LETTER LVII.

Strawberry-hill, Auguſt 9, 1763.

MY gallery claims your promiſe; the painters and gilders finiſh to-morrow, and next day it waſhes its hands. You talked of the 15th; ſhall I expect you then, and the counteſs [1], and the conteſſina [2], and the baroneſs [3]?

Lord Digby is to be married immediately to the pretty miſs Fielding; and Mr. Boothby, they ſay, to lady Mary Douglas. What more news I know I cannot ſend you; for I have had it from lady Denbigh and lady Blandford [4], who have ſo confounded names, genders, and circumſtances, that I am not ſure whether prince Ferdinand is not going to be married to the Hereditary Prince. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. If you want to know more of me, you may read a whole column of abuſe upon me in the Public Ledger of Thurſday laſt; where they inform me that the Scotch cannot be ſo ſenſible as the Engliſh, becauſe they have not ſuch good writers. Alack! I am afraid *the moſt ſenſible* men in any country do *not* write.

I had writ this laſt night. This morning I receive your paper of evaſions, perfide que vous êtes! You may let it alone, you will never ſee any thing like my gallery—And then to aſk me to leave it the inſtant it is finiſhed! I never heard ſuch a requeſt in my days!—Why, all the earth is begging to come to ſee it: as Edging ſays, I have had offers enough from blue and green ribbands to make me a falbala-apron. Then I have juſt refuſed to let Mrs. K—— and her biſhop be in the houſe with me, becauſe I expected all you—It is mighty well, mighty fine!—No, ſir, no, I ſhall not

[1] Of Ailesbury.
[2] Miſs Anne Seymour Conway.
[3] Elizabeth Rich, ſecond wife of George lord Lyttelton.
[4] They were both Dutch women, and ſpoke very bad Engliſh.

come;

come; nor am I in a humour to do any thing elſe you deſire: indeed, without your provoking me, I ſhould not have come into the propoſal of paying Giardini. We have been duped and cheated every winter for theſe twenty years by the undertakers of operas, and I never will pay a farthing more till the laſt moment, nor can be terrified at their ruffs; I am aſtoniſhed you are. So far from frightening me, the kindeſt thing they could do, would be not to let one have a box to hear their old thread-bare voices and frippery thefts; and as for Giardini himſelf, I would not go croſs the room to hear him play to eternity. I ſhould think he could frighten nobody but lady Bingley by a refuſal.

LETTER LVIII.

Arlington-ſtreet, April 19, 1764.

I AM juſt come from the ducheſs of Argyll's[1], where I dined. General Warburton was there, and ſaid it was the report at the houſe of lords, that you are turned out—He imagined, of your regiment—but that I ſuppoſe is a miſtake for the bedchamber[2]. I ſhall hear more to-night, and lady Strafford, who brings you this, will tell you; though to be ſure you will know earlier by the poſt to-morrow. My only reaſon for writing is, to repeat to you, that whatever you do I ſhall act with you[3]. I reſent any thing done to you as to myſelf. My fortunes ſhall never be ſeparated from yours—except that ſome time or other I hope yours will be great, and I am content with mine.

The Manns go on with the buſineſs[4]—The letter you received was from Mr. Edward Mann, not from Gal's widow. Adieu! I was going to ſay, my *diſgraced* friend—How delightful to have a character ſo unſpotted, that the word *diſgrace* recoils on thoſe who diſplace you!

Yours unalterably,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[1] Widow of John Campbell, duke of Argyll. She was ſiſter to general Warburton, and had been maid of honour to queen Anne.

[2] Mr. Conway was diſmiſſed from all his employments, civil and military, for having oppoſed the miniſtry in the houſe of commons, on the queſtion of the legality of general warrants, at the time of the proſecution of Mr. Wilkes for the publication of The North Briton. E.

[3] Mr. Walpole was then in the houſe of commons, member for King's Lynn in Norfolk.

[4] Of army-clothiers.

LETTER LIX.

Strawberry-hill, Saturday night, eight o'clock, April 21, 1764.

I WRITE to you with a very bad head-ach; I have paſſed a night, for which —— and the duke of —— ſhall paſs many an uneaſy one! Notwithſtanding I heard from every body I met, that your regiment, as well as bedchamber, were taken away, I would not believe it, till laſt night the ducheſs of G—— told me, that the night before the ducheſs of ——— ſaid to her, "Are not you very ſorry for poor Mr. Conway? He has loſt every thing." When the witch of Endor pities, one knows ſhe has raiſed the devil.

I am come hither alone to put my thoughts into ſome order, and to avoid ſhowing the firſt ſallies of my reſentment, which I know you would diſapprove; nor does it become your friend to rail. My anger ſhall be a little more manly, and the plan of my revenge a little deeper laid than in peeviſh bons-mots. You ſhall judge of my indignation by its duration.

In the mean time, let me beg you, in the moſt earneſt and moſt ſincere of all profeſſions, to ſuffer me to make your loſs as light as it is in my power to make it: I have ſix thouſand pounds in the funds; accept all, or what part you want. Do not imagine I will be put off with a refuſal. The retrenchment of my expences, which I ſhall from this hour commence, will convince you that I mean to re-place your fortune as far as I can. When I thought you did not want it, I had made another diſpoſition. You have ever been the deareſt perſon to me in the world. You have ſhown that you deſerve to be ſo.—You ſuffer for your ſpotleſs integrity.—Can I heſitate a moment to ſhow that there *is* at leaſt one man who knows how to value you? The new will, which I am going to make, will be a teſtimonial of my own ſenſe of virtue.

One circumſtance has heightened my reſentment. If it was *not* an accident, it deſerves to heighten it. The very day on which your diſmiſſion was notified, I received an order from the treaſury for the payment of what money was due to me there. Is it poſſible that they could mean to make any diſtinction between us? Have I ſeparated myſelf from you? Is

Is there that ſpot on earth where I can be ſuſpected of having paid court? Have I even left my name at a miniſter's door, ſince you took your part? If they have dared to hint this, the pen that is now writing to you will bitterly undeceive them.

I am impatient to ſee the letters you have received, and the anſwers you have ſent. Do you come to town? If you do not, I will come to you to-morrow ſe'nnight, that is, the 29th. I give no advice on any thing, becauſe you are cooler than I am—not ſo cool, I hope, as to be inſenſible to this outrage, this villainy, this injuſtice! You owe it to your country to labour the extermination of ſuch miniſters!

I am ſo bad a hypocrite, that I am afraid of ſhowing how deeply I feel this. Yet laſt night I received the account from the ducheſs of G—— with more temper than you believe me capable of: but the agitation of the night diſordered me ſo much, that lord John Cavendiſh, who was with me two hours this morning, does not, I believe, take me for a hero. As there are ſome who I know would enjoy my mortification, and who probably deſigned I ſhould feel my ſhare of it, I wiſh to command myſelf—but that ſtruggle ſhall be added to their bill. I ſaw nobody elſe before I came away but Legge, who ſent for me and wrote the incloſed for you. He would have ſaid more both to you and lady A——, but I would not let him, as he is ſo ill: however, he thinks himſelf that he ſhall live. I hope he will! I would not loſe a ſhadow that can haunt theſe miniſters.

I feel for lady A——, becauſe I know ſhe feels juſt as I do—and it is not a pleaſant ſenſation. I will ſay no more, though I could write volumes. Adieu!

Yours, as I ever have been, and ever will be,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER LX.

Arlington-ſtreet, April 24, 1764.

I REJOICE that you feel your loſs[1] ſo little: that you act with dignity and propriety does not ſurpriſe me. To have you behave in character and with character, is my firſt of all wiſhes; for then it will not be in the power of man to make you unhappy. Aſk yourſelf—Is there a man in England with whom you would change character?—Is there a man in England who would not change with you? Then think how little they have taken away!

For me, I ſhall certainly conduct myſelf as you preſcribe. *Your* friend ſhall ſay and do nothing unworthy of *your* friend. You govern me in every thing but one: I mean the diſpoſition I have told you I ſhall make[2]. Nothing can alter that, but a great change in your fortune. In another point you partly miſunderſtood me. That I ſhall explain hereafter.

I ſhall certainly meet you here on Sunday, and very cheerfully. We may laugh at a world in which nothing of us will remain long but our characters. Adieu! the dear family!

Yours eternally,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER LXI.

Arlington-ſtreet, June 5, 1764.

YOU will wonder that I have been ſo long without giving you any ſigns of life; yet, though not writing *to* you, I have been employed *about* you, as I have ever ſince the 21ſt of April; a day your enemies ſhall have ſome cauſe to remember. I had writ nine or ten ſheets of an anſwer to the *Addreſs to the Public*, when I received the incloſed *mandate*[3]. You will ſee

[1] Of his employments.
[2] Of leaving a conſiderable part of his fortune to Mr. Conway.
[3] The paper here alluded to does not appear.

my

my maſters order me, as a ſubaltern of the exchequer, to drop you and defend them—but you will ſee too, that, inſtead of obeying, *I have given warning*. I would not communicate any part of this tranſaction to you, till it was out of my hands, becauſe I knew your affection for me would not approve my going ſo far—But it was neceſſary. My honour required that I ſhould declare my adherence to you in the moſt authentic manner. I found that ſome perſons had dared to doubt whether I would riſk every thing for you. You ſee by theſe letters that Mr. Grenville himſelf had preſumed ſo. Even a change in the adminiſtration, however unlikely, might happen before I had any opportunity of declaring myſelf; and then thoſe who ſhould chooſe to put the worſt conſtruction, either on my actions or my ſilence, might ſay what they pleaſed. I was waiting for ſome opportunity: they have put it into my hands, and I took care not to let it ſlip. Indeed they have put more into my hands, which I have not let ſlip neither. Could I expect they would give me ſo abſurd an account of Mr. Grenville's conduct, and give it me in writing? They can only add to this obligation that of provocation to print my letter, which, however ſtrong in facts, I have taken care to make very decent in terms, becauſe it imports us to have the candid (that is, I fear, the mercenary) on our ſide.—No, that we muſt not expect, but at leaſt diſarmed.

Lord Taviſtock has flung his handkerchief to lady Elizabeth Keppel. They all go to Woburn on Thurſday, and the ceremony is to be performed as ſoon as her brother, the biſhop, can arrive from Exeter. I am heartily glad the dacheſs of Bedford does not ſet her heart on marrying me to any body; I am ſure ſhe would bring it about. She has ſome ſmall intention of coupling my niece and ——, but I have forbidden the banns.

The birth-day, I hear, was lamentably empty. We had a funereal loo laſt night in the great chamber at lady Bel F——ch's: the Duke, princeſs Emily, and the ducheſs of Bedford were there. The princeſs entertained her grace with the joy the duke of Bedford will have in being a grandfather; in which reflection, I believe, the grandmotherhood was not forgotten. Adieu!

LETTER

LETTER LXII.

September 1, 1764.

I SEND you the reply to The counter-addreſs[1]; it is the loweſt of all Grub-ſtreet, and I hear is treated ſo. They have nothing better to ſay, than that I am in love with you, have been ſo theſe twenty years, and am no giant. I am a very conſtant old ſwain: they might have made the years above thirty; it is ſo long I have had the ſame unalterable friendſhip for you, independent of being near relations and bred up together. For arguments, ſo far from any new ones, the man gives up or denies moſt of the former. I own I am rejoiced not only to ſee how little they can defend themſelves, but to know the extent of their malice and revenge! They muſt be ſorely hurt, when reduced to ſuch ſcurrility. Yet there is one paragraph, however, which I think is of ——— ———'s own inditing. It ſays, *I flattered, ſolicited, and then baſely deſerted him.* I no more expected to hear myſelf accuſed of flattery, than of being in love with you; but I ſhall not laugh at the former as I do at the latter. Nothing but his own conſummate vanity could ſuppoſe I had ever ſtooped to flatter *him!* or that any man was connected with him, but who was low enough to be paid for it. Where has he one ſuch attachment?

You have your ſhare too—The miſcarriage at Rochfort now directly laid at your door: repeated inſinuations againſt your courage:—but I truſt you will mind them no more than I do, excepting the *flattery*, which I ſhall not forget, I promiſe them.

I came to town yeſterday on ſome buſineſs, and found a gate.—When I opened it, what was there but my lady A———'s moſt beautiful of all pictures[2]! Don't imagine I can think it intended for me, or that, if it could be ſo, I would hear of ſuch a thing. It is far above what can be parted with, or accepted. I am ſerious—there is no letting ſuch a picture, when one has accompliſhed it, go from where one can ſee it every day.

[1] A pamphlet wrote by Mr. Walpole, in anſwer to another, called "*An addreſs to the public on the late diſmiſſal of a general officer.*" The counter addreſs is publiſhed in the ſecond volume of this edition. E.

[2] A landſcape executed in worſteds by lady Aileſbury. It is now at Strawberry-hill.

