The Emperor, by your account, seems to be very well for an Emperor; who, by being above the other Monarchs in Europe, may justly be supposed to have had a proportionably worse education. I find, by your account of him, that he has been trained up to homicide, the only science in which Princes are ever instructed; and with good reason, as their greatness and glory singly depend upon the numbers of their fellow-creatures, which their ambition exterminates. If a Sovereign should, by great accident, deviate into moderation, justice, and clemency, what a contemptible figure would he make in the catalogue of Princes! I have always owned a great regard for King Log. From the interview at Torgaw, between the two Monarchs, they will be either a great deal better or worse together; but I think rather the latter, for our namesake, Philip de Comines, observes, that he never knew any good come from *l'abouchement des Rois*. The King of Prussia will exert all his perspicacity, to analyse his Imperial Majesty; and I would bet upon the

one head of his Black Eagle, against the two heads of the Austrian Eagle; though two heads are said, proverbially, to be better than one. I wish I had the direction of both the Monarchs, and they should, together with some of their Allies, take Lorraine and Alsace from France. You will call me l'Abbé de St. Pierre; but I only say what I wish; whereas he thought every thing that he wished practicable.

Now to come home. Here are great bustles at Court, and a great change of persons is certainly very near. You will ask me, perhaps, who is to be out, and who is to be in? To which I answer, I do not know. My conjecture is, that, be the new settlement what it will, Mr. Pitt will be at the head of it. If he is, I presume *qu'il aura mis de l'Eau dans son Vin par rapport à Mylord B*——; when that shall come to be known, as known it certainly will soon be, he may bid adieu to his popularity. A Minister, as Minister, is very apt to be the object of public dislike; and a Favourite, as Favourite, still more so. If any event of this kind happens, which (if it happens at all) I conjecture will be some time next week, you shall hear farther from me.

I will follow your advice, and be as well as I can next winter, though I know I shall never be free from my flying rheumatic pains, as long as I live; but whether that will be many years or few is extremely indifferent to me; in either case, God bless you!

LETTER



## L E T T E R CCCC.

Blackheath, August the 1st, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE curtain was at last drawn up, the day before yesterday, and discovered the new actors together with some of the old ones. I do not name them to you, because to-morrow's Gazette will do it full as well as I could. Mr. Pitt, who had *carte blanche* given him, named every one of them: but what would you think he named himself for? Lord Privy Seal; and (what will astonish you, as it does every mortal here) Earl of Chatham. The joke here is, that he has had *a fall up stairs*, and has done himself so much hurt, that he will never be able to stand upon his legs again. Every body is puzzled how to account for this step; though it would not be the first time that great abilities have been duped by low cunning. But be it ~~what it will~~, he is now certainly only Earl of Chatham; and no longer Mr. Pitt, in any respect whatever. Such an event, I believe, was never read nor heard of. To withdraw, in the fullness of his power, and in the utmost gratification of his ambition, from the ~~House~~ of Commons, (which procured him his power, and which could alone insure it to him) and to go into that Hospital of Incurables, the House of Lords, is a measure so unaccountable, that nothing but proof

positive could have made me believe it : but true it is. Hans Stanley is to go Embassador to Russia; and my Nephew, Ellis, to Spain, decorated with the red riband. Lord Shelburne is your Secretary of State, which I suppose he has notified to you this post, by a circular letter. Charles Townshend has now the sole management of the House of Commons; but how long he will be content to be only Lord Chatham's vicegerent there, is a question which I will not pretend to decide. There is one very bad sign for Lord Chatham, in his new dignity; which is, that all his enemies, without exception, rejoice at it; and all his friends are stupified and dumb-founded. If I mistake not much, he will in the course of a year enjoy perfect *otium cum dignitate*. Enough of politics.

Is the fair, or at least the fat, Miss C—— with you still? It must be confessed that she knows the arts of Courts; to be so received at Dresden, and so connived at in Leicester-fields.

There never was so wet a summer as this has been, in the memory of ~~men~~, we have not had one single day, since March, without some rain; but most days a great deal. I hope that does not affect your health, as great cold does; for, with all these inundations, it has not been cold. God bless you!

