



*The hon^{ble} Mary-Bellenden
afterwards
W^m Campbell*

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up all: they have already a general named, who ranks before any one of ours; and there are to be two Hanoverian aide-de-camps!

You will hear by this post of the death of sir William Lowther, whose vast succession falls to sir James, and makes him Cræsus: he may hire the dukes of Bedford and Marlborough for led captains. I am sorry for this young man, though I did not know him; but it is hard to be cut off so young and so rich: old rich men seldom deserve to live, but he did a thousand generous acts. You will be diverted with a speech of lord S. one of those second-rate fortunes, who have not above five-and-thirty thousand pounds a year. He says, every body may attain some one point if they give all their attention to it; for his part, he knows he has no great capacity, he could not make a figure by his parts; he shall content himself with being one of the richest men in England! I literally saw him t'other day buying pictures for two-and-twenty shillings, that I would not hang in my garret; while I, who certainly have not made riches my sole point of view, was throwing away guineas, and piquing myself for old tombstones against your father-in-law the general¹. I hope lady A. will forgive my zeal for Strawberry against Coombank! Are you ever to see your Strawberry-hill again? Lord Duncannon flatters us that we shall see you in May. If I did not hope it, I would send you the only two new fashionable pieces; a comic elegy by C. and a wonderful book by a more wonderful author, Greville². It is called *Maxims and Characters*: several of the former are pretty: all the latter so absurd, that one in particular, which at the beginning you take for the character of a man, turns out to be the character of a post-chaise.

You never tell me now any of Miffy's bons-mots. I hope she has not resided in Ireland till they are degenerated into bulls! Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

¹ General John Campbell, who upon the death of Archibald duke of Argyll succeeded to that title.

² Fulke Greyille, esq.

LETTER XXVI.

Strawberry-hill, August 14, 1757.

YOU are too kind to me, and, if it were possible, would make me feel still more for your approaching departure¹. I can only thank you ten thousand times; for I must not expatiate, both from the nature of the subject, and from the uncertainty of this letter reaching you. I was told yesterday, that you had hanged a French spy in the Isle of Wight; I don't mean you, but your government. Though I wish no life taken away, it was some satisfaction to think that the French were at this hour wanting information.

Mr. F. breakfasted here t'other day. He confirmed what you tell me of lord F—C—'s account: it is universally said that the duke² failed merely by inferiority, the French soldiers behaving in general most scandalously. They had fourscore pieces of cannon, but very ill served. Marshal D'Estrées was recalled before the battle, but did not know it. He is said to have made some great mistakes in the action. I cannot speak to the truth of it, but the French are reported to have demanded two millions sterling of Hanover.

My whole letter will consist of hearsays; for, even at so little distance from town, one gets no better news than hawkers and pedlars retail about the country. From such I hear that George Haldane is made governor of Jamaica, and that a Mr. Campbell, whose father lives in Sweden, is going thither to make an alliance with that country, and hire 12,000 men. If one of my acquaintance, as an antiquary, were alive, sir Anthony Shirley³, I sup-

¹ On the expedition to Rochfort.

² The duke of Cumberland, in the affair at Hastenbeck.

³ Sir Thomas, sir Anthony, and sir Robert Shirley were three brothers, all great travellers, and all distinguished by extraordinary adventures in the reigns of queen Elizabeth and James I.—Much confusion has ensued in their history from their adventures being confounded together. Lord Orford, it should seem, had intended to

clear up these mistakes, as among his papers are many notes on their subject, and references to all the books which mention any part of their history. Sir Anthony Shirley, after sixteen years travels, went into Persia, was in high favour with the Sephi, married a relation of his, and was sent by him ambassador to James I. in 1611. See Baker's History of James I. p. 132, who by mistake calls him sir Robert instead of sir Anthony.

pose we should send him to Persia again for troops; I fear we shall get none nearer!

Adieu, my dearest Harry! Next to wishing your expedition still-born, my most constant thought is, how to be of any service to poor lady A——, whose reasonable concern makes even that of the strongest friendship seem trifling.

Yours most entirely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XXVII.

Strawberry-hill, October 13, 1757.

IF you have received mine of Tuesday, which I directed to Portsmouth, you will perceive how much I agree with you. I am charmed with your sensible modesty. When I talked to you of defence, it was from concluding that you had all agreed that the attempt was impracticable, nay impossible; and from thence I judged that the ministry intended to cast the blame of a wild project upon the officers. That they may be a little willing to do that, I still think—but I have the joy to find that it cannot be thrown on you. As your friend, and fearing, if I talked for you first, it would look like doubt of your behaviour, at least that you had bid me defend you at the expence of your friends, I said not a word, trusting that your innocence would break out and make its way. I have the satisfaction to find it has already done so. It comes from all quarters but your own, which makes it more honourable. My lady Suffolk told me last night, that she heard all the *seamen* said they wished the general had been as ready as Mr. Conway. But this is not all: I left a positive commission in town to have the truth of the general report sent me without the least disguise; in consequence of which I am solemnly assured that your name is never mentioned but with honour;

On Rochfort.

that

that all the violence, and that extreme, is against sir John Mordaunt and Mr. Cornwallis. I am particularly sorry for the latter, as I firmly believe him as brave as possible.

This situation of things makes me advise, what I know and find I need not advise, your saying as little as possible in your own defence, nay, as much as you can with any decency for the others. I am neither acquainted with, nor care a straw about, sir John Mordaunt; but as it is known that you differed with him, it will do you the greatest honour to vindicate him, instead of disculpating yourself. My most earnest desire always is, to have your character continue as amiable and respectable as possible. There is no doubt but the whole will come out, and therefore your justification not coming from yourself will set it in a ten times better light. I shall go to town to-day to meet your brother; and as I know his affection for you will make him warm in clearing you, I shall endeavour to restrain that ardour, of which you know I have enough on the least glimmering of a necessity: but I am sure you will agree with me, that, on the representation I have here made to you, it is not proper for your friends to appear solicitous about you.

The city talk very treason, and, connecting the suspension at Stade with this disappointment, cry out, that the general had positive orders to do nothing, in order to obtain gentler treatment of Hanover. They intend in a violent manner to demand redress, and are too enraged to let any part of this affair remain a mystery.

I think, by your directions, this will reach you before you leave Bevis-mount: I would gladly meet you at Park-place, if I was not sure of seeing you in town a day or two afterwards at farthest; which I will certainly do, if you let me know. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER

LETTER XXVIII.

Arlington-street, June 4, 1758.

THE habeas corpus is finished, but only for this year. Lord Temple threatened to renew it the next; on which lord Hardwicke took the party of proposing to order the judges to prepare a bill for extending the power of granting the writ in vacation to all the judges. This prevented a division; though lord Temple, who protested alone t'other day, had a flaming protest ready, which was to have been signed by near thirty. They sat last night till past nine. Lord Mansfield spoke admirably for two hours and twenty-five minutes. Except lord Ravensworth and the duke of Newcastle, whose meaning the first never knows himself, and the latter's nobody else, all who spoke, spoke well: they were lord Temple, lord Talbot, lord Bruce, and lord Stanhope, for; lord Morton, lord Hardwicke, and lord Mansfield, against the bill.

The duke of Grafton has resigned. Norborne Berkeley has converted a party of pleasure into a campaign, and is gone with the expedition¹, without a shirt but what he had on, and what is lent him. The night he sailed he had invited women to supper. Besides him, and those you know, is a Mr. Sylvester Smith. Every body was asking, "But who is Sylvester Smith?" Harry Townshend replied, "Why, he is the son of Delaval, who was the son of Lowther, who was the son of Armitage, who was the son of Downe²."

The fleet sailed on Thursday morning. I don't know why, but the persuasion is that they will land on this side Ushant, and that we shall hear some events by Tuesday or Wednesday. Some believe that lord Anson and Howe have different destinations. Rochfort, where there are 20,000 men, is said positively not to be the place. The king says there are 80,000 men and three marshals in Normandy and Bretagne. George Selwyn asked general Campbell, if the ministry had yet told the king the object?

Mademoiselle de l'Enclos³ is arrived, to my supreme felicity—I cannot

¹ Against St. Maloes.

² All these gentlemen had been volunteers on successive expeditions to the coast of France.

³ The portrait of Ninon de l'Enclos, now at

Strawberry-hill, given to Mr. Walpole by the old countess of Sandwich, daughter to the famous lord Rochester. She died at Paris in the year 1755.

say very handsome or agreeable; but I had been prepared on the article of her charms. I don't say, like Harry VIII. of Anne of Cleves, that she is a Flanders mare, though to be sure she is rather large: on the contrary, I bear it as well as ever prince did who was married by proxy—and she does not find me *fricassé dans de la neige*. Adieu.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. I forgot to tell you of another *galanterie* I have had, a portrait of queen Elizabeth left here while I was out of town. The servant said it was a present, but he had orders not to say from whom.

LETTER XXIX.

June 16, 1758, 2 o'clock noon.

WELL, my dear Harry! you are not the only man in England who have not conquered France¹! Even dukes of Marlborough² have been there without doing the business. I don't doubt but your good heart has even been hoping, in spite of your understanding, that our heroes have not only taken St. Maloes, but taken a trip cross the country to burn Rochfort, only to show how easy it was. We have waited with astonishment at not hearing that the French court was removed in a panic to Lyons, and that the mesdames had gone off in their shifts with only a provision of rouge for a week. Nay, for my part, I expected to be deafened with encomiums on my lord A——'s continence, who, after being allotted madame Pompadour as his share of the spoils, had again imitated Scipio, and, in spite of

¹ Madame de Sevigné, in her Letters to her daughter, reports that Ninon thus expressed herself relative to her son the marquis de Sevigné, who was one of her lovers.

² Alluding to the expedition against Roche-

fort, the year before, on which Mr. Conway was second in command.

³ The duke of Marlborough commanded the troops on this expedition against St. Maloes.

the

the violence of his *temperament*, had restored her unfulfilled to the king of France.—Alack! we have restored nothing but a quarter of a mile of coast to the right owners. A messenger arrived in the middle of the night with an account that we have burned two frigates and an hundred and twenty small fry; that it was found impossible to bring up the cannon against the town; and that, the French army approaching the coast, commodore H——, with the expedition of harlequin as well as the taciturnity, reembarked our whole force in seven hours, volunteers and all, with the loss only of one man, and they are all gone to seek their fortune somewhere else. Well! in half a dozen more wars we shall know something of the coast of France. Last war we discovered a fine bay near port l'Orient: we have now found out that we knew nothing of St. Maloes. As they are popular persons, I hope the city of London will send some more gold boxes to these discoverers. If they send a patch box to lord G—— S——, it will hold all his laurels. As our young nobility cannot at present travel through France, I suppose this is a method for finishing their studies. George Selwyn says he supposes the French ladies will have scaffolds erected on the shore to see the English go by.—But I won't detain the messenger any longer; I am impatient to make the duchess' happy, who I hope will soon see the duke returned from his coasting voyage.

The C——s will be with you next Wednesday, and I believe I too; but I can take my own word so little, that I will not give it you. I know I must be back at Strawberry on Friday night; for lady Hervey and lady Stafford are to be there with me for a few days from tomorrow se'nnight. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

* Lady Mary Bruce duchess of Richmond, her mother during the duke of Richmond's only child of the countess of Ailesbury by her absence, who was a volunteer upon this expedition. She was at Park-place with dition.