I ſhould take the thought equally kind and friendly, but ſhe muſt let me bring it back, if I am not to do any thing elſe with it; and it came by miſtake. I am not ſo ſelfiſh to deprive her of what ſhe muſt have ſuch pleaſure in ſeeing. I ſhall have more ſatisfaction in ſeeing it at Park-place; where, in ſpite of the worſt kind of malice, I ſhall perſiſt in ſaying my heart is fixed. They may ruin me, but no calumny ſhall make me deſert you. Indeed your caſe would be completely cruel, if it was more honourable for your relations and friends to abandon you than to ſtick to you. My option is made, and I ſcorn their abuſe as much as I deſpiſe their power.

I think of coming to you on Thurſday next for a day or two, unleſs your houſe is full, or you hear from me to the contrary. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER LXIII.

Strawberry-hill, October 5, 1764.

IT is over with us!—If I did not know your firmneſs, I would have prepared you by degrees; but you are a man, and can hear the worſt at once. The duke of Cumberland[1] is dead. I have heard it but this inſtant. The duke of Newcaſtle was come to breakfaſt with me, and had pulled out a letter from lord Frederick, with a hopeleſs account of the poor duke of Devonſhire. Ere I could read it, colonel Schutz called at the door and told my ſervant this fatal news! I know no more—it muſt be at Newmarket, and very ſudden; for the duke of Newcaſtle had a letter from Hodgſon, dated on Monday, which ſaid the duke was perfectly well, and his gout gone:—yes, to be ſure, into his head. Princeſs Amelia had endeavoured to prevent his going to Newmarket, having perceived great alteration in his ſpeech, as the duke of Newcaſtle had.——Well! it will not be.—Every thing fights againſt this country! Mr. Pitt muſt ſave it himſelf—or, what I do

[1] William duke of Cumberland, ſon of George the ſecond.

not

not know whether he will not like as well, ſhare in overturning its liberty—if they will admit him; which I queſtion now if they will be fools enough to do.

You ſee I write in deſpair. I am for the whole, but perfectly tranquil. We have acted with honour, and have nothing to reproach ourſelves with. We cannot combat fate. We ſhall be left almoſt alone; but I think you will no more go with the torrent than I will. Could I have foreſeen this tide of ill fortune, I would have done juſt as I have done; and my conduct ſhall ſhow I am ſatisfied I have done right. For the reſt, come what come may, I am perfectly prepared! and while there is a free ſpot of earth upon the globe, that ſhall be my country. I am ſorry it will not be this, but to-morrow I ſhall be able to laugh as uſual. What ſignifies what happens when one is ſeven-and-forty, as I am to-day?

"They tell me 'tis my birth-day"—but I will not go on with Antony, and ſay

——————————— "and I'll keep it
With double pomp of ſadneſs."—

No; when they can ſmile, who ruin a great country, ſure thoſe who would have ſaved it may indulge themſelves in that cheerfulneſs which conſcious integrity beſtows. I think I ſhall come to you next week; and ſince we have no longer any plan of operations to ſettle, we will look over the map of Europe, and fix upon a pleaſant corner for our exile—for take notice, I do not deſign to fall upon my dagger, in hopes that ſome Mr. Addiſon a thouſand years hence may write a dull tragedy about me. I will write my own ſtory a little more cheerfully than he would; but I fear now I muſt not print it at my own preſs. Adieu! You was a philoſopher before you had any occaſion to be ſo: pray continue ſo; you have ample occaſion!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER

LETTER LXIV.

Strawberry-hill, October 13, 1764.

LORD John Cavendiſh has been ſo kind as to ſend me word of the duke of Devonſhire's [1] legacy to you. You cannot doubt of the great joy this gives me; and yet it ſerves to aggravate the loſs of ſo worthy a man! And when I feel it thus, I am ſenſible how much more it will add to your concern, inſtead of diminiſhing it. Yet do not wholly reflect on your misfortune. You might deſpiſe the acquiſition of five thouſand pounds ſimply; but when that ſum is a public teſtimonial to your virtue, and bequeathed by a man ſo virtuous, it is a million! Meaſure it with the riches of thoſe who have baſely injured you, and it is ſtill more! Why, it is glory, it is conſcious innocence, it is ſatisfaction—it is affluence without guilt.—Oh! the comfortable ſound! It is a good name in the hiſtory of theſe corrupt days. There it will exiſt, when the wealth of your and their country's enemies will be waſted, or will be an indelible blemiſh on their deſcendants.

My heart is full, and yet I will ſay no more. My beſt loves to all your opulent family. Who ſays virtue is not rewarded in this world? It is rewarded by virtue, and it is perſecuted by the bad: Can greater honour be paid to it?

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER LXV.

Strawberry-hill, October 29, 1764.

I AM glad you mentioned it: I would not have had you appear without your cloſe mourning for the duke of Devonſhire upon any account. I was once going to tell you of it, knowing your inaccuracy in ſuch matters; but thought it ſtill impoſſible you ſhould be ignorant how neceſſary it is. Lord

[1] William, fourth duke of Devonſhire. During his adminiſtration in Ireland Mr. Conway had been ſecretary of ſtate there.

Strafford, who has a legacy of only 200*l.* wrote to conſult lady Suffolk. She told him, for ſuch a ſum, which only implies a ring, it was ſometimes not done; but yet adviſed him to mourn. In your caſe it is indiſpenſible; nor can you ſee any of his family without it. Beſides, it is much better on ſuch an occaſion to over, than under do. I anſwer this paragraph firſt, becauſe I am ſo earneſt not to have you blamed.

Beſides wiſhing to ſee you all, I have wanted exceedingly to come to you, having much to ſay to you; but I am confined here, that is, Mr. Chute[1] is: he was ſeized with the gout laſt Wedneſday ſe'nnight, the day he came hither to meet George Montagu, and this is the firſt day he has been out of his bed-chamber. I muſt therefore put off our meeting till Saturday, when you ſhall certainly find me in town.

We have a report here, but the authority bitter bad, that lord March is going to be married to ———. I don't believe it the leſs for our knowing nothing of it; for unleſs their daughter were breeding, and it were to ſave her character, neither —— nor —— would diſcloſe a tittle about it. Yet in charity they ſhould advertiſe it, that parents and relations, if it is ſo, may lock up all knives, ropes, laudanum, and rivers, leſt it ſhould occaſion a violent mortality among his fair admirers.

I am charmed with an anſwer I have juſt read in the papers of a poor man in Bedlam, who was ill uſed by an apprentice becauſe he would not tell him why he was confined there. The unhappy creature ſaid at laſt, "Becauſe God has deprived me of a bleſſing which you never enjoyed." There never was any thing finer or more moving! Your ſenſibility will not be quite ſo much affected by a ſtory I heard t'other day of ſir Fletcher Norton. He has a mother—yes, a mother: perhaps you thought, that, like that tender urchin Love,

—— duris in cotibus *illum*
Iſmarus, aut Rhodope, aut extremi Garamantes,
Nec noſtri generis puerum nec ſanguinis edunt.

Well, Mrs. Rhodope lives in a mighty ſhabby hovel at Preſton, which the dutiful and affectionate ſir Fletcher began to think not ſuitable to the dig-

[1] John Chute, eſq. of the Vine in Hampſhire.

nity of one who has the honour of being his parent. He cheapened a better, in which were two pictures which the proprietor valued at threeſcore pounds. The *attorney* inſiſted on having them for nothing, as fixtures—the landlord refuſed, the bargain was broken off, and the dowager madam Norton remains in her original hut. I could tell you another ſtory which you would not diſlike; but as it might hurt the perſon concerned, if it was known, I ſhall not ſend it by the poſt; but will tell it you when I ſee you. Adieu!

Yours moſt cordially,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER LXVI.

Wedneſday noon, July 3, 1765.

THE footing part of my dance with my ſhocking partner the gout is almoſt over. I had little pain there this laſt night, and got, at twice, about three hours ſleep; but whenever I waked found my head very bad, which Mr. Graham thinks gouty too. The fever is ſtill very high: but the ſame ſage is of opinion, with my lady Londonderry, that if it was a fever from death, I ſhould die; but as it is only a fever from the gout, I ſhall live. I think ſo too, and hope that, like the duke and ducheſs of Marlborough, they are ſo inſeparable, that when one goes, t'other will.

Tell lady A———, I fear it will be long before I ſhall be able to compaſs all your terraces again.

The weather is very hot, and I have the comfort of a window open all day. I have got a buſhel of roſes too, and a new ſcarlet nightingale, which does *not* ſing Nancy Dawſon from morning to night. Perhaps you think all theſe poor pleaſures; but you are ignorant what a provocative the gout is, and what charms it can beſtow on a moment's amuſement! Oh! it beats all the refinements of a Roman ſenſualiſt. It has made even my watch a darling plaything; I ſtrike it as often as a child does. Then the diſorder of my ſleep diverts me when I am awake. I dreamt that I went to ſee

 madame

madame de Bentheim at Paris, and that ſhe had the prettieſt palace in the world, built like a pavilion, of yellow laced with blue; that I made love to her daughter, whom I called mademoiſelle bleüe et jaune, and thought it very clever.

My next reverie was very ſerious, and laſted half an hour after I was awake; which you will perhaps think a little light-headed, and ſo do I. I thought Mr. Pitt had had a conference with madame de Bentheim, and granted all her demands. I rung for Louis at ſix in the morning, and wanted to get up and inform myſelf of what had been kept ſo ſecret from me. You muſt know, that all theſe viſions of madame de Bentheim flowed from George Selwyn telling me laſt night, that ſhe had carried moſt of her points, and was returning. What ſtuff I tell you!—But, alas! I have nothing better to do, ſitting on my bed, and wiſhing to forget how brightly the ſun ſhines, when I cannot be at Strawberry.

LETTER LXVII.

Amiens[1], Wedneſday, Sept. 11, 1765.

BIAU COUSIN,

I HAVE had a very proſperous journey till juſt at entering this city. I eſcaped a prince of Naſſau at Dover, and ſickneſs at ſea, though the voyage laſted ſeven hours and a half. I have recovered my ſtrength ſurpriſingly in the time; though almoſt famiſhed for want of clean victuals, and comfortable tea and bread and butter. Half a mile from hence I met a coach and four with an equipage of French, and a lady in pea-green and ſilver, a ſmart hat and feather, and two ſuivantes. My reaſon told me it was the archbiſhop's concubine; but luckily my heart whiſpered that it was lady —— ——. I jumped out of my chaiſe—yes, jumped, as Mrs. Nugent ſaid of herſelf, fell on my knees, and ſaid my firſt ave-maria, gratiâ plena! We juſt ſhot a few politics flying—heard that madame de Mirepoix had toaſted me t'other day in tea—ſhook hands, forgot to weep, and parted; ſhe to

[1] Mr. Walpole having had a long and dangerous fit of gout in the antecedent ſummer, was adviſed to try change of air for the reeſtabliſhment of his health, and left London on his way to Paris, September the 9th, 1765. E.

the

the hereditary princeſs, I to this inn, where is actually reſident the ducheſs of Douglas. We are not likely to have any intercourſe, or I would declare myſelf a Hamilton [1].

I find this country wonderfully enriched ſince I ſaw it four-and-twenty years ago. Boulogne is grown quite a plump ſmug town, with a number of new houſes. The worſt villages are tight, and wooden ſhoes have diſappeared. Mr. Pitt and the city of London may fancy what they will, but France will not come a-begging to the Manſion-houſe this year or two. In truth, I impute this air of opulence a little to ourſelves. The crumbs that fall from the chaiſes of the ſwarms of Engliſh that viſit Paris, muſt have contributed to fatten this province. It is plain I muſt have little to do when I turn my hand to calculating: but here is my obſervation. From Boulogne to Paris it will coſt me near ten guineas; but then conſider, I travel alone, and carry Louis moſt part of the way in the chaiſe with me. Nos autres milords Anglois are not often ſo frugal. Your brother [2], laſt year, had ninety-nine Engliſh to dinner on the king's birth-day. How many of them do you think dropped ſo little as ten guineas on this road? In ſhort, there are the ſeeds of a calculation for you; and if you will water them with a torrent of words, they will produce ſuch a diſſertation, that you will be able to vie with George Grenville next ſeſſion in plans of national œconomy—only be ſure not to tax travelling till I come back, loaded with purchaſes; nor, till then, propagate my ideas. It will be time enough for me to be thrifty of the nation's money, when I have ſpent all my own.

Clermont, 12th.

WHILE they are getting my dinner, I continue my journal. The ducheſs of Douglas (for Engliſh are generally the moſt extraordinary perſons that we meet with even out of England) left Amiens before me, on her way home. You will not gueſs what ſhe carries with her—Oh! nothing that will hurt our manufactures; nor what George Grenville himſelf would ſeize. One of her ſervants died at Paris; ſhe had him embalmed, and the body is tied before her chaiſe:—a droll way of being chief mourner!

[1] The memorable cauſe between the houſes of Douglas and Hamilton was then pending.

[2] Francis earl of Hertford, then embaſſador at Paris.