LETTER

## L E T T E R CCCCI.

Blackheath, August the 14th, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED yesterday your letter of the 30th past; and find by it, that it crossed mine upon the road, where they had no time to take notice of one another.

The news-papers have informed you, before now, of the changes actually made; more will probably follow, but what, I am sure, I cannot tell you; and I believe nobody can, not even those who are to make them: they will, I suppose, be occasional, as people behave themselves. The causes and consequences of Mr. Pitt's quarrel now appear in print, in a pamphlet published by Lord T——; and in a refutation of it, not by Mr. Pitt himself, I believe, but by some friend of his, and under his sanction. The former is very scurrilous and scandalous, and betrays private conversation. My Lord says, that in his last conference, he thought he had as good a right to nominate the new Ministry as Mr. Pitt, and consequently named Lord G——, Lord L——, &c. for Cabinet Council employments; which Mr. Pitt not consenting to, Lord T—— broke up the conference, and in his wrath went to Stowe; where I presume he may remain undisturbed a great while, since Mr. Pitt will neither be willing, nor able to  
send

send for him again. The pamphlet, on the part of Mr. Pitt, gives an account of his whole political life, and, in that respect, is tedious to those who were acquainted with it before ; but, at the latter end, there is an article that expresses such supreme contempt of Lord T——, and in so pretty a manner, that I suspect it to be Mr. Pitt's own : you shall judge yourself, for I here transcribe the article.—

“ But this I will be bold to say, that had he (Lord T——) not fastened himself into Mr. Pitt's train, and acquired thereby such an interest in that great man, he might have crept out of life with as little notice as he crept in ; and gone off with no other degree of credit, than that of adding a single unit to the bills of mortality.” I wish I could send you all the pamphlets and half-sheets that swarm here upon this occasion ; but that is impossible ; for every week would make a ship's cargo. It is certain that Mr. Pitt has, by his dignity of Earl, lost the greatest part of his popularity, especially in the City ; and I believe the Opposition will be very strong, and perhaps prevail, ~~next session~~, in the House of Commons ; there being now nobody there, who can have the authority, and ascendant over them, that Pitt had.

People tell me here, as young Harvey told you at Dresden, that I look very well ; but these are words of course, which every one says to every body. So far is true, that I am better than at my age, and with my broken constitution, I could have expected to be. God bless you !

LETTER

## L E T T E R CCCCII.

Blackheath, September the 12th, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE this moment received your letter of the 27th past. I was in hopes that your course of waters this year at Baden would have given you a longer reprieve from your painful complaint. If I do not mistake, you carried over with you some of Dr. Monsey's powders: Have you taken any of them, and have they done you any good? I know they did me a great deal. I, who pretend to some skill in phyfic, advise a cool regimen, and cooling medicines.

I do not wonder, that you do wonder at Lord C——'s conduct. If he was not outwitted into his Peccage by Lord B——, his accepting it is utterly inexplicable. The instruments he has chosen for the great Offices, I believe, will never fit the same case. It was cruel to put such a boy as Lord G——, over the head of old Ligonier; and if I had been the former, I would have refused that commission, during the life of that honest and brave old General. All this to quiet the Duke of R—— to a resignation, and to make Lord B—— Lieutenant of Ireland, where, I will venture to prophesy, that he will not do. Ligonier was much pressed to give up his regiment of guards, but would by no means do

do it ; and declared, that the King might break him, if he pleased, but that he would certainly not break himself.

I have no political events to inform you of ; they will not be ripe till the meeting of the Parliament. Immediately upon the receipt of this letter, write me one, to acquaint me how you are.

God blefs you : and particularly, may he fend you health, for that is the greatest blessing !

## L E T T E R CCCCIII.

Blackheath, September the 30th, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

**I RECEIVED** yesterday, with great pleasure, your letter of the 18th, by which I consider this last ugly bout as over ; and, to prevent its return, I greatly approve of your plan for the South of France, where I recommend for your principal residence, Pezenas, Toulouse, or Bourdeaux ; but do not be persuaded to go to Aix en Provence, which by experience I know to be at once the hottest and the coldest place in the world, from the ardour of the Provençal Sun, and the sharpness of the Alpine winds. I also earnestly recommend to you, for your complaint upon your breast, to take, twice a day, asses or (what is better) mare's milk, and that for these

these six months at least. Mingle turnips, as much as you can, with your diet.

