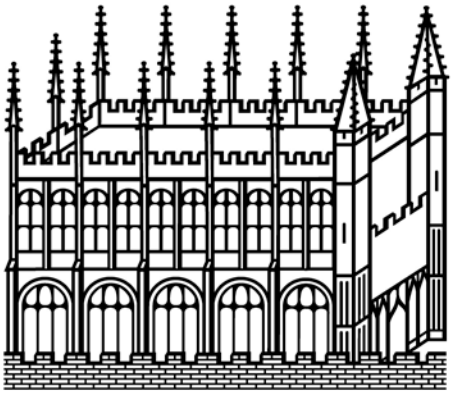

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THE

LETTERS

OF

HORACE WALPOLE,

EARL OF ORFORD:

INCLUDING

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FROM THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

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G.P.Harding F.S.A. del. W.Greatbatch. sc.

CORRESPONDENCE

OF THE

HON. HORACE WALPOLE.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, November 9, 1744.

I FIND I must not wait any longer for news, if I intend to keep up our correspondence. Nothing happens; nothing has since I wrote last, but Lord Middlesex's wedding;[1] which was over above a week before it was known. I believe the bride told it then; for he and all his family are so silent, that they would never have mentioned it: she might have popped out a child, before a single Sackville would have been at the expense of a syllable to justify her.

Our old acquaintance, the Pomfrets, are not so reserved about their great matrimony: the new Lady Granville was at home the other night for the first time of her being mistress of the house. I was invited, for I am in much favour with them all, but found myself extremely *déplacé:* there was nothing but the Winchelseas and Baths, and the gleanings of a party stuffed out into a faction, some foreign ministers, and the whole blood of Fermor. My Lady Pomfret asked me if I corresponded still with the Grifona: "No," I said, "since

[1] The Earl of Middlesex married Grace, daughter and sole heiress of Lord Shannon. On the death of his father in 1765, he succeeded, as second Duke of Dorset, and died without issue, in 1769.—E.

I had been threatened with a regale of hams and Florence wine, I had dropped it." My Lady Granville said, "You was afraid of being thought interested."—"Yes," said the Queen-mother, with all the importance with which she used to blunder out pieces of heathen mythology, "I think it was very *ministerial*." Don't you think that word came in as awkwardly as I did into their room? The *Minister* is most gracious to me; he has returned my visit, which, you know, is never practised by that rank: I put it all down to my father's account, who is not likely to keep up the civility.

You will see the particulars of old Marlborough's will in the Evening Posts of this week: it is as extravagant as one should have expected; but I delight in her begging that no part of the Duke of Marlborough's life may be written in verse by Glover and Mallet, to whom she gives five hundred pounds a-piece for writing it in prose.[1] There is a great deal of humour in the thought: to be sure the spirit of the dowager Leonidas[2] inspired her with it.

All public affairs in agitation at present go well for us: Prince Charles in Bohemia, the raising of the siege of Coni, and probably of that of Fribourg, are very good circumstances. I shall be very tranquil this winter, if Tuscany does not come into play, or another scene of an invasion. In a fortnight meets the Parliament; nobody guesses what the turn of the Opposition will be. Adieu! My love to the Chutes. I hope you now and then make my other compliments: I never forget the Princess, nor (ware hams!) the Grifona.

[1] Glover, though in embarrassed circumstances at the time, renounced the legacy; Mallet accepted it, but never fulfilled the terms.—E.

[2] Glover wrote a dull heroic poem on the action of Leonidas at Thermopylæ. ["Though far indeed from being a vivid or arresting picture of antiquity, Leonidas," says Mr. Campbell, "the local descriptions of Leonidas, its pure sentiments, and the classical images which it recalls, render it interesting, as the monument of an accomplished and amiable mind."]

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Nov. 26, 1744.

I HAVE not prepared you for a great event, beause it was really so unlikely to happen, that I was afraid of being the author of a mere political report; but, to keep you no longer in suspense, Lord Granville has *resigned:* that is the term, "l'honnête façon de parler;" but, in few words, the truth of the history is, that the Duke of Newcastle (by the way, mind that the words I am going to use are not mine, but his Majesty's,) "being grown as jealous of Lord Granville[1] as he had been of Lord Orford, and wanting to be first minister himself, which, a puppy! how should he be?" (*autre phrase royale,*) and his brother being as susceptible of the noble passion of jealousy as he is, have long been conspiring to overturn the great lord. Resolution and capacity were all they wanted to bring it about; for the imperiousness and universal contempt which their rival had for them, and for the rest of the ministry, and for the rest of the nation, had made almost all men his enemies; and, indeed, he took no pains to make friends: his maxim was, "Give any man the Crown on his side, and he can defy everything." Winnington asked him, if that were true, how he came to be minister? About a fortnight ago, the whole cabinet-council, except Lord Bath, Lord Winchelsea, Lord Tweedale, the Duke of Bolton, and my good brother-in-law,[2] (the two last severally bribed with the promise of Ireland,) did venture to let the King know, that he must part with them or with Lord Granville. The monarch does not love to be forced, and his son is full as angry. Both tried to avoid the rupture. My father was sent for, but excused himself from coming till last Thursday, and even then would not go to the King; and at last gave his opinion very unwillingly. But on Saturday it was finally determined: Lord Granville resigned the seals, which are given back to my Lord President Harrington. Lord Winchelsea quits too;

[1] By the death of his mother, Lord Carteret had become Earl Granville.—E.

[2] George, Earl of Cholmondely.

but for all the rest of that connection, they have agreed not to quit, but to be forced out: so Mr. Pelham must have a new struggle to remove every one. He can't let them stay in; because, to secure his power, he must bring in Lord Chesterfield, Pitt, the chief patriots, and perhaps some Tories. The King has declared that my Lord Granville has his opinion and affection—the Prince warmly and openly espouses him. Judge how agreeably the two brothers will enjoy their ministry! To-morrow the Parliament meets: all in suspense! everybody will be staring at each other! I believe the war will still go on, but a little more Anglicized. For my part, I behold all with great tranquillity; I cannot be sorry for Lord Granville, for he certainly sacrificed everything to please the King; I cannot be glad for the Pelhams, for they sacrifice everything to their own jealousy and ambition.