For

For a French abſurdity, I have obſerved that along the great roads they plant walnut-trees, but ſtrip them up for firing. It is like the owl that bit off the feet of mice, that they might lie ſtill and fatten.

At the foot of this hill is an old-faſhioned chateau belonging to the duke of Fitz-James, with a *parc en quincunx* and clipped hedges. We ſaw him walking in his waiſtcoat and ribband, very well powdered; a figure like Guerchy. I cannot ſay his ſeat rivals Goodwood or Euſton[1]. I ſhall lie at Chantilly to-night, for I did not ſet out till ten this morning—not becauſe I could not, as you will ſuſpect, get up ſooner—but becauſe all the horſes in the country have attended the queen to Nancy[2]. Beſides, I have a little underplot of ſeeing Chantilly and St. Denis in my way; which you know one could not do in the dark to-night, nor in winter, if I return then.

Hotel de feue madame l'Ambaſſadrice d'Angleterre[3], Sept. 13, 7 o'clock.

I AM juſt arrived. My lady Hertford is not at home, and lady Anne[4] will not come out of her burrow: ſo I have juſt time to finiſh this before madame returns; and Brian ſets out to-night and will carry it. I find I ſhall have a great deal to ſay: formerly I obſerved nothing, and now remark every thing minutely. I have already fallen in love with twenty things, and in hate with forty. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[1] The duc de Fitz-James's father, marechal Berwick, was a natural ſon of James II. Mr. Walpole therefore compares his country ſeat with thoſe of the dukes of Richmond and Grafton, ſimilar deſcendants from his brother Charles II. E.

[2] Staniſlaus king of Poland, father to the queen of Louis XV. lived at Nancy.

[3] Lord Hertford was at this time recalled, and the duke of Richmond appointed to ſucceed him in the embaſſy at Paris.

[4] Lady Anne Seymour Conway, afterwards married to the earl of Drogheda.

LETTER

LETTER LXVIII.

Paris, October 6, 1765.

I AM glad to find you grow juſt, and that you do conceive at laſt, that I could do better than ſtay in England for politics. Tenez, mon enfant, as the ducheſſe de la Ferté ſaid to madame Staal [1]; comme il n'y a que moi au monde qui aie toujours raiſon, I will be very reaſonable; and as you have made this conceſſion to me, who knew I was in the right, I will not expect you to anſwer all my *reaſonable* letters. If you ſend a bullying letter to the king of Spain [2], or to *choſe*, my neighbour here [3], I will conſider them as written to myſelf, and ſubſtract ſo much from your bill—Nay, I will accept a line from lady A——— now and then in part of payment. I ſhall continue to write as the wind ſets in my pen; and do own my babble does not demand much reply.

For ſo reaſonable a perſon as I am, I have changed my mind very often about this country. The firſt five days I was in violent ſpirits—then came a diſmal cloud of whiſk and literature, and I could not bear it. At preſent I begin, very *Engliſhly* indeed, to eſtabliſh a right to my own way. I laugh, and talk nonſenſe, and make them hear me. There are two or three houſes where I go quite at my eaſe, am never aſked to touch a card, nor hold diſſertations. Nay, I don't pay homage to their authors. Every woman has one or two planted in her houſe, and God knows how they water them. The old preſident Henault is the pagod at madame du Deffand's, an old blind debauchée of wit, where I ſupped laſt night. The preſident is very near deaf, and much nearer ſuperannuated. He ſits by the table: the miſtreſs of the houſe, who formerly was his, inquires after every diſh on the table, is told who has eaten of which, and then bawls the bill of fare of every individual into the preſident's ears. In ſhort, every mouthful is proclaimed, and ſo is every blunder I make againſt grammar. Some that I make on purpoſe, ſucceed; and one of them is to be reported to the queen to-day by Henault, who is her great favourite. I had been at Verſailles; and having been much taken notice of by her majeſty, I ſaid, alluding to madame de

[1] See Memoires de madame de Staal (the firſt authoreſs of that name), publiſhed with the reſt of her works in three ſmall volumes. E.

[2] Mr. Conway was now ſecretary of ſtate for the foreign department.

[3] The king of France, Louis XV.

Sevigné,

Sevigné, *La reine eſt le plus grand roi du monde.* You may judge if I am in poſſeſſion by a ſcene that paſſed after ſupper. Sir James Macdonald[1] had been mimicking Hume: I told the women, who, beſides the miſtreſs, were the ducheſſe de la Valiere, madame de Forcalquier, and a demoiſelle, that to be ſure they would be glad to have a ſpecimen of Mr. Pitt's manner of ſpeaking; and that nobody mimicked him ſo well as Elliot[2]. They firmly believed it, teaſed him for an hour, and at laſt ſaid he was the rudeſt man in the world not to oblige them. It appeared the more ſtrange, becauſe here every body ſings, reads their own works in public, or attempts any one thing without heſitation or capacity. Elliot ſpeaks miſerable French; which added to the diverſion.

I had had my ſhare of diſtreſs in the morning, by going through the operation of being preſented to the whole royal family, down to the little Madame's pap-dinner, and had behaved as ſillily as you will eaſily believe; hiding myſelf behind every mortal. The queen called me up to her dreſſing-table, and ſeemed mightily diſpoſed to goſſip with me; but inſtead of enjoying my glory like madame de Sevigné, I ſlunk back into the crowd after a few queſtions. She told monſieur de Guerchy of it afterwards, and that I had run away from her, but ſaid ſhe would have her revenge at Fontainebleau—So I muſt go thither, which I did not intend. The king, dauphin, dauphineſs, meſdames, and the wild beaſt, did not ſay a word to me. Yes, the wild beaſt, he of the Gevaudan. He is killed, and actually in the queen's anti-chambre, where he was exhibited to us with as much parade as if it was Mr. Pitt. It is an exceedingly large wolf, and, the connoiſſeurs ſay, has twelve teeth more than any wolf ever had ſince the days of Romulus's wet-nurſe. The critics deny it to be the true beaſt; and I find moſt people think the beaſt's name is *legion, for there are many.* He was covered with a ſheet, which two chaſſeurs lifted up for the foreign miniſters and ſtrangers. I dined at the duke of Praſlin's with five-and-twenty tomes of the corps diplomatique; and after dinner was preſented, by monſieur de Guerchy, to the duc de Choiſeul. The duc de Praſlin is as like his own letters in D'Eon's book as he can ſtare; that is, I believe, a very ſilly fellow. His wiſdom is of the grave kind. His couſin, the firſt

[1] An elder brother of ſir A. Macdonald, the preſent lord chief baron of the exchequer. He died at Rome the year following, leaving behind him a diſtinguiſhed character for every mental accompliſhment.

[2] Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto.

miniſter, is a little volatile being, whoſe countenance and manner had nothing to frighten me for my country. I ſaw him but for three ſeconds, which is as much as he allows to any one body or thing. Monſieur de Guerchy[1], whoſe goodneſs to me is inexpreſſible, took the trouble of walking every where with me, and carried me particularly to ſee the new office for ſtate papers—I wiſh I could ſend it you. It is a large building, diſpoſed like an hoſpital, with the moſt admirable order and method. Lodgings for every officer; his name and buſineſs written over his door. In the body is a perſpective of ſeven or eight large chambers: each is painted with emblems, and wainſcoted with preſſes with wired doors and crimſon curtains. Over each preſs, in golden letters, the country to which the pieces relate, as Angleterre, Allemagne, &c. Each room has a large funnel of brouze with or moulu, like a column, to air the papers and preſerve them. In ſhort, it is as magnificent as uſeful.

From thence I went to ſee the reſervoir of pictures at monſieur de Marigny's. They are what are not diſpoſed of in the palaces, though ſometimes changed with others. This *refuſe*, which fills many rooms from top to bottom, is compoſed of the moſt glorious works of Raphael, L. da Vinci, Giorgione, Titian, Guido, Correggio, &c. Many pictures, which I knew by their prints, without an idea where they exiſted, I found there.

The duc de Nivernois is extremely obliging to me. I have ſupped at madame de Bentheim's, who has a very fine houſe, and a woful huſband. She is much livelier than any Frenchwoman. The livelieſt man I have ſeen is the duc de Duras: he is ſhorter and plumper than lord Halifax, but very like him in the face. I am to ſup with the Duſſons on Sunday. In ſhort, all that have been in England are exceedingly diſpoſed to repay any civilities they received there. Monſieur de Caraman wrote from the country to excuſe his not coming to ſee me, as his wife is on the point of being brought-to-bed, but begged I would come to them—So I would, if I was a man-midwife: but though they are eaſy on ſuch heads, I am not uſed to it, and cannot make a party of pleaſure of a labour.

Wilkes arrived here two days ago, and announced that he was going

[1] He had been embaſſador in England.

miniſter to Conſtantinople. To-day I hear he has lowered his credentials, and talks of going to England, if he can make his peace[1]. I thought, by the manner in which this was mentioned to me, that the perſon meant to ſound me: but I made no anſwer; for, having given up politics in England, I certainly did not come to tranſact them here. He has not been to make me the firſt viſit, which, as the laſt arrived, depends on him: ſo, never having ſpoken to him in my life, I have no call to ſeek him. I avoid all politics ſo much, that I had not heard one word here about Spain. I ſuppoſe my ſilence paſſes for very artful myſtery, and puzzles the miniſters, who keep ſpies on the moſt inſignificant foreigner. It would have been lucky if I had been as watchful. At Chantilli I loſt my portmanteau with half my linen; and the night before laſt I was robbed of a new frock, waiſtcoat and breeches, laced with gold, a white and ſilver waiſtcoat, black velvet breeches, a knife and a book. Theſe are expences I did not expect, and by no means entering into my ſyſtem of extravagance.

I am very ſorry for the death of lord Ophaly, and for his family. I knew the poor young man himſelf but little, but he ſeemed extremely good-natured. What the duke of Richmond will do for a hotel, I cannot conceive. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER LXIX.

Paris, October 28, 1765.

MR. Hume[2] ſends me word from Fontainebleau, that your brother, ſome time in the ſpring of 1764, tranſmitted to the Engliſh miniſtry *a pretty exact and very authentic account of the French finances*; theſe are his words: *and that it will be eaſily found among his lordſhip's diſpatches of that period.* To the other queſtion I have received no anſwer; I ſuppoſe he has not yet been able to inform himſelf.

[1] After his outlawry.

[2] The celebrated David Hume was ſecretary of embaſſy to the earl of Hertford during his reſidence at Paris.

This

This goes by an Engliſh coachman of count Lauragais, ſent over to buy more horſes: therefore I ſhall write a little miniſterially, and, perhaps, ſurpriſe you, if you are not already appriſed of things in the light I ſee them.

The dauphin will probably hold out very few days. His death, that is, the near proſpect of it, fills *the philoſophers* with the greateſt joy, as it was feared he would endeavour the reſtoration of the jeſuits. You will think the ſentiments of *the philoſophers* very odd *ſtate-news*—but do you know who *the philoſophers* are, or what the term means here? In the firſt place, it comprehends almoſt every body; and in the next, means men, who avowing war againſt popery, aim, many of them, at a ſubverſion of all religion, and ſtill many more, at the deſtruction of regal power[1]. How do you know this? you will ſay; you, who have been but ſix weeks in France, three of which you have been confined to your chamber. True: but in the firſt period I went every where, and heard nothing elſe; in the latter, I have been extremely viſited, and have had long and explicit converſations with many, who think as I tell you, and with a few of the other ſide, who are no leſs perſuaded that there are ſuch intentions. In particular, I had two officers here t'other night, neither of them young, whom I had difficulty to keep from a ſerious quarrel, and who, in the heat of the diſpute, informed me of much more than I could have learnt with great pains.

As a proof that my ideas are not quite viſions, I ſend you a moſt curious paper[2]; ſuch as I believe no *magiſtrate* would have pronounced in the time of Charles I. I ſhould not like to have it known to come from me, nor any part of the intelligence I ſend you; with regard to which, if you think it neceſſary to communicate it to particular perſons, I deſire my name may be ſuppreſſed. I tell it you for *your* ſatisfaction and information, but would not have any body elſe think that I do any thing here but amuſe myſelf: my amuſements indeed are triſte enough, and conſiſt wholly in trying to get well; but my recovery moves very ſlowly. I have not yet had any thing but cloth ſhoes on, live ſometimes a whole day on warm water, and am never tolerably well till twelve or one o'clock.

[1] The reader, in the year 1798, will be ſtruck with this ſuccinct account of *les philoſophes François*, their doctrines and their intentions, given in the year 1765, which their ſubſequent conduct has proved ſo accurately true. *E.*

[2] This paper does not appear.

I have had another letter from ſir Horace Mann, who has much at heart his ribband and increaſe of character. Conſequently you know, as I love him ſo much, I muſt have them at heart too. Count Lorenzi is recalled, becauſe here they think it neceſſary to ſend a Frenchman of higher rank to the new Grand Ducal court. I wiſh ſir Horace could be raiſed on this occaſion. For his ribband, his promiſe is ſo old and ſo poſitive, that it is quite a hardſhip.