I have written, as you desired, to Mr. Secretary Conway ; but I will answer for it, that there will be no difficulty to obtain the leave you ask.

There is no new event in the political world, since my last ; so God bless you !

## L E T T E R CCCCIV.

London, October the 29th, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE last mail brought me your letter of the 17th. I am glad to hear that your breast is so much better. You will find both asses and mares milk enough in the South of France, where it was much drank when I was there. Guy Patin recommends to a patient to have no Doctor but a Horse ; and no Apothecary but an Ass. As for your pains and weakness in your limbs, *je vous en offre autant* ; I have never been free from them since my last rheumatism. I use my legs as much as I can, and you should do so too, for disuse makes them worse. I cannot now use them long at a time, because of the weakness of old-age : but I contrive to get, by different snatches, at least two hours walking every day, either in my garden or within doors, as the weather

weather permits. I set out to-morrow for Bath, in hopes of half repairs, for Medea's kettle could not give me whole ones; the timbers of my wretched vessel are too much decayed to be fitted out again for use. I shall see poor Harte there, who, I am told, is in a miserable way, between some real and some imaginary distempers.

I send you no political news, for one reason, among others, which is, that I know none. Great expectations are raised of this session, which meets the 11th of next month: but of what kind nobody knows, and consequently every body conjectures variously. Lord Chatham comes to town to-morrow from Bath, where he has been to refit himself for the winter campaign: he has hitherto but an indifferent set of *Aides de Camp*; and where he will find better, I do not know. Charles Townshend and he are already upon ill terms. *Enfin je n'y vois point*; and so God bless you!

## L E T T E R C C C C V.

Bath, November the 15th, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE this moment received your letter of the 5th instant from Basle. I am very glad to find that your breast is relieved, though, perhaps, at the expence



pence of your legs: for, if the humour be either gouty or rheumatic, it had better be in your legs than any where else. I have consulted Moisy, the great physician of this place, upon it; who says, that at this distance he dares not prescribe any thing, as there may be such different causes for your complaint, which must be well weighed by a physician upon the spot; that is, in short, that he knows nothing of the matter. I will therefore tell you my own case, in 1732, which may be something parallel to yours. I had that year been dangerously ill of a fever in Holland; and, when I was recovered of it, the febrile humour fell into my legs, and swelled them to that degree, and chiefly in the evening, that it was as painful to me, as it was shocking to others. I came to England with them in this condition; and consulted Mead, Broxholme, and Arbuthnot, who none of them did me the least good; but, on the contrary, increased the swelling, by applying pultices and emollients. In this condition I remained near six months, till, finding that the doctors could do me no good, I resolved to consult Palmer, the most eminent surgeon of St. Thomas's Hospital. He immediately told me, that the physicians had pursued a very wrong method, as the swelling of my legs proceeded only from a relaxation and weakness of the cutaneous vessels; and he must apply strengtheners instead of emollients. Accordingly, he ordered me to put my legs up to the knees every morning, in brine from the salters, as hot as I could bear it; the brine must have had

meat

meat salted in it. I did so; and after having thus pickled my legs for about three weeks, the complaint absolutely ceased, and I have never had the least swelling in them since. After what I have said, I must caution you not to use the same remedy rashly, and without the most skilful advice you can find, where you are; for, if your swelling proceeds from a gouty, or rheumatic humour, there may be great danger in applying so powerful an astringent, and perhaps *repellent*, as brine. So go *piano*, and not without the best advice, upon a view of the parts.

I shall direct all my letters to you *Chez Monsieur Sarrazin*, who by his trade is, I suppose, *sedentaire* at Basle, which it is not sure that you will be at any one place, in the South of France. Do you know that he is a descendant of the French poet Sarrazin?

Poor Harte, whom I frequently go to see here, out of compassion, is in the most miserable way; he has had a stroke of the palsy, which has deprived him of the use of his right leg, affected his speech a good deal, and perhaps his head a little. Such are the intermediate tributes that we are forced to pay, in some shape or other, to our wretched nature, till we pay the last great one of all. May you pay this very late, and as few intermediate tributes as possible; and so *jubeo te bene valere*. God bless you!