LETTER XXX.

Strawberry-hill, July 21, 1758.

YOUR gazette, I know, has been a little idle; but we volunteer gazettes, like other volunteers, are not easily tied down to regularity and rules. We think we have so much merit, that we think we have a right to some demerit too; and those who depend upon us, I mean us gazettes, are often disappointed. A common foot newspaper may want our vivacity, but is ten times more useful. Besides, I am not in town, and ten miles out of it is an hundred miles out of it for all the purposes of news. You know of course that lord George Sackville refused to go *a-buccaneering* again, as he called it; that *my friend* lord A. who loves a dram of any thing, from glory to brandy, is *out of order*; that just as lord Panmure was going to take the command, he missed an eye; and that at last they have routed out an old general Blighe from the horse armoury in Ireland, who is to undertake the codicil to the expedition. Moreover, you know that prince Edward is bound 'prentice to Mr. Howe. All this you have heard; yet, like my cousin the Chronicle, I repeat what has been printed in every newspaper of the week, and then finish with one paragraph of *spick and span*. Alack! my postscript is not very fortunate: a convoy of 12,000 men, &c. was going to the king of Prussia, was attacked unexpectedly by 5000 Austrians, and cut entirely to pieces; provisions, ammunition, &c. all taken. The king instantly raised the siege, and retreated with so much precipitation, that he was forced to nail up 60 pieces of cannon. I conclude the next we hear of him will be a great victory: if he sets overnight in a defeat, he always rises next morning in a triumph—at least, we that have nothing to do but expect and admire, shall be extremely disappointed if he does not. Besides, he is three months debtor to fame.

The only private history of any freshness is, my lady D——'s christening; the child had *three* godfathers: and I will tell you why: they had thought of the duke of Newcastle, my lord and George ——; but of two ——'s and his grace, God could not take the word of any two of them, so all three were forced to be bound.

I draw this comfort from the king of Prussia's defeat, that it may prevent the folly of another expedition: I don't know how or why, but no reason is a very good one against a thing that has no reason in it. Eleven hundred men are ill from the last enterprize. Perhaps don William Quixote² and admiral Amadis³ may determine to send them to the Danube; for, as no information ever precedes their resolutions, and no impossibilities ever deter them, I don't see why the only thing worthy their consideration should not be, how glorious and advantageous an exploit it would be, if it could be performed. Why did bishop Wilkins try to fly? Not that he thought it practicable, but because it would be very convenient. As he did not happen to be a particular favourite of the city of London, he was laughed at: they prepossessed in his favour, and he would have received twenty gold boxes, though twenty people had broken their necks off St. Paul's with trying the experiment.

I have heard a whisper, that you do not go into Yorkshire this summer. Is it true? It is fixed that I go to Ragley⁴ on the 13th of next month; I trust you do so too. Have you had such deluges for three weeks well counted, as we have? If I had not cut one of my perroquet's wings, and there were an olive tree in the country, I would send to know where there is a foot of dry land.

You have heard, I suppose, if not, be it known to you, that Mr. Keppel, the canon of Windsor, espouses my niece Laura; yes, Laura⁵. I rejoice much so I receive your compliments upon it, lest you should, as it sometimes happens, forget to make them. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

² William Pitt, afterwards earl of Chatham, then secretary of state.

³ Lord Anson, then first lord of the admiralty.

⁴ The seat of the earl of Herford.

⁵ Eldest daughter of sir Edward Walpole.

July 22.

FOR the pleasure of my conscience I had written all the above last night, expecting lord Lyttelton, the dean, and other company, to-day. This morning I receive yours; and having already told you all I know, I have only a few paragraphs to answer.

I am pleased that you are pleased about my book¹: *you* shall see it very soon; though there will scarce be a new page: nobody else shall see it till spring. In the first place, the prints will not be finished: in the next, I intend that two or three other things shall appear before it from my press, of other authors; for I will not surfeit people with my writings, nor have them think that I propose to find employment alone for a whole press—so far from it, I intend to employ it no more about myself.

I will certainly try to see you during your waiting². Adieu!

L E T T E R XXXI.

Strawberry-hill, September 2, 1753.

IT is well I have got something to pay you for the best letter that ever was! A vast victory, I own, does not entertain me so much as a good letter; but you are bound to like any thing military better than your own wit, and therefore I hope you will think a defeat of the Russians a better bon-mot than any you sent me. Should you think it clever if the king of Prussia has beaten them? How much cleverer, if he has taken three lieutenant generals and an hundred pieces of cannon? How much cleverer still, if he has left fifteen thousand Muscovites dead on the spot³? Does the loss of *only* three thousand of his own men, take off from or sharpen the sting of this joke? In short, all this is fact, as a courier arrived at Sion-hill

¹ The Anecdotes of Painting.

² As groom of the bed-chamber to the king.

³ The defeat of the Russians at Zornsdorff.

this morning affirms. The city, I suppose, expect that his majesty will now be at leisure to step to Ticonderoga, and repair our mishap¹. But I shall talk no more politics: if this finds you at Chatsworth, as I suppose it will, you will be better informed than from me.

Lady — — arrived at Ragley between two and three in the morning—how unlucky that I was not there to offer her part of an aired bed! But how could you think of the proposal you have made me? Am not I already in love with *the youngest, handsomest and wittiest widow in England?* As *Herculean* a labourer as I am, as Tom Hervey says, I don't choose another. I am still in the height of my impatience for the chest of old papers from Ragley², which, either by the fault of their servants or of the waggoner, is not yet arrived. I shall go to London again on Monday in quest of it; and in truth think so much of it, that, when I first heard of the victory this morning, I rejoiced, as we were likely now *to recover the Palatinate*. Good night.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XXXII.

Arlington-street, January 19, 1759.

I HOPE the treaty of Sluys advances rapidly³. Considering that your own court is as new to you as monsieur de Bareil and his, you cannot be very well entertained: the joys of a Dutch fishing town and the incidents of a cartel will not compose a very agreeable history. In the mean time you do not lose much: though the parliament is met, no politics are come to town: one may describe the house of commons like the price of stocks:

² The repulse of general Abercrombie at Ticonderoga.

³ Mr. Conway was sent to Sluys to settle a cartel for prisoners with the French. Monsieur de Bareil was the person appointed by the French court for the same business.

⁴ The Conway papers in the reign of James I.

Debates, nothing done. Votes, under par. Patriots, no price. Oratory, books shut. Love and war are as much at a stand: neither the duchess of Hamilton¹ nor the expeditions are gone off yet. Prince Edward² has asked to go to Quebec, and has been refused. If I was sure they would refuse me, I would ask to go thither too. I should not dislike about as much laurel as I could stick in my window at Christmas.

We are next week to have a *ferenata* at the Opera-house for the king of Prussia's birth-day: it is to begin, *Viva Georgio, e Federigo viva!* It will, I own, divert me to see my lord Temple whispering *for* this alliance, on the same bench on which I have so often seen him whisper *against* all Germany. The new opera pleases universally, and I hope will yet hold up its head. Since Vanneschi³ is cunning enough to make us sing *the roast-beef of old Germany*, I am persuaded it will revive: politics are the only hot-bed for keeping such a tender plant as Italian music alive in England.

You are so thoughtless about your dress, that I cannot help giving you a little warning against your return. Remember, every body that comes from abroad is *censé* to come from France, and whatever they wear at their first re-appearance immediately grows the fashion. Now if, as is very likely, you should through inadvertence change hats with a master of a Dutch smack, O—— will be upon the watch, will conclude you took your pattern from monsieur de Bareil, and in a week's time we shall all be equipped like Dutch skippers. You see I speak very disinterestedly; for, as I never wear a hat myself, it is indifferent to me what sort of hat I don't wear. Adieu! I hope nothing in this letter, if it is opened, will affect *the conferences*, nor hasten our rupture with Holland. Lest it should, I send it to lord Holderness's office; concluding, like lady B—— W——, that the government never suspect what they send under their own covers.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

¹ Elizabeth Gunning, duchess dowager of Hamilton.

² Afterwards created duke of York.

³ Abbate Vanneschi, an Italian, and director of the opera.

LETTER XXXIII.

Arlington-street, January 28, 1759.

YOU and monsieur de Bareil may give yourselves what airs you please of settling cartels with expedition: you don't exchange prisoners with half so much alacrity as Jack Campbell¹ and the duchess of Hamilton have exchanged hearts. I had so little observed the negotiation, or suspected any, that, when your brother told me of it yesterday morning, I would not believe a tittle—I beg Mr. Pitt's pardon, not an *iota*. It is the prettiest match, in the world—since yours—and every body likes it but the duke of B—— and lord C——. What an extraordinary fate is attached to those two women! Who could have believed that a Gunning would unite the two great houses of Campbell and Hamilton? For my part, I expect to see my lady Coventry queen of Prussia. I would not venture to marry either of them these thirty years, for fear of being shuffled out of the world *prematurely* to make room for the rest of their adventures. The first time Jack carries the duchess into the Highlands, I am persuaded that some of his second-sighted subjects will see him in a winding-sheet, with a train of kings behind him as long as those in Macbeth.

We had a scrap of a debate on Friday on the Prussian and Hessian treaties. Old Vyner opposed the first, in pity to that *poor woman*, as he called her, the empress queen. Lord Strange² objected to the gratuity of 60,000*l.* to the landgrave, unless words were inserted to express his receiving that sum in full of all demands. If Hume Campbell had cavilled at this favourite treaty, Mr. Pitt could scarce have treated him with more haughtiness; and, what is far more extraordinary, Hume Campbell could scarce have taken it more dutifully. This *long* day was over by half an hour after four.

As you and monsieur de Bareil are on such amicable terms, you will take care to soften to him a new conquest we have made. Keppel has taken the island of Goree. You great ministers know enough of its importance;

¹ The present duke of Argyll.

I need not detail it. Before your letters came we had heard of the death of the princess royal: you will find us black and all black. Lady Northumberland and the great ladies put off their assemblies: diversions begin again to-morrow with the mourning.

You perceive, London cannot furnish half so long a letter as the little town of Sluys; at least I have not the art of making one out. In truth, I believe I should not have writ this unless lady A—— had bid me; but she does not care how much trouble it gives me, provided it amuses you for a moment. Good night!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. I forgot to tell you that the king has granted my lord Marischall's pardon, at the request of monsieur de Knyphausen. I believe the pretender himself could get his attainder reversed if he would apply to the king of Prussia.

LETTER XXXIV.

Strawberry-hill, Oct. 18, 1759.