Pray put the colonies in good humour; I ſee they are violently diſpoſed to the new adminiſtration.

I have not time to ſay more, nor more to ſay if I had time; ſo good night. Let me know if you receive this, and how ſoon: it goes the day after to-morrow. Various reports ſay, the duke of Richmond comes this week. I ſent you a letter by monſieur de Guerchy.

Duſſon, I hear, goes embaſſador to Poland. Tell lady A——— that I have five or ſix little parcels, though not above one for her, of laces and ribbands, which lady C—— left with me; but how to convey them the lord knows.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER LXX.

Paris, November 29, 1765.

AS I anſwered your ſhort letter with a very long one, I ſhall be ſhorter in anſwer to your long, which I received late laſt night from Fontainebleau: it is not very neceſſary; but as lord William Gordon ſets out for England on Monday, I take that opportunity.

The duke of R——— tells me that Choiſeul has promiſed every thing. I wiſh it may be performed, and *ſpeedily*, as it will give you an opportunity of opening the parliament with great eclat. My opinion you know is, that this is the moment for puſhing them and obtaining.

Thank

Thank you for all you ſay about my gout. We have had a week of very hard froſt, that has done me great good, and rebraced me. The ſwelling of my legs is quite gone. What has done me more good, is having entirely left off tea, to which I believe the weakneſs of my ſtomach was owing, having had no ſickneſs ſince. In ſhort, I think I am cured of every thing but my fears. You talk coolly of going as far as Naples, and propoſe my going with you. I would not go ſo far, if Naples was the direct road to the new Jeruſalem. I have no thought or wiſh, but to get home, and be quiet for the reſt of my days, which I ſhall moſt certainly do the firſt moment the ſeaſon will let me; and if I once get to London again, ſhall be ſcarce tempted ever to lie in an inn more. I have refuſed to go to Aubigné, though I ſhould lie but one night on the road. You may gueſs what I have ſuffered, when I am grown ſo timorous about my health.—However, I am again reverted to my ſyſtem of water, and trying to recover my hardineſs—but nothing has at all ſoftened me towards phyſicians.

You ſee I have given you a ſerious anſwer, though I am rather diſpoſed to ſmile at your propoſal. Go to Italy! for what?—Oh! to quit—do you know, I think that as idle a thought as the other. Pray ſtay where you are, and do ſome good to your country, or retire when you cannot—but don't put your finger in your eye and cry after the holidays and ſugar-plums of Park-place. You have engaged and muſt go through, or be hindered. Could you tell the world the reaſon? Would not all men ſay you had found yourſelf incapable of what you had undertaken? I have no patience with your thinking ſo idly. It would be a reflection on your underſtanding and character, and a want of reſolution unworthy of you.

My advice is, to aſk for the firſt great government that falls, if you will not take your regiment again; to continue acting vigorouſly and honeſtly where you are. Things are never ſtable enough in our country to give you a proſpect of a long ſlavery. Your defect is irreſolution. When you have taken your poſt, act up to it; and if you are driven from it, your retirement will then be as honourable (and more ſatisfactory) than your adminiſtration. I ſpeak frankly, as my friendſhip for you directs. My way of acting (though a private inſtance) is agreeable to my doctrine. I determined, whenever our oppoſition ſhould be over, to have done with politics; and you ſee I have adhered to my reſolution by coming hither; and

and therefore you may be convinced that I ſpeak my thoughts. I don't aſk your pardon, becauſe I ſhould be forced to aſk my own if I did not tell you what I think the beſt for you. You have life and Park-place enough to come, and *you* have not had five months of gout. Make yourſelf independent honourably, which you may do by a government; but if you will take my advice, don't accept a miniſterial place when you ceaſe to be a miniſter. The former is a reward due to your profeſſion and ſervices, the latter is a degradation. You know the haughtineſs of my ſpirit; I give you no advice but what I would follow.

I ſent lady A——— *the Orpheline leguée*; a poor performance; but the ſubject made me think ſhe would like to ſee it. I am over head and ears at count Caylus's auction, and have bought half of it for a ſong—but I am ſtill in greater felicity and luck, having diſcovered, by mere accident, a portrait of count Grammont, after having been in ſearch of one theſe fifteen years, and aſſured there was no ſuch thing. A-propos, I promiſed you my own: but beſides that there is nobody here that excels in painting ſkeletons; ſeriouſly, their painters are bitter bad, and as much inferior to Reynolds and Ramſay, as Hudſon to Vandyck. I had rather ſtay till my return. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER LXXI.

Paris, December 5, 1765.

I HAVE not above a note's worth to ſay; but as lord Oſſory ſets out tomorrow, I juſt ſend you a line.

The dauphin, if he is ſtill alive, which ſome folks doubt, is kept ſo only by cordials; though the biſhop of Glandeve has aſſured the queen that he had God's own word for his recovery, which ſhe ſtill believes, whether her ſon is dead or not.

The remonſtrance of the parliament of Paris, on the diſſolution of that of Bretagne, is very decent; they are to have an audience next week. They do not touch on Chalotais, becauſe the accuſation againſt him is for treaſon. What do you think that treaſon is? A correſpondence with Mr. Pitt, to whom he is made to ſay, *that Rennes is nearer to London than Paris.* It is now believed that the anonymous letters, ſuppoſed to be written by Chalotais, were forged by a jeſuit—thoſe to Mr. Pitt could not have even ſo good an author.

The duke of Richmond is ſtill at Aubigné; I wonder he ſtays, for it is the hardeſt froſt alive. Mr. Hume does not go to Ireland, where your brother finds he would by no means be welcome.—I have a notion he will ſtay here till your brother's return.

The duc de Praſlin, it is ſaid, will retire at Chriſtmas. As La Borde, the great banker of the court, is trying to retire too, my couſin, who is much connected with La Borde, ſuſpects that Choiſeul is not very firm himſelf.

I have ſupped with monſieur de Maurepas, and another night with marſhal Richelieu: the firſt is extremely agreeable and *ſenſible;* and, I am glad, not *Miniſter.* The other is an old piece of tawdry, worn out, but endeavouring to bruſh itſelf up; and put me in mind of lord Cheſterfield, for they laugh before they know what he has ſaid—and are in the right, for I think they would not laugh afterwards.

I ſend lady A—— the words and muſic of the prettieſt opera comique in the world—I wiſh I could ſend her the actors too. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

December 9th.

Lord Oſſory put off his journey; which ſtopped this letter, and it will now go by Mr. Andr. Stuart.

The

The face of things is changed here, which I am impatient to tell you, that you may ſee it is truth, not ſyſtem, which I pique myſelf on ſending you. The vigour of the court has frightened the parliaments. That of Pau has ſubmitted. The procureurs, &c. of Rennes, who, it was ſaid, would not plead before the new commiſſion, were told, that if they did not plead the next day they ſhould be hanged without a trial—No bribe ever operated faſter!

I heard t'other day, that ſome Spaniſh miniſter, I forget his name, being dead, Squillace would take his department, and Grimaldi have that of the Weſt Indies.—He is the worſt that could have it, as we have no greater enemy.

The dauphin is certainly alive, but in the moſt ſhocking way poſſible; his bones worn through his ſkin, a great ſwelling behind, and ſo relaxed, that his inteſtines appear from that part; and yeſterday the mortification was ſuſpected.

I have received a long letter from lady A——, for which I give her a thouſand thanks; and would anſwer it directly, if I had not told you every earthly thing I know.

The duke and ducheſs[a] are, I hear, at Fontainebleau: the moment they return, I will give the ducheſs lady A——'s commiſſion.

LETTER LXXII.

Paris, January 12, 1766.

I HAVE received your letter by general Vernon, and another, to which I have writ an anſwer, but was diſappointed of a conveyance I expected. You ſhall have it with additions, by the firſt meſſenger that goes; but I cannot ſend it by the poſt, as I have ſpoken very freely of ſome perſons you

[a] Of Richmond.

name,

name, in which we agree thoroughly. Theſe few lines are only to tell you I am not idle in writing to you.

I almoſt repent having come hither; for I like the way of life and many of the people ſo well, that I doubt I ſhall feel more regret at leaving Paris than I expected. It would ſound vain to tell you the honours and diſtinctions I receive, and how much I am in faſhion; yet when they come from the handſomeſt women in France, and the moſt reſpectable in point of character, can one help being a little proud? If I was twenty years younger, I ſhould wiſh they were not quite ſo reſpectable. Madame de Brionne, whom I have never ſeen, and who was to have met me at ſupper laſt night at the charming madame d'Egmont's, ſent me an invitation by the latter for Wedneſday next. I was engaged, and heſitated. I was told, "Comment! ſçavez-vous que c'eſt qu'elle ne feroit pas pour toute la France?" However, leſt you ſhould dread my returning a perfect old ſwain, I ſtudy my wrinkles, compare myſelf and my limbs to every plate of larks I ſee, and treat my underſtanding with at leaſt as little mercy. Yet, do you know, my preſent fame is owing to a very trifling compoſition, but which has made incredible noiſe. I was one evening at madame Geoffrin's joking on Rouſſeau's affectations and contradictions, and ſaid ſome things that diverted them. When I came home I put them into a letter, and ſhowed it next day to Helvetius and the duc de Nivernois; who were ſo pleaſed with it, that, after telling me ſome faults in the language, which you may be ſure there were, they encouraged me to let it be ſeen. As you know I willingly laugh at mountebanks *political* or literary, let their talents be ever ſo great, I was not averſe. The copies have ſpread like wild-fire; et me voici à la mode! I expect the end of my reign at the end of the week with great compoſure. Here is the letter:

Le Roi de PRUSSE à Monſieur ROUSSEAU.

Mon cher Jean Jacques,

Vous avez renoncé à Geneve votre patrie; vous vous êtes fait chaſſer de la Suiſſe, pays tant vanté dans vos écrits; la France vous a decreté. Venez donc chez moi: j'admire vos talents; je m'amuſe de vos reveries, qui (ſoit dit en paſſant) vous occupent trop, et trop long tems. Il faut à la fin être ſage et heureux. Vous avez fait aſſez parler de vous par

des ſingularités peu convenables à un veritable grand homme. Demontrez à vos ennemis, que vous pouvez avoir quelquefois le ſens commun: cela les fachera, ſans vous faire tort. Mes états vous offrent une retraite paiſible; je vous veux du bien, et je vous en ferai, ſi vous le trouvez bon. Mais ſi vous vous obſtiniez à rejetter mon ſecours, attendez-vous que je ne le dirai à perſonne. Si vous perſiſtez à vous creuſer l'eſprit pour trouver de nouveaux malheurs, choiſiſſez les tels que vous voudrez. Je ſuis roi, je puis vous en procurer au gré de vos ſouhaits: et ce qui ſurement ne vous arrivera pas vis à vis de vos ennemis, je ceſſerai de vous perſécuter quand vous ceſſerez de mettre votre gloire à l'être.

Votre bon ami,

FREDERIC.

The princeſſe de Ligne, whoſe mother was an Engliſhwoman, made a good obſervation to me laſt night. She ſaid, *Je ſuis roi, je puis vous procurer de malheurs*, was plainly the ſtroke of an Engliſh pen. I ſaid, then I had certainly not well imitated the character in which I wrote. You will ſay, I am a bold man to attack both Voltaire and Rouſſeau. It is true; but I ſhoot at their heel, at their vulnerable part.

I beg your pardon for taking up your time with theſe trifles. The day after to-morrow we go in cavalcade with the ducheſs[1] to her audience[2]; I have got my cravat and ſhammy ſhoes. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER LXXIII.

Paris, April 6, 1766.

IN a certain city of Europe[3] it is the cuſtom to wear ſlouched hats, long cloaks and high capes. Scandal and the government called this dreſs, *going*

[1] Of Richmond.

[2] At Verſailles as embaſſadreſs.

[3] This account alludes to the inſurrection at Madrid, on the attempt of the court in the laſt reign to introduce the French dreſs in Spain. E.

in maſk, and pretended that it contributed to aſſaſſination. An ordonnance was publiſhed, commanding free-born hats to be cocked, cloaks to be ſhortened, and capes laid aſide. All the world obeyed for the firſt day; but the next, every thing returned into its old channel. In the evening a tumult aroſe, and cries of God bleſs the king! God bleſs the kingdom! but confuſion to the prime miniſter[1].—The word was no ſooner given, but his houſe was beſet, the windows broken, and the gates attempted. The guards came and fired on the *weavers*[2] of cloaks. The weavers returned the fire, and many fell on each ſide. As the hour of ſupper approached and the mob grew hungry, they recollected a tax upon bread, and demanded the *repeal*. The king yielded to both requeſts, and hats and loaves were ſet at liberty. The people were not contented, and ſtill inſiſted on the permiſſion of murdering the firſt miniſter; though his majeſty aſſured his faithful commons that the miniſter was never conſulted on acts of government, and was only his private friend, who ſometimes called upon him in an evening to drink a glaſs of wine and talk botany. The people were incredulous, and continued in mutiny when the laſt letters came away.

