

and come to nothing, or worse than nothing, for want of your assistance¹. The historical part should be in the manner of Henault, a mere abridgement², a series of facts selected with judgment, that may serve as a clue to lead

¹ See a note from lord Bute in the Letters to and from Ministers, inviting Mr. Walpole to turn his thoughts to a work of this kind; and Mr. Walpole's answer, offering to point out and collect materials, and take any trouble in aiding, supervising and directing the whole plan. E.

² This method Mr. Walpole had already adopted before he received his friend's letter; for a large memorandum-book of his is extant, with this title-page:

COLLECTIONS

FOR

A HISTORY

OF

THE MANNERS, CUSTOMS, HABITS, FASHIONS, CEREMONIES &c. &c. &c.

OF

ENGLAND,

BEGUN

FEBRUARY 21, 1762,

BY

MR. HORACE WALPOLE.

Co'l tempo, Tutto.

The heads of the subjects he meant to treat are then arranged alphabetically, and several pages of blank paper left between each, intended to have been filled up with matter relative to the objects in question, as it occurred to him.—We have only to regret, that though a number of curious scattered notes remain among lord Orford's papers, evidently intended for this work, its farther arrangement was never pursued; as in the hands of an antiquary, diligent, accurate and lively, as Mr. Walpole, it must have proved a most entertaining as well as a curious work.

The notes, or heads of chapters, in his memorandum-book, are as follows:

Coats of Arms.

When first used.

Arms and Armour.

Battle Axes. Coats of Mail. Habergeons. Hauberks. Shields, their forms.

Armies.

How raised and paid, and fleets. Admiral of western coast. My seal of R. Clitherol.

lead the mind along in the midst of those ruins and scattered monuments of art, that time has spared. This would be sufficient, and better than Mont-faucon's

<i>Books.</i>	What books were in libraries before printing. Pay of copyists. Vide catalogue of books at Canterbury at end of Dart.
<i>Buildings.</i>	Brick only for chimneys. No glass. Sudley castle glazed with beryl. Old London of chefnut. Licenses for embattling.
<i>Burials.</i>	Soul-shot. Paid at interments. Vide Spelman's Posthuma.
<i>Coaches.</i>	When first used. Saddles. Anne of Bohemia. First side-saddles. Chairs. Litter. Chariot. Vide Life of De Critz.
<i>Coins.</i>	Easterlings. Copper tokens.
<i>Crusadoes.</i>	
<i>Customs.</i>	What, Saxons, Normans, Poitevins, &c. introduced. Curfeu.
<i>Deer.</i>	When brought into England.
<i>Domain.</i>	To enquire what the domain of the crown at different periods.
<i>Embassadors.</i>	What their pay and privileges.
<i>Exchequer.</i>	Vide Madox.
<i>Fashions.</i>	See account of Harrison prefixed to Hollingshed's Chronicle. Wimples. Crisping pins. Love-locks. Colours of their mistresses. Piked horns.
<i>Fools.</i>	Vide Anecdotes of Painting, in Holbein. Henry VIIIth's fool, a print of him.
<i>Forests.</i>	Statutes of. New Forest. Inquiry how many in the crown. Manner of hunting. Picture at Wroxton of prince Henry and lord Harrington in hunting-habits. Chevy Chase, how founded.
<i>Games.</i>	May games. At Cards. Tables. Dice. Numbers of small dice found under floor of Inner-Temple-hall.
<i>Harvering in the Bower.</i>	When built. Jointure-house of what queens. When destroyed.
<i>Habits.</i>	See Peck's account of them. Figures in Speed's maps. When first wigs. Tom Derry. Lord Holland. Account of fashions in Harrison's treatise before Hollingshed's Chronicle. Hollar's habits. Coats and waistcoats. Vide MS. of Lord Sandwich.
<i>Heralds.</i>	
<i>Holidays.</i>	Keeping Christmas. Grands jours.
<i>Hops.</i>	When first planted. See Fuller.
<i>Hours.</i>	See my Green Book.
<i>Kings.</i>	Often crowned.
<i>Knights.</i>	How made. Ceremonies at creation of knights of Bath. See the plate in Dugdale's Warwickshire. Knights service. Knights fees. Account of them in lord Monmouth's Memoires.
<i>The Marches.</i>	When brought in.
<i>Masks and Masking.</i>	
<i>Mumming.</i>	
<i>Mathematics.</i>	Roger Bacon.
<i>Marriage.</i>	What the ceremonies attending it.
<i>Meals.</i>	See bills of fare of Henry IV. in bishop Lyttelton's book and in Dugdale.
<i>New Year's Gifts.</i>	
<i>Night Caps.</i>	Embroidered with black. My head of Henry duke of Richmond. Oliver Cromwell's in Mrs. Kennon's sale.

402 LETTERS FROM THOMAS GRAY

faucon's more diffuse narrative. Such a work (I have heard) Mr. Burke is now employed about, which though not intended for this purpose might be

Ordeal.

Pleghy.

Parks.

Poets Laureate.

Provisions.

Portraits.

Ruffs.

Seals.

Stage.

Tenures.

Tombs.

Tournaments.

Tapestries.

Vineyards.

Wards.

Wills.

Trials.

When built. Thomas duke of Gloucester apprehended there. When demolished.

King's proveditors. Forestalling of markets.

Busts of Henry I. and queen, at the west end of the cathedral of Rochester. Catherine of Valois queen of Henry V. in the long gallery at Lambeth, and archbishop Chichele. Among Harleian MSS. No. 1498-2. Henry VII. receiving a book from Islip. Item, No. 1499-3. 1766-3. Lydgate. 1892-26. 2278-3. Henry VI. when a child. Ib. 4, 5, 6. No. 2358-14-15. No. 4826. Lydgate. No. 1319. No. 1349-3. Edward III. and all his children. Mr. Onslow, Black Prince, and another of sons of Edward III. My miniature of Henry duke of Richmond, son of Henry VIII. Portrait of Richard de Gainsborough, mason, in second volume of Letheuillier's Hist. Henry VI. and house of parliament engraven by Pyne. Edward IV. &c. before Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors. Jane Shore, at Eton.

When first used. Succeeded by falling band.

Often cut on reverses of cameos and intaglios. Often good at the same period that our coins bad.

Mytories. Farces. Pantomimes. Morrice-dancers. Interludes. Pageants. Vide Blount's Jocular Tenures. Peerages annexed to castles and lands. Arundel and Berkeley castles.

Their fashions in different ages. When statues on them first. When brasses. Roman columns about time of queen Elizabeth. Knights Templars cross-legged.

At Bayeux. In a room near the house of commons, with crusade of Richard I.

Several houses anciently called the Vineyard and the Vine. Mr. Chute's in Hampshire. Mr. Talbot's, near Dorking. The Vineyard in St. James's park; qu. how old? Vide Barnaby's Journal.

Count of wards and liveries.

Legacies. How many witnesses. When they could not write, made the sign of the cross. Bequeathing their clothes, beds, &c. &c. Cups and covers, their plate.

Then follows the subsequent list of authors to be consulted :

Madox's History of the Exchequer.
Dugdale.
Spelman.
Hearne.
Skinner.
Peck's Desiderata Curiosa.

Fuller's Worthies.
Hollingshed.
Hall.
Cambden.
Froissart.
Fleetwood's Chronicum Pre-
riosum.

Statutes at large.
Fynes Moryson.
Blount's Jocular Tenures.
Speed and Stowe.
Search rolls for patents of manufactories and monopolies.

applied

applied perhaps to this use. Then at the end of each reign should come a dissertation explanatory of the plates, and pointing out the turn of thought, the customs, ceremonials, arms, dresses, luxury, and private life, with the improvement or decline of the arts during that period. This you must do yourself, beside taking upon you the superintendence, direction, and choice of materials. As to the expence, that must be the king's own entirely, and he must give the book to foreign ministers and people of note; for it is obvious no private man can undertake such a thing without a subscription, and no gentleman will care for such an expedient; and a gentleman it should be, because he must have easy access to archives, cabinets, and collections of all sorts. I protest I do not think it impossible but they may give into such a scheme: they approve the design, they wish to encourage the arts and to be magnificent, and they have no Versailles or Herculeum.

I hope to see you toward the end of March. If you bestow a line on me, pray tell me whether the baronne de la Peyriere is gone to her castle of Viry; and whether Fingal be discovered or shrewdly suspected to be a forgery. Adieu!

I am yours ever,

T. GRAY.

LETTER XV.

Sunday, December 30, 1764.

I HAVE received the Castle of Otranto, and return you my thanks for it. It engages our attention here, makes some of us cry a little, and all in general afraid to go to bed o' nights. We take it for a translation, and should believe it to be a true story, if it were not for St. Nicholas.

When your pen was in your hand you might have been a little more communicative: for, though disposed enough to believe the opposition rather consumptive, I am entirely ignorant of all the symptoms. Your canonical book I have been reading with great satisfaction. He speaketh as one having authority. If Englishmen have any feeling left, methinks

At Cambridge.

F f f 2

they

they must feel now; and if the ministry have any feeling (whom nobody will suspect of insensibility) they must cut off the author's ears, for it is in all the forms a most wicked libel. Is the old man and the lawyer put on, or is it real? or has some real lawyer furnished a good part of the materials, and another person employed them? This I guess; for there is an uncouthness of diction in the beginning, which is not supported throughout—though it now and then occurs again, as if the writer was weary of supporting the character he had assumed, when the subject had warmed him beyond dissimulation.

Rousseau's Letters² I am reading heavily, heavily! He justifies himself, till he convinces me that he deserved to be burnt, at least that his book did. I am not got through him, and you never will. Voltaire I detest, and have not seen his book: I shall in good time. You surprise me, when you talk of going³ in February. Pray, does all the minority go too? I hope you have a reason. *Desperare de republica* is a deadly sin in politics.

Adieu! I will not take my leave of you; for (you perceive) this letter means to beg another, when you can spare a little.

¹ Mr. Gray may probably allude to a pamphlet called "A Letter concerning libels, warrants, seizure of papers, and security for the peace or behaviour, with a view to some late proceedings, and the defence of them by the majority."—Supposed to have been written by William Greaves, esq. a master in Chancery, under the inspection of the late lord Camden. E.

² The Lettres de la Montague.

³ To Paris.

LETTERS

FROM

THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE

TO

JOHN CHUTE, Esq.

OF THE VINE IN HAMPSHIRE,

From the Year 1753 to the Year 1771.



Heath Sculp.

John Chute

Published as the Act directs May 1st 1798 by G.G. & J. Robinson Paternoster Row London.

LETTERS

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TO

JOHN CHUTE, Esq.

OF THE VINE IN HAMPSHIRE,

From the Year 1753 to the Year 1771.

LETTER I.

TO MR. CHUTE.

Stowe, Aug. 4, 1753.

MY DEAR SIR,

YOU would deserve to be scolded, if you had not lost almost as much pleasure as you have disappointed me of¹. Whether George Montagu will be so content with your commuting punishments, I don't know: I should think not: he *cried and roared all night*² when I delivered your excuse. He is extremely well-housed, after having roamed like a Tartar about the country with his whole personal estate at his heels. There is an extensive view, which is called pretty: but Northamptonshire is no county to please me. What entertained me was, that he who in London was grown an absolute recluse, is over head and ears in neighbours, and as

¹ In not accompanying Mr. Walpole on a visit to Mr. George Montagu at Greatworth.