I INTENDED my visit to Park-place to show my lady A—— that when I come thither it is not solely on your account, and yet I will not quarrel with my journey thither if I should find you there; but seriously I cannot help begging you to think whether you will go thither or not, just now. My first thought about you has ever been what was proper for you to do; and though you are the man in the world that think of that the most yourself, yet you know I have twenty scruples, which even you sometimes laugh at. I will tell them to you, and then you will judge, as you can best. Sir Edward Hawke and his fleet is dispersed, at least driven back to Plymouth: the French, if one may believe that they have broken a regiment for mutinying against embarking, were actually embarked at that instant. The most sensible people I know, always thought they would
postpone

postpone their invasion, if ever they intended it, till our great ships could not keep the sea, or were eaten up by the scurvy. Their ports are now free; their situation is desperate: the new account of our taking Quebec leaves them in the most deplorable condition; they will be less able than ever to raise money, we have got ours for next year; and this event would facilitate it, if we had not: they must try for a peace, they have nothing to go to market with but Minorca. In short, if they cannot strike some desperate blow in this island or Ireland, they are undone: the loss of 20,000 men to do us some mischief, would be cheap. I should even think madame Pompadour in danger of being torn to pieces, if they did not make some attempt. Madame Maintenon, not half so unpopular, mentions in one of her letters her unwillingness to trust her niece m^{lle} Aumale on the road, for fear of some such accident. You will smile perhaps at all this reasoning and pedantry; but it tends to this—If desperation should send the French somewhere, and the wind should force them to your coast, which I do not suppose their object, and you should be out of the way, you know what your enemies would say; and, strange as it is, even you have been proved to have enemies. My dear sir, think of this! Wolfe, as I am convinced, has fallen a sacrifice to his rash blame of you. If I understand any thing in the world, his letter that came on Sunday said this: "*Quebec is impregnable; it is flinging away the lives of brave men to attempt it. I am in the situation of Conway at Rochfort; but having blamed him, I must do what I now see he was in the right to see was wrong, and yet what he would have done; and as I am commander, which he was not, I have the melancholy power of doing what he was prevented doing.*" Poor man! his life has paid the price of his injustice; and as his death has purchased such benefit to his country, I lament him, as I am sure you, who have twenty times more courage and good nature than I have, do too. In short, I, who never did any thing right or prudent myself (not, I am afraid, for want of knowing what was so), am content with your being perfect, and with suggesting any thing to you that may tend to keeping you so:—and (what is not much to the present purpose) if such a pen as mine can effect it, the world hereafter shall know that you was so. In short, I have pulled down my lord Falkland, and I desire you will take care that I may speak truth when I erect you in his place; for remember, I love truth even better than I love you. I always confess my own faults, and I will not palliate yours.—But, laughing apart, if you think there is no weight in what I say, I shall gladly meet you at Park-place,

whither I shall go on Monday, and stay as long as I can, unless I hear from you to the contrary. If you should think I have hinted any thing to you of consequence, would not it be handsome, if, after receiving leave, you should write to my lord Ligonier, that though you had been at home but one week in the whole summer, yet as there might be occasion for your presence in the camp, you should decline the permission he had given you?—See what it is to have a wife relation, who preaches a thousand fine things to you which he would be the last man in the world to practise himself. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XXXV.

Strawberry-hill, June 28, 1760.

THE devil is in people for fidgeting about! They can neither be quiet in their own houses, nor let others be at peace in theirs! Have not they enough of one another in winter, but they must cuddle in summer too? For your part, you are a very priest: the moment one repents, you are for turning it to account. I wish you was in camp—never will I pity you again. How did you complain when you was in Scotland, Ireland, Flanders, and I don't know where, that you could never enjoy Park-place? Now you have a whole summer to yourself, and you are as *junkettaceous* as my lady Northumberland. Pray, what horse-race do you go to next? For my part, I can't afford to lead such a life: I have Conway-papers to fort; I have lives of the painters to write; I have my prints to paste, my house to build, and every thing in the world to tell posterity.—How am I to find time for all this? I am past forty, and may not have above as many more years to live; and here I am to go here and to go there—Well, I will meet you at Chaffont on Thursday; but I positively will stay but one night. I have settled with your brother that we will be at Oxford on the 13th of July, as lord Beauchamp is only loose from the 12th to the 20th. I will be at

¹ Mr. Conway was encamped in Kent near Canterbury.

Park-place on the 12th, and we will go together the next day. If this is too early for you, we may put it off to the 15th: determine by Thursday; and one of us will write to lord Hertford.

Well! Quebec is come to life again. Last night I went to see the Holdernesses, who by the way are in raptures with Park—in Sion-lane: as Cibber says of the Revolution, I met the Raising of the Siege; that is, I met my lady in a triumphal car, drawn by a Manks horse thirteen little fingers high, with lady Emily,—

— et fibi Countess

Ne placeat, ma'amselle curru portatur eodem—

Mr. M—— was walking in ovation by himself after the car; and they were going to see the bonfire at the alehouse at the corner. The whole procession returned with me; and from the countess's dressing-room we saw a battery fired before the house, the mob crying, "God bless the good news!" —These are all the particulars I know of the siege: my lord would have shewed me the journal, but we amused ourselves much better in going to eat peaches from the new Dutch stoves.

The rain is come indeed, and my grass is as green as grass; but all my hay has been cut and soaking this week, and I am too much in the fashion not to have given up gardening for farming; as next I suppose we shall farming, and turn graziers and hogdrivers.

I never heard of such a female as my lady Stormont brought to bed in flames. I hope miss Bacchus Murray will not carry the resemblance through, and love drinking like a Pole. My lady Lyttelton is at Mr. Garrick's, and they were to have breakfasted here this morning; but somehow or other they have changed their mind. Good night!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XXXVI.

Strawberry-hill, August 7, 1760.

I CAN give you but an unpleasant account of myself, I mean unpleasant for me; every body else I suppose it will make laugh. Come, laugh at once! I am laid up with the gout, am an absolute cripple, am carried up to bed by two men, and could walk to China as soon as cross the room. In short, here is my history: I have been out of order this fortnight, without knowing what was the matter with me; pains in my head, sicknesses at my stomach, dispiritedness, and a return of the nightly fever I had in the winter. I concluded a northern journey would take all this off—but behold! on Monday morning I was seized as I thought with the cramp in my left foot; however, I walked about all day: towards evening, it discovered itself by its true name, and that night I suffered a great deal. However, on Tuesday I was again able to go about the house; but since Tuesday I have not been able to stir, and am wrapped in flannels and swathed like sir Paul Pliant on his wedding-night. I expect to hear that there is a bet at Arthur's, which runs fastest, Jack Harris^a or I. Nobody would believe me six years ago when I said I had the gout. They would do leanness and temperance honours to which they have not the least claim.

I don't yet give up my expedition; as my foot is much swelled, I trust this alderman distemper is going: I shall set out the instant I am able; but I much question whether it will be soon enough for me to get to Ragley by the time the clock strikes Loo. I find I grow too old to make the circuit with the charming duchess^b.

I did not tell you about German skirmishes, for I knew nothing of them: when two vast armies only scratch one another's faces, it gives me no attention. My gazette never contains above one or two casualties of foreign politics:—overlaid, one king; dead of convulsions, an electorate; burnt to death, Dresden.

^a John Harris of Hayne in Devonshire, married to Mr. Conway's eldest sister.

^b Anne Liddell duchess of Grafton.

I wish

I wish you joy of all your purchases; why, you found as rich as if you had had the gout these ten years. I beg their pardon; but just at present, I am very glad not to be near the vivacity of either Missy or Peter¹. I agree with you much about the Minor: there are certainly parts and wit in it. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XXXVII.

Strawberry-hill, September 19, 1760.

THANK you for your notice, though I should certainly have contrived to see you without it. Your brother promised he would come and dine here one day with you and lord Beauchamp. I go to Navestock on Monday, for two or three days; but that will not exhaust your waiting². I shall be in town on Sunday; but as that is a court-day, I will not, so don't propose it—dine with you at Kensington; but I will be with my lady Hertford about six, where your brother and you will find me if you please. I cannot come to Kensington in the evening, for I have but one pair of horses in the world, and they will have to carry me to town in the morning.

I wonder the king expects a battle; when prince Ferdinand can do as well without fighting, why should he fight? Can't he make the hereditary prince gallop into a mob of Frenchmen, and get a scratch on the nose; and Johnson straddle cross a river and come back with six heads of hussars in his fob, and then can't he thank all the world, and assure them he shall never forget the victory they have not gained? These thanks are sent over: the gazette swears that this no success was chiefly owing to general Mof-tyn; and the chronicle protests, that it was achieved by my lord Granby's losing his hat, which he never wears; and then his lordship sends over for three hundred thousand pints of porter to drink his own health; and

¹ A favourite greyhound.

² Mr. Conway was a groom of the bed-chamber to the king, and then in waiting at Kensington.
then

then Mr. Pitt determines to carry on the war for another year; and then the duke of Newcastle hopes that we shall be beat, that he may lay the blame on Mr. Pitt, and that then he shall be minister for 30 years longer; and then we shall be the greatest nation in the universe. Amen!—My dear Harry, you see how easy it is to be a hero. If you had but taken Impudence and Oatlands in your way to Rochfort, it would not have signified whether you had taken Rochfort or not. Adieu! I don't know who lady ^{W.}'s Mr. Alexander is.—If she curls like a vine with any Mr. Alexander but you, I hope my lady Coventry will recover and be your Roxana.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XXXVIII.

YOU are good for nothing; you have no engagement, you have no principles; and all this I am not afraid to tell you, as you have left your sword behind you. If you take it ill, I have given my nephew, who brings your sword, a letter of attorney to fight you for me; I shall certainly not see you: my lady Waldegrave goes to town on Friday, but I remain here. You lose lady Anne Conolly² and her forty daughters, who all dine here to-day upon a few loaves and three small fishes. I should have been glad if you would have breakfasted here on Friday on your way; but as I lie in bed rather longer than the lark, I fear our hours would not suit one another. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

² At Strawberry-hill.

² Sister of William earl of Strafford.

LETTER XXXIX.

Monday, five o'clock, Feb. 1761.

I AM a little peevish with you—I told you on Thursday night that I had a mind to go to Strawberry on Friday without staying for the qualification-bill. You said it did not signify—No! What if *you* intended to speak on it? Am I indifferent to hearing you? More—Am I indifferent about acting with you? Would not I follow you in any thing in the world?—This is saying no profligate thing. Is there any thing I might not follow you in? You even did not tell me yesterday that you had spoken. Yet I will tell you all I have heard; though if there was a point in the world in which I could not wish you to succeed where you wish yourself, perhaps it would be in having you employed. I cannot be cool about your danger; yet I cannot know any thing that concerns you, and keep it from you. Charles Townshend called here just after I came to town to-day. Among other discourse he told me of your speaking on Friday, and that your speech was reckoned hostile to the duke of Newcastle. Then talking of regiments going abroad, he said, * * * *

With regard to your reserve to me, I can easily believe that your natural modesty made you unwilling to talk of yourself to me. I don't suspect you of any reserve to me: I only mention it now for an occasion of telling you that I don't like to have any body think that I would not do whatever you do. I am of no consequence: but at least it would give me some, to act invariably with you; and that I shall most certainly be ever ready to do. Adieu!

Yours ever,

• HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER

LETTER XL.

Arlington-street, April 10, 1761.

IF Prince Ferdinand had studied how to please me, I don't know any method he could have lighted upon so likely to gain my heart, as being beaten out of the field before you joined him. I delight in a hero that is driven so far that nobody can follow him. He is as well at Paderborn, as where I have long wished the king of Prussia, the other world. You may frown if you please at my imprudence, you who are gone with all the disposition in the world to be well with your commander; the peace is in a manner made, and the anger of generals will not be worth fixpence these ten years. We peaceable folks are now to govern the world, and you warriors must in your turn tremble at our subjects the mob, as we have done before your hussars and court-martials.