If you ſhould happen to ſuppoſe, as I did, that this *hiſtory* arrived in London, do not be alarmed; for it was at Madrid; and a nation who has borne the inquiſition cannot ſupport a cocked hat!—So neceſſary it is for governors to know when lead or a feather will turn the balance of human underſtandings, or will not.

I ſhould not have entrenched on lord George's[3] province of ſending you news of revolutions, but he is at Aubigné[4]; and I thought it right to adverti ſe you in time, in caſe you ſhould have a mind to ſend a bale of ſlouched hats to the ſupport of the mutineers. As I have worn a flapped hat all my life, when I have worn any at all, I think myſelf qualified, and would offer my ſervice to command them; but being perſuaded that you are a faithful obſerver of treaties, though a friend to repeals, I ſhall come and receive your commands in perſon. In the mean time I cannot help figuring what a pompous proteſt my lord Lyttelton might draw up in the character of an old grandee againſt the revocation of the act for cocked hats.

[1] Squillace, an Italian, whom the king was obliged to baniſh.

[2] Alluding to the mobs of ſilk-weavers which had taken place this year in London.

[3] Lord George Lenox, only brother to the duke of Richmond.

[4] The duke of Richmond's country ſeat in France.

Lady A—— forgot to ſend me word of your recovery, as ſhe promiſed; but I was ſo lucky as to hear it from other hands. Pray take care of yourſelf, and do not imagine that you are as weak as I am, and can eſcape the ſcythe, as I do by being low: your life is of more conſequence. If you don't believe me, ſtep into the ſtreet and aſk the firſt man you meet.

This is Sunday, and Thurſday is fixed for my departure; unleſs the Clairon ſhould return to the ſtage on Tueſday ſe'nnight, as is ſaid; and I do not know whether I ſhould not be tempted to borrow two or three days more, having never ſeen her: yet my lilacs pull hard, and I have not a farthing left in the world. Be ſure you do not leave a cranny open for George Grenville to wriggle in, till I have got all my things out of the cuſtom-houſe. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER LXXIV.

Paris, April 8, 1766.

I SENT you a few lines by the poſt yeſterday, with the firſt accounts of the inſurrection at Madrid. I have ſince ſeen Stahremberg, the Imperial miniſter, who has had a courier from thence; and if lord Rochford has not ſent one, you will not be ſorry to know more particulars. The mob diſarmed the invalids; ſtopped all coaches, to prevent Squillace's flight; and meeting the duke de Medina Celi, forced him and the duke d'Arcos to carry their demands to the king. His moſt frightened majeſty granted them directly; on which his highneſs the people diſpatched a monk with their demands in writing, couched in four articles: the diminution of the gabel on bread and oil; the revocation of the ordonnance on hats and cloaks; the baniſhment of Squillace; and the abolition of ſome other tax, I don't know what. The king ſigned all; yet was ſtill forced to appear in a balcony, and promiſe to obſerve what he had granted. Squillace was ſent with an eſcort to Carthagena, to embark for Naples, and the firſt commis of the treaſury appointed to ſucceed him; which does not look much like obſervation of the conditions. Some ſay Enſenada is recalled, and that Grimaldi is in no good

odour with the people. If the latter and Squillace are diſmiſſed, we get rid of two enemies.

The tumult ceaſed on the grant of the demands; but the king retiring that night to Aranjuez, the inſurrection was renewed the next morning, on pretence that this flight was a breach of the capitulation. The people ſeized the gates of the capital, and permitted nobody to go out. In this ſtate were things when the courier came away. The ordonnance againſt going in diſguiſe looks as if ſome ſuſpicions had been conceived; and yet their confidence was ſo great as not to have 2000 guards in the town. The pitiful behaviour of the court makes one think that the Italians were frightened, and that the Spaniſh part of the miniſtry were not ſorry it took that turn. As I ſuppoſe there is no great city in Spain which has not at leaſt a bigger bundle of grievances than the capital, one ſhall not wonder if the puſillanimous behaviour of the king encourages them to redreſs themſelves too.

There is what is called a change of the miniſtry here; but it is only a croſſing over and figuring in. The duc de Praſlin has wiſhed to retire for ſome time; and for this laſt fortnight there has been much talk of his being replaced by the duc d'Aiguillon, the duc de Nivernois, &c.; but it is plain, though not believed till *now*, that the duc de Choiſeul is all-powerful. To purchaſe the ſtay of his couſin Praſlin, on whom he can depend, and to leave no cranny open, he has ceded the marine and colonies to the duc de Praſlin, and taken the foreign and military department himſelf. His couſin is beſides named chef du conſeil des finances; a very honourable, very dignified and very idle place, and never filled ſince the duc de Bethune had it. Praſlin's hopeful cub the viſcount, whom you ſaw in England laſt year, goes to Naples, and the marquis de Durfort to Vienna—a cold, dry, proud man, with the figure and manner of lord Cornbury.

Great matters are expected to-day from the parliament, which re-aſſembles. A mouſquetaire, his piece loaded with a lettre de cachet, went about a fortnight ago to the notary who keeps the parliamentary regiſters, and demanded them. They were refuſed—but given up, on the lettre de cachet being produced. The parliament intends to try the notary for breach of truſt, which I ſuppoſe will make his fortune; though he has not the merit of perjury like —— ——.

There

There have been inſurrections at Bourdeaux and Toulouſe, on the militia, and 27 perſons were killed at the latter: but both are appeaſed. Theſe things are ſo much in vogue, that I wonder the French do not dreſs *à la revolte*.

The queen is in a very dangerous way.

This will be my laſt letter; but I am not ſure I ſhall ſet out before the middle of next week.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER LXXV.

Bath, October 2, 1766.

I ARRIVED yeſterday at noon, and bore my journey perfectly well, except that I had the head-ach all yeſterday; but it is gone to-day, or at leaſt made way for a little giddineſs which the water gave me this morning at firſt. If it does not do me good very ſoon, I ſhall leave it; for I diſlike the place exceedingly, and am diſappointed in it. Their new buildings that are ſo admired, look like a collection of little hoſpitals; the reſt is deteſtable; and all crammed together, and ſurrounded with perpendicular hills that have no beauty. The river is paltry enough to be the Seine or Tyber. Oh! how unlike my lovely Thames!

I met my lord Chatham's coach yeſterday full of ſuch Grenville-looking children, that I ſhall not go to ſee him this day or two [r]; and to-day I ſpoke to lady Rockingham in the ſtreet. My lords chancellor and preſident are here, and lord and lady Powis. Lady Malpas arrived yeſterday. I ſhall viſit miſs Rich to-morrow. In the next apartment to mine lodges ——— ———. I have not ſeen him ſome years; and he is grown either mad or

[r] Mr. Walpole in general diſliked being in company with children, to whom he was little accuſtomed. E.

ſuper-

ſuperannuated, and talks without ceſſation or coherence: you would think all the articles of a dictionary were prating together at once. The Bedfords are expected this week. There are forty thouſand others that I neither know nor intend to know. In ſhort, it is living in a fair, and I am heartily ſick of it already. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER LXXVI.

Bath, October 18, 1766.

YOU have made me laugh, and ſomebody elſe makes me ſtare. How can one wonder at any thing he does, when he knows ſo little of the world? I ſuppoſe the next ſtep will be to propoſe me for groom of the bed-chamber to the new duke of Cumberland. But why me? Here is that hopeful young fellow ſir John Ruſhout, the oldeſt member of the houſe, and, as extremes meet, very proper to begin again; why overlook him? However, as the ſecret is kept from me myſelf, I am perfectly eaſy about it. I ſhall call to-day or to-morrow to aſk his commands, but certainly ſhall not obey thoſe you mention.

The waters certainly are not ſo beneficial to me as at firſt: I have almoſt every morning my pain in my ſtomach. I do not pretend this to be the cauſe of my leaving Bath. The truth is, I cannot bear it any longer. You laugh at my regularity; but the contrary habit is ſo ſtrong in me, that I cannot continue ſuch ſobriety. The public rooms, and the Loo, where we play in a circle, like the hazard on twelfth-night, are inſupportable. This coming into the world again, when I am ſo weary of it, is as bad and ridiculous as moving an addreſs would be. I have no affectation, for affectation is a monſter at nine-and-forty; but if I cannot live quietly, privately, and comfortably, I am perfectly indifferent about living at all. I would not kill myſelf, for that is a philoſopher's affectation, and I will come hither again, if I muſt; but I ſhall always drive very near, before I ſubmit to

do

do any thing I do not like. In ſhort, I muſt be as fooliſh as I pleaſe, as long as I can keep without the limits of abſurdity. What has an old man to do but to preſerve himſelf from parade on one hand, and ridicule on the other? Charming youth may indulge itſelf in either, may be cenſured, will be envied, and has time to correct. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

Monday evening.

You are a delightful manager of the houſe of commons, to reckon 540, inſtead of 565! Sandwich was more accurate in liſts, and would not have miſcounted 25, which are ſomething in a diviſion.

LETTER LXXVII.

Strawberry-hill, Auguſt 9, 1768.

YOU are very kind, or elſe you ſaw into my mind, and knew that I have been thinking of writing to you, but had not a pen full of matter. True, I have been in town, but I am more likely to learn news here; where at leaſt we have it like fiſh, that could not find vent in London. I ſaw nothing there but the ruins of Loo, lady Hertford's cribbage, and lord B———, like patience on a monument, ſmiling in grief. He is totally ruined, and quite charmed. Yet I heartily pity him. To Virginia he cannot be indifferent: he muſt turn their heads ſome how or other. If his graces do not captivate them, he will enrage them to fury; for I take all his douceur to be enamelled on iron.

My life is moſt uniform and void of events, and has nothing worth repeating. I have not had a ſoul with me, but accidental company now and then at dinner. Lady Holderneſs, lady Ancram, lady Mary Coke, Mrs. Anne Pitt, and Mr. Hume, dined here the day before yeſterday. They were but juſt gone, when George Selwyn, lord Bolinbroke, and ſir William Muſgrave, who had been at Hampton-court, came in, at nine at night, to drink

drink tea. They told me, what I was very glad to hear, and what I could not doubt, as they had it from the duke of Grafton himſelf, that biſhop Cornwallis goes to Canterbury. I feared it would be ———; but it ſeems he had ſecured all the back-ſtairs, and not the great ſtairs. As the laſt head of the church[1] had been on the midwife line, I ſuppoſe goody ——— had hopes; and as he had been preſident of an atheiſtical club, to be ſure Warburton did not deſpair. I was thinking it would make a good article in the papers, that three biſhops had ſupped with Nancy Parſons at Vauxhall, in their way to Lambeth. I am ſure —— would have been of the number; and ———, who told the duke of Newcaſtle, that if his grace had commanded the Blues at Minden they would have behaved better, would make no ſcruple to cry up her chaſtity.

The king of Denmark comes on Thurſday; and I go to-morrow to ſee him. It has coſt three thouſand pounds to new-furniſh an apartment for him at St. James's; and now he will not go thither, ſuppoſing it would be a confinement. He is to lodge at his own miniſter Dieden's.

Auguſtus Hervey, thinking it the bel air, is going to ſue for a divorce from the Chudleigh. He aſked lord B——— t'other day, who was his proctor, as he would have aſked for his taylor. The nymph has ſent him word, that if he proves her his wife he muſt pay her debts; and ſhe owes ſixteen thouſand pounds. This obſtacle thrown in the way, looks as if ſhe was not ſure of being ducheſs of Kingſton. The lawyers ſay, it will be no valid plea; it not appearing that ſhe was Hervey's wife, and therefore the tradeſmen could not reckon on his paying them.

Yes, it is my Gray, Gray the poet, who is made profeſſor of modern hiſtory; and I believe it is worth 500*l.* a year. I knew nothing of it till I ſaw it in the papers; but believe it was Stonehewer that obtained it for him.

Yes again; I uſe a bit of alum half as big as my nail, once or twice a week, and let it diſſolve in my mouth. I ſhould not think that uſing it oftener could be prejudicial. You ſhould inquire; but as you are in more

[1] Thomas Secker, archbiſhop of Canterbury.

hurry than I am, you ſhould certainly uſe it oftener than I do. I wiſh I could cure my lady A—— too. Ice-water has aſtoniſhing effect on my ſtomach; and removes all pain like a charm. Pray, though the one's teeth may not be ſo white as formerly, nor t'other look in perfect health, let the Daniſh king ſee ſuch good ſpecimens of the laſt age—though, by what I hear, he likes nothing but the very preſent age.—However, ſure you will both come and look at him: not that I believe he is a jot better than the apprentices that flirt to Epſom in a Tim-whiſky; but I want to meet you in town.