Who are mortified, are the fair Sophia and Queen Stanislaus. However, the daughter carries it off heroically: the very night of her fall she went to the Oratorio. I talked to her much, and recollected all that had been said to me upon the like occasion three years ago: I succeeded, and am invited to her assembly next Tuesday. Tell Uguccioni that she still keeps *conversazioni*, or he will hang himself. She had no court, but an ugly sister and the fair old-fashioned Duke of Bolton. It put me in mind of a scene in Harry VIII, where Queen Catherine appears after her divorce, with Patience her waiting-maid, and Griffith her gentleman-usher.

My dear child, *voilà le monde!* are you as great a philosopher about it as I am? You cannot imagine how I entertain myself, especially as all the ignorant flock hither, and conclude that my lord must be minister again. Yesterday, three bishops came to do him homage; and who should be one of them but Dr. Thomas,[1] the only man mitred by Lord Granville! As I was not at all mortified with *our* fall, I am only diverted with this imaginary restoration. They little think how incapable my lord is of business again. He has this whole summer been troubled with bloody water upon the

[1] Bishop of Lincoln [successively translated to Salisbury and Winchester. He died in 1781.]

least motion; and to-day Ranby assured me, that he has a stone in his bladder, which he himself believed before; so now he must never use the least exercise, never go into a chariot again; and if ever to Houghton, in a litter. Though this account will grieve you, I tell it you, that you may know what to expect; yet it is common for people to live many years in his situation.

If you are not as detached from every thing as I am, you will wonder at my tranquillity, to be able to write such variety in the midst of hurricanes. It costs me nothing; so I shall write on, and tell you an adventure of my own. The town has been trying all this winter to beat pantomimes off the stage, very boisterously; for it is the way here to make even an affair of taste and sense a matter of riot and arms. Fleetwood, the master of Drury-Lane, has omitted nothing to support them, as they supported his house. About ten days ago, he let into the pit great numbers of Bear-garden *bruisers* (that is the term), to knock down everybody that hissed. The pit rallied their forces, and drove them out: I was sitting very quietly in the side-boxes, contemplating all this. On a sudden the curtain flew up, and discovered the whole stage filled with blackguards, armed with bludgeons and clubs, to menace the audience. This raised the greatest uproar; and among the rest, who flew into a passion, but your friend the philosopher? In short, one of the actors, advancing to the front of the stage to make an apology for the manager, he had scarce begun to say, "Mr. Fleetwood—" when your friend, with a most audible voice and dignity of anger, called out, "He is an impudent rascal!" The whole pit huzzaed, and repeated the words. Only think of my being a popular orator! But what was still better, while my shadow of a person was dilating to the consistence of a hero, one of the chief ringleaders of the riot, coming under the box where I sat, and pulling off his hat, said, "Mr. Walpole, what would you please to have us do next?" It is impossible to describe to you the confusion into which this apostrophe threw me. I sank down into the box, and have never since ventured to set my foot into the playhouse. The

next night, the uproar was repeated with greater violence, and nothing was heard but voices calling out, "Where's Mr. W.? where's Mr. W.?" In short, the whole town has been entertained with my prowess, and Mr. Conway has given me the name of Wat Tyler; which, I believe, would have stuck by me, if this new episode of Lord Granville had not luckily interfered.

We every minute expect news of the Mediterranean engagement; for, besides your account, Birtles has written the same from Genoa. We expect good news, too, from Prince Charles, who is driving the King of Prussia before him. In the mean time, his wife the Archduchess is dead, which may be a signal loss to him.

I forgot to tell you that, on Friday, Lord Charles Hay,[1] who has more of the parts of an Irishman than of a Scot, told my Lady Granville at the drawing-room, on her seeing so full a court, "that people were come out of curiosity." The Speaker[2] is the happiest of any man in these bustles: he says, "this Parliament has torn two favourite ministers from the throne." His conclusion is, that the power of the Parliament will in the end be so great, that nobody can be minister but their own Speaker.

Winnington says my Lord Chesterfield and Pitt will have places before old Marlborough's legacy to them for being patriots is paid. My compliments to the family of Suares on the Vittorina's marriage. Adieu!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Dec. 24, 1744.

You will wonder what has become of me: nothing has. I know it is above three weeks since I wrote to you; but I will tell you the reason. I have kept a parliamentary silence, which I must explain to you. Ever since Lord Granville went out, all has been in suspense. The leaders of the Opposition immediately imposed silence upon their party: every thing

[1] Brother of Lord Tweedale. [2] Arthur Onslow.

passed without the least debate—in short, *all were making their bargains*. One has heard of the corruption of courtiers; but believe me, the impudent prostitution of patriots, going to market with their honesty, beats it to nothing. Do but think of two hundred men *of the most consummate virtue*, setting themselves to sale for three weeks! I have been reprimanded by the wise for saying that they all stood like servants at a country statute fair to be hired. All this while nothing was certain: one day the coalition was settled; the next, the treaty broke off: I hated to write to you what I might contradict next post. Besides, in my last letter I remember telling you that the Archduchess was dead; she did not die till a fortnight afterwards.

The result of the whole is this: the King, instigated by Lord Granville, has used all his ministry as ill as possible, and has with the greatest difficulty been brought to consent to the necessary changes. Mr. Pelham has had as much difficulty to regulate the disposition of places. Numbers of lists of the *hungry* have been given in by their *centurions:* of those, several Tories have refused to accept the proffered posts: some, from an impossibility of being re-chosen for their Jacobite counties. But upon the whole, it appears that their leaders have had very little influence with them; for not above four or five are come into place. The rest will stick to Opposition. Here is a list of the changes, as made last Saturday:

Duke of Devonshire, Lord Steward, in the room of the Duke of Dorset.
Duke of Dorset, Lord President, in Lord Harrington's room.
Lord Chesterfield,† Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, in the Duke of Devonshire's.
Duke of Bedford,† Lord Sandwich,† George Grenville,† Lord Vere Beauclerc,[1] and Admiral Anson, Lords of the Admiralty, in the room of Lord Winchelsea,* Dr. Lee,* Cockburn,* Sir Charles Hardy,* and Philipson.*
Mr. Arundel and George Lyttelton,† Lords of the Treasury, in the room of Compton* and Gybbon.*

[1] Lord Vere Beauclerk, third son of the first Duke of St. Albans, afterwards created Lord Vere, of Hanworth. He entered early into a maritime life, and distinguished himself in several commands. He died in 1781.—E.