LETTER

## LETTER CCCCVI.

Bath, December the 9th, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED, two days ago, your letter of the 26th past. I am very glad that you begin to feel the good effects of the climate where you are; I know it saved my life, in 1741, when both the skilful and the unskilful gave me over. In that ramble I stayed three or four days at Nîmes, where there are more remains of antiquity, I believe, than in any town in Europe, Italy excepted. What is falsely called *la maison quarrée*, is, in my mind, the finest piece of architecture that I ever saw; and the amphitheatre the clumsiest and the ugliest: if it were in England, every body would swear it had been built by Sir John Vanbrugh.

This place is now just what you have seen it formerly; here is a great crowd of trifling and unknown people, whom I seldom frequent, in the public rooms; so that I pass my time *très uniment*, in taking the air in my post-chaise every morning, and reading in the evenings. And *à propos* of the latter, I shall point out a book, which I believe will give you some pleasure; at least it gave me a great deal: I never read it before. It is *Réflexions sur la Poésie et la Peinture, par l'Abbé de Bos*, in two octavo volumes; and is, I suppose, to be had at every great

town in France. The criticisms and the reflections are just and lively.

It may be you expect some political news from me; but I can tell you that you will have none: for no mortal can comprehend the present state of affairs. Eight or nine people, of some consequence, have resigned their employments; upon which Lord C—— made overtures to the Duke of B—— and his people; but they could by no means agree, and his Grace went, the next day, full of wrath, to Wootton: so that negotiation is entirely at an end. People wait to see who Lord C—— will take in, for some he must have; even *he* cannot be alone, *contra Mundum*. Such a state of affairs, to be sure, was never seen before, in this or in any other country. When this Ministry shall be settled, it will be the sixth Ministry in six years time.

Poor Harte is here, and in a most miserable condition; those who wish him the best, as I do, must wish him dead. God bless you!

## LETTER CCCCVII.

— London, February the 13th, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IT is so long since I have had a letter from you, that I am alarmed about your health; and fear, that the

the Southern parts of France have not done so well by you, as they did by me in the year 1741, when they snatched me from the jaws of death. Let me know, upon the receipt of this letter, how you are, and where you are.

I have no news to send you from hence: for every thing seems suspended, both in the Court and in the Parliament, till Lord Chatham's return from the Bath, where he has been laid up this month, by a severe fit of the gout; and, at present, he has the sole apparent power. In what little business has hitherto been done in the House of Commons, Charles Townshend has given himself more Ministerial airs than Lord Chatham will, I believe, approve of. However, since Lord Chatham has thought fit to withdraw himself from that House, he cannot well do without Charles's abilities to manage it as his Deputy.

I do not send you an account of weddings, births, and burials, as I take it for granted that you know them all from the English printed papers; some of which, I presume, are sent after you. Your old acquaintance, Lord Effex, is to be married this week to Harriet Bladen, who has £.20,000 down, besides the reasonable expectation of as much at the death of her father. My kinsman, Lord Strathmore, is to be married, in a fortnight, to Miss Bowes, the greatest heiress perhaps in Europe. In short, the matrimonial phrenzy seems to rage at present, and is epidemical. The men marry for money, and I believe you guess what the women marry for. God bless you, and send you health!

## L E T T E R CCCCVIII.

London, March the 3d, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YESTERDAY I received two letters at once from you, both dated Montpellier; one of the 29th of last December, and the other, the 12th of February: but I cannot conceive what became of my letters to you; for, I assure you that I answered all yours the next post after I received them; and, about ten days ago, I wrote you a volunteer, because you had been so long silent; and I was afraid that you were not well: but your letter of the 12th February has removed all my fears upon that score. The same climate that has restored your health so far, will probably, in a little more time, restore your strength too; though you must not expect it to be quite what it was before your late painful complaints. At least I find that, since my late great rheumatism, I cannot walk above half an hour at a time, which I do not place singly to the account of my years, but chiefly to the great shock given then to my limbs. *D'ailleurs* I am pretty well for my age and shattered constitution.