² A phrase of Mr. Montagu's.

popular

popular as if he intended to stand for the count^y, instead of having given up the town. The very first morning after my arrival, as we were getting into the chaise to go to Wroxton, they notified a fir — —, a young squire, booted and spurred, and buckskin-breeched. "Will you drink any chocolate?" — "No; a little wine and water, if you please." — I suspected nothing but that he had rode till he was dry. "Nicolò, get some wine and water." He desired the water might be warm — I began to stare — Montagu understood the dialect, and ordered a negus. — I had great difficulty to keep my countenance, and still more when I saw the baronet finish a very large jug indeed: To be sure, he wondered as much at me who did not finish a jug; and I could not help reflecting, that living always in the world makes one as unfit for living out of it, as always living out of it does for living in it. Knightley, the knight of the shire, has been entertaining all the parishes round with a turtle-feast, which, so far from succeeding, has almost made him suspected for a *Jew*, as the country parsons have not yet learned to wade into green fat.

The roads are very bad to Greatworth, and such numbers of gates, that if one loved punning one should call it the *Gate-house*. The proprietor had a wonderful invention: the chimneys, which are of stone, have niches and benches in them, where the man used to sit and smoke. I had twenty disasters, according to custom; lost my way, and had my French boy almost killed by a fall with his horse: but I have been much pleased. When I was at Park-place I went to see fir H. Englefield's¹, which Mr. C — — and lady M — — prefer, but I think very undeservedly, to Mr. Southcote's. It is not above a quarter as extensive, and wants the river. There is a pretty view of Reading seen under a rude arch, and the water is well disposed. The buildings are very insignificant, and the house far from good. The town of Henley has been extremely disturbed with an engagement between the ghosts of miss Blandy and her father, which continued so violent, that some bold persons, to prevent farther bloodshed, broke in, and found it was two jackasses which had got into the kitchen.

I felt strangely tempted to stay at Oxford and survey it at my leisure; but, as I was alone, I had not courage. I passed by fir James Dashwood's², a vast new house, situated so high that it seems to stand for the county as well as himself. I did look over lord Jersey's³, which was built for a hunting-

¹ Whiteknights.² At High Wycombe.³ Middleton.

box, and is still little better. But now I am going to tell you how delightful a day I passed at Wroxton. Lord Guildford has made George Montagu so absolutely viceroy over it, that we saw it more agreeably than you can conceive; roamed over the whole house, found every door open, saw not a creature, had an extreme good dinner, wine, fruit, coffee and tea in the library, were served by fairies, tumbled over the books, said one or two talismanic words, and the cascade played, and went home loaded with pine-apples and flowers.—You will take me for monsieur de Coulanges, I describe eatables so feelingly; but the manner in which we were served made the whole delicious. The house was built by a lord Downe in the reign of James the first; and though there is a fine hall and a vast dining-room below, and as large a drawing-room above, it is neither good nor agreeable; one end of the front was never finished, and might have a good apartment. The library is added by this lord, and is a pleasant chamber. Except loads of old portraits, there is no tolerable furniture. A whole length of the first earl of Downe is in the bath-robcs, and has a coif under the hat and feather. There is a charming picture of prince Henry about twelve years old, drawing his sword to kill a stag, with a lord Harrington; a good portrait of sir Owen Hopton, 1590; your *pious* grandmother my lady Dacre, which I think like you; some good Cornelius Johnsons; a lord North by Riley, good; and an extreme fine portrait by him of the lord keeper: I have never seen but few of the hand, but most of them have been equal to Lely and the best of sir Godfrey. There is too a curious portrait of sir Thomas Pope, the founder of Trinity-college, Oxford, said to be by Holbein. The chapel is new, but in a pretty Gothic taste, with a very long window of painted glass, very tolerable. The frieze is pendent, just in the manner I propose for the eating-room at Strawberry-hill. Except one scene, which is indeed noble, I cannot much commend the without-doors. This scene consists of a beautiful lake entirely shut in with wood: the head falls into a fine cascade, and that into a serpentine river, over which is a little Gothic feat like a round temple, lifted up by a shaggy mount. On an eminence in the park is an obelisk erected to the honour and at the expence of “*optimus and magnificentissimus*” the late prince of Wales, “*in loci amœnitatem et memoriam adventus ejus.*” There are several paltry Chinese buildings and bridges, which have the merit or demerit of being the progenitors of a very numerous race all over the kingdom: at least they were of the very first. In the church is a beautiful tomb of an earl and countess of Downe, and the tower is in a

good plain Gothic style, and was once, they tell you, still more beautiful; but Mr. Miller, who designed it, unluckily once in his life happened to think rather of beauty than of the water-tables, and so it fell down the first winter.

On Wednesday morning we went to see a sweet little chapel at Steane, built in 1620 by sir T. Crewe, speaker in the time of the first James and Charles. Here are remains of the mansion-house, but quite in ruins: the chapel is kept up by my lady Arran, the last of the race. There are seven or eight monuments. On one is this epitaph, which I thought pretty enough:

Conjux casta, parens felix, matrona pudica,
Sara viro; mundo Martha, Maria Deo.

On another is the most affected inscription I ever saw, written by two brothers on their sister; they say, *This agreeable mortal translated her into immortality such a-day*: but I could not help laughing at one quaint expression, to which time has given a droll sense: *She was a constant lover of the best.*

I have been here these two days, extremely amused and charmed indeed. Wherever you stand you see an Albano landscape. Half as many buildings I believe would be too many, but such a profusion gives inexpressible richness. You may imagine I have some private reflections entertaining enough, not very communicable to the company: The temple of Friendship, in which, among twenty memorandums of quarrels, is the bust of Mr. Pitt: Mr. James Grenville is now in the house, whom his uncle disinherited for his attachment to that very Pylades Mr. Pitt. He broke with Mr. Pope, who is deified in the Elysian fields, before the inscription for his head was finished. That of sir J. Barnard, which was bespoke by the name of a bust of my lord mayor, was by a mistake of the sculptor done for alderman Perry. The statue of the king, and that "*honori, laudi, virtuti divæ Carolinæ*," make one smile, when one sees the ceiling where Britannia rejects and hides the reign of king——But I have no patience at building and planting a satire! Such is the temple of modern virtue in ruins! The Grecian temple is glorious: this I openly worship: in the heretical corner of my heart I adore the Gothic building, which by some unusual inspiration Gibbs has made pure and beautiful and venerable. The style has a propensity to the Venetian or mosque-gothic, and the great column near it makes the whole put one in

TO JOHN CHUTE, Esq.

411

mind of the place of St. Mary. The windows are throughout consecrated with painted glass; most of it from the priory at Warwick, a present from that foolish ———, who quarrelled with me (because his father was a gardener) for asking him if lord Brook had planted much. — A-propos to painted glass. I forgot to tell you of a sweet house which Mr. Montagu carried me to see, belonging to a Mr. Holman, a catholic, and called Warkworth. The situation is pretty, the front charming, composed of two round and two square towers. The court within is incomplete on one side; but above stairs is a vast gallery with four bow-windows and twelve other large ones, all filled with the arms of the old peers of England with all their quarterings entire. You don't deserve, after deserting me, that I should tempt you to such a fight; but this alone is worth while to carry you to Greatworth.

Adieu, my dear sir! I return to Strawberry to-morrow, and forgive you enough not to deprive myself of the satisfaction of seeing you there whenever you have nothing else to do.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER II.

Arlington-street, April 30, 1754.

MY God! Farinelli, what has this nation done to the king of Spain, that the moment we have any thing dear and precious, he should tear it from us? — This is not the beginning of my letter to you, nor does it allude to *Mr. Bentley*: much less is it relative to the captivity of the ten tribes; nor does *the king* signify Benhadad, or Tiglath-pileser; nor Spain, Assyria, as doctor Pocock or Warburton, misled by dissimilitude of names, or by the Septuagint, may for very good reasons imagine — but it is literally the commencement of my lady Rich's epistle to Farinelli, on the recall of general Wall, as she relates it herself. It serves extremely well for my own lamen-

¹ One of the daughters and coheiresses of the lord Mohun killed in a duel with duke Hamilton. E.

tation, when I sit down by the waters of Strawberry, and think of ye, O Chute and Bentley!

I have seen Creusa, and more than agree with you: it is the only new tragedy that I ever saw, and really liked. The plot is most interesting, and, though so complicated, quite clear and natural. The circumstance of so much distress being brought on by characters, every one good, yet acting consistently with their principles towards the misfortunes of the drama, is quite new and pleasing. Nothing offended me but that lisping miss Haughton, whose every speech is inarticulately oracular.

I was last night at a little ball at lady Anne Furness's for the new lords, Dartmouth and North; but nothing passed worth relating: indeed the only event since you left London was the triagi-comedy that was acted last Saturday at the opera. One of the dramatic guards fell flat on his face and motionless in an apoplectic fit. The princess^{*} and her children were there. Miss Chudleigh, who *apparently* had never seen a man fall on his face before, went into the most theatric fit of kicking and shrieking that ever was seen. Several other women, who were preparing their fits, were so distanced, that she had the whole house to herself, and indeed such a confusion for half an hour I never saw! The next day at my lady Townshend's old Charles Stanhope asked what these fits were called? Charles Townshend replied, "*The true convulsive fits, to be had only of the maker.*"

Adieu, my dear sir! To-day looks summerish, but we have no rain yet.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER III.

Arlington-street, May 14, 1754.

MY DEAR SIR,

I WROTE to you the last day of last month: I only mention it, to show you that I am punctual to your desire. It is my only reason for writing

* The princess of Wales, mother to his present majesty.

to-day, for I have nothing new to tell you. The town is empty, dusty, and disagreeable; the country is cold and comfortless; consequently I daily run from one to t'other, as if both were so charming that I did not know which to prefer. I am at present employed in no very lively manner; in reading a treatise on commerce, which count Perron has lent me, of his own writing: this obliges me to go through with it, though the subject and the style of the French would not engage me much. It does not want sense.

T'other night a description was given me of the most extraordinary declaration of love that ever was made. Have you seen young Poniatowski? He is very handsome. You *have* seen the figure of the duchess of G——, who looks like a raw-boned Scotch metaphysician that has got a red face by drinking water. One day at the drawing-room, having never spoken to him, she sent one of the foreign ministers to invite Poniatowski to dinner with her for the next day. He bowed, and went. The moment the door opened, her two little sons, attired like Cupids with bows and arrows, shot at him, and one of them literally hit his hair, and was very near putting his eye out, and hindering his casting it to the couch.

Where she, another sea-born Venus, lay.

The only company besides this highland goddess were two Scotchmen, who could not speak a word of any language but their own Erse; and to complete his astonishment at this allegorical entertainment, with the dessert there entered a little horse, and galloped round the table; a hieroglyphic I cannot solve. Poniatowski accounts for this profusion of kindness by his great-grandmother being a G——; but I believe it is to be accounted for by * * * * *

Adieu, my dear sir!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

* Stanislaus, the late ill-fated king of Poland.

LETTER

LETTER IV.

Strawberry-hill, July 12, 1757.

IT would be very easy to persuade me to a *Vine-voyage*¹, without your being so indebted to me, if it were possible. I shall represent my impediments, and then you shall judge. I say nothing of the heat of this magnificent weather, with the glass yesterday up to three-quarters of fultry. In all English probability this will not be a hindrance long; though at present, so far from travelling, I have made the tour of my own garden but once these three days before eight at night, and then I thought I should have died of it. For how many years we shall have to talk of the summer of fifty-seven!—But hear: My lady A—— and miss 'Rich come hither on Thursday for two or three days; and on Monday next the *Officina Arbuteana* opens in form. The stationers' company, that is, Mr. Doddsley, Mr. Tonson, &c. are summoned to meet here on Sunday night. And with what do you think we open? Cedite, *Romani* Impressores—with nothing under *Graii Carmina*. I found him in town last week: he had brought his two Odes to be printed. I snatched them out of Doddsley's hands, and they are to be the first fruits of my press. An edition of Hentznerus, with a version by Mr. Bentley and a little preface of mine, were prepared, but are to wait—Now, my dear sir, can I stir?

Not ev'n thy virtues, tyrant, shall avail!