Lord Gower† again Privy Seal, in Lord Cholmondeley's* room, who is made Vice-Treasurer of Ireland in Harry Vane's.*
Mr. Doddington,† Treasurer of the Navy, in Sir John Rushout's.*
Mr. Waller,† Cofferer, in Lord Sandys'.*
Lord Hobart, Captain of the Pensioners, in Lord Bathurst's.*
Sir John Cotton,†[1] Treasurer of the Chambers, in Lord Hobart's.[2]
Mr. Keene, Paymaster of the Pensions, in Mr. Hooper's.*
Sir John Philipps† and John Pitt† Commissioners of Trade, in Mr. Keene's and Sir Charles Gilmour's.*
William Chetwynd,† Master of the Mint, in Mr. Arundel's.
Lord Halifax,† Master of the Buck-hounds, in Mr. Jennison's, who has a pension.

All those with a cross are from the Opposition; those with a star, the turned-out, and are all of the Granville and Bath squadron, except Lord Cholmondeley, (who, too, had connected with the former,) and Mr. Philipson. The King parted with great regret with Lord Cholmondeley, and complains loudly of the force put upon him. The Prince, who is full as warm as his father for Lord Granville, has already turned out Lyttelton, who was his secretary, and Lord Halifax; and has named Mr. Drax and Lord Inchiquin[3] in their places. You perceive the great Mr. William Pitt is not in the list, though he comes thoroughly into the measures. To preserve his character and authority in the Parliament, he was unwilling to accept any thing yet: the ministry very rightly insisted that he should; he asked for secretary at war, knowing it would be refused—and it was.[4]

By this short sketch, and it is impossible to be more ex-

[1] The King was much displeased that an adherent of the exiled family should be forced into the service of his own. In consequence of this appointment a caricature was circulated, representing the ministers thrusting Sir John, who was extremely corpulent, down the King's throat.—E.

[2] John, first Lord Hobart, so created in 1728, by the interest of his sister, Lady Suffolk, the mistress of George the Second. In 1746 he was created Earl of Buckinghamshire; and died in 1756.—D.

[3] William O'Brien, fourth Earl of Inchiquin, in Ireland. He died in 1777.—E.

[4] "Pitt alone was placeless. He loftily declared, that he would accept no office except that of secretary at war, and the ministers were not yet able to dispense with Sir William Yonge in that department. This resolution of Pitt, joined to the King's pertinacity against him, excluded him, for the present, from any share in power."—*Lord Mahon*, vol. iii. p. 315.

planatory, you will perceive that all is confusion: all parties broken to pieces, and the whole Opposition by tens and by twenties selling themselves for profit—power they get none! It is not easy to say where power resides at present: it is plain that it resides not in the King; and yet he has enough to hinder any body else from having it. His new governors have no interest with him—scarce any converse with him.

The Pretender's son is owned in France as Prince of Wales; the princes of the blood have been to visit him in form. The Duchess of Chateauroux is poisoned there; so their monarch is as ill-used as our most gracious King![1] How go your Tuscan affairs? I am always trembling for you, though I am laughing at every thing else. My father is pretty well: he is taking a preparation of Mrs. Stephens's[2] medicine; but I think all his physicians begin to agree that he has no large stone.

Adieu! my dear child: I think the present comedy cannot be of long duration. The Parliament is adjourned for the holidays: I am impatient to see the first division.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Jan. 4, 1745.

When I receive your long letters, I am ashamed: mine are notes in comparison. How do you contrive to roll out your patience into two sheets? You certainly don't love me better than I do you; and yet if our loves were to be sold by the quire, you would have by far the more magnificent stock to dispose of. I can only say, that age has already an effect on the vigour of my pen; none on yours: it is not, I assure you, for you alone, but my ink is at low water-mark for all my acquaintance. My present shame arises from a letter of eight sides, of December 8th, which I received from you last post; but before I say a word to that, I must tell you that I have at

[1] The Duchess died on the 8th of December. The Biog. Univ. says, that the rumour of her having been poisoned was altogether without foundation.—E.

[2] It was Dr. Jurin's preparation.

last received the cases; three with gesse figures, and one with Lord Conway's gun-barrels: I thought there were to be four, besides the guns; but I quite forget, and did not even remember what they were to contain. Am not I in your debt again? Tell me, for you know how careless I am. Look over your list, and see whether I have received all. There were four barrels, the Ganymede, the Sleeping Cupid, the model of my statue, the Musæum Florentinum, and some seeds for your brother. But alas! though I received them in gross, I did not at all in detail; the model was broken into ten thousand bits, and the Ganymede short in two; besides some of the fingers quite reduced to powder. Rysbrach has undertaken to mend him. The little Morpheus arrived quite whole, and is charmingly pretty; I like it better in plaster than in the original black marble.

It is not being an upright senator to promise one's vote beforehand, especially in a money-matter; but I believe so many excellent patriots have just done the same thing, that I shall venture readily to engage my promise to you, to get you any sum for the defence of Tuscany — why, it is to defend you and my own country! my own palace *in via di santo spirito*,[1] my own Princess *épuisée*, and all my family! I shall quite make interest for you: nay, I would speak to our new ally, and your old acquaintance, Lord Sandwich, to assist in it; but I could have no hope of getting at his ear, for he has put on such a first-rate tie-wig, on his admission to the admiralty-board, that nothing without the lungs of a boatswain can ever think to penetrate the thickness of the curls. I think, however, it does honour to the dignity of ministers: when he was but a patriot, his wig was not of half its present gravity. There are no more changes made: all is quiet yet; but next Thursday the Parliament meets to decide the complexion of the session. My Lord Chesterfield goes next week to Holland, and then returns for Ireland.