I don't very well know what I write, for I hear a caravan on my ſtairs, that are come to ſee the houſe: Margaret is chattering, and the dogs barking; and this I call retirement! and yet I think it preferable to your viſit at Becket. Adieu! Let me know ſomething more of your motions, before you go to Ireland, which I think a ſtrange journey, and better compounded for: and when I ſee you in town I will ſettle with you another viſit to Park-place.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER LXXVIII.

Strawberry-hill, Friday, July 7, 1769.

YOU deſired me to write, if I knew any thing particular. How particular will content you? Don't imagine I would ſend you ſuch haſh as the livery's petition [1]. Come; would the apparition of my lord Chatham ſatisfy you? Don't be frightened: it was not his ghoſt. He, he himſelf in propriâ perſonâ, and not in a ſtrait waiſtcoat, walked into the king's levee this morning, and was in the cloſet twenty minutes after the levee; and was to go out of town to-night again. The deuce is in it if this is not news. Whether he is to be king, miniſter, lord mayor, or alderman, I do not know; nor a word more than I have told you.

[1] The petition of the livery of London, complaining of the unconſtitutional conduct of the king's miniſters, and the undue return of Mr. Luttrell when he oppoſed Mr. Wilkes at the election for Middleſex. E.

Whether

Whether he was ſent for to guard St. James's gate, or whether he came alone, like Almanzor, to ſtorm it, I cannot tell: by Beckford's violence I ſhould think the latter. I am ſo indifferent what he came for, that I ſhall wait till Sunday to learn; when I lie in town on my way to Ely. You will probably hear more from your brother before I can write again. I ſend this by my friend Mr. Granger[1], who will leave it at your park-gate as he goes through Henley home. Good-night: it is paſt twelve, and I am going to bed.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER LXXIX.

Strawberry-hill, Tueſday Nov. 14, 1769.

I AM here quite alone, and did not think of going to town till Friday for the opera, which I have not yet ſeen. In compliment to you and your counteſs I will make an effort, and be there on Thurſday; and will either dine with you at your own houſe, or at your brother's; which you chooſe. This is a great favour, and beyond my lord Temple's journey to dine with my lord mayor[2]. I am ſo ſick of the follies of all ſides, that I am happy to be at quiet here, and to know no more of them than what I am forced to ſee in the newſpapers; and thoſe I ſkip over as faſt as I can.

The account you give me of lady —— was juſt the ſame as I received from Paris. I will ſhow you a very particular letter I received by a private hand from thence; which convinces me that I gueſſed right, contrary to all the wiſe, that the journey to Fontainebleau would overſet monſieur de Choiſeul. I think he holds but by a thread, which will ſnap ſoon. I am labouring hard with the ducheſs[3] to procure the duke of Richmond ſatisfaction in the favour he has aſked about his duchy[4]; but he ſhall not know

[1] Author of the Biographical Hiſtory of England.
[2] In the ſecond mayoralty of William Beckford.
[3] The ducheſs of Choiſeul.
[4] Of Aubigné.

it till it is completed, if I can be ſo lucky as to ſucceed. I think I ſhall, if they do not fall immediately.

You perceive how barren I am, and why I have not written to you. I paſs my time in clipping and paſting prints; and do not think I have read forty pages ſince I came to England. I bought a poem called Trincalo's Trip to the Jubilee; having been ſtruck with two lines in an extract in the papers,

And the ear-piercing fife,
And the ear-piercing wife—

Alas! all the reſt, and it is very long, is a heap of unintelligible nonſenſe, about Shakeſpeare, politics, and the lord knows what. I am grieved that, with our admiration of Shakeſpeare, we can do nothing but write worſe than ever he did. One would think the age ſtudied nothing but his Love's labour loſt, and Titus Andronicus. Politics and abuſe have totally corrupted our taſte. Nobody thinks of writing a line that is to laſt beyond the next fortnight. We might as well be given up to controverſial divinity. The times put me in mind of the Conſtantinopolitan empire; where, in an age of learning, the ſubtleſt wits of Greece contrived to leave nothing behind them, but the memory of their follies and acrimony. Milton did not write his Paradiſe Loſt till he had outlived his politics. With all his parts, and noble ſentiments of liberty, who would remember him for his barbarous proſe? Nothing is more true than that extremes meet. The licentiouſneſs of the preſs makes us as ſavage as our Saxon anceſtors, who could only ſet their marks; and an outrageous purſuit of individual independence, grounded on ſelfiſh views, extinguiſhes genius as much as deſpotiſm does. The public good of our country is never thought of by men that hate half their country. Heroes confine their ambition to be leaders of the mob. Orators ſeek applauſe from their faction, not from poſterity; and miniſters forget foreign enemies, to defend themſelves againſt a majority in parliament. When any Cæſar has conquered Gaul, I will excuſe him for aiming at the perpetual dictature. If he has only jockeyed ſomebody out of the borough of Veii or Falernum, it is too impudent to call himſelf a patriot or a ſtateſman. Adieu!

LETTER

LETTER LXXX.

Arlington-ſtreet, July 12, 1770.

REPOSING under my laurels! No, no, I am repoſing in a much better tent, under the teſter of my own bed. I am not obliged to riſe by break of day and be dreſſed for the drawing-room; I may ſaunter in my ſlippers till dinner-time, and not make bows till my back is as much out of joint as my lord Temple's. In ſhort, I ſhould die of the gout or fatigue, if I was to be Polonius to a princeſs for another week[1]. Twice a-day we made a pilgrimage to almoſt every heathen temple in that province that they call a garden; and there is no ſallying out of the houſe without deſcending a flight of ſteps as high as St. Paul's. My lord Beſborough would have dragged me up to the top of the column, to ſee all the kingdoms of the earth; but I would not, if he could have given them to me. To crown all, becauſe we live under the line, and that we were all of us giddy young creatures, of near threeſcore, we ſupped in a grotto in the Elyſian fields, and were refreſhed with rivers of dew and gentle ſhowers that dripped from all the trees; and put us in mind of the heroic ages, when kings and queens were ſhepherds and ſhepherdeſſes, and lived in caves, and were wet to the ſkin two or three times a-day. Well! thank heaven, I am emerged from that Elyſium, and once more in a chriſtian country!—Not but, to ſay the truth, our pagan landlord and landlady were very obliging, and the party went off much better than I expected. We had no very recent politics, though volumes about the Spaniſh war; and as I took care to give every thing a ludicrous turn as much as I could, the princeſs was diverted, the ſix days rolled away, and the ſeventh is my ſabbath; and I promiſe you I will do no manner of work, I, nor my cat, nor my dog, nor any thing that is mine. For this reaſon, I entreat that the journey to Goodwood may not take place before the 12th of Auguſt, when I will attend you. But this expedition to Stowe has quite blown up my intended one to Wentworth-caſtle: I have not reſolution enough left for ſuch a journey. Will you and lady A——— come to Strawberry before or after Goodwood? I know you like being dragged from home as little as I do; therefore you ſhall place that viſit juſt when it is moſt convenient to you.

[1] Mr. Walpole had been for a week at Stowe, the ſeat of earl Temple, with a party invited to meet her royal highneſs the late princeſs Amelia.

I came

I came to town the night before laſt, and am juſt returning. There are not twenty people in all London. Are not you in deſpair about the ſummer? It is horrid to be ruined in coals in June and July. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER LXXXI.

Arlington-ſtreet, Chriſtmas day.

IF poplar-pines ever grow[1], it muſt be in ſuch a ſoaking ſeaſon as this. I wiſh you would ſend half-a-dozen by ſome Henley barge to meet me next Saturday at Strawberry-hill, that they may be as tall as the monument by next ſummer. My caſcades give themſelves the airs of cataracts, and Mrs. Clive looks like the ſun riſing out of the ocean. Poor Mr. Raſtor[2] is tired to death of their ſolitude; and as his paſſion is walking, he talks with rapture of the brave rows of lamps all along the ſtreets, juſt as I uſed formerly to think no trees beautiful without lamps to them, like thoſe at Vauxhall.

As I came to town but to dinner, and have not ſeen a ſoul, I do not know whether there is any news. I am juſt going to the princeſs[3], where I ſhall hear all there is. I went to king Arthur on Saturday, and was tired to death, both of the nonſenſe of the piece and the execrable performance, the ſingers being ſtill worſe than the actors. The ſcenes are little better (though Garrick boaſts of rivalling the French opera), except a pretty bridge, and a gothic church with windows of painted glaſs. This ſcene, which ſhould be a barbarous temple of Woden, is a perfect cathedral, and the devil officiates at a kind of high maſs! I never ſaw greater abſurdities.

Adieu!

[1] The firſt poplar-pine (or, as they have ſince been called, Lombardy poplar) planted in England is that at Park-place, on the bank of the river near the great arch. It was a cutting brought from Turin by the late lord Rochford in his carriage, and planted by general Conway's own hand. E.

[2] Brother to Mrs. Clive. He had been an actor himſelf, and, when his ſiſter retired from the ſtage, lived with her in the houſe Mr. Walpole had given her at Twickenham. E.

[3] The late princeſs Amelia.

LETTER

LETTER LXXXII.

Arlington-ſtreet, Dec. 29, 1770.

THE trees[1] came ſafe: I thank you for them: they are gone to Strawberry, and I am going to plant them. This paragraph would not call for a letter, but I have news for you of importance enough to dignify a diſpatch. The duc de Choiſeul is fallen! The expreſs from lord Harcourt[2] arrived yeſterday morning; the event happened laſt Monday night, and the courier ſet out ſo immediately, that not many particulars are yet known. The duke was allowed but three hours to prepare himſelf, and ordered to retire to his ſeat at Chanteloup: but ſome letters ſay, Il ira plus loin. The duc de Praſlin is baniſhed too, and Chatelet is forbidden to viſit Choiſeul. Chatelet was to have had the marine; and I am ſure is no loſs to us. The chevalier de Muy is made ſecretary of ſtate pour la guerre;—and it is concluded that the duc d'Aiguillon is prime-miniſter, but was not named ſo in the firſt hurry. There! there is a revolution! there is a new ſcene opened! Will it advance the war? Will it make peace? Theſe are the queſtions all mankind is aſking. This whale has ſwallowed up all gudgeon-queſtions. Lord Harcourt writes, that the d'Aiguilloniſts had officiouſly taken opportunities of aſſuring him, that if they prevailed it would be peace; but in this country we know that opponents turned miniſters *can* change their language. It is added, that the morning of Choiſeul's baniſhment, the king ſaid to him, Monſieur, je vous ai dit que je ne voulois pas la guerre. Yet how does this agree with Francès's[3] eager proteſtations that Choiſeul's fate depended on preſerving the peace? How does it agree with the comptroller-general's offer of finding funds for the war, and of Choiſeul's proving he could not?—But how reconcile half the politics one hears? De Guiſnes and Francès ſent their excuſes to the ducheſs of Argyll laſt night; and I ſuppoſe the Spaniards too, for none of them were there.—Well! I ſhall let all this buſtle cool for two days; for what Engliſhman does not ſacrifice any thing to go his Saturday out of town?—And yet I am very much intereſted in this event; I feel much for madame de Choiſeul, though nothing

[1] The Lombardy poplars.

[2] Then embaſſador at Paris.

[3] Then the chargé des affaires from the French court in London.

for

for her *Corſican* huſband; but I am in the utmoſt anxiety for my dear old friend[1], who paſſed every evening with the ducheſs, and was thence in great credit; and what is worſe, though nobody I think can be ſavage enough to take away her penſion, ſhe may find great difficulty to get it paid—and then her poor heart is ſo good and warm, that this blow on her friends, at her great age, may kill her. I have had no letter, nor had laſt poſt—whether it was ſtopped, or whether ſhe apprehended the event, as I imagine—for every body obſerved, on Tueſday night, at your brother's, that Francès could not open his mouth. In ſhort, I am moſt ſeriouſly alarmed about her.

You have ſeen in the papers the deſigned arrangements in the law. They now ſay there is ſome hitch; but I ſuppoſe it turns on ſome demands, and ſo will be got over by their being granted.

Mr. Maſon, the bard, gave me yeſterday the incloſed memorial, and begged I would recommend it to you. It is in favour of a very ingenious painter. Adieu! the ſun ſhines brightly; but it is one o'clock, and it will be ſet before I get to Twickenham.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER LXXXIII.

Paris, July 30, 1771.

I DO not know where you are, nor where this will find you, nor when it will ſet out to ſeek you, as I am not certain by whom I ſhall ſend it. It is of little conſequence, as I have nothing material to tell you, but what you probably may have heard.