Is not it the plainest thing in the world that I cannot go to you yet, but that you must come to me?

I tell you no news, for I know none, think of none. Elzevir, Aldus and Stephens are the freshest personages in my memory. Unless I was appointed printer of the Gazette, I think nothing could at present make me read an article in it. Seriously, you must come to us, and shall be witness that the first holidays we have I will return with you. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

¹ To visiting Mr. Chute at the Vine, his seat in Hampshire.

LETTER

TO JOHN CHUTE, Esq.

415

LETTER V.

Strawberry-hill, July 26, 1757.

I LOVE to communicate my satisfactions to you. You will imagine that I have got an original portrait of John Guttemburg, the first inventor of printing, or that I have met with a little *boke* called *Eneydos*, which I am going to translate and print—No, no; far beyond any such thing! Old 'dy Sandwich' is dead at Paris, and my lord has given me her picture of Ninon L'Enclos: given it me in the prettiest manner in the world.—I beg, if he should ever meddle in any election in Hampshire, that you will serve him to the last drop of your brevity. If you reckon by the thermometer of my mortal impatience, the picture would be here already, but I fear I must wait some time for it.

The press goes on as fast as if I printed myself. I hope in a very few days to send you a specimen, though I could wish you was at the birth of the first produce. Gray has been gone these five days. Mr. Bentley has been ill, and is not recovered of the sweating-sickness, which I now firmly believe was only a hot summer like this, and England, being so unused to it, took it for a malady. Mr. Müntz is not gone; but pray don't think that I keep him: he has absolutely done nothing this whole summer but paste two chimney-boards. In short, instead of Claud Lorrain, he is only one of Bromwich's men.

You never saw any thing so droll as Mrs. Clive's countenance, between the heat of the summer, the pride in her legacy*, and the efforts to appear concerned.

We have given ourselves for a day or two the air of an earthquake, but it proved an explosion of the powder-mills at Epsom. I asked Louis if it had done any mischief: he said, Only blown a man's head off; as if that was a part one could spare!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

* Daughter of the famous Wilmot earl of Rochester.

* A legacy of 50% left her by John Robarts, the last earl of Radnor of that family.

P. S.

P.S. I hope Dr. Warburton will not think I encroach either upon his commentatorship or private pretensions, if I assume these lines of Pope, thus altered, for myself:

Some have for wits and then for poets pass'd,
Turn'd *printers* next, and prov'd plain fools at last.

LETTER VI.

Strawberry-hill, June 29, 1758.

THE Tower-guns have sworn through thick and thin that prince Ferdinand has entirely demolished the French, and the city-bonfires all believe it. However, as no officer is yet come, nor confirmation, my crackers suspend their belief. Our great fleet is stepped ashore again near Cherbourg; I suppose, to finge half a yard more of the coast. This is all I know; less, as you may perceive, than any thing but the Gazette.

What is become of Mr. Montagu? Has he stolen to Southampton, and slipped away a-volunteering like Norborne Berkeley, to conquer France in a dirty shirt and a frock? He might gather forty load more of laurels in my wood. I wish I could flatter myself that you would come with him.

My lady Suffolk has at last entirely submitted her barn to our *ordination*. As yet it is only in *Deacon's orders*; but will very soon have our last imposition of hands. Adieu! Let me know a word of you.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

² Mr. George Montagu.

LETTER

LETTER VII

Paris, October 3, 1765.

I DON'T know where you are, nor when I am likely to hear of you. I write at random, and, as I talk, the first thing that comes into my pen.

I am, as you certainly conclude, much more amused than pleased. At a certain time of life, fights and new objects may entertain one, but new people cannot find any place in one's affection. New faces with some name or other belonging to them, catch my attention for a minute—I cannot say many preserve it. Five or six of the women that I have seen already, are very sensible. The men are in general much inferior, and not even agreeable. They sent us their best, I believe, at first, the duc de Nivernois. Their authors, who by the way are every where, are worse than their own writings, which I don't mean as a compliment to either. In general, the style of conversation is solemn, pedantic, and seldom animated, but by a dispute. I was expressing my aversion to disputes: Mr. Hume, who very gratefully admires the tone of Paris, having never known any other tone, said with great surprise, "Why, what do you like, if you hate both disputes and whisk?"

What strikes me the most upon the whole is, the total difference of manners between them and us, from the greatest object to the least. There is not the smallest similitude in the twenty-four hours. It is obvious in every trifle. Servants carry their lady's train, and put her into her coach with their hat on. They walk about the streets in the rain with umbrellas to avoid putting on their hats; driving themselves in open chaises in the country without hats, in the rain too, and yet often wear them in a chariot in Paris when it does not rain. The very footmen are powdered from the break of day, and yet wait behind their master, as I saw the duc of Praslin's do, with a red pocket handkerchief about their necks. Versailles, like every thing else, is a mixture of parade and poverty, and in every instance exhibits something most dissonant from our manners. In the colonnades, upon the staircases, nay in the anti-chambers of the royal family, there are people selling all sorts of wares. While we were waiting in the dauphin's sumptuous

ous bed-chamber, till his dressing-room door should be opened, two fellows were sweeping it, and dancing about, in sabots, to rub the floor.

You perceive that I have been presented. The queen took great notice of me; none of the rest said a syllable. You are let into the king's bed-chamber just as he has put on his shirt; he dresses and talks good-humouredly to a few, glares at strangers, goes to mass, to dinner, and a-hunting. The good old queen, who is like lady Primrose in the face, and queen Caroline in the immensity of her cap, is at her dressing-table, attended by two or three old ladies, who are languishing to be in Abraham's bosom, as the only man's bosom to whom they can hope for admittance. Thence you go to the dauphin, for all is done in an hour. He scarce stays a minute; indeed, poor creature, he is a ghost, and cannot possibly last three months. The dauphiness is in her bed-chamber, but dressed and standing; looks cross, is not civil, and has the true Westphalian grace and accents. The four mesdames, who are clumsy plump old wenches, with a bad likeness to their father, stand in a bed-chamber in a row, with black cloaks and knotting bags, looking good-humoured, not knowing what to say, and wriggling as if they wanted to make water. This ceremony too is very short: then you are carried to the dauphin's three boys, who you may be sure only bow and stare. The duke of Berry looks weak and weak-eyed: the count de Provence is a fine boy; the count d'Artois well enough. The whole concludes with seeing the dauphin's little girl dine, who is as round and fat as a pudding.

In the queen's anti-chamber we foreigners and the foreign ministers were shown the famous beast of the Gevaudan, just arrived, and covered with a cloth, which two chasseurs lifted up. It is an absolute wolf, but uncommonly large, and the expression of agony and fierceness remains strongly imprinted on its dead jaws.

I dined at the duc of Praslin's with four-and-twenty ambassadors and envoys, who never go but on Tuesdays to court. He does the honours sadly, and I believe nothing else well, looking important and empty. The duc de Choiseul's face, which is quite the reverse of gravity, does not promise much more. His wife is gentle, pretty, and very agreeable. The duchess of Praslin, jolly, red-faced, looking very vulgar, and being very attentive and civil. I saw the duc de Richelieu in waiting, who is pale,
except

TO JOHN CHUTE, Esq.

419

except his nose, which is red, much wrinkled, and exactly a remnant of that age which produced general Churchill, Wilkes the player, the duke of Argyle, &c.—Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER VIII.

Bath, October 10, 1756.

I AM impatient to hear that your charity to me has not ended in the gout to yourself—all my comfort is, if you have it, that you have good lady Brown to nurse you.

My health advances faster than my amusement. However, I have been at one opera, Mr. Wesley's. They have boys and girls with charming voices, that sing hymns, in parts, to Scotch ballad tunes; but indeed so long, that one would think they were already in eternity, and knew how much time they had before them. The chapel is very neat, with true Gothic windows (yet I am not converted); but I was glad to see that luxury is creeping in upon them before persecution: they have very neat mahogany stands for branches, and brackets of the same in taste. At the upper end is a broad *hautpas* of four steps, advancing in the middle; at each end of the broadest part are two of *my* eagles with red cushions for the parson and clerk. Behind them rise three more steps, in the midst of which is a third eagle for pulpit. Scarlet armed chairs to all three. On either hand a balcony for elect ladies. The rest of the congregation sit on forms. Behind the pit, in a dark niche, is a plain table within rails; so you see the throne is for the apostle. Wesley is a lean elderly man, fresh-coloured, his hair smoothly combed, but with a *souffçon* of curl at the ends. Wondrous clean, but as evidently an actor as Garrick. He spoke his sermon, but so fast and with so little accent, that I am sure he has often uttered it, for it was like a lesson. There were parts and eloquence in it; but towards the end he exalted his voice, and acted very vulgar enthusiasm; decried learning, and told stories, like Latimer, of the fool of his college, who said, *I thanks God for every thing*. Except a few from curiosity, and *some honourable women*, the congregation was very mean. There was a Scotch countess of B—,

He means eagles in the same attitude as that in marble at Strawberry-hill. E.

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who

420 LETTERS FROM THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE

who is carrying a pure rosy vulgar face to heaven, and who asked miss Rich, if that was *the author of the poets*. I believe she meant me and the Noble Authors.

The Bedfords came last night. Lord Chatham was with me yesterday two hours; looks and walks well, and is in excellent political spirits.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER IX.

Paris, January 1765.

IT is in vain, I know, my dear sir, to scold you, though I have such a mind to it—nay, I must. Yes; you that will not lie a night at Strawberry in autumn for fear of the gout, to stay in the country till this time, and till you caught it! I know you will tell me, it did not come till you had been two days in town. Do, and I shall have no more pity for you, than if I was your wife, and had wanted to come to town two months ago.

I am perfectly well, though to be sure Lapland is the torrid zone in comparison of Paris. We have had such a frost for this fortnight, that I went nine miles to dine in the country to-day, in a villa exactly like a greenhouse, except that there was no fire but in one room. We were four in a coach, and all our chinks stopped with furs, and yet all the glasses were frozen. We dined in a paved hall painted in fresco, with a fountain at one end; for in this country they live in a perpetual opera, and persist in being young when they are old, and hot when they are frozen. At the end of the hall sat shivering three glorious maccaws, a vast cockatoo, and two poor perroquets, who squalled like the children in the wood after their nursery-fire! I am come home, and blowing my billets between every paragraph, yet can scarce move my fingers. However, I must be dressed presently, and go to the comtesse de la Marche, who has appointed nine at night for my audience. It seems a little odd to us to be presented to a princess of the blood
at

at that hour—but I told you, there is not a tittle in which our manners resemble one another. I was presented to her father-in-law the prince of Conti last Friday. In the middle of the levée entered a young woman, too plain I thought to be any thing but his near relation. I was confirmed in my opinion, by seeing her, after he had talked to her, go round the circle and do the honours of it. I asked a gentleman near me if that was the comtesse de la Marche? He burst into a violent laughter, and then told me, it was mademoiselle Auguste, a dancer!—Now, who was in the wrong?

I give you these as samples of many scenes that have amused me, and which will be charming food at Strawberry. At the same time that I see all their ridicules, there is a *douceur* in the society of the women of fashion that captivates me. I like the way of life, though not lively; though the men are posits and apt to be arrogant, and though there are twenty ingredients wanting to make the style perfect. I have totally washed my hands of their scavants and philosophers, and do not even envy you Rousseau, who has all the charlatanerie of count St. Germain to make himself singular and talked of. I suppose Mrs. ———, my lord ———, and a certain lady friend of mine will be in raptures with him, especially as conducted by Mr. Hume: But however I admire his parts, neither he nor any *Genius* I have known has had common sense enough to balance the impertinence of their pretensions. They hate priests, but love dearly to have an altar at their feet; for which reason it is much pleasanter to read them than to know them. Adieu, my dear sir!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

January 15.