I am glad you had so pleasant a passage*. My lord Lyttelton would say, that lady M—— C——, like Venus, smiled over the waves, et mare præstabat eunti. In truth, when she could tame me, she must have had little trouble with the ocean. Tell me how many burgomasters she has subdued, or how many would have fallen in love with her if they had not fallen asleep? Come, has she saved two-pence by her charms? Have they abated a farthing of their impositions for her being handsomer than any thing in the seven provinces? Does she know how political her journey is thought? Nay, my lady A——, you are not out of the scrape; you are both reckoned des marechaux de Guebriant², going to fetch, and *consequently* govern the young queen. There are more jealousies about your voyage, than the duke of Newcastle would feel if Dr. Shaw had prescribed a little ipecacuanha to my lord Bute.

I am sorry I must adjourn my mirth, to give lady A—— a pang; poor

* From Harwich to Helvoetsluys.

² The marechale de Guebriant was sent to the king of Poland with the character of em-

bassadrefs by Louis XIII. to accompany the princess Marie de Gonzague, who had been married by proxy to the king of Poland at Paris.

Mr Harry Ballenden¹ is dead; he made a great dinner at Almac's for the house of Drummond, drank very hard, caught a violent fever, and died in a very few days. Perhaps you will have heard this before; I shall wish so; I do not like, even innocently, to be the cause of sorrow.

I do not at all lament lord Granby's leaving the army, and your immediate succession. There are persons in the world who would gladly ease you of this burthen. As you are only to take the viceroyalty of a hoop, and that for a few weeks, I shall but smile if you are terribly distressed. Don't let lady A— proceed to Brunswic: you might have had a wife who would not have thought it so terrible to fall into the hands [*arms*] of hussars; but as I don't take *that* to be your countess's turn, leave her with the Dutch, who are not so boisterous as coffers or chancellors of the exchequer.

My love, my duty, my jealousy, to lady M—, if she is not failed before you receive this—if she is, I shall deliver them myself. Good night; I write immediately on the receipt of your letter, but you see I have nothing yet new to tell you.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XLI.

Arlington-street, July 14, 1761.

MY dearest Harry, how could you write me such a cold letter as I have just received from you, and beginning *Dear sir!* Can you be angry with me, for can I be in fault to you? Blameable in ten thousand other respects, may not I almost say I am perfect with regard to you? Since I was fifteen, have not I loved you unalterably? Since I was capable of knowing your merit, has not my admiration been veneration? For what could so much affection and esteem change? Has not your honour, your interest, your safety been ever my first objects? Oh, Harry! if you knew what I have felt and am feeling about you, would you charge me with neglect? If I have

¹ Uncle to the Countess of Ailesbury.

seen a person since you went, to whom my first question has not been, "What do you hear of the peace?" you would have reason to blame me. You say I write very seldom: I will tell you what, I should almost be sorry to have you see the anxiety I have expressed about you in letters to every body else. No; I must except lady A——, and there is not another on earth who loves you so well and is so attentive to whatever relates to you.

With regard to writing this is exactly the case: I had nothing to tell you; nothing has happened; and where you are, I was cautious of writing. Having neither hopes nor fears, I always write the thoughts of the moment, and even laugh to divert the person I am writing to, without any ill will on the subjects I mention. But in your situation that frankness might be prejudicial to you: and to write grave unmeaning letters, I trusted you was too secure of me either to like them or desire them. I knew no news, nor could I: I have lived quite alone at Strawberry; am connected with no court, ministers, or party; consequently heard nothing, and events there have been none. I have not even for this month heard my lady T——'s extempore gazette. All the morning I play with my workmen or animals, go regularly every evening to the meadows with Mrs. Clive, or sit with my lady Suffolk*, and at night scribble my painters—What a journal to send you! I write more trifling letters than any man living; am ashamed of them, and yet they are expected of me. You, my lady A——, your brother, sir Horace Mann, George Montagu, lord Strafford—all expect I should write—Of what? I live less and less in the world, care for it less and less, and yet am thus obliged to inquire what it is doing. Do make these allowances for me, and remember half your letters go to my lady A——. I writ to her, of the king's marriage, concluding she would send it to you: tiresome as it would be, I will copy my own letters, if you expect it; for I will do any thing rather than disoblige you. I will send you a diary of the duke of York's balls and Ranelaghs, inform you of how many children my lady B—— is with child, and how many races my nephew goes to. No; I will not, you do not want *such* proofs of my friendship.

The papers tell us you are retiring, and I was glad. You seem to expect an action—Can this give me spirits? Can I write to you joyfully, and fear? Or is it fit prince Ferdinand should know you have a friend that is as great

* Henrietta Hobart, countess of Suffolk, then living at Marble-hill.



*The hon^{ble}. W^m. Howard
afterwards
Countess of Suffolk*

Engraved after the last sketch Sep. 1791 by G.C. & J. Robinson London.

a coward about you as your wife? The only reason for my silence, that can *not* be true, is, that I forget you. When I am prudent or cautious, it is no symptom of my being indifferent. Indifference does not happen in friendships, as it does in passions; and if I was young enough or feeble enough to cease to love you, I would not for my own sake let it be known. Your virtues are my greatest pride; I have done myself so much honour by them, that I will not let it be known you have been peevish with me unreasonably. Pray God we may have peace, that I may scold you for it!

The king's marriage was kept the profoundest secret till last Wednesday, when the privy council was extraordinarily summoned, and it was notified to them. Since that, the new queen's mother is dead, and will delay it a few days; but lord Harcourt is to sail on the 27th, and the coronation will certainly be on the 22d of September. All that I know fixed, is, lord Harcourt master of the horse, the duke of Manchester chamberlain, and Mr. Stone treasurer. Lists there are in abundance; I don't know the authentic: those most talked of, are, lady Bute groom of the stole, the duchesses of Hamilton and Ancafter, lady Northumberland, Bolinbroke, Weymouth, Scarborough, Abergavenny, Effingham, for ladies; you may choose any six of them you please; the four first are most probable. Misses, Henry Beauclerc, M. Howe, Meadows, Wrottesley, Bishop, &c. &c. &c. Choose your maids too. Bedchamber women, Mrs. Bloodworth, Robert Brudenel, Charlotte Dives, lady Erskine: in short, I repeat a mere newspaper.

We expect the final answer of France this week. Buffly^{*} was in great pain on the fireworks for Québec, lest he should be obliged to illuminate his house: you see I ransack my memory for something to tell you.

Adieu! I have more reason to be angry than you had; but I am not so hasty: you are of a *violent, impetuous, jealous* temper—I, *cool, sedate, reasonable*. I believe I must subscribe my name, or you will not know me by this description.

Yours unalterably,

HOR. WALPOLE.

* The abbé de Buffly sent here with overtures of peace. Mr. Stanley was at the same time sent to Paris.

LETTER XLII.

Strawberry-hill, July 23, 1761.

WELL, *mon biau cousin!* you may be as cross as you please now: when you beat two marshals of France and cut their armies to pieces¹, I don't mind your pouting; but in good truth, it was a little vexatious to have you quarrelling with me, when I was in greater pain about you than I can express. I will say no more; make a peace, under the walls of Paris if you please, and I will forgive you all—but no more battles: consider, as Dr. Hay said, it is cowardly to beat the French now.

Don't look upon yourselves as the only conquerors in the world. Pondicherry is ours, as well as the field of Kirk Denckirk. The park guns never have time to cool; we ruin ourselves in gun-powder and sky-rockets. If you have a mind to do the gallantest thing in the world after the greatest, you must escort 'the princess of Mecklenburg'² through France. You see what a bully I am; the moment the French run away, I am sending you on expeditions. I forgot to tell you that the king has got the isle of Dominique and the chicken-pox, two trifles that don't count in the midst of all these festivities. No more does your letter of the 8th, which I received yesterday: it is the one that is to come after the 16th, that I shall receive graciously.

Friday 24th.

NOT satisfied with the rays of glory that reached Twickenham, I came to town to bask in your success; but am most disagreeably disappointed to find you must beat the French once more, who seem to love to treat the English mob with subjects for bonfires. I had got over such an alarm, that I foolishly ran into the other extreme, and concluded there was not a French battalion left entire upon the face of Germany. Do write to me; don't be out of humour, but tell me every motion you make: I assure you I have deserved you should. Would you were out of the question, if it

¹ The victory obtained by prince Ferdinand of Brunswic over the marechal de Broglio and the prince de Soubise at Kirk Denckirk.

² Her present majesty.

were only that I might feel a little humanity! There is not a blacksmith or linkboy in London that exults more than I do, upon any good news, since you went abroad. What have I to do to hate people I never saw, and to rejoice in their calamities! Heaven send us peace, and you home! Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

L E T T E R XLIII.

Strawberry-hill.

THIS is the 5th of August, and I just receive your letter of the 17th of last month by Fitzroy*. I heard he had lost his pocket-book with all his dispatches, but had found it again. He was a long time finding the letter for me.

You do nothing but reproach me; I declare I will bear it no longer, though you should beat forty more marshals of France. I have already writ you two letters that would fully justify me if you receive them; if you do not, it is not I that am in fault for not writing, but the post-offices for reading my letters, content if they would forward them when they have done with them. They seem to think, like you, that I know more news than any body. What is to be known in the dead of summer, when all the world is dispersed? Would you know who won the sweep-stakes at Huntingdon? What parties are at Woburn? What officers upon guard in Betty's fruit-shop? Whether the peeresses are to wear long or short tresses at the coronation? How many jewels lady ——— borrows of actresses? All this is your light summer wear for conversation; and if my memory were as much stuffed with it as my ears, I might have sent you volumes last week. My nieces, lady W——, and mrs. K——, were here five days, and discussed the claim or disappointment of every miss in the kingdom for maid of honour. Unfortunately this new generation is not at all my affair.

* George Fitzroy, afterwards created lord Southampton.

I cannot

I cannot attend to what concerns them—Not that their trifles are less important than those of one's own time, but my mould has taken all its impressions, and can receive no more. I must grow old upon the stock I have. I, that was so impatient at all their chat, the moment they were gone, flew to my lady Suffolk, and heard her talk with great satisfaction of the late queen's coronation-petticoat. The preceding age always appears respectable to us (I mean as one advances in years), one's own age interesting, the coming age neither one nor t'other.