The great present disturbance in politics is my Lady Granville's assembly; which I do assure you distresses the Pelhams infinitely more than a mysterious meeting of the States would,

[1] The street in Florence where Mr. Mann lived.

and far more than the abrupt breaking up of the Diet at Grodno. She had begun to keep Tuesdays before her lord resigned, which now she continues with greater zeal. Her house is very fine, she very handsome, her lord very agreeable and extraordinary; and yet the Duke of Newcastle wonders that people will go thither. He mentioned to my father my going there, who laughed at him; *Cato's a proper person* to trust with such a childish jealousy! Harry Fox says, "Let the Duke of Newcastle open his own house, and see if all that come thither are his friends." The fashion now is to send cards to the women, and to declare that all men are welcome without being asked. This is a piece of ease that shocks the prudes of the last age. You can't imagine how my Lady Granville shines in doing honours; you know she is made for it. My lord has new furnished his mother's apartment for her, and has given her a magnificent set of dressing-plate: he is very fond of her, and she as fond of his being so.

You will have heard of Marshal Belleisle's being made a prisoner at Hanover: the world will believe it was not by accident. He is sent for over hither: the first thought was to confine him to the Tower, but that is contrary to the *politesse* of modern war: they talk of sending him to Nottingham, where Tallard was. I am sure, if he is prisoner at large any where, we could not have a worse inmate! so ambitious and intriguing a man, who was author of this whole war, will be no bad general to be ready to head the Jacobites on any insurrection.[1]

I can say nothing more about young Gardiner, but that I don't think my father at all inclined now to have any letter written for him. Adieu!

[1] Belleisle and his brother, who had been sent by the King of France on a mission to the King of Prussia, were detained, while changing horses, at Elbengerode, and from thence conveyed to England; where, refusing to give their parole in the mode it was required, they were confined in Windsor Castle.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Jan. 14, 1745.

I HAVE given my uncle the letter from M. de Magnan; he had just received another from him at Venice, to desire his recommendation to you. His history is, first,—the Regent picked him up, (I don't know from whence, but he is of the Greek church,) to teach the present Duke of Orleans the Russ tongue, when they had a scheme for marrying him into Muscovy. At Paris Lord Waldegrave[1] met with him, and sent him over hither, where they pensioned him, and he was to be a spy, but made nothing out; till the King was weary of giving him money, and then they dispatched him to Vienna, with a recommendation to Count d'Uhlefeldt, who, I suppose, has tacked him upon the Great Duke. My uncle says, he knows no ill of him; that you may be civil to him, but not enter into correspondence with him: you need not; he is of no use. Apropos to you; I have been in a fright about you; we were told that Prince Lobkowitz was landed at Harwich; I did not like the name; and as he has been troublesome to you, I did not know but he might fancy he had some complaints against you. I wondered you had never mentioned his being set out; but it is his son, a travelling boy of twenty; he is sent under the care of an apothecary and surgeon.

The Parliament is met: one hears of the Tory Opposition continuing, but nothing has appeared yet; all is quiet. Lord Chesterfield is set out for the Hague: I don't know what ear the States will lend to his embassy, when they hear with what difficulty the King was brought to give him a parting audience; and which, by a watch, did not last five-and-forty seconds. The Granville faction are still the constant and only countenanced people at court. Lord Winchilsea, one of the disgraced, played at court on Twelfth-night, and won: the King asked him next morning, how much he had for his

[1] James, first Earl of Waldegrave, ambassador at Paris, K.G. He died in 1741.—D.

own share?[1] He replied, "Sir, about a quarter's salary." I liked the spirit, and was talking to him of it the next night at Lord Granville's: "Why, yes," said he, "I think it showed familiarity at least: tell it your father; I don't think he will dislike it." My Lady Granville gives a ball this week, but in a manner a private one, to the two families of Carteret and Fermor and their intimacies: there is a fourth sister, Lady Juliana,[2] who is very handsome, but I think not so well as Sophia: the latter thinks herself breeding.

I will tell you a very good thing: Lord Baltimore will not come into the admiralty, because in the new commission they give Lord Vere Beauclerc the precedence to him, and he has dispersed printed papers with precedents in his favour. A gentleman, I don't know who, the other night at Tom's coffee-house, said, "It put him in mind of Penkethman's petition in the Spectator, where he complains, that formerly he used to act second chair in Dioclesian, but now was reduced to dance fifth flower-pot."

The Duke of Montagu has found out an old penny-history-book, called *the* Old Woman's Will of Ratcliffe-Highway, which he has bound up with his mother-in-law's, Old Marlborough,[3] only tearing away the title-page of the latter.

My father has been extremely ill this week with his disorder: I think the physicians are more and more persuaded that it is the stone in his bladder. He is taking a preparation of Mrs. Stevens's medicine, a receipt of one Dr. Jurin, which we began to fear was too violent for him: I made his doctor angry with me, by arguing on this medicine, which I never could comprehend. It is of so great violence, that it is to split a stone when it arrives at it, and yet it is to do no damage to all the tender intestines through which it must

[1] Those who play at court on Twelfth-night, make a bank with several people.

[2] Lady Juliana Fermor, married in 1751 to Thomas Penn, Esq. (son of William Penn, the great legislator of the Quakers) one of the proprietors of Pennsylvania. He died in 1775, and Lady Juliana in 1781. —E.

[3] The Duchess of Marlborough's will was published in a thin octavo volume.—D.

first pass.[1] I told him, I thought it was like an admiral going on a secret expedition of war, with instructions, which are not to be opened till he arrives in such a latitude.

George Townshend,[2] my lord's eldest son, who is at the Hague on his travels, has had an offer to raise a regiment for their service, of which he is to be colonel, with power of naming all his own officers. It was proposed, that it should consist of Irish Roman Catholics, but the regency of Ireland have represented against that, because they think they will all desert to the French. He is now to try it of Scotch, which will scarce succeed, unless he will let all the officers be of the same nation. An affair of this kind first raised the late Duke of Argyll; and was the cause of his first quarrel with the Duke of Marlborough, who was against his coming into our army in the same rank.