THIS has been writ this week, and waiting for a conveyance, and as yet has got none. Favre tells me you are recovered, but you don't tell me so yourself. I inclose a trifle that I wrote lately¹, which got about and has made enormous noise in a city where they run and cackle after an event, like a parcel of hens after an accidental hush of a grape. It has made me the fashion, and made madame de Boufflers and the prince of Conti very angry with me; the former intending to be rapt to the temple of Fame by clinging to Rousseau's Armenian robe. I am peevish that with his parts he

¹ The letter from the king of Prussia to Rousseau.

should

422 LETTERS FROM THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE

should be such a mountebank : but what made me more peevish was, that after receiving Wilkes with the greatest civilities, he paid court to Mr. Hume by complaining of Wilkes's visit and intrusion.

Upon the whole, I would not but have come hither; for, since I am doomed to live in England, it is some comfort to have seen that the French are ten times more contemptible than we are. I am a little ungrateful; but I cannot help seeing with my eyes, though I find other people make nothing of seeing without theirs. I have endless histories to amuse you with when we meet, which shall be at the end of March. It is much more tiresome to be fashionable than unpopular; I am used to the latter, and know how to behave under it: but I cannot stand for member of parliament of Paris. Adieu!

LETTER X.

Paris, August 30, 1769.

I HAVE been so hurried with paying and receiving visits, that I have not had a moment's worth of time to write. My passage was very tedious, and lasted near nine hours for want of wind——But I need not talk of my journey; for Mr. Morrice, whom I met on the road, will have told you that I was safe on terra firma.

Judge of my surprise at hearing four days ago that my lord D—— and my lady were arrived here. They are lodged within a few doors of me. He is come to consult a doctor Pomme, who has proscribed wine, and lord D—— already complains of the violence of his appetite. If you and I had *pommed* him to eternity, he would not have believed us. A man across the sea tells him the plainest thing in the world; that man happens to be called a doctor; and happening for novelty to talk common sense, is believed, as if he had talked nonsense! and what is more extraordinary, lord D—— thinks himself better, *though* he is so.

My deaf old woman¹ is in better health than when I left her, and her

¹ Madame du Deffand,

spirits so increased, that I tell her she will go mad with age. When they ask her how old she is, she answers, *J'ai soixante & mille ans*. She and I went to the Boulevard last night after supper, and drove about there till two in the morning. We are going to sup in the country this evening, and are to go to-morrow night at eleven to the puppet-show. A protégé of hers has written a piece for that theatre. I have not yet seen madame du Barri, nor can get to see her picture at the exposition at the Louvre, the crowds are so enormous that go thither for that purpose. As royal curiosities are the least part of my virtù, I wait with patience. Whenever I have an opportunity I visit gardens, chiefly with a view to Rosette's having a walk. She goes no where else, because there is a distemper among the dogs.

There is going to be represented a translation of Hamlet; who, when his hair is cut, and he is curled and powdered, I suppose will be exactly *monsieur le prince Oreste*. T'other night I was at Merope. The Dumenil was as divine as Mrs. Porter; they said her familiar tones were those of a *poissonniere*. In the last act, when one expected the catastrophe, Narbas, more interested than any body to see the event, remained coolly on the stage to hear the story. The queen's maid of honour entered without her handkerchief, and with her hair most artfully undressed, and recling as if she was maudlin, sobbed out a long narrative, that did not prove true; while Narbas, with all the good breeding in the world, was more attentive to her fright than to what had happened. So much for propriety. Now for probability. Voltaire has published a tragedy, called *Les Guebres*. Two Roman colonels open the piece: they are brothers, and relate to one another, how they lately in company destroyed, by the emperor's mandate, a city of the Guebres, in which were their own wives and children, and they recollect that they want prodigiously to know whether both their families did not perish in the flames. The son of the one and the daughter of the other are taken up for heretics, and, thinking themselves brother and sister, insist upon being married, and upon being executed for their religion. The son stabs his father, who is half a Guebre too. The high priest rants and roars. The emperor arrives, blames the pontiff for being a persecutor, and forgives the son for assassinating his father (who does not die) because—I don't know why, but that he may marry his cousin.—The grave-dig-

* A favourite dog of Mr. Walpole's.

424. LETTERS FROM THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE

gers in Hamlet have no chance, when such a piece as the Guebres is written agreeably to all rules and unities. Adieu, my dear sir! I hope to find you quite well at my return.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XL

Amiens, Tuesday evening, July 9, 1772.

I AM got no farther yet, as I travel leisurely, and do not venture to fatigue myself. My voyage was but of four hours. I was sick only by choice and precaution, and find myself in perfect health. The enemy, I hope, has not returned to pinch you again, and that you defy the foul fiend. The weather is but lukewarm, and I should choose to have all the windows shut, if my smelling was not much more summerly than my feeling; but the frowiness of obsolete tapestry and needle-work is insupportable. Here are old fleas and bugs talking of Louis quatorze like tattered refugees in the Park, and they make poor Rosette attend to them whether she will or not. This is a woful account of an evening in July, and which monsieur de St. Lambert has omitted in his Seasons, though more natural than any thing he has placed there. If the Grecian religion had gone into the folly of self-mortification, I suppose the devotees of Flora would have shut themselves up in a nasty inn, and have punished their noses for the sensuality of having smelt to a rose or a honey-suckle. This is all I have yet to say; for I have had no adventure, no accident, nor seen a soul but my cousin R—— W——, whom I met on the road and spoke to in his chaise. To-morrow I shall lie at Chantilly, and be at Paris early on Thursday. The C—— are there already. Good night—and a *sweet* one to you!

Paris, Wednesday night, July 10.

I WAS so suffocated with my inn last night, that I mustered all my resolution, rose with the alouette, and was in my chaise by five o'clock this morning. I got hither by eight this evening, tired, but rejoiced, have had a comfortable dish of tea, and am going to bed in clean sheets. I sink myself even to my dear old woman and my sister; for it is impossible to sit
down

TO JOHN CHUTE, Esq.

425

down and be made charming at this time of night after fifteen posts; and after having been here twenty times before.

At Chantilly I crossed on the countess of W——, who lies there to-night on her way to England. But I concluded she had no curiosity about me—and I could not brag of more about her—and so we had no intercourse.

I am woe-begone to find my lord F—— in the same hotel. He is as starched as an old-fashioned plaited neckcloth, and come to suck wisdom from this curious school of philosophy. He reveres me because I was acquainted with his father; and that does not at all increase my partiality to the son.

Luckily, the post departs early to-morrow morning. I thought you would like to hear I was arrived well. I should be happy to hear you are so; but do not torment yourself too soon, nor will I torment you. I have fixed the 26th of August for setting out on my return. These jaunts are too juvenile. I am ashamed to look back and remember in what year of Methuselah I was here first. Rosette sends her blessing to her daughter. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XII.

Paris, August 5, 1771.

IT is a great satisfaction to me to find by your letter of the 30th that you have had no return of your gout. I have been assured here that the best remedy is to cut one's nails in hot water.—It is, I fear, as certain as any other remedy! It would at least be so here, if their bodies were of a piece with their understandings; or if both were as curable, as they are the contrary. Your prophecy, I doubt, is not better founded than the prescription. I may be lame; but I shall never be a duck, nor deal in the garbage of the alley.

I envy your *Strawberry tide*, and need not say how much I wish I was there to receive you. Methinks I should be as glad of a little grass, as a

426 LETTERS FROM THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE

seaman after a long voyage. Yet English gardening gains ground here prodigiously—not much at a time indeed—I have literally seen one that is exactly like a taylor's paper of patterns. There is a monsieur Boutin, who has tacked a piece of what he calls an English garden to a set of stone-terrasses with steps of turf. There are three or four very high hills, almost as high as, and exactly in the shape of, a tansy-pudding. You squeeze between these and a river, that is conducted at obtuse angles in a stone-channel, and supplied by a pump; and when walnuts come in, I suppose it will be navigable. In a corner enclosed by a chalk wall are the samples I mentioned: there is a stripe of grass, another of corn, and a third *en friche*, exactly in the order of beds in a nursery. They have translated Mr. Whately's book, and the lord knows what barbarism is going to be laid at our door. This new Anglomanie will literally be *mad English*.

New arrêts, new retrenchments, new misery, stalk forth every day. The parliament of Besançon is dissolved; so are the *grenadiers de France*. The king's tradesmen are all bankrupt, no pensions are paid, and every body is reforming their suppers and equipages. Despotism makes converts faster than ever christianity did. Louis quinze is the true Rex christianissimus, and has ten times more success than his dragooning great grandfather. Adieu, my dear sir!

Yours most faithfully,

HOR. WALPOLE.

Friday 9th.

THIS was to have gone by a private hand, but cannot depart till Monday; so I may be continuing my letter till I bring it myself. I have been again at the Chartreuse; and though it was the sixth time, I am more enchanted with those paintings^a than ever. If it is not the first work in the world; and must yield to the Vatican, yet in simplicity and harmony it beats Raphael himself. There is a vapour over all the pictures that makes them more natural than any representation of objects—I cannot conceive how it is effected! you see them through the shine of a south-east wind. These poor folks do not know the inestimable treasure they possess—but they are perishing these pictures, and one gazes at them as at a setting sun. There is the purity of Racine in them, but they give me more pleasure—and I should much sooner be tired of the poet than of the painter.

^a The life of St. Bruno, painted by Le Secur, in the cloister of the Chartreuse at Paris. E.

It is very singular that I have not half the satisfaction in going into churches and convents that I used to have. The consciousness that the vision is dispelled, the want of fervour so obvious in the religious, the solitude that one knows proceeds from contempt, not from contemplation, make those places appear like abandoned theatres destined to destruction. The monks trot about as if they had not long to stay there; and what used to be holy gloom is now but dirt and darkness. There is no more deception, than in a tragedy acted by candle-snuffers. One is sorry to think that an empire of common sense would not be very picturesque; for, as there is nothing but taste that can compensate for the imagination of madness, I doubt there will never be twenty men of taste for twenty thousand madmen. The world will no more see Athens, Rome, and the Medici again, than a succession of five good emperors, like Nerva, Trajan, Adrian, and the two Antonines.

August 13.

Mr. Edmondson has called on me; and as he sets out to-morrow, I can safely trust my letter to him.

I have, I own, been much shocked at reading Gray's death in the papers. 'Tis an hour that makes one forget any subjects of complaint, especially towards one with whom I lived in friendship from thirteen years old. As self lies so rooted in self, no doubt the nearness of our ages made the stroke recoil to my own breast; and having so little expected his death, it is plain how little I expect my own. Yet to you, who of all men living are the most forgiving, I need not excuse the concern I feel. I fear, most men ought to apologize for their want of feeling, instead of palliating that sensation when they have it. I thought that what I had seen of the world had hardened my heart; but I find it had formed my language, not extinguished my tenderness. In short, I am really shocked—nay, I am hurt at my own weakness, as I perceive that when I love any body, it is for my life; and I have had too much reason not to wish that such a disposition may very seldom be put to the trial. You at least are the only person to whom I would venture to make such a confession.

Adieu, my dear sir!—Let me know when I arrive, which will be about the
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last

428 LETTERS FROM THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE.

last day of the month, when I am likely to see you. I have much to say to you. Of being here I am most heartily tired, and nothing but this dear old woman should keep me here an hour—I am weary of them to death—but that is not new!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTERS

FROM

THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE

TO

THE EARL OF STRAFFORD,

From the Year 1756 to the Year 1790.



Heath Sculp.

William Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, &c.

Pubd as the last time May 1708 by G.C. & J. Robinson Paternoster Row London.

LETTERS

FROM

THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE

TO

THE EARL OF STRAFFORD,

From the Year 1756 to the Year 1790.