You may judge by this account that I have writ *all* my letters, or ought to have written them; and yet, for occasion to blame me, you draw a very pretty picture of my situation: all which tends to prove that I ought to write to you every day, whether I have any thing to say or not. I am writing, I am building—both *works that will outlast the memory of battles and heroes!* Truly, I believe, the one will as much as t'other. My buildings are paper, like my writings, and both will be blown away in ten years after I am dead; if they had not the substantial use of amusing me while I live, they would be worth little indeed. I will give you one instance that will sum up the vanity of great men, learned men, and buildings altogether. I heard lately, that Dr. ———, a very learned personage, had consented to let the tomb of Aylmer de Valence, earl of Pembroke, a very great personage, be removed for Wolfe's monument; that at first he had objected, but was wrought upon by being told that *high* Aylmer was a knight templar, a very wicked set of people as his lordship had heard, tho' he knew nothing of them, as they are not mentioned by Longinus. I own I thought this a made story, and wrote to his lordship, expressing my concern that one of the finest and most ancient monuments in the abbey should be removed, and begging, if it was removed, that he would bestow it on me, who would erect and preserve it here. After a fortnight's deliberation, the bishop sent me an answer, civil indeed, and commending my zeal for antiquity! but avowing the story under his own hand. He said, that at first they had taken Pembroke's tomb for a knight templar's. Observe, that not only the man who shows the tombs names it every day, but that there is a draught of it at large in Dart's Westminster; that upon discovering whose it was, he had been very unwilling to consent to the removal, and at last had obliged Wilton to engage to set it up within ten feet of where it stands at present. His lordship concluded with congratulating me on publishing learned authors at any press. I don't wonder that a man who thinks Lucan

a learned

a *learned* author, should mistake a tomb in his own cathedral. If I had a mind to be angry, I could complain with reason, as, having paid forty pounds for ground for my mother's tomb, that the chapter of Westminster fell their church over and over again; the ancient monuments tumble upon one's head thro' their neglect, as one of them did, and killed a man at lady Elizabeth Percy's funeral; and they erect new waxen dolls of queen Elizabeth, &c. to draw visits and money from the mob. I hope all this history is applicable to some part or other of my letter; but letters you will have, and so I send you one, very like your own stories that you tell your daughter: There was a king, and he had three daughters, and they all went to see the tombs; and the youngest, who was in love with Aylmer de Valence, &c.

Thank you for your account of the battle; thank prince Ferdinand for giving you a very honourable post, which, in spite of his teeth and yours, proved a very safe one; and above all, thank prince Soubize, whom I love better than all the German princes in the universe. Peace, I think, we must have at last, if you beat the French, or at least hinder them from beating you, and afterwards starve them. Bussy's last *last* courier is expected; but as he may have a last last *last* courier, I trust no more to this than to all the others. He was complaining t'other day to Mr. Pitt of our haughtiness, and said it would drive the French to some desperate effort; thirty thousand men, continued he, would embarrass you a little, I believe! Yes, truly, replied Pitt, for I am so embarrassed with those we have already, I don't know what to do with them.

Adieu! Don't fancy that the more you scold, the more I will write: It has answered three times, but the next cross word you give me shall put an end to our correspondence. Sir Horace Mann's father used to say, Talk, Horace, you have been abroad:—you cry, Write, Horace, you are at home. No, sir, you can beat an hundred and twenty thousand French, but you cannot get the better of me. I will not write such foolish letters as this every day, when I have nothing to say.

Yours as you behave,

HOR. WALPOLE.

Of Kirk Denckirk.

LITTER

They did not get to bed till two. To-day was a drawing-room: every body was presented to her; but she spoke to nobody, as she could not know a soul. The crowd was much less than at a birth-day, the magnificence very little more. The king looked very handsome, and talked to her continually with great good-humour. It does not promise as if they two would be the two most unhappy persons in England, from this event. The bride-maids, especially lady Caroline Russell, lady Sarah Lenox, and lady Elizabeth Keppel, were beautiful figures. With neither features nor air, lady Sarah was by far the chief angel. The duchess of Hamilton was almost in possession of her former beauty to-day; and your other duchess¹, your daughter, was much better dressed than ever I saw her. Except a pretty lady Sutherland, and a most perfect beauty, an Irish miss Smith², I don't think the queen saw much else to discourage her: my niece³, lady Kildare, Mrs. Fitzroy, were none of them there. There is a ball to-night, and two more drawing-rooms; but I have done with them. The duchess of Queensberry and lady Westmorland were in the procession, and did credit to the ancient nobility.

You don't presume to suppose, I hope, that we are thinking of you, and wars, and misfortunes and distresses, in these festival times. Mr. Pitt himself would be mobbed if he talked of any thing but clothes, and diamonds, and bride maids. Oh! yes, we have wars, civil wars; there is a campaign opened in the bed-chamber. Every body is excluded but the ministers; even the lords of the bed-chamber, cabinet-counsellors, and foreign ministers: but it has given such offence that I don't know whether lord Huntingdon must not be the scape-goat. Adieu! I am going to transcribe most of this letter to your countess.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

¹ The duchess of Richmond.

² Afterwards married to Mr. Matthew, now lord Landaff.

³ The countess of Waldegrave.

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HOR. WALPOLE.

¹ The duchess of Richmond.

² Afterwards married to Mr. Matthew, now lord Landaff.

³ The countess of Waldegrave.

LETTER XLV.

Arlington-street, Sept. 25, 1761.

THIS is the most unhappy day I have known of years: Bussy goes away! Mankind is again given up to the sword! Peace and you are far from England!

Strawberry-hill.

I was interrupted this morning, just as I had begun my letter, by lord Waldegrave; and then the duke of Devonshire sent for me to Burlington-house to meet the duchess of Bedford, and see the old pictures from Hardwicke. If my letter reaches you three days later, at least you are saved from a lamentation. Bussy has put off his journey to Monday (to be sure, you know this is Friday): he says this is a strange country, he can get no waggoner to carry his goods on a Sunday. I am glad a Spanish war waits for a conveyance, and that a waggoner's *veto* is as good as a tribune's of Rome, and can stop Mr. Pitt on his career to Mexico. He was going post to conquer it—and Beckford, I suppose, would have had a contract for remitting all the gold, of which Mr. Pitt never thinks, unless to serve a city-friend. It is serious that we have discussions with Spain, who says France is humbled enough, but must not be ruined. Spanish gold is actually coining in frontier towns of France; and the privilege which Biscay and two other provinces have of fishing on the coast of Newfoundland, has been demanded for all Spain. It was refused peremptorily; and Mr. secretary Cortez¹ insisted yesterday se'nnight on recalling lord Bristol². The rest of the council, who are content with the world they have to govern, without conquering others, prevailed to defer this impetuosity. However, if France or Spain are the least untractable, a war is inevitable: nay, if they don't submit by the first day of the session, I have no doubt but Mr. Pitt will declare it himself on the address. I have no opinion of Spain intending it: they give France money to protract a war, from which they reap such advantages in their peaceful capacity; and I should think would not give their money if they were on the point of having occasion for it themselves. In spite of you, and all the old barons our ancestors, I pray that we may

¹ Mr. Pitt, then secretary of state.² The English ambassador at the court of Madrid.

have

have done with glory, and would willingly burn every Roman and Greek historian who have done nothing but transmit precedents for cutting throats.

The coronation is over : 'tis even a more gorgeous sight than I imagined. I saw the procession and the hall ; but the return was in the dark. In the morning they had forgot the sword of state, the chairs for king and queen, and their canopies. They used the lord mayor's for the first, and made the last in the hall : so they did not set forth till noon ; and then, by a childish compliment to the king, reserved the illumination of the hall till his entry, by which means they arrived like a funeral, nothing being discernible but the plumes of the knights of the bath, which seemed the herse. Lady Kildare, the duchess of Richmond, and lady Pembroke, were the capital beauties. Lady Harrington, the finest figure at a distance ; old Westmorland, the most majestic. Lady Hertford could not walk, and indeed I think is in a way to give us great anxiety. She is going to Ragley to ride. Lord Beauchamp was one of the king's train-bearers. Of all the incidents of the day, the most diverting was, what happened to the queen. She had a retiring-chamber, with *all* conveniencies, prepared behind the altar. She went thither—in the *most convenient*, what found she but—the duke of Newcastle ! Lady Hardwicke died three days before the ceremony, which kept away the whole house of Yorke. Some of the peeresses were dressed over night, slept in arm-chairs, and were waked if they tumbled their heads. Your sister Harris's maid, lady Peterborough, was a comely figure. My lady Cowper refused, but was forced to walk with lady M——. Lady Falmouth was not there ; on which George Selwyn said, that those peeresses who were most used to *walk*, did not. I carried my lady Townshend, lady Hertford, lady Anne Conolly, my lady Hervey, and Mrs. Clive, to my deputy's house at the gate of Westminster-hall. My lady Townshend said she should be very glad to see a coronation, as she never had seen one. “ Why,” said I, “ madam, you walked at the last ? ” “ Yes, child,” said she, “ but I saw nothing of it : I only looked to see who looked at me.” The duchess of Queensberry walked : her affectation that day was to do nothing preposterous. The queen has been at the opera, and says she will go once a week. This is a fresh disaster to our box, where we have lived so harmoniously for three years. We can get no alternative but that over miss Chudleigh's ; and lord Strafford and lady M—— C—— will not subscribe, unless we can. The duke of Devonshire and I are negotiating with all our art to keep our

party together. The crowds at the opera and play when the king and queen go, are a little greater than what I remember. The late royalties went to the Haymarket, when it was the fashion to frequent the other opera in Lincoln's-inn-fields. Lord Chesterfield one night came into the latter, and was asked, If he had been at the other house? "Yes," said he, "but there was nobody but the king and queen; and as I thought they might be talking business, I came away."

Thank you for your journals: the best route you can send me would be of your journey homewards. Adieu!

Yours most sincerely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. If you ever hear from, or write to, such a person as lady A——, pray tell her she is worse to me in point of correspondence than ever you said I was to you, and that she sends me every thing but letters.

LETTER XLVI.

Arlington-street, October 12, 1761.

IT is very lucky that you did not succeed in the expedition to Rochfort. Perhaps you might have been made a peer; and as *Chatham* is a naval title, it might have fallen to your share. But it was reserved to crown greater glory: and lest it should not be substantial pay enough, three thousand pounds a year for three lives go along with it. Not to Mr. Pitt—you can't suppose it. Why truly, not the title, but the annuity does, and lady Hesther is the baroness; that, if he should please, he may earn an earldom himself. Don't believe me, if you have not a mind. I know I did not believe those who told it me. But ask the gazette that swears it—ask the king, who has kissed lady Hesther—ask the city of London, who are ready to tear Mr. Pitt to pieces—ask forty people I can name who are overjoyed at it—and then ask me again, who am mortified, and who have been the dupe of his disinterestedness. Oh, my dear Harry! I beg you on my knees, keep your virtue: do let me think there is still one man upon earth who despises money.

I wrote

I wrote you an account last week of his resignation. Could you have believed that in four days he would have tumbled from the conquest of Spain to receiving a quarter's pension from Mr. West? To-day he has advertised his seven coach-horses to be sold—Three thousand a year for three lives, and fifty thousand pounds of his own, will not keep a coach and six. I protest I believe he is mad, and Lord Temple thinks so too; for he resigned the same morning that Pitt accepted the pension. George Grenville is minister in the house of commons. I don't know who will be speaker. They talk of Prowse, Hussey, Bacon, and even of old Sir John Rushout. Delaval has said an admirable thing: he blames Pitt—not as you and I do; but calls him fool; and says, if he had gone into the city, told them he had a poor wife and children unprovided for, and had opened a subscription, he would have got five hundred thousand pounds, instead of three thousand pounds a year. In the mean time the good man has saddled us with a war which we can neither carry on nor carry off. 'Tis pitiful! 'tis wondrous pitiful! Is the communication stopped, that we never hear from you? I own 'tis an Irish question. I am out of humour: my visions are dispelled, and you are still abroad. As I cannot put Mr. Pitt to death, at least I have buried him: here is his epitaph:

Admire his eloquence—It mounted higher
Than Attic purity, or Roman fire:
Adore his services—our Lions view
Ranging, where Roman eagles never flew:
Copy his soul supreme o'er Lucre's sphere;
—But oh! beware three thousand pounds a year!