Sir Thomas Hanmer has at last published his Shakspeare: he has made several alterations, but they will be the less talked of, as he has not marked in the text, margin, or notes, where or why he has made any change; but every body must be obliged to collate it with other editions. One most curiously absurd alteration I have been told. In Othello, it is said of Cassio, "a Florentine, one almost damned in a fair *wife*." It happens that there is no other mention in the play of Cassio's wife. Sir Thomas has altered it—how do you think?—no, I should be sorry if you could think how—"almost damned in a fair *phiz!*"—what a tragic word! and what sense!

Adieu! I see advertised a translation of Dr. Cocchi's book on living on vegetables:[3] does he know any thing of it? My service to him and every body.

[1] Mrs. Stephens's remedy for the stone made, for some time, the greatest noise, and met both with medical approbation and national reward. In 1742, Dr. James Parsons published a pamphlet on the subject, which Dr. Mead describes as "a very useful book; in which both the mischiefs done by the medicine, and the artifices employed to bring it into vogue, are set in a clear light."—E.

[2] Afterwards first Marquis Townshend, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Master General of the Ordnance, &c.

[3] The Doctor's treatise "Di Vitto Pythagorico," appeared this year in England, under the title of "The Pythagorean Diet; or, Vegetables only conducive to the Preservation of Health and the Cure of Diseases."—E.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Feb. 1, 1745.

I am glad my letters, obscure as they of course must be, give you any light into England; but don't mind them too much; they may be partial; must be imperfect: don't *negotiate* upon their authority, but have Capello's[1] example before your eyes! How I laugh when I see him important, and see my Lady Pomfret's letters at the bottom of his instructions! how it would make a philosopher smile at the vanity of politics! How it diverts me, who can entertain myself at the expense of philosophy, politics, or any thing else! Mr. Conway says I laugh at all serious characters—so I do—and at myself too, who am far from being of the number. Who would not laugh at a world, where so ridiculous a creature as the Duke of Newcastle can overturn ministries! Don't take me for a partizan of Lord Granville's because I despise his rivals; I am not for adopting his measures; they were wild and dangerous: in his single capacity, I think him a great genius;[2] and without having recourse to the Countess's *translatable* periods, am pleased with his company. His frankness charms one when it is not necessary to depend upon it; and his contempt of fools is very flattering to any one who happens to know the present ministry. Their coalition goes on as one should expect; they have the name of having effected it; and the Opposition is no longer mentioned: yet there is not a half-witted prater in the House but can divide with every new minister on his side, except Lyttelton, whenever he pleases. They actually do every day bring in popular bills, and on the first tinkling of the brass, all the new bees swarm back to the Tory side of the House. The other day, on the Flanders army, Mr. Pitt came down to prevent this: he was very ill,

[1] The Venetian Ambassador.

[2] Swift, in speaking of Lord Granville, says, that "he carried away from college more Greek, Latin, and philosophy than properly became a person of his rank;" and Walpole, in his Memoires, describes him as "an extensive scholar, master of all classic criticism, and of all modern politics."—E.

but made a very strong and much admired speech for coalition,[1] which for that day succeeded, and the army was voted with but one negative. But now the Emperor[2] is dead, and every thing must wear a new face. If it produces a peace, Mr. Pelham is a fortunate man! He will do extremely well at the beginning of peace, like the man in Madame de la Fayette's Memoirs, "Qui exerçoit extrêmement bien sa charge, quand il n'avoit rien à faire." However, do you keep well with them, and be sure don't write me back any treason, in answer to all I write to you: you are to please them; I think of them as they are.

The new Elector[3] seems to set out well for us, though there are accounts of his having taken the style of Archduke, as claiming the Austrian succession: if he has, it will be like the children's game of *beat knaves out of doors*, where you play the pack twenty times over; one gets pam, the other gets pam, but there is no conclusion of the game, till one side has never a card left.

After my ill success with the baronet,[4] to whom I gave a letter for you, I shall always be very cautious how I recommend barbarians to your protection. I have this morning been solicited for some credentials for a Mr. Oxenden.[5] I could not help laughing: he is son of Sir George, my Lady W.'s famous lover! Can he want recommendations to Florence? However, I must give him a letter; but beg you will not give yourself any particular trouble about him, for I do not know him enough to bow to. His person is good: that

[1] "Mr. Pitt, who had been laid up with the gout, came down with the mien and apparatus of an invalid, on purpose to make a full declaration of his sentiments on our present circumstances. What he said was enforced with much grace both of action and elocution. He commended the ministry for pursuing moderate and healing measures, and such as tended to set the King at the head of all his people." See Mr. P. Yorke's MS. Parliamentary Journal.—E.

[2] Charles VII. Elector of Bavaria.

[3] Maximilian Joseph. He died in 1777.—E.

[4] Sir William Maynard. [He married the daughter of Sir Cecil Bisshopp, and died in 1772.]

[5] Afterwards Sir Henry Oxenden, the sixth baronet of the family, and eldest son of Sir George Oxenden, for many years a lord of the treasury during the reign of George the Second. He died in 1803.—E.

and his name, I suppose, will bespeak my lady's attentions, and save you the fatigue of doing him many honours.

Thank Mr. Chute for his letter; I will answer it very soon. I delight in the article of the Mantua Gazette. Adieu!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Feb. 28, 1745.

You have heard from your brother the reason of my not having written to you so long. I have been out but twice since my father fell into this illness, which is now near a month; and all that time either continually in his room, or obliged to see multitudes of people; for it is most wonderful how every body of all kinds has affected to express their concern for him! He has been out of danger above this week; but I can't say he mended at all perceptibly, till these last three days. His spirits are amazing, and his constitution more; for Dr. Hulse said honestly from the first, that if he recovered, it would be from his own strength, not from their art. After the four or five first days, in which they gave him the bark, they resigned him to the struggles of his own good temperament—and it has surmounted! surmounted an explosion and discharge of thirty-two pieces of stone, a constant and vast effusion of blood for five days, a fever of three weeks, a perpetual flux of water, and sixty-nine years, already (one should think) worn down with his vast fatigues! How much more he will ever recover, one scarce dare hope about: for us, he is greatly recovered; for himself——

March 4th.