LETTER I

TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

Strawberry-hill, June 6, 1756

MY DEAR LORD,

I AM not sorry to be paving my way to Wentworth castle by a letter, where I suppose you are by this time, and for which I waited: it is not that I staid so long before I executed my embassy *auprès de milord Tylney*. He has but one pair of gold pheasants at present, but promises my lady Strafford the first fruits of their loves. He gave me hopes of some pied peacocks sooner, for which I asked directly, as one must wait for the lying-in of the pheasants. If I go on *negotiating* so successfully, I may hope to arrive at a peerage a little sooner than my uncle has.

As your lordship, I know, is so good as to interest yourself in the calamities of your friends, I will, as shortly as I can, describe and grieve your heart with a catastrophe that has happened to two of them. My lady A——,
Mr.

Mr. Conway, and miss Rich passed two days last week at Strawberry-hill. We were returning from Mrs. Clive's through the long field, and had got over the high stile that comes into the road, that is, three of us. It had rained, and the stile was wet. I could not let miss Rich straddle across so damp a palfrey; but took her in my arms to lift her over. At that instant I saw a coach and six come thundering down the hill from my house; and hurrying to set down my charge, and stepping backwards, I missed the first step, came down headlong with the nymph in my arms: but turning quite round as we rushed to the ground, the first thing that touched the earth was miss Rich's head. You must guess in how improper a situation we fell; and you must not tell my lady Strafford before any body, that every petticoat, &c. in the world were canted—high enough indeed! The coach came on, and never stopped. The apprehension that it would run over my Chloe, made me lie where I was, holding out my arm to keep off the horses, which narrowly missed trampling us to death. The ladies, who were lady Holdernefs, miss Pelham, and your sister lady M—— C——, stared with astonishment at the theatre which they thought I had chosen to celebrate our loves; the footmen laughed; and you may imagine the astonishment of Mr. Conway and lady A——, who did not see the fall, but turned and saw our attitude. It was these spectators that amazed miss Pelham, who described the adventure to Mrs. Pitt, and said, "What was most amazing, there was Mr. Conway and lady A—— looking on!" I shall be vexed to have told you this long story, if lady Mary has writ it already; only tell me honestly if she has described it as decently as I have.

If you have not got the new letters and memoirs of madame Maintenon, I beg I may recommend them for your summer reading. As far as I have got, which is but into the fifth volume of the letters, I think you will find them very curious, and some very entertaining. The fourth volume has persuaded me of the sincerity of her devotion; and two or three letters at the beginning of my present tome have made me even a little jealous for my adored madame de Sevigné. I am quite glad to find that they do *not* continue equally agreeable.—The extreme misery to which France was reduced at the end of queen Anne's war, is more striking than one could conceive. I hope it is a debt that they are not going to pay, though the news that arrived on Wednesday have but a black aspect.—The consternation on the behaviour of Byng, and on the amazing council of war at Gibraltar,

raltar is extreme : many think both next to impossibilities. In the mean time we fear the loss of Minorca ! I could not help smiling t'other day at two passages in madame Maintenon's letters relating to the duc de Richelieu, when he first came into the world : " Jamais homme n'a mieux reussi à la cour, la premiere fois qu'il y a paru : c'est réellement une très-jolie creature !" Again :—" C'est la plus aimable poupée qu'on puisse voir." How mortifying, that this *jolie poupée* should be the avenger of the Valoises !

Adieu, my lord !—I don't believe that a daughter of the duke of Argyle will think that the present I have announced in the first part of my letter balances the inglorious article in the end. I wish you would both renew the breed of heroes, which seems scarcer than that of gold pheasants !

Your most faithful servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER II.

Strawberry-hill, July 4, 1757.

MY DEAR LORD,

IT is well I have not obeyed you sooner, as I have often been going to do : what a heap of lies and contradictions I should have sent you ! What joint ministries and sole ministries ! What acceptances and resignations !—Viziers and bowstrings never succeeded one another quicker. Luckily I have staid till we have got an administration that will last a little more than for ever. There is such content and harmony in it, that I don't know whether it is not as perfect as a plan which I formed for Charles Stanhope, after he had plagued me for two days for news. I told him the duke of Newcastle was to take orders, and have the reversion of the bishoprick of Winchester ; that Mr. Pitt was to have a regiment, and go over to the Duke ; and Mr. Fox to be chamberlain to the princess, in the room of sir William Irby. Of all the new system I believe the happiest is O——; though in great humility he says he only takes the bed-chamber *to accommodate*. Next to

¹ Lady Strafford was the youngest daughter of John duke of Argyle.

him in joy is the earl of Holderness—who has not got the garter. My lord Waldegrave has; and the garter by this time I believe has got fifty spots¹.

Had I written sooner, I should have told your lordship too of the king of Prussia's triumphs—but they are addled too! I hoped to have had a few bricks from Prague to send you towards building Mr. Bentley's design, but I fear none will come from thence this summer. Thank God, the happiness of the menagerie does not depend upon administrations or victories! The happiest of beings in this part of the world is my lady Suffolk: I really think her acquisition and conclusion of her law-suit will lengthen her life ten years. You may be sure I am not so satisfied, as lady Mary² has left Sudbroke.

Are your charming lawns burnt up, like our humble hills? Is your sweet river as low as our deserted Thames?—I am wishing for a handful or two of those floods that drowned me last year all the way from Wentworth-castle. I beg my best compliments to my lady, and my best wishes that every pheasant egg and peacock egg may produce as many colours as a harlequin-jacket.

I am hers and your lordship's most devoted humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

Tuesday, July 5.

LUCKILY, my good lord, my conscience had saved its distance. I had writ the above last night, when I received the honour of your kind letter this morning. You had, as I did not doubt, received accounts of all our strange histories. For that of the pretty countess, I fear there is too much truth in all you have heard: but you don't seem to know that lord Corydon and captain Corydon his brother have been most abominable. I don't care to write scandal; but when I see you, I will tell you how much the chits deserve to be whipped. Our favourite general³ is at his camp: lady A—— don't go to him these three weeks. I expect the pleasure of seeing her and miss Rich and Fred. Campbell here soon for a few days. I don't wonder your

¹ He was apt to be dirty.

² Lady Mary Coke, daughter of John Campbell, duke of Argyle, and sister to lady Strafford.

³ General Conway.

lordship likes St. Philippe better than Torcy : except a few passages interesting to Englishmen, there cannot be a more dry narration than the latter. There is an addition of seven volumes of Universal History to Voltaire's Works, which I think will charm you : I almost like it the best of his works. It is what you have seen extended, and the memoirs of Louis XIV, *refondues* in it. He is a little tiresome with contradicting La Beaumelle out of pique—and there is too much about Rousseau. Between La Beaumelle and Voltaire, one remains with scarce a fixed idea about that time. I wish they would produce their authorities and proofs ; without which, I am grown to believe neither. From mistakes in the English part, I suppose there are great ones in the more distant histories ; yet altogether it is a fine work. He is, as one might believe, worst informed on the present times.—He says eight hundred persons were put to death for the last rebellion—I don't believe a quarter of the number were : and he makes the first lord Derwentwater—who, poor man ! was in no such high-spirited mood—bring his son, who by the way was not above a year and a half old, upon the scaffold to be sprinkled with his blood.—However, he is in the right to expect to be believed : for he believes all the romances in lord Anson's Voyage, and how admiral Almanzor made one man of war box the ears of the whole empire of China !—I know nothing else new but a new edition of doctor Young's Works. If your lordship thinks like me, who hold that even in his most frantic rhapsodies there are innumerable fine things, you will like to have this edition. Adieu, once more, my best lord !

LETTER III.

Strawberry-hill, October 11, 1757.

MY DEAR LORD,

YOU will have seen or heard that the fleet is returned¹. They have brought home nothing but one little island, which is a great deal more than I expected, having neither thought so despicably of France, or so considerably of ourselves, as to believe they were exposed to much damage. My joy for Mr. Conway's return is not at all lessened by the clamour on this disappoint-

¹ From the expedition against Rochfort.

436 LETTERS FROM THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE

ment. Had he been chief commander, I should be very fufe the nothing he had done was all he could do. As he was under orders, I wait with patience to hear his general's vindication.

I hope the Yorkists have not knocked out your brains for living in a county. In my neighbourhood they have insulted the parliament *in person*¹. He called in the blues, instead of piquing himself on dying in his Curule chair in the stable-yard at Ember-court.—So entirely have we lost our spirit, that the standing-army is forced to defend us against the people, when we endeavour to give them a militia, to save them from a standing-army; and that the representative of the parliament had rather owe his life to the guards than die in the cause of a militia. Sure Lenthall's ghost will come and pull him by the nose!

I hope you begin to cast a southward look, and that my lady's chickens and ducklings are old enough to go to a day-school, and will not want her any longer.

My lord Townshend and George² are engaged in a paper-war against one another, about the militia. That bill, the suspension at Stade, and the late expedition which has cost millions, will find us in amusements this winter. It is lucky, for I despair of the Opera. The Mattei has sent certificates to prove that she is stopped by an inundation. The certificates I suppose can swim. Adieu, my dear lord!

My lady's and your most faithful humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER IV.

Arlington-street, June 16, 1758.

MY DEAR LORD,

I STAID to write to you, in obedience to your commands, till I had something worth telling you. St. Maloes is taken by storm. The governor leaped into the sea at the very name of the duke of Marlborough. Sir

¹ Mr. Onflow, the speaker.

² The present marquis Townshend.

James Lowther put his hand into his pocket, and gave the soldiers two hundred and fifty thousand pounds to drink the king's health on the top of the Great Church. Norborne Berkeley begged the favour of the bishop to go back with him and see his house in Gloucestershire. Delaval is turned capuchin, with remorse, for having killed four thousand French with his own hand. Commodore Howe does nothing but *talk* of what he has done. Lord Downe, who has killed the intendant, has sent for Dupré² to put in his place; and my lord A—— has ravished three abbesses, the youngest of whom was eighty-five. Sure, my lord, this account is glorious enough! Don't you think one might bate a little of it? How much will you give up? Will you compound for the town capitulating, and for three score men of war and two hundred privateers burned in the harbour? I would fain beat you down as low as I could.—What, if we should not have taken the town? Shall you be very much shocked, if, after burning two ships of fifty-four and thirty-six guns, and a bushel of privateers and small-ware, we had thought it prudent to leave the town where we found it, and had re-embarked last Monday (in seven hours, the dispatch of which implies at least as much precipitation as conduct), and that of all the large bill of fare above, nothing should be true but Downe's killing the intendant; who coming out to reconnoitre, and not surrendering, Downe at the head of some grenadiers shot him dead. In truth, this is all the truth, as it came in the middle of the night; and if your lordship is obstinately bent on the conquest of France, you must wait till we have found another loophole into it, which it seems our fleet is gone to look for. I fear it is not even true that we have beat them in the Mediterranean! nor have I any hopes, but in admiral Forbes, who must sail up the Rhone, burn Lyons, and force them to a peace at once.

I hope you have had as favourable succession of sun and rain as we have. I go to Park-place next week, where I fancy I shall find our little duchess³ quite content with the prospect of recovering her duke⁴, without his being loaded with laurels like a boar's head. Adieu, my dear lord! My best compliments to my lady and her whole menagerie.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

¹ The present earl Howe.

² A French master.

³ Of Richmond.

⁴ The duke of Richmond was a volunteer on the expedition to St. Maloes.

LETTER V.

Strawberry-hill, June 12, 1759.