October 13.

Jemmy Grenville resigned yesterday. Lord Temple is all hostility; and goes to the drawing-room to tell every body how angry he is with the court—but what is Sir Joseph Wittol, when Nol Bluff is pacific? They talk of erecting a tavern in the city, called The Salvation: the sign to represent Lord Bath and Mr. Pitt embracing. These are shameful times. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

' Secretary to the treasury.

LETTER XLVII.

Strawberry-hill, October 26, 1761.

HOW strange it seems ! You are talking to me of the king's wedding, while we are thinking of a civil war. Why, the king's wedding was a century ago, almost two months ; even the coronation that happened half an age ago, is quite forgot. The post to Germany cannot keep pace with our revolutions. Who knows but you may still be thinking that Mr. Pitt is the most disinterested man in the world ? Truly, as far as the votes of a common-council can make him so, he is. Like Cromwell, he has always promoted the self-denying ordinance, and has contrived to be excused from it himself. The city could no longer choose who should be their man of virtue ; there was not one left : by all rules they ought next to have pitched upon one who was the oldest offender : instead of that, they have re-elected the most recent ; and, as if virtue was a borough, Mr. Pitt is re-chosen for it, on vacating his seat. Well, but all this is very serious : I shall offer you a prophetic picture, and shall be very glad if I am not a true soothsayer. The city have voted an address of thanks to Mr. Pitt, and given instructions to their members ; the chief articles of which are, to promote an inquiry into the disposal of the money that has been granted, and to consent to no peace, unless we are to retain all, or very near all, our conquests. Thus the city of London usurp the right of making peace and war. But is the government to be dictated to by one town ? By no means. But suppose they are not—what is the consequence ? How will the money be raised ? If it cannot be raised without them, Mr. Pitt must again be minister : that you think would easily be accommodated. Stay, stay ; he and lord Temple have declared against the whole cabinet council. Why, that they have done before now, and yet have acted with them again. It is very true ; but a little word has escaped Mr. Pitt, which never entered into his former declarations ; nay, nor into Cromwell's, nor Hugh Capet's, nor Julius Cæsar's, nor any reformer's of ancient time. He has happened to say, he will *guide*. Now, though the cabinet council are mighty willing to be guided, when they cannot help it, yet they wish to have appearances saved : they cannot be fond of being told they are to be guided ; still less, that other people should be told so. Here, then, is Mr. Pitt and the common-council on one hand, the great lords on the other. I protest, I do not

fee but it will come to this. Will it allay the confusion, if Mr. Fox is retained on the side of the court? Here are no whigs and Tories, harmless people, that are content with worrying one another for 150 years together. The new parties are, *I will*, and *You shall not*; and their principles do not admit delay. However, this age is of suppler mould than some of its predecessors; and this may come round again, by a coup de baguette, when one least expects it. If it should not, the honestest part one can take is to look on, and try if one can do any good if matters go too far.

I am charmed with the Castle of Hercules*; it is the boldest pile I have seen since I travelled in Fairyland. You ought to have delivered a princess imprisoned by enchanters in his club: she, in gratitude, should have fallen in love with you: your constancy should have been immaculate. The devil knows how it would have ended—I don't—And so I break off my romance.

You need not beat the French any more this year: it cannot be ascribed to Mr. Pitt; and the mob won't thank you. If we are to have a warm campaign in parliament, I hope you will be sent for. Adieu! We take the field to-morrow se'nnight.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

* P. S. You will be sorry to hear that Worktop is burned. My lady Waldegrave has got a daughter, and your brother an ague.

LETTER XLVIII.

Strawberry-hill, Sept. 9, 1762.

Nondum laurus erat, longoque decentia crine
Tempora cingebat de qualibet arbore Phœbus.

THIS is a hint to you, that as Phœbus, who was certainly your superior, could take up with a chestnut garland, or any crown he found, you must

* Alluding to a description of a building in Hesse Cassel, given by Mr. Conway in one of his letters.

have

have the humility to be content without laurels, when none ~~are to be~~ had : you have hunted far and near for them, and taken true pains to the last in that old nursery-garden Germany, and by the way have made me shudder with your last journal : but you must be easy with qualibet other arbore ; you must come home to your own plantations. The duke of Bedford is gone in a fury to make peace, for he cannot be even pacific with temper ; and by this time I suppose the duke de Nivernois is unpacking his portion of olive *dans la rue de Suffolk-street*. I say, I suppose—for I do not, like my friends at Arthur's, whip into my post-chaise to see every novelty. My two sovereigns, the duchess of G—— and lady M—— C——, are arrived, and yet I have seen neither Polly nor Lucy. The former, I hear, is entirely French ; the latter as absolutely English.

Well ! but if you insist on not doffing your cuirass, you may find an opportunity of wearing it. The storm thickens. The city of London are ready to hoist their standard ; treason is the bon ton at that end of the town ; seditious papers pasted up at every corner : nay, my neighbourhood is not unfashionable ; we have had them at Brentford and Kingston. The Peace is the cry ; but to make weight, they throw in all the abusive ingredients they can collect. They talk of your friend the duke of Devonshire's resigning ; and, for the duke of Newcastle, it puts him so much in mind of the end of queen Anne's time, that I believe he hopes to be minister again for another forty years.

In the mean time there are but dark news from the Havannah ; the Gazette, who would not fib for the world, says, we have lost but four officers : the World, who is not quite so scrupulous, says, our loss is heavy. —But what shocking notice to those who have *Harry Conways* there ! The Gazette breaks off with saying, that they were to storm the next day ! Upon the whole, it is regarded as a preparative to worse news.

Our next monarch was christened last night, George Augustus Frederic ; the princess, the duke of Cumberland, and duke of Mecklenburgh, sponsors ; the ceremony performed by the bishop of London. The queen's bed, magnificent, and they say in taste, was placed in the great drawing-room : though she is not to see company in form, yet it looks as if they had intended people should have been there, as all who presented themselves were admitted,

mitted, which were very few, for it had not been notified; I suppose to prevent too great a crowd—All I have heard named, besides those in waiting, were the duchess of Queensberry, lady Dalkeith, Mrs. Grenville, and about four more ladies.

My lady A—— is abominable: she settled a party to come hither, and put it off for a month; and now she has been here and seen my cabinet, she ought to tell you what good reason I had not to stir. If she has not told you that it is the finest, the prettiest, the newest and the oldest thing in the world, I will not go to Park-place on the 20th, as I have promised. Oh! but tremble you may for me, though you will not for yourself—all my glories were on the point of vanishing last night in a flame! The chimæy, of the new gallery, which chimney is full of deal-boards, and which gallery is full of shavings, was on fire at eight o'clock. Harry had quarrelled with the other servants, and would not sit in the kitchen; and to keep up his anger had lighted a vast fire in the servants' hall, which is under the gallery. The chimney took fire; and if Margaret had not smelt it with the first nose that ever a servant had, a quarter of an hour had set us in a blaze. I hope you are frightened out of your senses for me: if you are not, I will never live in a panic for three or four years for you again.

I have had lord March and the Rena' here for one night, which does not raise my reputation in the neighbourhood, and may usher me again for a Scotchman into The North Briton². I have had too a letter from a Ger-

¹ A fashionable courtesan.

² The favourable opinion given by Mr. Walpole of the abilities of the Scotch in The royal and noble authors, first drew upon him the notice of The North Briton. The passage alluded to is the following in the second number of that paper: "Mr. Horace Walpole, in that deep book called The royal and noble authors, says, We are the most accomplished nation in Europe; the nation to which, if any one country is endowed with a superior partition of sense, [and he ought to have added, of, humour and taste, in both which we excel.] I should be inclined to give the preference in that particular. How faithful is this masterly pen of Mr. Walpole! How unlike the odious

sharp and strong incision pen of Swift! He has called us only a poor FIERCE northern people; and has asserted, that the pensions and employments possessed by the natives of Scotland in England, amounted to more than the whole body of their nobility ever spent at home; and that all the money they raised upon the public was hardly sufficient to defray their civil and military lists. This was at the latter end of queen Anne's reign. How very different is the case now! I beg to recommend Mr. Walpole, too, for so very particular a compliment (which I hope flowed from his heart still more than from his head), and I entreat his lordship to put him on the list immediately after my countrymen and the Cocoa."

man that I never saw, who tells me, that, hearing by chance how well I am with my lord Bute, he desires me to get him a place. The North Briton first recommended me for an employment, and has now given me interest at the backstairs. It is a notion, that whatever is said of one, has generally some kind of foundation: surely I am a contradiction to this maxim! yet, was I of consequence enough to be remembered, perhaps posterity would believe that I was a flatterer! Good-night!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XLIX:

Strawberry-hill, Sept. 28, 1762.

TO my sorrow and your wicked joy, it is a doubt whether monsieur de Nivernois will shut the temple of Janus. We do not believe him quite so much in earnest, as the dove¹ we have sent, who has summoned his turtle to Paris. She sets out the day after to-morrow, escorted, to add gravity to the embassy, by George Selwyn. The stocks don't mind this journey of a rush, but draw in their horns every day. We can learn nothing of the Havannah, though the axis on which the whole treaty turns. We believe, for we have never seen them, that the last letters thence brought accounts of great loss, especially by the sickness. Colonel Burgoyne² has given a little fillip to the Spaniards, and shown them, that though they can take Portugal from the Portuguese, it will not be entirely so easy to wrest it from the English. Lord Pulteney³, and my nephew⁴, lady Waldegrave's brother, distinguished themselves. I hope your hereditary prince is recovering of the wounds in his loins; for they say he is to marry princess Augusta.

Lady A—— has told you, to be sure, that I have been at Park-place.

¹ The duke of Bedford, then ambassador at Paris.

² Colonel, afterwards general Burgoyne, with the comte de Lippe, commanded the British troops sent to the relief of Portugal.

³ Only son of William Pulteney, earl of Bath. He died before his father.

⁴ Edward, only son of sir Edward Walpole. He died in 1771.

Every

Every thing there is in beauty ; and, I should think, pleasanter than a campaign in Germany. Your countess is handsomer than fame ; your daughter improving every day ; your plantations more thriving than the poor woods about Marburg and Cassel. Chinese pheasants swarm there.—For lady C——, I assure you, she sits close upon her egg, and it will not be her fault if she does not hatch a hero. We missed all the glories of the installation¹, and all the false, and all the frowning faces there. Not a knight was absent, but the lame and the deaf.

Your brother, lady Hertford, and lord Beauchamp, are gone from Windsor into Suffolk. Henry², who has the genuine indifference of a *Harry Conway*, would not stir from Oxford for those pageants. Lord Beauchamp showed me a couple of his letters, which have more natural humour and cleverness than is conceivable. They have the ease and drollery of a man of parts who has lived long in the world—and he is scarce seventeen !