I had written thus far last week, without being able to find a moment to finish. In the midst of all my attendance on my lord and receiving visits, I am forced to go out and thank those that have come and sent; for his recovery is now at such a pause, that I fear it is in vain to expect much farther amendment. How dismal a prospect for him, with the possession of the greatest understanding in the world, not the least impaired, to lie without any use of it! for to keep him

from pains and restlessness, he takes so much opiate, that he is scarce awake four hours of the four-and-twenty; but I will say no more on this.

Our coalition goes on thrivingly; but at the expense of the old Court, who are all discontented, and are likely soon to show their resentment. The brothers have seen the best days of their ministry. The Hanover troops dismissed to please the Opposition, and taken again with their consent, under the cloak of an additional subsidy to the Queen of Hungary, who is to pay them. This has set the patriots in so villainous a light, that they will be ill able to support a minister who has thrown such an odium on the Whigs, after they had so stoutly supported that measure last year, and which, after all the clamour, is now universally adopted, as you see. If my Lord Granville had any resentment, as he seems to have nothing but thirst, sure there is no vengeance he might not take! So far from contracting any prudence from his fall, he laughs it off every night over two or three bottles. The countess is with child. I believe she and the countess-mother have got it; for there is nothing ridiculous which they have not done and said about it. There was a private masquerade lately at the Venetian ambassadress's for the Prince of Wales, who named the company, and expressly excepted my Lady Lincoln and others of the Pelham faction. My Lady Granville came late, dressed like Imoinda, and handsomer than one of the houris: the Prince asked her why she would not dance? "Indeed, Sir, I was afraid I could not have come at all, for I had a fainting fit after dinner." The other night my Lady Townshend made a great ball on her son's coming of age: I went for a little while, little thinking of dancing. I asked my Lord Granville, why my lady did not dance? "Oh, Lord! I wish you would ask her; she will with you." I was caught, and did walk down one country dance with her; but the prudent *Signora-madre* would not let her expose the young Carteret any farther.

You say, you expect much information about Belleisle, but there has not (in the style of the newspapers) the least particular transpired. He was at first kept magnificently close

at Windsor; but the expense proving above one hundred pounds per day, they have taken his parole, and sent him to Nottingham, *à la Tallarde.* Pray, is De Sede with you still? his brother has been taken too by the Austrians.

My Lord Coke is going to be married to a Miss Shawe,[1] of forty thousand pounds. Lord Hartington[2] is contracted to Lady Charlotte Boyle, the heiress of Burlington, and sister of the unhappy Lady Euston; but she is not yet old enough. Earl Stanhope,[3] too, has at last lifted up his eyes from Euclid, and directed them to matrimony. He has chosen the eldest sister of your acquaintance Lord Haddington.

I revive about you and Tuscany. I will tell you what is thought to have reprieved you: it is much suspected that the King of Spain[4] is dead. I hope those superstitious people will pinch the Queen, as they do witches, to make her loosen the charm that has kept the Prince of Asturias from having children. At least this must turn out better than the death of the Emperor has.

The Duke,[5] you hear, is named generalissimo, with Count Koningseg, Lord Dunmore,[6] and Ligonier[7] under him. Poor boy! he is most Brunswickly happy with his drums and trumpets. Do but think that this sugar-plum was to tempt him to swallow that bolus the Princess of Denmark![8] What

[1] This marriage did not take place. Lord Coke afterwards married Lady Mary Campbell; and Miss Shawe, William, fifth Lord Byron, the immediate predecessor of the great poet.—E.

[2] In 1755 he succeeded his father as fourth Duke of Devonshire. He died at Spa, in 1764; having filled, at different times, the offices of lord lieutenant of Ireland, first lord of the treasury, and lord chamberlain of the household. His marriage with Lady Charlotte Boyle took place in March 1748.—E.

[3] Philip, second Earl Stanhope. See *antè*, p. 259. He married, in July following, Lady Grizel Hamilton, daughter of Charles, Lord Binning.—E.

[4] The imbecile and insane Philip V. He did not die till 1746. The Prince of Asturias was Ferdinand VI, who succeeded him, and died childless in 1759.—D.

[5] Of Cumberland. He never married.—D.

[6] John Murray, second Earl of Dunmore: colonel of the third regiment of Scotch foot guards. He died in 1752.—E.

[7] Sir John Ligonier, a general of merit. He was created Lord Ligonier in Ireland, in 1757, an English peer by the same title in 1763, and Earl Ligonier in 1766. He died at the great age of ninety-one, in 1770.—D.

[8] The Princess was deformed and ugly. "Having in vain remon-

will they do if they have children? The late Queen never forgave the Duke of Richmond, for telling her that his children would take place before the Duke's grandchildren.

I inclose you a pattern for a chair, which your brother desired me to send you. I thank you extremely for the views of Florence; you can't imagine what wishes they have awakened. My best thanks to Dr. Cocchi for his book: I have delivered all the copies as directed. Mr. Chute will excuse me yet; the first moment I have time, I will write.

I have just received your letter of Feb. 16, and grieve for your disorder: you know how much concern your ill-health gives me. Adieu! my dear child: I write with twenty people in the room.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, March 29, 1745.

I BEGGED your brother to tell you what it was impossible for me to tell you.[1] You share nearly in our common loss! Don't expect me to enter at all upon the subject. After the melancholy two months that I have passed, and in my situation, you will not wonder I shun a conversation which could not be bounded by a letter — a letter that would grow into a panegyric, or a piece of moral; improper for me to write upon, and too distressful for us both! — a death is only to be felt, never to be talked over by those it touches!

I had yesterday your letter of three sheets: I began to flat-

strated with the King against the marriage, the Duke sent his governor, Mr. Poyntz, to consult Lord Orford how to avoid the match. After reflecting a few moments, Orford advised that the Duke should give his consent, on condition of receiving an ample and immediate establishment; 'and believe me,' added he, 'that the match will be no longer pressed.' The Duke followed the advice, and the result fulfilled the prediction!" Lord Mahon, vol. iii. p. 321.—E.