MY DEAR LORD,

AFTER so kind a note as you left for me at your going out of town, you cannot wonder that I was determined to thank you the moment I knew you settled in Yorkshire. At least I am not ungrateful, if I deserve your goodness by no other title. I was willing to stay till I could amuse you; but I have not a battle big enough even to send in a letter. A war that reaches from Muscovy to Alsace, and from Madras to California, don't produce an article half so long as Mr. Johnson's riding three horses at once. The king of Prussia's campaign is still in its papillotes; prince Ferdinand is laid up like the rest of the pensioners on Ireland; Guadaloupe has taken a sleeping-draught; and our heroes in America seem to be planting suckers of laurels that will not make any figure these three years. All the war that is in fashion lies between those two ridiculous things, an invasion and the militia. Prince Edward is going to sea, to inquire after the invasion from France; and all the old pot-bellied country colonels are preparing to march and make it drunk when it comes. I don't know, as it is an event in Mr. Pitt's administration, whether the jacobite corporations, who are converted by his eloquence which they never heard, do not propose to bestow their freedom on the first corps of French that shall land.

Adieu, my lord, and my lady! I hope you are all beauty and verdure. We are drowned with obtaining ours.

Yours most faithfully,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER VI.

Strawberry-hill, Thursday 3 o'clock, August 9, 1759.

MY DEAR LORD,

LORD Granby has entirely defeated the French!—The foreign gazettes, I suppose, will give this victory to prince Ferdinand; but the mob

* At Minden.

of

of London, whom I have this minute left, and who must know best, assure me that it is all their own marquis's doing. Mr.¹ Yorke was the first to send this news, *to be laid with himself and all humility at his majesty's feet*², about eleven o'clock yesterday morning. At five this morning came captain Ligonier, who was dispatched in such a hurry that he had not time to pack up any particulars in his portmanteau: those we are expecting with our own army, who we conclude are now at Paris, and will lie to-morrow night at Amiens. All we know is, that not one Englishman is killed, nor one Frenchman left alive. If you should chance to meet a bloody waggon-load of heads, you will be sure that it is the part of the spoils that came to Downe's share, and going to be hung up in the great hall at Cowick³.

We have a vast deal of other good news; but as not one word of it is true, I thought you would be content with this victory. His majesty is *in high spirits*, and is to make a triumphal entry into Hanover on Tuesday fortnight. I envy you the illuminations and rejoicings that will be made at Worktop on this occasion.

Four days ago we had a great victory over the Russians; but in the hurry of this triumph it has somehow or other been mislaid, and nobody can tell where to find it:—however, it is not given over for lost.⁴

Adieu, my dear lord! As I have been so circumstantial in the account of this battle, I will not tire you with any thing else. My compliments to the lady of the menagerie.—I see your new offices⁵ rise every day in a very respectable manner.

Yours most faithfully,

HOR. WALPOLE.

¹ The late lord Dover, then minister at the Hague.

² The words of his dispatch.

³ Lord Downe's seat in Yorkshire.

⁴ At lord Strafford's house at Twickenham.

LETTER VII.

Arlington-street, September 13, 1759.

MY DEAR LORD,

YOU are very good to say you would accept of my letters, though I should have no particular news to tell you; but at present, it would be treating heroes and conquerors with great superciliousness, if I made use of your indulgence and said nothing of them. We have taken more places and ships in a week than would have set up such pedant nations as Greece and Rome to all futurity. If we did but call sir William Johnson, Gulielmus Johnsonus Niagaricus; and Amherst, Galfridus Amhersta Ticonderogicus, we should be quoted a thousand years hence as the patterns of valour, virtue, and disinterestedness; for posterity always ascribes all manner of modesty and self-denial to those that take the most pains to perpetuate their own glory. Then admiral Boscawen has, in a very Roman style, made free with the coast of Portugal, and used it to make a bonfire of the French fleet. When Mr. Pitt was told of this infraction of a neutral territory, he replied, "It is very true, but they are burned."—In short, we want but a little more insolence and a worse cause to make us a very classic nation.

My lady T. who has not learning enough to copy à Spartan mother, has lost her youngest son. I saw her this morning—her affectation is on t'other side; she affects grief—but not so much for the son she has lost, as for t'other that she may lose.

Lord George¹ is come, has asked for a court-martial, was put off, and is turned out of every thing. Waldegrave has his regiment, for what he did; and lord Granby the ordnance—for what he would have done.

Lord Northampton is to be married² to-night in full *Comptonhood*.

I am indeed happy that Mr. Campbell³ is a general; but how will his father like being the *dowager general* Campbell?

You are very kind, my lord (but that is not new), in interesting yourself

¹ Lord George Sackville.

² To lady Anne Somerset.

³ The present duke of Argyle.

about Strawberry-hill. I have just finished a Holbein-chamber, that I flatter myself you will not dislike; and I have begun to build a new printing-house, that the old one may make room for the gallery and round tower. This noble summer is not yet over with us—it seems to have cut a colt's *week*. I never write without talking of it, and should be glad to know in how many letters *this summer* has been mentioned.

I have lately been at Wilton, and was astonished at the heaps of rubbish. The house is grand, and the place glorious; but I should shovel three parts of the marbles and pictures into the river. Adieu, my lord and lady!

Your faithful servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER VIII.

Strawberry-hill, October 30, 1759.

MY DEAR LORD,

IT would be very extraordinary indeed if I was not glad to see one whose friendship does me so much honour as your lordship's, and who always expresses so much kindness to me. I have an additional reason for thanking you now, when you are erecting a building after the design of the Strawberry-committee. It will look, I fear, very selfish, if I pay it a visit next year; and yet it answers so many selfish purposes that I certainly shall.

My ignorance of all the circumstances relating to Quebec is prodigious; I have contented myself with the rays of glory that reached hither, without going to London to bask in them. I have not even seen the conqueror's mother*, though I hear she has covered herself with more laurel-leaves than were heaped on the children in the wood. Seriously it is very great; and as I am too inconsiderable to envy Mr. Pitt, I give him all the honour he deserves.

I passed all the last week at Park-place, where one of the bravest men in

* Lady Townshend. On the death of general Wolfe, colonel now marquis Townshend received the surrender. E.

the world, who is not permitted to contribute to our conquests, was indulged in being the happiest by being with one of the most deserving women—for Campbell-goodness no more wears out than Campbell-beauty—all their good qualities are *huckaback*¹. You see the duchess² has imbibed so much of their durableness, that she is good-humoured enough to dine at a tavern at seventy-six.

Sir William Stanhope wrote to Mrs. Ellis³, that he had pleased himself, having seen much of Mr. Nugent and lady Berkeley, this summer, and having been so charmed with the felicity of their menage, that he could not resist marrying again. His daughter replied, that it had always been her opinion, that people should please themselves, and that she was glad he had; but as to taking the precedent of my lady Berkeley, she hoped it would answer in nothing but in my lady Stanhope having three children the first year. You see, my lord, Mrs. Ellis has bottled up her words⁴, till they sparkle at last!

I long to have your approbation of my Holbein-chamber; it has a comely sobriety that I think answers very well to the tone it should have. My new printing-house is finished, in order to pull down the old one, and lay the foundations next summer of my round tower. Then follows the gallery and chapel-cabinet.—I hear your lordship has tapped your magnificent front too. Well, when all your magnificences and my *minimificences*⁵ are finished, then, we—won't sit down and drink, as Pyrrhus said,—no, I trust we shall never conclude our plans so filthily; then—I fear we shall begin others.—Indeed, I don't know what the countess may do: if she imitates her mother, she will go to a tavern at fourscore, and then she and Pyrrhus may take a bottle together—I hope she will live to try at least whether she likes it. Adieu, both!

Yours most faithfully,

HOR. WALPOLE.

¹ Lady A——, and lady Strafford, both Campbells, preserved their beauty so long, that Mr. Walpole called them *huckaback beauties*, that never wear out. H. W.

² The duchess of Argyle, widow of John

Campbell, duke of Argyle, and mother to lady Strafford.

³ His daughter.

⁴ She was very silent.

LETTER IX.

Strawberry-hill, June 7, 1763.

MY DEAR LORD,

WHEN at my time of day one can think a ball worth going to London for on purpose, you will not wonder that I am childish enough to write an account of it. I could give a better reason, your bidding me send you any news; but I scorn a good reason when I am idle enough to do any thing for a bad one.

You had heard, before you left London, of miss Chudleigh's intended loyalty on the prince's birth-day. Poor thing, I fear she has thrown away above a quarter's salary! It was magnificent and well-understood—no crowd—and though a sultry night, one was not a moment incommoded. The court was illuminated on the whole summit of the wall with a battlement of lamps; smaller ones on every step, and a figure of lanthorns on the outside of the house. The virgin-mistress began the ball with the duke of York, who was dressed in a pale blue watered tabby, which, as I told him, if he danced much, would soon be *tabby all over*, like the man's advertisement¹; but nobody did dance much. There was a new miss Bishop from sir Cecil's endless hoard of beauty daughters, who is still prettier than her sisters. The new Spanish embassy was there—alas! Sir Cecil bishop has never been in Spain! Monsieur de Fuentes is a halfpenny print of my lord H——. His wife homely, but seems good-humoured and civil. The son does not degenerate from such high-born ugliness—the daughter-in-law was sick, and they say is not ugly, and has as good a set of teeth as one can have, when one has but two and those black. They seem to have no curiosity, sit where they are placed, and ask no questions about so strange a country. Indeed the embassadresses could see nothing; for Doddington stood before her the whole time, sweating Spanish at her, of which it was evident by her civil nods without answers she did not understand a word. She speaks bad French, danced a bad minuet, and went away—though there was a miraculous draught of fishes for their supper, as it was a fast—but being the octave of their fête-dieu, they dared not even fast plentifully. Miss Chud-

¹ A stay-maker of the time, who advertised in the newspapers making stays at such a price; "*tabby all over*." E.

² Afterwards lord Melcombe. He had been minister in Spain.

leigh desired the gamblers would go up into the garrets—"nay, they are not garrets—it is only the roof of the house hollowed for upper servants—but I have no upper servants." Every body ran up: there is a low gallery with bookcases, and four chambers practised under the pent of the roof, each hung with the finest Indian pictures on different colours, and with Chinese chairs of the same colours. Vases of flowers in each for nosegays, and in one retired nook a most critical couch!

The lord of the festival¹ was there, and seemed neither ashamed nor vain of the expence of his pleasures. At supper she offered him tokay, and told him she believed he would find it good. The supper was in two rooms and very fine, and on all the sideboards, and even on the chairs, were pyramids and troughs of strawberries and cherries; you would have thought she was kept by Vertumnus. Last night my lady Northumberland lighted up her garden for the Spaniards: I was not there, having excused myself for a head-ache, which I had not, but *ought* to have caught the night before. Mr. Doddington entertained these Fuentes's at Hammer-smith; and to the shame of our nation, while they were drinking tea in the summer-house, some gentlemen, aye, my lord, gentlemen, went into the river and showed the embassadors and her daughter more than ever they expected to see of England.

I dare say you are sorry for poor lady Anson. She was exceedingly good-humoured, and did a thousand good-natured and generous actions. I tell you nothing of the rupture of lord Halifax's match, of which you must have heard so much; but you will like a bon mot upon it—They say, the *hundreds of Drury* have got the better of the *thousands of Drury*².

The pretty countess³ is still alive, was thought actually dying on Tuesday night, and I think will go off very soon.

I think there will soon be a peace: my only reason is, that every body seems so backward at making war. Adieu, my dear lord!

I am your most affectionate servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

¹ The duke of Kingston.

off was with a daughter of sir Thomas Drury,

² Lord Halifax kept an actress belonging to an heiress.

Drury-lane theatre. And the marriage broken ³ Of Coventry.

LETTER X.

Strawberry-hill, August 7, 1760.