I am going to Lord Waldegrave's³ for a few days, and, when your countess returns from Goodwood, am to meet her at C——'s. Lord Strafford⁴, who has been terribly alarmed about my lady, mentions, with great pleasure, the letters he receives from you. His neighbour and cousin, lord Rockingham, I hear, is one of the warmest declaimers at Arthur's against the present system. Abuse continues in much plenty, but I have seen none that I thought had wit enough to bear the sea. Good-night. There are satiric prints enough to tapestry Westminster-hall.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

Stay a moment : I recollect telling you a lie in my last, which, though of no consequence, I must correct. The right reverend midwife, Thomas Secker, archbishop, did christen the babe, and not the bishop of London, as I had been told by matron authority. A-propos to babes : Have you read

¹ An installation of knights of the garter.

² Henry Seymour Conway, second son of Francis, earl and afterward marquis of Hertford.

³ James, second earl of Waldegrave, knight

of the garter, had married Maria, second daughter of sir Edward Walpole.

⁴ William Wentworth, earl of Strafford, married lady Anne Campbell, third daughter of John duke of Argyll.

Roussseau on education? I almost got through a volume ~~at Park-place,~~ though impatiently; it has more tautology than any of his works, and less eloquence. Sure he has writ more sense and more nonsense than ever any man did of both! All I have yet learned from this work is, that one should have a tutor for one's son to teach him to have no ideas, in order that he may begin to learn his alphabet as he loses his maidenhead.

Thursday noon, 30th.

To Havannah! To Albemarle! I had sealed my letter, and given it to Harry for the post; when my lady Suffolk sent me a short note from Charles Townshend, to say the Havannah surrendered on the 12th of August, and that we have taken twelve ships of the line in the harbour. The news came late last night. I do not know a particular more. God grant no more blood be shed! I have hopes again of the peace. My dearest Harry, now we have preserved you to the last moment, do take care of yourself. When one has a whole war to wade through, it is not worth while to be careful in any one battle; but it is silly to fling one's self away in the last. Your character is established; prince Ferdinand's letters are full of encomiums on you; but what will weigh more with you, save yourself for another war, which I doubt you will live to see, and in which you may be superior commander, and have space to display your talents. A second in service is never remembered, whether the honour of the victory be owing to him, or he killed. Turenne would have a very short paragraph, if the prince of Condé had been general, when he fell. Adieu.

LETTER L.

Arlington-street, October 4, 1762.

I AM concerned to hear you have been so much out of order, but should rejoice your sole command¹ disappointed you, if this late cannonading business² did not destroy all my little prospects. Can one believe the French negotiators are sincere, when their marshals are so false? What vexes me

¹ During lord Granby's absence from the army in Flanders the command in chief had devolved on Mr. Conway.

² The affair of Bucker-Muhl. See Annual Register for the year 1762, page 49.

more is to hear you seriously tell your brother that you are always unlucky, and lose all opportunities of fighting. How can you be such a child? You cannot, like a German, love fighting for its own sake. No: you think of the mob of London, who, if you had taken Peru, would forget you the first Lord-Mayor's-Day, or for the first hyæna that comes to town. How can one build on virtue and on fame too? When do they ever go together? In my passion, I could almost wish you were as worthless and as great as the king of Prussia! If conscience is a punishment, is not it a reward too? Go to that silent tribunal, and be satisfied with its sentence. •

I have nothing new to tell you. The Havannah is more likely to break off the peace than to advance it. We are not in a humour to give up the world; *anzi*, are much more disposed to conquer the rest of it. We shall have some cannonading here, I believe, if we sign the peace. Mr. Pitt, from the bosom of his retreat, has made Beckford mayor. The duke of Newcastle, if not taken in again, will probably end his life as he began it—at the head of a mob. Personalities and abuse, public and private, increase to the most outrageous degree, and yet the town is at the emptiest. You may guess what will be the case in a month. I do not see at all into the storm: I do not mean that there will not be a great majority to vote any thing; but there are times when even majorities cannot do all they are ready to do. Lord Bute has certainly great luck, which is something in politics, whatever it is in logic: but whether peace or war, I would not give him much for the place he will have this day twelve-month. Adieu! The watchman goes past one in the morning; and as I have nothing better than reflections and conjectures to send you, I may as well go to bed.

LETTER M.

Strawberry-hill, Oct. 29, 1762.

YOU take my philosophy very kindly, as it was meant; but I suppose you smile a little in your sleeve to hear me turn moralist. Yet why should not I? Must every absurd young man prove a foolish old one? Not that I intend, when the latter term is quite arrived, to profess preaching; nor should, I believe, have talked so gravely to you, if your situation had

had not made me grave. Till the campaign is ended, I shall be in no humour to smile. For the war, when it will be over, I have no idea. The peace is a jack-o'-lanthorn that dances before one's eyes, is never approached, and at best seems ready to lead some folks into a woeful quagmire.

As your brother was in town, and I had my intelligence from him, I concluded you would have the same, and therefore did not tell you of this last revolution, which has brought Mr. Fox again upon the scene. I have been in town but once since; yet learned enough to confirm the opinion I had conceived, that the building totters, and that this last buttress will but push on its fall. Besides the clamorous opposition already encamped, The World talks of another, composed of names not so often found in a mutiny. What think you of the great duke¹, and the little duke², and the old duke³, and the Derbyshire duke⁴, banded together against the favourite⁵? If so, it proves the court, as the late lord G—— wrote to the mayor of Litchfield, will have a majority in every thing but numbers. However, my letter is a week old before I write it: things may have changed since last Tuesday. Then the prospect was *des plus* gloomy. Portugal at the eve of being conquered—Spain preferring a diadem to the mural crown of the Havannah—a squadron taking horse for Naples, to see whether king Carlos has any more private bowels than public, whether he is a better father than brother. If what I heard yesterday be true, that the parliament is to be put off till the 24th, it does not look as if they were ready in the green-room, and despised catcalls.

You bid me send you the flower of brimstone, the best things published in this season of outrage. I should not have waited for orders, if I had met with the least tolerable morsel. But this opposition ran stark mad at once, cursed, swore, called names, and has not been one minute cool enough to have a grain of wit. Their prints are gross, their papers scurrilous; indeed the authors abuse one another more than any body else. I have not seen a single ballad or epigram. They are as seriously dull as if the controversy was religious. I do not take in a paper of either side, and being very indif-

¹ Of Cumberland.

² Of Bedford.

³ Of Newcastle.

⁴ Of Devonshire.

⁵ John Stuart earl of Bute.

ferent, the only way of being impartial, they shall not make me pay till they make me laugh. I am here quite alone, and shall stay a fortnight longer, unless the parliament prorogued lengthens my holidays. I do not pretend to be so indifferent, to have so little curiosity, as not to go and see the duke of Newcastle frightened *for* his country—the only thing that never yet gave him a panic. Then I am still such a schoolboy, that though I could guess half their orations, and know *all* their meaning, I must go and hear Cæsar and Pompey scold in the Temple of Concord. As this age is to make such a figure hereafter, how the Gronoviiuses and Warburtons would despise a senator that deserted the forum when the masters of the world harangued! For, as this age is to be historic, so of course it will be a standard of virtue too; and we, like our wicked predecessors the Romans, shall be quoted, till our very ghosts blush, as models of patriotism and magnanimity. What lectures will be read to poor children on this æra! Europe taught to tremble, the great king humbled, the treasures of Peru diverted into the Thames, Asia subdued by the gigantic Clive! for in that age men were near seven feet high; France suing for peace at the gates of Buckingham-house, the steady wisdom of the duke of Bedford drawing a circle round the Gallic monarch, and forbidding him to pass it till he had signed the cession of America; Pitt more eloquent than Demosthenes, and trampling on proffered pensions like—I don't know who; lord Temple sacrificing a brother to the love of his country; Wilkes as spotless as Sallust, and the Flamen Churchill² knocking down the foes of Britain with statues of the gods!—Oh! I am out of breath with eloquence and prophecy, and truth and lies: my narrow chest was not formed to hold inspiration; I must return to piddling with my painters: those lofty subjects are too much for me. Good night!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. I forgot to tell you that Gideon, who is dead worth more than the whole land of Canaan, has left the reversion of all his milk and honey, after his son and daughter and their children, to the duke of Devonshire, without insisting on his taking the name, or even being circumcised.

² Charles Churchill the poet.

Lord

96 LETTERS FROM THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE

Lord Albemarle is expected home in December. My nephew Keppel¹ is bishop of Exeter, not of the Havannah, as you may imagine, for his mitre was promised the day before the news came.

LETTER LII.

Strawberry-hill, February 28, 1763.

YOUR letter of the 19th seems to postpone your arrival rather than advance it; yet lady A. tells me that to her you talk of being here in ten days. I wish devoutly to see you, though I am not departing myself; but I am impatient to have your disagreeable function² at an end, and to know that you enjoy yourself after such fatigues, dangers, and ill-requited services. For any public satisfaction you will receive in being at home, you must not expect much. Your mind was not formed to float on the surface of a mercenary world. My prayer (and my belief) is, that you may always prefer what you always have preferred, your integrity to success. You will then laugh, as I do, at the attacks and malice of faction or ministers. I taste of both; but, as my health is recovered, and my mind does not reproach me, they will perhaps only give me an opportunity, which I should never have sought, of proving that I have some virtue—and it will not be proved in the way they probably expect. I have better evidence than by hanging out the tattered ensigns of patriotism. But this and a thousand other things I shall reserve for our meeting. Your brother has pressed me much to go with him, if he goes, to Paris³. I take it very kindly, but have excused myself, though I have promised either to accompany him for a short time at first, or to go to him if he should have any particular occasion for me: but my resolution against ever appearing in any public light is unalterable. When I wish to live less and less in the world here, I cannot think of mounting a new stage at Paris. At this moment I am alone here, while every body is balloting in the house of commons. Sir John Philips proposed a commission of accounts, which has been converted into a select committee of 21, eligible by ballot. As the ministry is not predominant in the

¹ Frederick Keppel, youngest brother of George earl of Albemarle, who commanded at taking the Havannah, had married Laura, eldest daughter of sir Edward Walpole.

² The re-embarkation of the British troops from Flanders after the peace.

³ As ambassador.

affections

affections of mankind, some of them may find a jury elected that will not be quite so complaisant as the house is in general when their votes are given *openly*. As many may be glad of this opportunity, I shun it; for I should scorn to do any thing in secret, though I have some enemies that are not quite so generous.

You say you have seen the North Briton in which I make a capital figure. Wilkes, the author, I hear, says, that if he had thought I should have taken it so well, he would have been damned before he would have written it—but I am not fore where I am not fore.

The theatre at Covent-garden has suffered more by riots than even Drury-lane. A footman of lord Dacre has been hanged for murdering the butler. George Selwyn had great hand in bringing him to confess it. That Selwyn should be a capital performer in a scene of that kind is not extraordinary: I tell it you for the strange coolness which the young fellow, who was but nineteen, expressed: as he was writing his confession, "I murd—" he stopped, and asked, "How do you spell *murdered*?"