The diſtreſs here is incredible, eſpecially at court. The king's tradeſmen are ruined, his ſervants ſtarving, and even angels and archangels

[1] Madame la marquiſe du Deffand.

cannot

cannot get their penſions and ſalaries, but ſing Woe! woe! woe! inſtead of Hoſannahs. Compiegne is abandoned; Villiers-coterets and Chantilly[1] crowded, and Chanteloup[2] ſtill more in faſhion, whither every body goes that pleaſes; though, when they aſk leave, the anſwer is, *Je ne le defends ni le permets*. This is the firſt time that ever the will of a king of France was interpreted againſt his inclination. Yet, after annihilating his parliament, and ruining public credit, he tamely ſubmits to be affronted by his own ſervants. Mad. de Beauveau and two or three high-ſpirited dames defy this czar of Gaul. Yet they and their cabal are as inconſiſtent on the other hand. They make epigrams, ſing vaudevilles againſt the miſtreſs, hand about libels againſt the chancellor, and have no more effect than a ſky-rocket; but in three months will die to go to court, and to be invited to ſup with madame du Barry. The only real ſtruggle is between the chancellor[3] and the duc d'Aiguillon. The firſt is falſe, bold, determined, and not ſubject to little qualms. The other is leſs known, communicates himſelf to nobody, is ſuſpected of deep policy and deep deſigns, but ſeems to intend to ſet out under a maſk of very ſmooth varniſh; for he has juſt obtained the payment of all his bitter enemy la Chalotais's penſions and arrears. He has the advantage too of being but moderately deteſted in compariſon of his rival, and, what he values more, the intereſt of the miſtreſs[4]. The comptroller-general[5] ſerves both, by acting miſchief more ſenſibly felt; for he ruins every body but thoſe who purchaſe a reſpite from his miſtreſs. He diſpenſes bankruptcy by retail, and will fall, becauſe he cannot even by theſe means be uſeful enough. They are ſtriking off nine millions from la caiſſe militaire, five from the marine, and one from the affaires étrangeres: yet all this will not extricate them. You never ſaw a great nation in ſo diſgraceful a poſition. Their next proſpect is not better: it reſts on an Imbecille, both in mind and body.

July 31.

Mr. Churchill and my ſiſter ſet out to-night after ſupper, and I ſhall ſend this letter by them. There are no new books, no new plays, no new novels;

[1] The country palaces of the duke of Orleans and the prince of Condé, who were in diſgrace at court for having eſpouſed the cauſe of the parliament of Paris baniſhed by the chancellor Maupou.

[2] The country ſeat of the duc de Choiſeul, to which, on his ceaſing to be firſt miniſter, he was baniſhed by the king.

[3] Maupou.

[4] Madame du Barry.

[5] The abbé Terrai.

nay, no new faſhions. They have dragged old m^lle^ le Maure out of a retreat of thirty years, to ſing at the Coliſée, which is a moſt gaudy Ranelagh, gilt, painted, and be-cupided like an opera, but not calculated to laſt as long as Mother Coliſeum, being compoſed of chalk and paſteboard. Round it are courts of treillage, that ſerve for nothing, and behind it a canal, very like a horſe-pond, on which there are fireworks and juſts. All together it is very pretty; but as there are few nabobs and nabobeſſes in this country, and as the middling and common people are not much richer than Job when he had loſt every thing but his patience, the proprietors are on the point of being ruined, unleſs the project takes place that is talked of. It is, to oblige Corneille, Racine, and Moliere to hold their tongues twice a-week, that their audiences may go to the Coliſée. This is like our parliament's adjourning when ſenators want to go to Newmarket. There is a monſieur Guillard writing a hiſtory of the rivalité de la France et de l'Angleterre.—I hope he will not omit this parallel.

The inſtance of their poverty that ſtrikes *me* moſt, who make political obſervations by the thermometer of baubles, is, that there is nothing new in their ſhops. I know the faces of every ſnuff-box and every tea-cup as well as thoſe of madame du Lac and monſieur Poirier. I have choſen ſome cups and ſaucers for my lady A———, as ſhe ordered me, but I cannot ſay they are at all extraordinary. I have beſpoken two cabriolets for her, inſtead of ſix, becauſe I think them very dear, and that ſhe may have four more if ſhe likes them. I ſhall bring too a ſample of a baguette that ſuits them. For myſelf, between œconomy and the want of novelty, I have not laid out five guineas—a very memorable anecdote in the hiſtory of my life. Indeed, the czarina and I have a little diſpute: ſhe has offered to purchaſe the whole Crozat collection of pictures, at which I had intended to ruin myſelf. The Turks take her for it!—A-propos, they are ſending from hence fourſcore officers to Poland, each of whom I ſuppoſe, like Almanzor, can ſtamp with his foot and raiſe an army.

As my ſiſter travels like a Tartar princeſs with her whole horde, ſhe will arrive too late almoſt for me to hear from you in return to this letter, which in truth requires no anſwer, vû que I ſhall ſet out myſelf on the 26th of Auguſt. You will not imagine that I am glad to ſave myſelf the pleaſure of hearing from you, but I would not give you the trouble of writing

writing unneceſſarily. If you are at home, and not in Scotland, you will judge by theſe dates where to find me. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. Inſtead of reſtoring the Jeſuits, they are proceeding to annihilate the Celeſtine, Auguſtines, and ſome other orders.

LETTER LXXXIV.

Paris, Aug. 11, 1771.

YOU will have ſeen, I hope, before now, that I have not neglected writing to you. I ſent you a letter by my ſiſter, but doubt ſhe has been a great while upon the road, as they travel with a large family. I was not ſure where you was, and would not write at random by the poſt.

I was juſt going out when I received yours and the newſpapers. I was ſtruck in a moſt ſenſible manner, when, after reading your letter, I ſaw in the newſpapers that Gray[1] is dead! So very ancient an intimacy, and, I ſuppoſe, the natural reflection to ſelf on loſing a perſon but a year older, made me abſolutely ſtart in my chair. It ſeemed more a corporal than a mental blow; and yet I am exceedingly concerned for him, and every body muſt be ſo for the loſs of ſuch a genius. He called on me but two or three days before I came hither; he complained of being ill, and talked of the gout in his ſtomach—but I expected his death no more than my own—and yet the ſame death will probably be mine.—I am full of all theſe reflections—but ſhall not attriſt you with them:—only do not wonder that my letter will be ſhort, when my mind is full of what I do not give vent to. It was but laſt night that I was thinking how few perſons laſt, if one lives to be old, to whom one can talk without reſerve. It is impoſſible to be intimate with the young, becauſe they and the old cannot converſe on the ſame common topics; and of the old that ſurvive, there are few one can commence a friendſhip with, becauſe one has probably all one's life deſpiſed their

[1] Thomas Gray, the poet.

hearts or their underſtandings. Theſe are the ſteps through which one paſſes to the unenviable lees of life!

I am very ſorry for the ſtate of poor lady B———. It preſages ill. She had a proſpect of long happineſs. Opium is a very falſe friend.

I will get you Bougainville's book.—I think it is on the Falkland Iſles, for it cannot be on thoſe juſt diſcovered; but as I ſet out to-morrow ſe'nnight, and probably may have no opportunity ſooner of ſending it, I will bring it myſelf. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER LXXXV.

Arlington-ſtreet, September 7, 1771.

I ARRIVED yeſterday within an hour or two after you was gone, which mortified me exceedingly; lord knows when I ſhall ſee you. You are ſo active and ſo buſy, and caſt bullets[1] and build bridges, are pontifex maximus, and, like ſir John Thorold or Cimon,

——— triumph over land and wave,

that one can never get a word with you. Yet I am very well worth a general's or a politician's ear. I have been deep in all the ſecrets of France, and confidant of ſome of the principals of both parties. I know what is, and is to be, though I am neither prieſt nor conjurer—and have heard a vaſt deal about breaking carabiniers and grenadiers; though, as

[1] Mr. Conway was now at the head of the ordnance, but with the title and appointments of lieutenant-general only. The particular circumſtances attending this, are thus recorded in a letter of Mr. Walpole's to another correſpondent at the time, and deſerve to be known. E.

"January, 1770.

"The king offered the maſterſhip of the ordnance, on lord Granby's reſignation, to Mr. Conway, who is only lieutenant-general of it. He ſaid he had lived in friendſhip with lord Granby, and would not profit by his ſpoils: but as he thought he could do ſome eſſential ſervice in the office, where there are many abuſes; if his majeſty would be pleaſed to let him continue as he is, he would do the buſineſs of the office without accepting the ſalary."

uſual,

uſual, I dare to ſay I ſhall give a woful account of both. The worſt part is, that by the moſt horrid oppreſſion and injuſtice their finances will very ſoon be in good order—unleſs ſome bankrupt turns Ravaillac, which will not ſurpriſe me. The horror the nation has conceived of the king and chancellor, makes it probable that the latter, at leaſt, will be ſacrificed. He ſeems not to be without apprehenſion, and has removed from the king's library a MS. trial of a chancellor who was condemned to be hanged under Charles VII.—For the king, qui a fait ſes épreuves, and not to his honour, you will not wonder that he lives in terrors.

I have executed all lady A———'s commiſſions; but mind, I do not commiſſion you to tell her, for you would certainly forget it.

As you will no doubt come to town to report who burnt Portſmouth, I will meet you here, if I am appriſed of the day. Your niece's marriage[1] pleaſes me extremely. Though I never ſaw him till laſt night, I know a great deal of her futur, and like his character. His perſon is much better than I expected, and far preferable to many of the fine young moderns. He is better than ſir ——, at leaſt as well as the duke of ———, and Adonis compared to the charming Mr. ———. Adieu!

LETTER LXXXVI.

Late Strawberry-hill, January 7, 1772.

YOU have read of my calamity without knowing it, and will pity me when you do. I have been blown up; my caſtle is blown up; Guy Fawkes has been about my houſe; and the fifth of November has fallen on the 6th of January! In ſhort, nine thouſand powder-mills broke looſe yeſterday morning on Hounſlow-heath; a whole ſquadron of them came hither, and have broken eight of my painted-glaſs windows: and the north ſide of the caſtle looks as if it had ſtood a ſiege. The two ſaints in the hall have ſuffered martyrdom! they have had their bodies cut off, and nothing remains but their heads. The two next great ſufferers are indeed two of

[1] The marriage of lady Gertrude Seymour Conway to lord Villiers, ſince earl of Grandiſon.

the

the leaſt valuable, being the paſſage windows to the library and great parlour—a fine pane is demoliſhed in the round room; and the window by the gallery is damaged. Thoſe in the cabinet and Holbein-room, and gallery, and blue-room, and green-cloſet, &c. have eſcaped. As the ſtorm came from the north-weſt, the china-cloſet was not touched, nor a cup fell down. The bow-window of brave old coloured glaſs, at Mr. Hindley's, is maſſacred; and all the north ſides of Twickenham and Brentford are ſhattered. At London it was proclaimed an earthquake, and half the inhabitants ran into the ſtreet.

As lieutenant-general of the ordnance, I muſt beſeech you to give ſtrict orders that no more powder-mills may blow up. My aunt, Mrs. Kerwood, reading one day in the papers that a diſtiller's had been burnt by the head of the ſtill flying off, ſaid, ſhe wondered they did not make an act of parliament againſt the heads of ſtills flying off. Now, I hold it much eaſier for you to do a body this ſervice; and would recommend to your conſideration, whether it would not be prudent to have all magazines of powder kept under water till they are wanted for ſervice. In the mean time, I expect a penſion to make me amends for what I have ſuffered under the government. Adieu!

Yours, all that remains of me,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER LXXXVII.

Strawberry-hill, Monday June 22, 1772.

IT is lucky that I have had no dealings with Mr. F——; for, if he had ruined me, as he has half the world, I could not have *run* away. I tired myſelf with walking on Friday; the gout came on Saturday in my foot; yeſterday I kept my bed till four o'clock, and my room all day—but, with wrapping myſelf all over with bootikins, I have ſcarce had any pain—my foot ſwelled immediately, and to-day I am deſcended into the blueth and greenth[1]; and though you expect to find that I am paving the way to an

[1] Cant words of Mr. Walpole's for blue and green. He means, that he came out of his room to the blue ſky and green fields. E.

excuſe, I think I ſhall be able to be with you on Saturday. All I intend to excuſe myſelf from, is walking. I ſhould certainly never have the gout, if I had loſt the uſe of my feet. Cherubims that have no legs, and do nothing but ſtick their chins in a cloud and ſing, are never out of order. Exerciſe is the worſt thing in the world, and as bad an invention as gunpowder.

A-propos to Mr. F——, here is a paſſage ridiculouſly applicable to him, that I met with yeſterday in the letters of Guy Patin: "Il n'y a pas long tems qu'un auditeur des comptes nommé monſ. Nivelle fit banqueroute; et tout fraichement, c'eſt-à-dire depuis trois jours, un treſorier des parties caſuelles, nommé Sanſon, en a fait autant; et pour vous montrer, qu'il eſt vrai que *res humanæ faciunt circulum*, comme il a eté autrefois dit par Plato et par Ariſtote, celuy-là s'en retourne d'où il vient. Il eſt fils d'un paiſan; il a eté laquais de ſon premier metier, et aujourd'hui il n'eſt plus rien, ſi non qu'il lui reſte une aſſez belle femme."——I do not think I can find in Patin or Plato, nay, nor in Ariſtotle, though he wrote about every thing, a parallel caſe to —— ——'s: there are advertiſed to be ſold more annuities of his and his ſociety, to the amount of five hundred thouſand pounds a year! I wonder what he will do next, when he has ſold the eſtates of all his friends!