MY DEAR LORD,

YOU will laugh, but I am ready to cry, when I tell you that I have no notion when I shall be able to wait on you.—Such a calamity!—My tower is not fallen down, nor lady Fanny Shirley run away with another printer; nor has my lady D—— insisted on living with me as half way to Weybridge. Something more disgraceful than all these, and wofully mortifying for a young creature, who is at the same time in love with lady M—— C——, and following the duchess of G—— and Loo all over the kingdom. In short, my lord, I have got the gout,—yes, the gout in earnest. I was seized on Monday morning, suffered dismally all night, am now wrapped in flannels like the picture of a Morocco ambassador, and am carried to bed by two servants. You see virtue and leanness are no preservatives. I write this now to your lordship, because I think it totally impossible that I should be able to set out the day after to-morrow, as I intended. The moment I can, I will; but this is a tyrant that will not let one name a day. All I know is, that it may abridge my other parties, but shall not my stay at Wentworth-castle. The duke of Devonshire was so good as to ask me to be at Chatsworth yesterday, but I did not know it time enough. As it happens, I must have disappointed him. At present I look like Pam's father more than one of his subjects; only one of my legs appears:

The rest my parti-colour'd robe conceals.

Adieu, my dear lord!

Yours most faithfully,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XI.

Strawberry-hill, September 4, 1760.

MY DEAR LORD,

YOU ordered me to tell you how I liked Hardwicke. To say the truth, not exceedingly. The bank of oaks over the ponds is fine, and the vast lawn

lawn behind the house : I saw nothing else that is superior to the common run of parks. For the house, it did not please me at all ; there is no grace, no ornament, no gothic in it. I was glad to see the style of furniture of that age ; and my imagination helped me to like the apartment of the queen of Scots. Had it been the chateau of a duchess of Brunswic, on which they had exhausted the revenues of some centuries, I don't think I should have admired it at all. In short, Hardwicke disappointed me as much as Chatsworth surpassed my expectation. There is a richness and vivacity of prospect in the latter ; in the former, nothing but triste grandeur.

Newsteade delighted me. There is grace and gothic indeed—good chambers and a comfortable house. The monks formerly were the only sensible people that had really good mansions. I saw Althorpe too, and liked it very well : the pictures are fine. In the gallery I found myself quite at home ; and surprised the housekeeper by my familiarity with the portraits.

I hope you have read prince Ferdinand's Thanksgiving, where he has made out a victory by the excess of his praises. I supped at Mr. Conway's t'other night with miss West¹, and we diverted ourselves with the encomiums on her colonel Johnston². Lady A—— told her, that to be sure next winter she would burn nothing but laurel-faggots. Don't you like prince Ferdinand's being so tired with thanking, that at last he is forced to turn God over to be thanked by the officers ?

In London there is a more cruel campaign than that waged by the Russians : the streets are a very picture of the murder of the innocents—one drives over nothing but poor dead dogs ! The dear, good-natured, honest, sensible creatures ! Christ ! how can any body hurt them ? Nobody could but those Cherokees the English, who desire no better than to be halloo'd to blood :—one day admiral Byng, the next lord George Sackville, and to-day the poor dogs !

I cannot help telling your lordship how I was diverted the night I returned hither. I was sitting with Mrs. Clive, her sister and brother, in the

¹ Eldest daughter of John (afterwards) earl of De la Warre.

² The late general James Johnston.

bench near the road at the end of her long walk. We heard a violent scolding; and looking out, saw a pretty woman standing by a high chaise, in which was a young fellow, and a coachman riding by. The damsel had lost her hat, her cap, her cloak, her temper, and her senses; and was more drunk and more angry than you can conceive. Whatever the young man had or had not done to her, she would not ride in the chaise with him, but stood cursing and swearing in the most outrageous style: and when she had vented all the oaths she could think of, she at last wished *Perfidion* might seize him. You may imagine how we laughed.—The fair intoxicate turned round, and cried, “I am laughed at!—Who is it?—What, Mrs. Clive? Kitty Clive?—No: Kitty Clive would never behave so!”—I wish you could have seen my neighbour’s confusion.—She certainly did not grow paler than ordinary.—I laugh now while I repeat it to you.

I have told Mr. Bentley* the great honour you have done him, my lord. He is happy the Temple succeeds to please you.

I am your lordship’s most faithful friend and servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XII,

Arlington-street, Oct. 26, 1760.

MY DEAR LORD,

I BEG your pardon for so long a silence in the late reign; I knew nothing worth telling you; and the great event of this morning you will certainly hear before it comes to you by so sober and regular a personage as the postman. The few circumstances known yet are, that the king went well to-bed last night; rose well at six this morning; went to the

* Richard, only son of doctor Bentley.— ed by lord Strafford, after a design of Mr. Bentley’s. E.
The Gothic building like an old market-cross in
the Menagerie at Wentworth-castle was erect-

448 LETTERS FROM THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE

water-closet a little after seven; had a fit, fell against a bureau, and gashed his right temple: the valet-de-chambre heard a noise and a groan, and ran in: the king tried to speak, but died instantly. I should hope this would draw you southward: such scenes are worth looking at, even by people who regard them with such indifference as your lordship or I. I say no more, for what will mix in a letter with the death of a king?

I am my lady's and your lordship's most faithful servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XIII

Strawberry-hill, July 5, 1761.

MY DEAR LORD,

I CANNOT live at Twickenham and not think of you: I have long wanted to write, and had nothing to tell you. My lady D. seems to have lost her sting; she has neither blown up a house nor a quarrel since you departed. Her wall, contiguous to you, is built, but so precipitate and slanting, that it seems hurrying to take water. I hear she grows sick of her undertakings. We have been ruined by deluges; all the country was under water. Lord Holderness's new fosse^a was beaten in for several yards: this tempest^a was a little beyond the dew of Hermon, that fell on the *hill of Sion*. I have been in still more danger by water: my perroquet was on my shoulder as I was feeding my gold-fish, and flew into the middle of the pond: I was very near being the Nouvelle Eloise, and tumbling in after him; but with much ado I ferried him out with my hat.

Lord E—— has had a fit of apoplexy; your brother Charles^a a bad return of his old complaint; and lord Melcombe has tumbled down the kitchen stairs, and—waked himself.

^a At Sion-hill, near Brentford.

^a Charles Townshend, married to lady Greenwich, eldest sister to lady Strafford.

London is a desert; no soul in it but the king. Buffy has taken a temporary house. The World talks of peace—would I could believe it! every newspaper frightens me: Mr. Conway would be very angry if he knew how I dread the very name of the prince de Soubise.

We begin to perceive the tower of Kew¹ from Montpellier-row; in a fortnight you will see it in Yorkshire.

The apostle Whitfield is come to some shame: he went to lady Huntingdon lately, and asked for forty pounds for some distressed saint or other. She said she had not so much money in the house, but would give it him the first time she had. He was very pressing, but in vain. At last he said, "There's your watch and trinkets, you don't want such vanities; I will have that." She would have put him off; but he persisting, she said, "Well, if you must have it, you must." About a fortnight afterwards, going to his house, and being carried into his wife's chamber, among the paraphernalia of the latter the countess found her own offering. This has made a terrible schism: she tells the story herself—I had not it from Saint Frances², but I hope it is true.

Adieu, my dear lord!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. My gallery sends its humble duty to your new front, and all my creatures beg their respects to my lady.

LETTER XIV.

Strawberry-hill, July 22, 1761.

MY DEAR LORD,

I LOVE to be able to contribute to your satisfaction, and I think few things would make you happier than to hear that we have totally defeated

¹ The pagoda in the royal garden at Kew.

² Lady Frances Shirley.

the French combined armies, and that Mr. Conway is safe. The account came this morning: I had a short note from poor lady A——, who was waked with the good news, before she had heard there had been a battle. I don't pretend to send you circumstances, no more than I do of the wedding and coronation, because you have relations and friends in town nearer and better informed. Indeed, only the blossom of victory is come yet.—Fitzroy is expected, and another fuller courier after him. Lord Granby, to the mob's heart's content, has the chief honour of the day—rather, of the two days. The French behaved to the mob's content too, that is, shamefully. And all this glory cheaply bought on our side. Lieutenant-colonel Keith killed; and colonel Marlay and Harry Townshend wounded. If it produces a peace, I shall be happy for mankind—if not, shall content myself with the single but pure joy of Mr. Conway's being safe.

Well! my lord, when do you come? You don't like the question, but kings will be married and must be crowned—and if people will be earls, they must now and then give up castles and new fronts, for processions and ermine. By the way, the number of peeresses that propose to excuse themselves makes great noise; especially as so many are breeding, or trying to breed, by commoners, that they cannot walk. I hear that my lord D——, concluding all women would not dislike the ceremony, is negotiating his peerage in the city, and trying if any great fortune will give fifty thousand pounds for one day, as they often do for one night. I saw miss —— this evening at my lady Suffolk's, and fancy she does not think my lord —— quite so ugly as she did two months ago.

Adieu, my lord! This is a splendid year!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XV.

Arlington-street, Tuesday morning.

MY DEAR LORD,

NOTHING was ever equal to the bustle and uncertainty of the town for these three days. The queen was seen off the coast of Sussex on
Saturday

Saturday last, and is not arrived yet—nay, last night at ten o'clock it was neither certain when she landed, nor when she would be in town. I forgive history for knowing nothing, when so public an event as the arrival of a new queen is a mystery even at the very moment in St. James's-street. The messenger that brought the letter yesterday morning, said, she *arrived* at half an hour after four at Harwich. This was immediately translated into *landing*, and notified in those words to the ministers. Six hours afterwards it proved no such thing, and that she was only in Harwich-road; and they recollected that *half an hour after four* happens twice in twenty-four hours, and the letter did not specify which of the *twices* it was. Well! the bridemaids whipped on their virginity; the new road and the parks were thronged; the guns were *shoaking* with impatience to go off; and sir James Lowther, who was to pledge his majesty, was actually married to lady Mary Stuart. Five, six, seven, eight o'clock came, and no queen—She lay at Witham at lord Abercorn's, who was most tranquilly in town; and it is not certain even whether she will be composed enough to be in town to-night. She has been sick but half an hour; sung and played on the harpsichord all the voyage, and been cheerful the whole time. The coronation will now certainly not be put off—so I shall have the pleasure of seeing you on the 15th. The weather is close and sultry; and if the wedding is to-night, we shall all die.

They have made an admirable speech for the Tripoline ambassador—that he said he heard the king had sent his *first eunuch* to fetch the princess. I should think he meaped lord —.

You will find the town over head and ears in disputes about rank, precedence, processions, entrées, &c. One point, that of the Irish peers, has been excellently liquidated: lord Halifax has stuck up a paper in the coffee-room at Arthur's, importing, "that his majesty, not having leisure to determine a point of such great consequence, permits for this time such Irish peers as shall be at the marriage to walk in the procession." Every body concludes those personages will understand this order, as it is drawn up in their *own* language; otherwise it is not very clear how they are to walk to the marriage, if they are *at* it before they come *to* it.

Strawberry returns its duty and thanks for all your lordship's goodness to
M m m 2

it, and, though it has not got its wedding-clothes yet, will be happy to see you. Lady B—— M—— is the individual woman she was—she seems to have been gone three years, like the sultan in the Persian tales, who popped his head into a tub of water, pulled it up again, and fancied he had been a dozen years in bondage in the interim. She is not altered in a tittle. Adieu, my dear lord!

Your most faithful servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

Twenty minutes past three in the afternoon, not in the middle of the night.

MADAME CHARLOTTE is this instant arrived. The noise of coaches, chaises, horsemen, mob, that have been to see her pass through the parks, is so prodigious that I cannot distinguish the guns. I am going to be dressed, and before seven shall launch into the crowd. Pray for me!

LETTER XVI.

Strawberry-hill, August 5, 1762.