[1] The death of Lord Orford. "He expired," says Coxe, "on the 18th of March, 1745, in the sixty-ninth year of his age. His remains were interred in the parish church at Houghton, without monument or inscription —

'So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name
Which once had honours, titles, wealth, and fame!'"—E.

ter myself that the storm was blown over, but I tremble to think of the danger you are in! a danger, in which even the protection of the great friend you have lost could have been of no service to you. How ridiculous it seems for me to renew protestations of my friendship for you, at an instant when my father is just dead, and the Spaniards just bursting into Tuscany! How empty a charm would my name have, when all my interest and significance are buried in my father's grave! All hopes of present peace, the only thing that could save you, seem vanished. We expect every day to hear of the French declaration of war against Holland. The new Elector of Bavaria is French, like his father; and the King of Spain is not dead. I don't know how to talk to you. I have not even a belief that the Spaniards will spare Tuscany. My dear child, what will become of you? whither will you retire till a peace restores you to your ministry? for upon that distant view alone I repose!

We are every day nearer confusion. The King is in as bad humour as a monarch can be; he wants to go abroad, and is detained by the Mediterranean affair; the inquiry into which was moved by a Major Selwyn, a dirty pensioner, half-turned patriot, by the Court being overstocked with votes.[1] This inquiry takes up the whole time of the House of Commons, but I don't see what conclusion it can have. My confinement has kept me from being there, except the first day; and all I know of what is yet come out is, as it was stated by a Scotch member the other day, "that there had been one (Matthews) with a bad head, another (Lestock) with a worse heart, and four (the captains of the inactive ships) with na heart at all." Among the numerous visits of form that I have received, one was from my Lord Sandys: as we two could only converse upon general topics, we fell upon this of the Mediterranean, and I made *him* allow, "that, to be sure, there is not so bad

[1] "February 26.—We had an unexpected motion from a very contemptible fellow, Major Selwyn, for an inquiry into the cause of the miscarriage of the fleet in the action off Toulon. Mr. Pelham, perceiving that the inclination of the House was for an inquiry, acceded to the motion; but forewarned it of the temper, patience, and caution with which it should be pursued."—Mr. Yorke's MS. Journal.—E.

a court of justice in the world as the House of Commons; and how hard it is upon any man to have his cause tried there!"

Sir Everard Falkner[1] is made secretary to the Duke, who is not yet gone: I have got Mr. Conway to be one of his aid-de-camps. Sir Everard has since been offered the joint-postmastership, vacant by Sir John Eyles's[2] death; but he would not quit the Duke. It was then proposed to the King to give it to the brother: it happened to be a cloudy day, and he only answered, "I know who Sir Everard is, but I don't know who Mr. Falkner is."

The world expects some change when the Parliament rises. My Lord Granville's physicians have ordered him to go to the Spa, as, you know, they often send ladies to the Bath who are very ill of a want of diversion. It will scarce be possible for the present ministry to endure this jaunt. Then they are losing many of their new allies: the new Duke of Beaufort,[3] a most determined and unwavering Jacobite, has openly set himself at the head of that party, and forced them to vote against the Court, and to renounce my Lord Gower. My wise cousin, Sir John Phillipps, has resigned his place; and it is believed that Sir John Cotton will soon resign: but the Bedford, Pitt, Lyttelton, and that squadron, stick close to their places. Pitt has lately resigned his bedchamber to the Prince, which, in friendship to Lyttelton, it was expected he would have done long ago. They have chosen for this resignation a very apposite passage out of Cato:

> "He toss'd his arm aloft, and proudly told me
> He would not stay, and perish like Sempronius."

This was Williams's.

My Lord Coke's match is broken off, upon some coquetry of the lady with Mr. Mackenzie[4] at the Ridotto. My Lord

[1] He had been ambassador at Constantinople.

[2] Sir John Eyles, Bart. an alderman of the city of London, and at one time member of parliament for the same. He died March 11, 1745.—D.

[3] Charles Noel Somerset, fourth Duke of Beaufort, succeeded his elder brother Henry in the dukedom, February 14, 1745.—D.

[4] The Hon. James Stuart Mackenzie, second son of James, second Earl of Bute, and brother of John, Earl of Bute, the minister. He

Leicester says, "there shall not be a third lady in Norfolk of the species of the two fortunes[1] that matched at Rainham and Houghton." Pray, will the new Countess of Orford come to England?

The town flocks to a new play of Thomson's, called Tancred and Sigismunda: it is very dull; I have read it.[2] I cannot bear modern poetry; these refiners of the purity of the stage, and of the incorrectness of English verse, are most wofully insipid. I had rather have written the most absurd lines in Lee, than Leonidas or the Seasons; as I had rather be put into the round-house for a wrong-headed quarrel, than sup quietly at eight o'clock with my grandmother. There is another of these tame genius's, a Mr. Akenside,[3] who writes Odes: in one he has lately published, he says, "Light the tapers, urge the fire." Had not you rather make gods jostle in the dark, than light the candles for fear they should break their heads? One Russel, a mimic, has a puppet-show to ridicule operas; I hear, very dull, not to mention its being twenty years too late: it consists of three acts, with foolish Italian songs burlesqued in Italian.

There is a very good quarrel on foot between two duchesses: she of Queensberry sent to invite Lady Emily Lenox[4] to a ball: her Grace of Richmond, who is wonderfully cautious since Lady Caroline's elopement, sent word, "she could not determine." The other sent again the same night: the same answer. The Queensberry then sent word, that she had made up her company, and desired to be excused from having Lady Emily's; but at the bottom of the card wrote,

married Lady Elizabeth Campbell, one of the daughters of John, the great Duke of Argyll, and died in 1800.—D.

[1] Margaret Rolle, Countess of Orford, and Ethelreda Harrison, Viscountess Townshend.

[2] This was the most successful of all Thomson's plays; "but it may be doubted," says Dr. Johnson, "whether he was, either by the bent of nature or habits of study, much qualified for tragedy: it does not appear that he had much sense of the pathetic; and his diffusive and descriptive style produced declamation rather than dialogue."—E.