As I told you in my last, I must tell you again in this, that I have no news to send. Lord Chatham, at last, came to town yesterday, full of gout, and is not able to stir hand or foot. During his absence,

Charles

Charles Townshend has talked of him and at him, in such a manner, that henceforwards they must be either much worse or much better together than ever they were in their lives. On Friday last, Mr. Dowdeswell and Mr. Grenville moved to have one shilling in the pound of the land-tax taken off; which was opposed by the Court; but the Court lost it by eighteen. The Opposition triumph much upon this victory; though, I think, without reason; for it is plain that all the landed gentlemen bribed themselves with this shilling in the pound.

The Duke of Buccleugh is very soon to be married to Lady Betty Montague. Lord Effex was married, yesterday, to Harriet Bladen; and Lord Strathmore, last week, to Miss Bowes; both couples went directly from the church to consummation in the country, from an unnecessary fear that they should not be tired of each other, if they stayed in town. And now *dixi*; God bless you!

You are in the right to go to see the Assembly of the States of Languedoc, though they are but the shadow of the original *Etats*, while there ~~was~~ some liberty subsisting in France.

## L E T T E R   CCCCIX.

London, March the 3d, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YESTERDAY I received your letter from Nimes, by which I find that several of our letters have reciprocally miscarried. This may probably have the same fate; however, if it reaches Monsieur Sarrazin, I presume he will know where to take his aim at you: for I find you are in motion, and with a Polarity to Dresden. I am very glad to find by it, that your Meridional journey has perfectly recovered you, as to your general state of health: for, as to your legs and thighs, you must never expect that they will be restored to their original strength and activity, after so many rheumatic attacks as you have had. I know that my limbs, besides the ~~the~~ natural debility of old-age, have never recovered the severe attack of rheumatism that plagued me five or six years ago. I cannot now walk above half an hour at a time, and even that in a hobbling kind of way.

I can give you no account of our political world, which is in a situation that I never saw in my whole life. Lord Chatham has been so ill, these last two months, that he has not been able (some say not willing) to do or hear of any business; and for his *four Ministres*, they either cannot, or dare not, do any,



any, without his directions; so that every thing is now at a stand. This situation, I think, cannot last much longer; and if Lord Chatham should either quit his post, or the world, neither of which is very improbable, I conjecture, that what is called the Rockingham Connexion stands the fairest for the Ministry. But this is merely my conjecture; for I have neither *data* nor *postulata* enough to reason upon.

When you get to Dresden, which I hope you will not do till next month, our correspondence will be more regular. God bless you!

## L E T T E R CCCCX.

London, May the 5th, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

BY your letter of the 25th past from Basle, I presume this will find you at Dresden, and accordingly I direct to you there. When you write me word that you are at Dresden, I will return you an answer, with something better than the answer itself. If you complain of the weather North of Besançon, what would you say to the weather that we have had here for these last two months, uninterruptedly? Snow often, North-east wind constantly, and extreme cold. I write this by the side of a good fire; and at this moment it snows very hard. All my

promised fruit at Blackheath is quite destroyed; and, what is worse, many of my trees.

I cannot help thinking that the King of Poland, the Empress of Russia, and the King of Prussia, *s'entendent comme Larrons en faire*, though the former must not appear in it, upon account of the stupidity, ignorance, and bigotry of his Poles. I have a great opinion of the cogency of the controversial arguments of the Russian troops, in favour of the Diffidends: I am sure, I with them success; for I would have all intoleration intolaterated in its turn. We shall soon see more clearly into this matter: for I do not think that the Autocratrice of all the Russias will be trifled with by the Sarmatians.

What do you think of the late extraordinary event in Spain? Could you ever have imagined that those ignorant Goths would have dared to banish the Jesuits? there must have been some very grave and important reasons for so extraordinary a measure: but what they were I do not pretend to guess; and perhaps I shall never know, though all the coffee-houses *here do*.

Things are here in exactly the same situation, in which they were when I wrote to you last. Lord Chatham is still ill, and only goes abroad for an hour in a day, to take the air, in his coach. The King has, to my certain knowledge, sent him repeated messages, desiring him not to be concerned at his confinement, for that he is resolved to support him *pour et contre tous*. God bless you!