MY DEAR LORD,

AS you have correspondents of better authority in town, I don't pretend to send you great events, and I know no small ones. Nobody talks of any thing under a revolution. That in Russia alarms me, lest lady —— should fall in love with the czarina, who has deposed *her* lord ——, and set out for Petersburg. We throw away a whole summer in writing Britons and North Britons; the Russians change sovereigns faster than Mr. Wilkes can choose a motto for a paper. What years were spent here in controversy on the abdication of king James, and the legitimacy of the pretender! Commend me to the czarina. They doubted, that is, her husband did, whether her children were of genuine blood-royal. She appealed to the Preobazinsky guards, excellent casuists, and, to prove duke Paul heir to the crown, assumed it herself. The proof was compendious and unanswerable.

I trust you know that Mr. Conway has made a figure by taking the castle
of

of Waldeck. There has been another action to prince Ferdinand's advantage, but no English were engaged.

You tantalise me by talking of the verdure of Yorkshire; we have not had a tea-cup full of rain till to-day for these six weeks. Corn has been reaped that never wet its lips; not a blade of grass; the leaves yellow and falling as in the end of October. In short, Twickenham is rueful; I don't believe Westphalia looks more barren. Nay, we are forced to fortify ourselves too. Hanworth was broken open last night, though the family was all there. Lord Vere lost a silver standish, an old watch, and his writing-box with fifty pounds in it. They broke it open in the park, but missed a diamond ring, which was found, and the telescope, which by the weight of the case they had fancied full of money. Another house in the middle of Sunbury has had the same fate. I am mounting cannon on my battlements.

Your chateau, I hope, proceeds faster than mine. The carpenters are all associated for increase of wages; I have had but two men at work these five weeks. You know, to be sure, that lady Mary Wortley cannot live. Adieu, my dear lord!

Your most faithful servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

L E T T E R XVII.

Strawberry-hill, August 10, 1763.

MY DEAR LORD,

I HAVE waited in hopes that the world would do something worth telling you: it will not, and I cannot stay any longer without asking you how you do, and hoping you have not quite forgot me. It has rained such deluges, that I had some thoughts of turning my gallery into an ark, and began to pack up a pair of bantams, a pair of cats, in short, a pair of every living creature about my house: but it is grown fine at last, and the workmen quit my gallery to-day without hoisting a sail in it. I know, nothing upon earth but what the ancient ladies in my neighbourhood knew three-score years ago; I write merely to pay you my pepper-corn of affection,
and

and, to enquire after my lady, who I hope is perfectly well. A longer letter would not have half the merit: a line in return will however repay all the merit I can possibly have to one to whom I am so much obliged.

I am, my dear lord, your most faithful servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XVIII.

Arlington-street, September 3, 1765.

MY DEAR LORD,

I CANNOT quit a country where I leave any thing that I honour so much as your lordship and lady Strafford, without taking a sort of leave of you. I shall set out for Paris on Monday next the 9th, and shall be happy if I can execute any commission for you there.

A journey to Paris sounds youthful and healthy. I have certainly mended much this last week, though with no pretensions to a recovery of youth. Half the view of my journey is to re-establish my health—the other half, to wash my hands of politics, which I have long determined to do whenever a change should happen. I would not abandon my friends while they were martyrs; but now they have gained their crown of glory, they are well able to shift for themselves; and it was no part of my compact to go to that heaven, St. James's, with them. Unless I dislike Paris very much, I shall stay some time; but I make no declarations, lest I should be soon tired of it, and come back again. At first I must like it, for lady M—— C—— will be there, as if by assignation. The countesses of Carlisle and Berkeley too, I hear, will set up their staves there for some time; but as my heart is faithful to lady M——, they would not charm me if they were forty times more disposed to it.

The emperor is dead—but so are all the Maximilians and Leopolds his predecessors, and with no more influence on the present state of things. The

empress

empress dowager queen will still be master—unless she marries an Irishman, as I wish with all my soul she may.

The duke and duchess of Richmond will follow me in about a fortnight: lord and lady George Lenox go with them; and sir Charles Bunbury and lady Sarah are to be at Paris too for some time: so the English court there will be very juvenile and blooming. This set is rather younger than the dowagers with whom I pass so much of my summers and autumns; but this is to be my last fall into the world; and when I return, I intend to be as sober as my cat, and purr quietly in my own chimney corner.

Adieu, my dear lord! May every happiness attend you both, and may I pass some agreeable days next summer with you at Wentworth-castle!

Your most devoted and faithful servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XIX.

Strawberry-hill, July 29, 1767.

MY DEAR LORD,

I AM very sorry that I must speak of a loss that will give you and lady Strafford concern; an essential loss to me, who am deprived of a most agreeable friend, with whom I passed here many hours. I need not say I mean poor lady Suffolk*. I was with her two hours on Saturday night; and indeed found her much changed, though I did not apprehend her in danger. I was going to say she complained—but you know she never did complain—of the gout and rheumatism all over her, particularly in her face. It was a cold night, and she sat below stairs when she should have been in

* Appointed ambassador to Paris.

* Henrietta Hobart countess of Suffolk. For a further account of her see the Reminiscences. E.

456 LETTERS FROM THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE

bed; and I doubt this want of care was prejudicial. I sent next morning. She had a bad night; but grew much better in the evening. Lady Dalkeith came to her; and when she was gone, lady Suffolk said to lord Chetwynd, She would eat her supper in her bed-chamber. He went up with her, and thought the appearances promised a good night: but she was scarce sat down in her chair, before she pressed her hand to her side, and died in half an hour.

I believe both your lordship and lady Strafford will be surprised to hear that she was by no means in the situation that most people thought. Lord Chetwynd and myself were the only persons at all acquainted with her affairs, and they were far from being even easy to her. It is due to her memory to say, that I never saw more strict honour and justice. She bore *knowingly* the imputation of being covetous, at a time that the strictest œconomy could by no means prevent her exceeding her income considerably. The anguish of the last years of her life, though concealed, flowed from the apprehension of not satisfying her few wishes, which were, not to be in debt, and to make a provision for miss H——. I can give your lordship strong instances of the sacrifices she tried to make to her principles. I have not yet heard if her will is opened; but it will surprise those who thought her rich. Lord Chetwynd's friendship to her has been unalterably kind and zealous, and is not ceased. He stays in the house with miss H—— till some of her family come to take her away. I have perhaps dwelt too long on this subject; but as it was not permitted me to do her justice when alive, I own I cannot help wishing that those who had a regard for her, may now at least know how much more she deserved it than even they suspected. In truth, I never knew a woman more respectable for her honour and principles, and have lost few persons in my life whom I shall miss so much.

I am, my dear lord, yours most sincerely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

Her great-niece.

LETTER

LETTER XX.

Strawberry-hill, June 25, 1768.

YOU ordered me, my dear lord, to write to you, and I am always ready to obey you, and to give you every proof of attachment in my power: but it is a very barren season for all but cabalists, who can compound, divide, multiply N° 45 forty-five thousand different ways. I saw in the papers to-day; that somehow or other this famous number and the number of the beast in the Revelations is the same—an observation from which different persons will draw various conclusions. For my part, who have no ill wishes to Wilkes, I wish he was in Patmos or the New Jerusalem, for I am exceedingly tired of his name. The only good thing I have heard in all this controversy was of a man who began his letter thus: “I take the Wilkes-and-liberty to assure you, &c.”

I peeped at London last week, and found a tolerably full opera. But now the Birth-day is over, I suppose every body will go to waters and races till his majesty of Denmark arrives. He is extremely amorous; but stays so short a time, that the ladies who intend to be undone must not haggle. They must do their business in the twinkling of an allemande, or he will be flown. Don't you think he will be a little surpris'd, when he inquires for the seraglio in B——house, to find, in full of all accounts, two old *Mecklenburgheresses*?

Is it true that —— is turned methodist? It will be a great acquisition to the sect to have their hymns set by Giardini. Pope Joan Huntingdon will be deposed, if the husband becomes first minister. I doubt too the saints will like to call at Canterbury and Winchester in their way to Heaven. My charity is so small, that I do not think their virtue a jot more obdurate than that of patriots.

We have had some severe rain; but the season is now beautiful, though scarce hot. The hay and the corn promise that we shall have no riots on their account. Those black dogs the whiteboys or coal-heavers are dispersed or taken; and I really see no reason to think we shall have another rebellion this fortnight. The most comfortable event to me is, that we shall have no civil war all the summer at Brentford. I dreaded two kings there;

but the writ for Middlesex will not be issued till the parliament meets; so there will be no pretender against king Glynn¹. As I love peace, and have done with politics, I quietly acknowledge the king de facto; and hope to pass and repass unmolested through his majesty's *long, lazy, lousy* capital².

My humble duty to my lady Strafford and all her pheasants. I have just made two cascades; but my naiads are fools to Mrs. C—— or my lady S——, and don't give me a gallon of water in a week.—Well, this is a very silly letter! But you must take the will for the deed. Adieu, my dear lord!

Your most faithful servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XXI.

Strawberry hill, August 16, 1768.

AS you have been so good, my dear lord, as twice to take notice of my letter, I am bound in conscience and gratitude to try to amuse you with any thing new. A royal visitor, quite fresh, is a real curiosity—by the reception of him, I do not think many more of the breed will come hither. He came from Dover in hackney-chaises; for somehow or other the master of the horse happened to be in Lincolnshire; and the king's coaches having received no orders, were too good subjects to go and fetch a stranger king of their own heads. However, as his Danish majesty travels to improve himself for the good of his people, he will go back extremely enlightened in the arts of government and morality, by having learned that crowned heads may be reduced to ride in a hired chaise.

By another mistake, king George happened to go to Richmond about an hour before king Christiern arrived in London. An hour is exceedingly long; and the distance to Richmond still longer: so with all the dispatch that could possibly be made, king George could not get back to his capital till next day at noon. Then, as the road from his closet at St. James's to the king of Denmark's apartment on t'other side of the palace is about

¹ Serjeant Glynn, member of parliament for Middlesex.

² Brentford.

thirty miles, which posterity, having no conception of the prodigious extent and magnificence of St. James's, will never believe, it was half an hour after three before his Danish majesty's courier could go, and return to let him know that his good brother and ally was leaving the palace in which they both were, in order to receive him at the queen's palace, which you know is about a million of snail's paces from St. James's. Notwithstanding these difficulties and unavoidable delays, Woden, Thor, Friga, and all the gods that watch over the kings of the North, did bring these two invincible monarchs to each other's embraces about half an hour after five that same evening. They passed an hour in projecting a family compact that will regulate the destiny of Europe to latest posterity: and then, the Fates so willing it, the British prince departed for Richmond, and the Danish potentate repaired to the widowed mansion of his royal mother-in-law, where he poured forth the fullness of his heart in praises on the lovely bride she had bestowed on him, from whom nothing but the benefit of his subjects could ever have torn him.—And here let calumny blush, who has aspersed so chaste and faithful a monarch with low amours; pretending that he has raised to the honour of a seat in his sublime council, an artisan of Hamburgh, known only by repairing the soles of buskins, because that mechanic would, on no other terms, consent to his fair daughter's being honoured with majestic embraces. So victorious over his passions is this young Scipio from the pole, that though on Shooter's-hill he fell into an ambush laid for him by an illustrious countess, of blood-royal herself, his majesty, after descending from his car, and courteously greeting her, again mounted his vehicle, without being one moment eclipsed from the eyes of the surrounding multitude.—Oh! mercy on me! I am out of breath—Pray let me descend from my stilts, or I shall send you as fustian and tedious a history as that of Henry II.—Well then, this great king is a very little one; not ugly, nor ill-made. He has the sublime strut of his grandfather, or of a cock-sparrow; and the divine white eyes of all his family by the mother's side. His curiosity seems to have consisted in the original plan of travelling, for I cannot say he takes notice of any thing in particular. His manner is cold and dignified, but very civil and gracious and proper. The mob adore him and huzza him; and so they did the first instant. At present they begin to know why—for he flings money to them out of his windows; and by the end of the week I do not doubt but they will want to choose him for Middlesex. His court is extremely well ordered; for they