Mr. Fox is much better than at the beginning of the winter; and both his health and power seem to promise a longer duration than people expected. Indeed I think the latter is so established, that lord B—— would find it more difficult to remove him, than he did his predecessors, and may even feel the effects of the weight he has made over to him; for it is already obvious that lord B——'s levée is not the present path to fortune. Permanence is not the complexion of these times—a distressful circumstance to the votaries of a court, but amusing to us spectators. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER LIII.

Strawberry-hill, May 1, 1763.

I FEEL happy at hearing your happiness; but, my dear Harry, your vision is much indebted to your long absence, which

Makes bleak rocks and barren mountains smile.

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O

I mean

I mean no offence to Park-place, but the bitterness of the weather makes me wonder how you can find the country tolerable now. This is a May-day for the latitude of Siberia! The milk-maids should be wrapped in the motherly comforts of a swan-skin petticoat. In short, such hard words have passed between me and the north wind to day, that, according to the language of the times, I was very near abusing it for coming from Scotland, and to imputing it to lord B——. I don't know whether I should not have written a North Briton against it, if the printers were not all sent to Newgate, and Mr. Wilkes to the Tower—ay, to the Tower, tout de bon. The new ministry are trying to make up for their ridiculous insignificance by a coup d'eclat. As I came hither yesterday, I do not know whether the particulars I have heard are genuine—but in the Tower he certainly is, taken up by lord Halifax's warrant for treason; vide the North Briton of Saturday was se'nnight. It is said he refused to obey the warrant, of which he asked and got a copy from the two messengers, telling them he did not mean to make his escape, but sending to demand his habeas corpus, which was refused. He then went to lord Halifax, and thence to the Tower; declaring they should get nothing out of him but what they knew. All his papers have been seized. Lord chief justice Pratt, I am told, finds great fault with the wording of the warrant.

I don't know how to execute your commission for books of architecture, nor care to put you to expence, which I know will not answer. I have been consulting my neighbour young Mr. Thomas Pitt¹, my present architect: we have all books of that sort here, but cannot think of one which will help you to a cottage or a green-house. For the former you should send me your idea, your dimensions; for the latter, don't you rebuild your old one, though in another place? A pretty green-house I never saw; nor without immoderate expence can it well be an agreeable object. Mr. Pitt thinks a mere portico without a pediment, and windows removeable in summer, would be the best plan you could have. If so, don't you remember something of that kind, which you liked, at sir Charles Cotterel's at Rousham? But a fine green-house must be on a more exalted plan. In short, you must be more particular, before I can be at all so.

I called at Hammer-smith yesterday about lady A——'s tubs; one of

¹ Afterwards created lord Camelford.

them is nearly finished, but they will not both be completed these ten days. Shall they be sent to you by water? Good-night to her ladyship and you, and the Infanta², whose progress in waxen statuary I hope advances so fast, that by next winter she may rival Rackstraw's old man. Do you know that, though apprised of what I was going to see, it deceived me, and made such impression on my mind, that, thinking on it as I came home in my chariot, and seeing a woman steadfastly at work in a window in Pall-mall, it made me start to see her move. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

Arlington-street, Monday night.

THE mighty commitment set out with a blunder; the warrant directed the printer, and all concerned (unnamed) to be taken up. Consequently Wilkes had his habeas corpus of course, and was committed again; moved for another in the common-pleas, and is to appear there to-morrow morning. Lord Temple being, by another strain of power, refused admittance to him, said, "I thought this was the Tower, but find it is the Bastille." They found among Wilkes's papers an unpublished North Briton, designed for last Saturday. It contained advice to the king not to go to St. Paul's on the thanksgiving, but to have a snug one in his own chapel; and to let lord G.—S— carry the sword. There was a dialogue in it too between Fox and Calcraft: the former says to the latter, "I did not think you would have served me so, Jemmy Twitcher."

LETTER LIV.

Arlington-street, May 6, very late, 1763

THE complexion of the times is a little altered since the beginning of this last winter. Prerogative, that gave itself such airs in November, and would speak to nothing but a Tory, has had a rap this morning that will do

² Anne Seymour Conway, whose genius for sculpture has since distinguished itself in more durable materials. E.

100 LETTERS FROM THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE

it some good, unless it is weak enough to do itself more harm. The judges of the common-pleas have unanimously dismissed Wilkes from his imprisonment, as a breach of privilege; his offence not being a breach of the peace, only tending to it. The people are in transports; and it will require all the vanity and confidence of those able ministers lord S. and Mr. C. to keep up the spirits of the court.

I must change this tone, to tell you of the most dismal calamity that ever happened. Lady Moleworth's house, in Upper Brook-street, was burned to the ground between four and five this morning. She herself, two of her daughters, her brother, and six servants, perished. Two other of the young ladies jumped out of the two pair of stairs and garret windows: one broke her thigh, the other (the eldest of all) broke her's too, and has had it cut off. The fifth daughter is much burnt. The French governess leaped from the garret, and was dashed to pieces. Dr. Moleworth and his wife, who were there on a visit, escaped; the wife by jumping from the two pair of stairs, and saving herself by a rail; he by hanging by his hands, till a second ladder was brought, after a first had proved too short. Nobody knows how or where the fire began; the catastrophe is shocking beyond what one ever heard; and poor lady Moleworth, whose character and conduct were the most amiable in the world, is universally lamented. Your good hearts will feel this in the most lively manner.

I go early to Strawberry to-morrow, giving up the new opera, madame de Boufflers, and Mr. Wilkes, and all the present topics. Wilkes, whose case has taken its place by the side of the seven bishops, calls himself the eighth—not quite improperly, when one remembers that sir Jonathan Trelawney, who swore like a trooper, was one of those confessors.

There is a good letter in the Gazetteer on the other side, pretending to be written by lord Temple, and advising Wilkes to cut his throat, like lord E. as it would be of infinite service to their cause. There are published, too, three volumes of lady Mary Wortley's letters, which I believe are genuine, and are not unentertaining—But have you read Tom Hervey's letter to the late king? That beats every thing for madness, horrid indecency, and folly, and yet has some charming and striking passages.

I have advised Mrs. H. to inform against Jack, as writing in the North Briton; he will then be shut up in the Tower, and may be shown for old Nero¹. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER LV.

Arlington-street, May 21, 1763.

YOU have now seen the celebrated madame de Boufflers². I dare say you could in that short time perceive that she is agreeable, but I dare say too that you will agree with me that vivacity is by no means the partage of the French—bating the étourderie of the mousquetaires and of a high-dried petit-maître, or two, they appear to me more lifeless than Germans. I cannot comprehend how they came by the character of a lively people. Charles Townshend has more *sal volatile* in him than the whole nation. Their king is taciturnity itself; Mirepoix was a walking mummy; Nivernois has about as much life as a sick favourite child; and monsieur Duffon is a good-humoured country gentleman, who has been drunk the day before, and is upon his good behaviour. If I have the gout next year and am thoroughly humbled by it again, I will go to Paris, that I may be upon a level with them: at present, I am *troué* ^{for} to keep them company. Mind, I do not insist that, to have spirits, a nation should be as frantic as poor —, as absurd as the duchess of Queensberry, or as dashing as the Virgin Chudleigh. Oh, that you had been at her ball ^{the} other night! History could never describe it and keep its countenance. The queen's real birth-day, you know, is not kept: this maid of honour kept it—~~it~~ ^{it} ~~day~~, while the court is in mourning, expected people to be out of mourning; the queen's family really was so, lady Northumberland having desired leave for them. A scaffold was erected in Hyde-park for fireworks. To show the illuminations without to more advantage, the company were received in an apartment

¹ An old lion there, so called.

² The comtesse de Boufflers, who, since the revolution in France of the year 1789, resided in England for two or three years with her daughter-in-law the comtesse Emilie de Boufflers.

totally

totally dark, where they remained for two hours—If they gave rise to any more birth-days, who could help it? The fireworks were fine, and succeeded well. On each side of the court were two large scaffolds for the Virgin's tradespeople. When the fireworks ceased, a large scene was lighted in the court, representing their majesties; on each side of which were six obelisks, painted with emblems, and illuminated; mottos beneath in Latin and English: 1. For the prince of Wales, a ship, Multorum spes. 2. For the princess dowager, a bird of Paradise, and two little ones, *Meos ad fœdera tollo*. People smiled. 3. Duke of York, a temple, Virtuti & honori. 4. Princess Augusta, a bird of Paradise, Non habet parem—unluckily this was translated, *I have no peer*. People laughed out, considering where this was exhibited. 5. The three younger princes, an orange-tree, Promittit & dat. 6. The two younger princesses, the flower crown-imperial. I forget the Latin: the translation was silly enough, Bashful in youth, graceful in age. The lady of the house made many apologies for the poorness of the performance, which she said was only oil-paper, painted by one of her servants; but it really was fine and pretty. The duke of Kingston was in a frock, comme chez lui. Behind the house was a cenotaph for the princess Elizabeth, a kind of illuminated cradle; the motto, All the honours the dead can receive. This burying-ground was a strange codicil to a festival; and, what was more strange, about one in the morning, this sarcophagus burst out into crackers and guns. The margrave of Anspach began the ball with the Virgin. The supper was most sumptuous.

You ask, when I propose to be at Park-place. I ask, Shall not you come to the duke of Richmond's masquerade, which is the 2d of June? I cannot well be with you till towards the end of that month.

The inclosed is a letter which I wish you to read attentively, to give me your opinion upon it, and return it. It is from a sensible friend of mine in Scotland, who has lately corresponded with me on the inclosed subjects, which I little understand; but I promised to communicate his ideas to George Grenville, if he would state them—Are they practicable? I wish much that something could be done for those brave soldiers and sailors, who will all come to the gallows, unless some timely provision can be made for them. The former part of his letter relates to a grievance he complains of, that

TO THE HON. HENRY SEYMOUR CONWAY. 103

that men who have *not* served, are admitted into garrisons, and then into our hospitals, which were designed for meritorious sufferers¹. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER LVI.

Arlington-street, Saturday evening.

NO, indeed I cannot consent to your being a dirty Philander². Pink and white, white and pink! and both as greasy as if you had gnawed a leg of a fowl on the stairs of the Hay-market with a bunter from the Cardigan's Head! For heaven's sake don't produce a tight-rope coloured thigh, unless you intend to prevent my lord ———'s return from Harrowgate. Write, the moment you receive this, to your taylor to get you a sober purple domino as I have done, and it will make you a couple of summer waistcoats.

In the next place, have your ideas a little more correct about us of times past. We did not furnish our cottages with chairs of ten guineas a piece. Ebony for a farm-house³! So, two hundred years hence some man of taste will build a hamlet in the style of George the third, and beg his cousin Tom Hearne to get him some chairs for it of mahogany gilt, and covered with blue damask. Adieu! I have not a minute's time more.

Yours, &c.

HOR. WALPOLE.

¹ As this letter is not to be found, no farther light can be thrown on its contents.

² At the masquerade given by the duke of Richmond on the 6th of June, 1763, at his house in Privy-garden.

³ Mr. Conway was at this time fitting up the

little building beautifully situated on the brow of the hill at Park-place, and called the Cottage, though indeed containing a very good room towards the prospect in the Gothic style, for which he had consulted Mr. Walpole on the propriety of ebony chairs. E.

LETTER