LETTER

## L E T T E R CCCCXI.

London, June the 1st, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED yesterday your letter of the 20th past, from Dresden, where I am glad to find that you are arrived safe and sound. This has been every-where an *annus mirabilis* for bad weather; and it continues here still. Every body has fires, and their winter clothes, as at Christmas. The town is extremely sickly; and sudden deaths have been very frequent.

I do not know what to say to you upon public matters; things remain *in statu quo*, and nothing is done. Great changes are talked of, and I believe will happen very soon, perhaps next week: but who is to be changed, for whom, I do not know, though every body else does. I am apt to think that it will be a Mosaic Ministry, made up *de pièces rapportées* from different connexions.

Last Friday I sent your subsidy to Mr. Larpent, who, I suppose, has given you notice of it. I believe it will come very seasonably, as all places, both foreign and domestic, are so far in arrears. They talk of paying you all up to Christmas. The King's inferior servants are almost starving.

I suppose you have already heard at Dresden, that Count Brühl is either actually married, or very soon

to

to be so, to Lady Egremont. She has, together with her salary as Lady of the Bedchamber, £.2,500 a year; besides ten thousand pounds in money left her, at her own disposal, by Lord Egremont. All this will found great *en écus d'Allemagne*. I am glad of it; for he is a very pretty man. God bless you!

I easily conceive why Orloff influences the Empress of all the Russias; but I cannot see why the King of Prussia should be influenced by that motive.

## L E T T E R CCCCXII.

Blackheath, July the 2d, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

**T**HOUGH I have had no letter from you since my last, and though I have no political news to inform you of, I write this to acquaint you with a piece of ~~Greenwich~~ news, which I believe you will be very glad of; I am sure I am. Know then, that your friend Miss \* \* was happily married, three days ago, to Mr. \* \* \*, an Irish gentleman, and a Member of that Parliament, with an estate of above two thousand pounds a year. He settles upon her £.600 a jointure, and, in case they have no children, £.1,500. He happened to be by chance in her company one day here, and was at once shot dead by her charms; but, as dead men sometimes

walk, he walked to her the next morning, and tendered her his person and his fortune ; both which, taking the one with the other, she very prudently accepted, for his person is sixty years old.

Ministerial affairs are still in the same ridiculous and doubtful situation as when I wrote to you last. Lord Chatham will neither hear of nor do any business, but lives at Hampstead, and rides about the heath : his gout is said to be fallen upon his nerves. Your provincial Secretary, Conway, quits this week, and returns to the army, for which he languished. Two Lords are talked of to succeed him ; Lord Egmont, and Lord Hillsborough : I rather hope the latter. Lord Northington certainly quits this week ; but nobody guesses who is to succeed him, as President. A thousand other changes are talked of, which I neither believe nor reject.

Poor Harte is in a most miserable condition : he has lost one side of himself, and in a great measure his speech ; notwithstanding which, he is going to publish his *divine poems*, as he calls them. I am sorry for it, as he had not time to correct them before this stroke, nor abilities to do it since. God bless you !

## L E T T E R CCCCXIII.

Blackheath, July the 9th, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE received yours of the 21st past, with the enclosed proposal from the French *refugiés*, for a subscription towards building them *un Temple*. I have shewn it to the very few people I see, but without the least success. They told me (and with too much truth) that whilst such numbers of poor were literally starving here, from the dearth of all provisions, they could not think of sending their money into another country, for a building which they reckoned useless. In truth, I never knew such misery as is here now; and it affects both the hearts and the purses of those who have either: for my own part, I never gave to a building in my life; which I reckon is only giving to masons and carpenters, and the treasurer of the undertaking.

Contrary to the expectations of all mankind here, every thing still continues *in statu quo*. General Conway has been desired by the King to keep the seals till he has found a successor for him, and the Lord President the same. Lord Chatham is relapsed, and worse than ever: he sees no body, and no body sees him: it is said, that a bungling Physician has checked his gout, and thrown it upon his nerves; which is the worst distemper that a Minister or a  
Lover

Lover can have, as it debilitates the mind of the former, and the body of the latter. Here is at present an interregnum. We must soon see what order will be produced from this chaos.