I have been reading the moſt delightful book in the world, the lives of Leland, Tom Hearne, and Antony Wood. The laſt's diary makes a thick volume in octavo. One entry is, "This day Old Joan began to make my bed." In the ſtory of Leland is an examination of a free maſon, written by the hand of king Henry VI. with notes by Mr. Locke. Free-maſonry, Henry VI. and Locke, make a ſtrange heterogeneous olio; but that is not all. The reſpondent, who defends the myſtery of maſonry, ſays it was brought into Europe by the Venetians—he means the Phenicians—And who do you think propagated it? Why, one Peter Gore—And who do you think that was?—One Pythagoras, Pythagore.—I do not know whether it is not ſtill more extraordinary, that this and the reſt of the nonſenſe in that account made Mr. Locke determine to be a free-maſon: ſo would I too, if I could expect to hear of more *Peter Gores*.

Pray tell lady Lyttelton that I ſay ſhe will certainly kill herſelf if ſhe lets

lets lady A—— drag her twice a day to feed the pheaſants; and you make her climb cliffs and clamber over mountains. She has a tractability that alarms me for her; and if ſhe does not pluck up a ſpirit and determine never to be put out of her own way, I do not know what may be the conſequence. I will come and ſet her an example of immoveability. Take notice, I do not ſay one civil ſyllable to lady A——. She has not paſſed a whole day here theſe two years. She is always very gracious, ſays ſhe will come when *you* will fix a time, as if *you* governed, and then puts it off whenever it is propoſed, nor will ſpare one ſingle day from Park-place—as if other people were not as partial to their own Park-places! Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

Tueſday noon.

I WROTE my letter laſt night; this morning I received yours, and ſhall wait till Sunday, as you bid me, which will be more convenient for my gout, though not for other engagements; but I ſhall obey the ſuperior, as nullum tempus occurrit regi et podagræ.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

Arlington-ſtreet, Auguſt 30, 1773.

I RETURNED laſt night from Houghton[1], where multiplicity of buſineſs detained me four days longer than I intended, and where I found a ſcene infinitely more mortifying than I expected; though I certainly did not go with a proſpect of finding a land flowing with milk and honey. Except the pictures, which are in the fineſt preſervation, and the woods, which are become foreſts, all the reſt is ruin, deſolation, confuſion, diſorder, debts, mortgages, ſales, pillage, villainy, waſte, folly, and madneſs. I do not believe that five thouſand pounds would put the houſe and buildings into good repair. The nettles and brambles in the park are up to your ſhoulders; horſes have been turned into the garden, and banditti lodged in every cot-

[1] Where he had gone during the infanity of his nephew George earl of Orford, to endeavour to ſettle and arrange his affairs.

tage. The perpetuity of livings that come up to the park-pales have been ſold—and every farm let for half its value. In ſhort, you know how much family-pride I have—and conſequently may judge how much I have been mortified!—Nor do I tell you half, or *near* the worſt circumſtances. I have juſt ſtopped the torrent—and that is all. I am very uncertain whether I muſt not fling up the truſt; and ſome of the difficulties in my way ſeem unſurmountable, and too dangerous not to alarm even my zeal; ſince I muſt not ruin myſelf, and hurt thoſe for whom I muſt feel too, only to reſtore a family that will end with myſelf, and to retrieve an eſtate, from which I am not likely ever to receive the leaſt advantage.

If you will ſettle with the C———s your journey to Chalfont, and will let me know the day, I will endeavour to meet you there; I hope it will not be till next week. I am overwhelmed with buſineſs—but indeed I know not when I ſhall be otherwiſe! I wiſh you joy of this endleſs ſummer.

LETTER LXXXIX.

Strawberry-hill, June 23, 1774.

I HAVE nothing to ſay—which is the beſt reaſon in the world for writing; for one muſt have a great regard for any body one writes to, when one begins a letter neither on ceremony nor buſineſs. You are ſeeing armies[1], who are always in fine order and great ſpirits when they are in cold blood: I am ſorry you thought it worth while to realiſe what I ſhould have thought you could have ſeen in your mind's eye. However, I hope you will be amuſed and pleaſed with viewing heroes, both in their autumn and their bud. Vienna will be a new ſight; ſo will the Auſtrian eagle and its two heads. I ſhould like *ſeeing* too, if any fairy would preſent me with a cheſt that would fly up into the air by touching a peg, and tranſport me whither I pleaſed in an inſtant: but roads, and inns, and dirt are terrible drawbacks on my curioſity. I grow ſo old, or ſo indolent, that I ſcarce ſtir from hence; and the dread of the gout makes me almoſt as much a priſoner, as a

[1] Mr. Conway was now on a tour of military curioſity through Flanders, Germany, Pruſſia, and part of Hungary.

fit of it. News I know none, if there is any. The papers tell me the city was to preſent a petition to the king againſt the Quebec-bill yeſterday; and I ſuppoſe they will tell me to-morrow whether it was preſented. The king's ſpeech tells me, there has nothing happened between the Ruſſians and the Turks. Lady Barrymore told me t'other day, that nothing was to happen between her and lord E———. I am as well ſatisfied with theſe negatives, as I ſhould have been with the contrary. I am much more intereſted about the rain, for it deſtroys all my roſes and orange-flowers, of which I have exuberance; and my hay is cut, and cannot be made. However, it is delightful to have no other diſtreſſes. When I compare my preſent tranquillity and indifference with all I ſuffered laſt year [1], I am thankful for my happineſs, and enjoy it—unleſs the bell rings at the gate early in the morning—and then I tremble, and think it an expreſs from Norfolk.

It is unfortunate, that when one has nothing to talk of but one's ſelf, one ſhould have nothing to ſay of one's ſelf. It is ſhameful too to ſend ſuch a ſcrap by the poſt. I think I ſhall reſerve it till Tueſday. If I have then nothing to add, as is probable, you muſt content yourſelf with my good intentions, as I hope you will with this ſpeculative campaign. Pray, for the future remain at home and build bridges: I wiſh you were here to expedite ours to Richmond, which they tell me will not be paſſable theſe two years. I have done looking ſo forward. Adieu!

LETTER XC.

Strawberry-hill, Auguſt 18, 1774.

IT is very hard, that becauſe you do not get my letters, you will not let me receive yours, who do receive them. I have not had a line from you theſe five weeks. Of your honours and glories Fame has told me [2]; and for aught I know, you may be a *veldt-marſhal* by this time, and deſpiſe ſuch a poor cottager as me. Take notice, I ſhall diſclaim you in my turn, if you

[1] During the illneſs of his nephew lord Orford.

[2] Alluding to the diſtinguiſhed notice taken of general Conway by the king of Pruſſia.

are

Heath Sculp.

Mrs Selwyn.

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are ſent on a command againſt Dantzick, or to uſurp a new diſtrict in Poland.

I have ſeen no armies, kings or empreſſes, and cannot ſend you ſuch auguſt gazettes; nor are they what I want to hear of. I like to hear you are well and diverted; nay, have pimped towards the latter, by deſiring lady Aileſbury to ſend you monſieur de Guiſnes's invitation to a military fête at Metz [1]. For my part, I wiſh you was returned to your plough. Your Sabine farm [2] is in high beauty. I have lain there twice within this week, going to and from a viſit to George Selwyn near Glouceſter: a tour as much to my taſte as yours to you. For fortified towns I have ſeen ruined caſtles. Unluckily, in that of Berkeley I found a whole regiment of militia in garriſon, and as many young officers as if ——————— was in poſſeſſion, and ready to ſurrender at indiſcretion. I endeavoured to comfort myſelf by figuring that they were guarding Edward II. I have ſeen many other ancient ſights without aſking leave of the king of Pruſſia: it would not pleaſe me ſo much to write *to* him, as it once did to write *for* him [3].

They have found at leaſt ſeventy thouſand pounds of lord Thomond's [4]. George Howard has decked himſelf with a red ribband, money and honours! —Charming things! and yet one may be very happy without them.

The young —— —— is returned from his travels in love with the pretender's queen, who has permitted him to have her picture. What can I tell you more? Nothing. Indeed, if I only write to poſtmaſters, my letter is long enough. Every body's head but mine is full of elections. I had the ſatisfaction at Glouceſter, where G. Selwyn is canvaſſing, of reflecting on my own wiſdom: Suave mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis, &c. I am certainly the greateſt philoſopher in the world, without ever having thought of being ſo: always employed, and never buſy; eager about trifles, and indifferent to every thing ſerious. Well, if it is not philoſophy, at leaſt it is content. I

[1] To ſee the review of the French regiment of carabineers, then commanded by monſieur de Guiſnes.

[2] Park-place.

[3] Alluding to the letter to Rouſſeau in the name of the king of Pruſſia.

[4] Percy Wyndham Obrien. He was the ſecond ſon of ſir Charles Wyndham, the chancellor of the exchequer to queen Anne, and took the name of Obrien purſuant to the will of his uncle the earl of Thomond in Ireland.

am as pleaſed here with my own nutſhell, as any monarch you have ſeen theſe two months aſtride his eagle—not but I was diſſatisfied when I miſſed you at Park-place, and was peeviſh at your being in an Aulic chamber. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. They tell us from Vienna that the peace is made between Tiſiphone and the Turk:[1] Is it true?

LETTER XCI.

Strawberry-hill, Sept. 7, 1774.

I DID not think you had been ſo like the reſt of the world, as, when you pretended to be viſiting armies, to go in ſearch of gold and ſilver mines[1]! The favours of courts and the ſmiles of emperors and kings, I ſee, have corrupted even you, and perverted you to a nabob. Have you brought away an ingot in the calf of your leg? What abomination have you committed? All the gazettes in Europe have ſent you on different negotiations: inſtead of returning with a treaty in your pocket, you will only come back with bills of exchange. I don't envy your ſubterraneous travels, nor the hoſpitality of the Hungarians. Where did you find a ſpoonful of Latin about you? I have not attempted to ſpeak Latin theſe thirty years, without perceiving I was talking Italian thickened with terminations in *us* and *orum*. I ſhould have as little expected to find an Ovid in thoſe regions; but I ſuppoſe the gentry of Preſbourg read him for a faſhionable author, as our 'ſquires and their wives do the laſt collections of ballads that have been ſung at Vauxhall and Marybone. I wiſh you may have brought away ſome ſketches of duke Albert's architecture. You know I deal in the works of royal authors, though I have never admired any of their own buildings, not excepting king Solomon's temple. Stanley[2] and Edmondſon in Hungary! What carried them thither? The chaſe of mines too? The firſt, perhaps,

[1] Mr. Conway had gone to ſee the gold and ſilver mines of Cremnitz in the neighbourhood of Grau in Hungary.

[2] Mr. Hans Stanley.

waddled

waddled thither obliquely, as a parrot would have done whoſe direction was to Naples.

Well, I am glad you have been entertained, and ſeen ſuch a variety of ſights. You don't mind fatigues and hardſhips, and hoſpitality, the two extremes that to me poiſon travelling. I ſhall never ſee any thing more, unleſs I meet with a ring that renders one inviſible. It was but the other day, that, being with George Selwyn at Glouceſter, I went to view Berkeley caſtle, knowing the earl was to dine with the mayor of Glouceſter. Alas! when I arrived, he had put off the party to enjoy his militia a day longer, and the houſe was full of officers. They might be in the Hungarian dreſs, for aught I knew; for I was ſo diſmayed, that I would fain have perſuaded the houſekeeper that ſhe could not ſhew me the apartments; and when ſhe opened the hall, and I ſaw it full of captains, I hid myſelf in a dark paſſage, and nothing could perſuade me to enter, till they had the civility to quit the place. When I was forced at laſt to go over the caſtle, I ran through it without ſeeing any thing, as if I had been afraid of being detained priſoner.

I have no news to ſend you: if I had any, I would not conclude, as all correſpondents do, that lady A. left nothing untold. Lady P. is gone to hold mobs at Ludlow, where there is actual war, and where a *knight*, I forget his name, one of their friends, has been *almoſt cut in two* with a ſcythe. When you have ſeen all the other armies in Europe, you will be juſt in time for many election-battles—perhaps for a war in America, whither more troops are going. Many of thoſe already ſent have deſerted; and to be ſure the proſpect there is not ſmiling. A-propos, lord M. whom lord S. his father will not ſuffer to wear powder becauſe wheat is ſo dear, was preſented t'other day in coal black hair and a white feather: they ſaid *he had been tarred and feathered.*

In France you will find a new ſcene[1]. The chancellor is ſent, a little before his time, to the devil. The old parliament is expected back. I am ſorry to ſay I ſhall not meet you there. It will be too late in the year for me to venture, eſpecially as I now live in dread of my biennial gout, and ſhould die of it in a hotel garni, and forced to receive all comers—I, who you know lock myſelf up when I am ill, as if I had the plague.

[1] Upon the death of Louis XV.