The Electorate, I believe, will find the want of Comte Flemming; for he certainly had abilities; and was as sturdy and inexorable as a Minister at the head of finances ought always to be. When you see Comtesse Flemming, which I suppose cannot be of some time, pray make her Lady Chesterfield's and my compliments of condolence.

You say that Dresden is very sickly; I am sure London is at least as sickly now, for there reigns an epidemical distemper, called by the genteel name of *l'influenza*. It is a little fever, of which scarcely any body dies; and it generally goes off with a little looseness. I have escaped it, I believe, by being here. God keep you from all distempers, and bless you!

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## L E T T E R CCCCXIV.

London, October the 30th, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE now left Blackheath, till the next summer, if I live till then; and am just able to write, which is all I can say, for I am extremely weak, and  
have

have in a great measure lost the use of my legs; I hope they will recover both flesh and strength, for at present they have neither. I go to the Bath next week, in hopes of half repairs at most; for those waters, I am sure, will not prove Medea's kettle, nor *les eaux de Jouvence* to me; however, I shall do as good Courtiers do, and get what I can, if I cannot get what I will. I send you no politics, for here are neither politics nor Ministers; Lord Chatham is quiet at Pynsent, in Somersetshire; and his former subalterns do nothing, so that nothing is done. Whatever places or preferments are disposed of, come evidently from Lord ———, who affects to be invisible; and who, like a woodcock, thinks that, if his head is but hid, he is not seen at all.

General Pulteney is at last dead, last week, worth above thirteen hundred thousand pounds. He has left all his landed estate, which is eight-and-twenty-thousand pounds a year, including the Bradford estate, which his brother had ——— from that ancient family, to a cousin-german. He has left two hundred thousand pounds, in the funds, to Lord Darlington, who was his next nearest relation; and at least twenty thousand pounds in various legacies. If riches alone could make people happy, the last two proprietors of this immense wealth ought to have been so, but they never were.

God bless you, and send you good health, which is better than all the riches in the world!

LETTER



## L E T T E R CCCCXV.

London, November the 3d, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR last letter brought me but a scurvy account of your health. For the head-achs you complain of, I will venture to prescribe a remedy, which, by experience, I found a specific, when I was extremely plagued with them. It is, either to chew ten grains of rhubarb every night going to bed; or, what I think rather better, to take, immediately before dinner, a couple of rhubarb pills, of five grains each; by which means it mixes with the aliments, and will, by degrees, keep your body gently open. I do it to this day, and find great good by it. As you seem to dread the approach of a German winter, I would advise you to write to General Conway, for leave of absence for the three rigorous winter months, which I dare say will not be refused. If you chuse a worse climate, you may come to London; but, if you chuse a better and a warmer, you may go to Nice en Provence, where Sir William Stanhope is gone to pass his winter, who, I am sure, will be extremely glad of your company there.

I go to the Bath next Saturday; *Utinam ne frustra.*  
God bless you!

LETTER

## L E T T E R CCCCXVI.

Bath, December the 19th, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YESTERDAY I received your letter of the 29th past, and am very glad to find that you are well enough to think, that you may perhaps stand the winter at Dresden; but, if you do, pray take care to keep both your body and your limbs exceedingly warm.

As to my own health, it is, in general, as good as I could expect it at my age; I have a good stomach, a good digestion, and sleep well; but find that I shall never recover the free use of my legs, which are now full as weak as when I first came hither.

You ask me questions, concerning Lord C—— which neither I, nor, I believe, any body but himself can answer; however, I will tell you all that I do know, and all that I guess concerning him. This time twelvemonth he was here, and in good health and spirits, except now and then some little twinges of the gout. We saw one another four or five times, at our respective houses; but for these last eight months, he has been absolutely invisible to his most intimate friends, *les sous Ministres*: he would receive no letters, nor so much as open any packet about business.

His

His Physician, Dr. —, as I am told, had very ignorantly checked a coming fit of the gout, and scattered it about his body; and it fell particularly upon his nerves, so that he continues exceedingly vapourish; and would neither see nor speak to any body, while he was here. I sent him my compliments, and asked leave to wait upon him; but he sent me word, that he was too ill to see any body whatsoever. I met him frequently taking the air in his post-chaise, and he looked very well. He set out from hence, for London, last Tuesday; but what to do, whether to resume, or finally to resign the Administration, God knows; conjectures are various. In one of our conversations here, this time twelvemonth, I desired him to secure you a seat in the new Parliament; he assured me he would; and, I am convinced, very sincerely: he said even that he would make it his own affair; and desired I would give myself no more trouble about it. Since that, I have heard no more of it; which made me look out for some venal borough; and I spoke to a borough jobber, and offered five-and-twenty hundred pounds for a secure seat in Parliament; but he laughed at my offer, and said, That there was no such thing as a borough to be had now; for the rich East and West Indians had secured them all, at the rate of three thousand pounds at least: but many at four thousand; and two or three, that he knew, at five thousand. This, I confess, has vexed me a good deal; and made me the more impatient to know whether Lord C—— had done any thing in

it; which I shall know when I go to town, as I propose to do in about a fortnight; and as soon as I know it, you shall. To tell you truly what I think—I doubt, from all these *nervous disorders*, that Lord C—— is *hors de combat*, as a Minister; but do not even hint this to any body. God bless you!

## L E T T E R CCCCXVII.

Bath, December the 27th, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

*En nova progenies!*

THE outlines of a new Ministry are now declared; but they are not yet quite filled up: it was formed by the Duke of Bedford. Lord Gower is made President of the Council, Lord Sandwich Post-master, Lord Hillsborough Secretary of State, for America only, Mr. Rigby Vice-treasurer of Ireland. General Conway is to keep the seals a fortnight longer, and then to surrender them to Lord Weymouth. It is very uncertain whether the Duke of Grafton is to continue at the head of the Treasury or not; but, in my private opinion, George Grenville will very soon be there. Lord Chatham seems to be out of the question, and is at his re-purchased house at Hayes, where he will not see a mortal. It is yet uncertain

certain whether Lord Shelburne is to keep his place; if not, Lord Sandwich, they say, is to succeed him. All the Rockingham people are absolutely excluded. Many more changes must necessarily be: but no more are yet declared. It seems to be a resolution taken by somebody, that Ministries are to be annual.

Sir George Macartney is next week to be married to Lady Jane Stuart, Lord Bute's second daughter.

I never knew it so cold in my life as it is now, and with a very deep snow; by which, if it continues, I may be snow-bound here for God knows how long, though I proposed leaving this place the latter end of the week.

Poor Harte is very ill here; he mentions you often, and with great affection. God bless you!

When I know more, you shall.

## L E T T E R CCCCXVIII.

London, January the 29th, 1768.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

**TWO** days ago I received your letter of the 8th. I wish you had gone a month or six weeks sooner to Basle, that you might have escaped the excessive cold, of the most severe winter that I believe was ever known. It congealed both my body and my

U 2

mind,

mind, and scarcely left me the power of thinking. A great many here, both in town and country, have perished by the frost, and been lost in the snow.

You have heard, no doubt, of the changes at court, by which you have got a new Provincial, Lord Weymouth; who has certainly good parts, and, as I am informed, speaks very well in the House of Lords; but I believe he has no application. Lord Chatham is at his house at Hayes, but sees no mortal. Some say that he has a fit of the gout, which would probably do him good; but many think that his worst complaint is in his head, which I am afraid is too true. Were he well, I am very sure he would realize the promise he made me concerning you; but however, in that uncertainty, I am looking out for any chance borough; and, if I can find one, I promise you I will bid like a chapman for it, as I should be very sorry that you were not in the next Parliament. I do not see any probability of any vacancy in a foreign commission in a better climate; Mr. Hamilton at Naples, Sir Horace Mann at Florence, and George Pitt at Turin, do not seem likely to make one. And as for changing your foreign department for a domestic one, it would not be in my power to procure you one; and you would become *d'évêque mûnier*, and gain nothing in point of climate, by changing a bad one for another full as bad, if not worse; and a worse I believe is not than ours. I have always had better health abroad than at home; and, if the tattered remnant of my wretched life were worth my care, I would have been in the