[3] The author of "The Pleasures of the Imagination;" a poem of some merit, though now but little read.—D.

[4] Second daughter of Charles, Duke of Richmond. (Afterwards married to James Fitzgerald, first Duke of Leinster in Ireland.—D.)

"Too great a trust." You know how mad she is, and how capable of such a stroke. There is no declaration of war come out from the other duchess; but, I believe it will be made a national quarrel of the whole illegitimate royal family.

It is the present fashion to make conundrums: there are books of them printed, and produced at all assemblies: they are full silly enough to be made a fashion. I will tell you the most renowned: "Why is my uncle Horace like two people conversing?—Because he is both teller and auditor." This was Winnington's.

Well, I had almost forgot to tell you a most extraordinary impertinence of your Florentine Marquis Riccardi. About three weeks ago, I received a letter by Monsieur Wasner's footman from the marquis. He tells me most cavalierly, that he has sent me seventy-seven antique gems to sell for him, by the way of Paris, not caring it should be known in Florence. He will have them sold altogether, and the lowest price two thousand pistoles. You know what no-acquaintance I had with him. I shall be as frank as he, and not receive them. If I did, they might be lost in sending back, and then I must pay his two thousand *doppie di Spagna*. The refusing to receive them is positively all the notice I shall take of it.

I inclose what I think a fine piece on my father:[1] it was written by Mr. Ashton, whom you have often heard me mention as a particular friend. You see how I try to make out a long letter, in return for your kind one, which yet gave me great pain by telling me of your fever. My dearest Sir, it is terrible to have illness added to your other distresses!

I will take the first opportunity to send Dr. Cocchi his translated book; I have not yet seen it myself.

Adieu! my dearest child! I write with a house full of relations, and must conclude. Heaven preserve you and Tuscany!

[1] It was printed in the public papers.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, April 15, 1745.

By this time you have heard of my Lord's death: I fear it will have been a very great shock to you. I hope your brother will write you all the particulars; for my part, you can't expect I should enter into the details of it. His enemies pay him the compliment of saying, "they do believe now that he did not plunder the public, as he was accused (as *they* accused him) of doing, he having died in such circumstances." If he had no proofs of his honesty but this, I don't think this would be such indisputable authority: not leaving immense riches would be scanty evidence of his not having acquired them, there happening to be such a thing as spending them. It is certain, he is dead very poor: his debts, with his legacies, which are trifling, amount to fifty thousand pounds. His estate, a nominal eight thousand a-year, much mortgaged. In short, his fondness for Houghton has endangered Houghton. If he had not so overdone it, he might have left such an estate to his family as might have secured the glory of the place for many years: another such debt must expose it to sale. If he had lived, his unbounded generosity and contempt of money would have run him into vast difficulties. However irreparable his personal loss may be to his friends, he certainly died critically well for himself: he had lived to stand the rudest trials with honour, to see his character universally cleared, his enemies brought to infamy for their ignorance or villany, and the world allowing him to be the only man in England fit to be what he had been; and he died at a time when his age and infirmities prevented his again undertaking the support of a government, which engrossed his whole care, and which he foresaw was falling into the last confusion. In this I hope his judgment failed! His fortune attended him to the last; for he died of the most painful of all distempers, with little or no pain.

The House of Commons have at last finished their great affair, their inquiry into the Mediterranean miscarriage. It

was carried on with more decency and impartiality than ever was known in so tumultuous, popular, and partial a court. I can't say it ended so; for the Tories, all but one single man, voted against Matthews, whom they have not forgiven for lately opposing one of their friends in Monmouthshire, and for carrying his election. The greater part of the Whigs were for Lestock. This last is a very great man: his cause, most unfriended, came before the House with all the odium that could be laid on a man standing in the light of having betrayed his country. His merit, I mean his parts, prevailed, and have set him in a very advantageous point of view. Harry Fox has gained the greatest honour by his assiduity and capacity in this affair. Matthews remains in the light of a hot, brave, imperious, dull, confused fellow. The question was to address the King to appoint a trial, by court-martial, of the two admirals and the four coward captains. Matthews's friends were for leaving out his name, but, after a very long debate, were only 76 to 218. It is generally supposed, that the two admirals will be acquitted and the captains hanged. By what I can make out, (for you know I have been confined, and could not attend the examination,) Lestock preferred his own safety to the glory of his country; I don't mean cowardly, for he is most unquestionably brave, but selfishly. Having to do with a man who, he knew, would take the slightest opportunity to ruin him, if he in the least transgressed his orders, and knowing that man too dull to give right orders, he chose to stick to the letter, when, by neglecting it, he might have done the greatest service.

We hear of great news from Bavaria, of that Elector being forced into a neutrality; but it is not confirmed.

Mr. Legge is made lord of the admiralty, and Mr. Philipson surveyor of the roads in his room. This is all I know. I look with anxiety every day into the Gazettes about Tuscany, but hitherto I find all is quiet. My dear Sir, I tremble for you!

I have been much desired to get you to send five gesse figures; the Venus, the Faun, the Mercury, the Cupid and Psyche, and the little Bacchus; you know the original is

modern: if this is not to be had, then the Ganymede. My dear child, I am sorry to give you this trouble; order anybody to buy them, and to send them from Leghorn by the first ship. Let me have the bill, and bill of lading. Adieu!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, April 29, 1745.

WHEN you wrote your last of the 6th of this month, you was still in hopes about my father. I wish I had received your letters on his death, for it is most shocking to have all the thoughts opened again upon such a subject!—it is the great disadvantage of a distant correspondence. There was a report here a fortnight ago of the new countess coming over. She could not then have heard it. Can she be so mad? Why should she suppose all her shame buried in my lord's grave? or does not she know, has she seen so little of the world, as not to be sensible that she will now return in a worse light than ever? A few malicious, who would have countenanced her to vex him, would now treat her like the rest of the world. It is a private family affair; a husband, a mother, and a son, all party against her, all wounded by her conduct, would be too much to get over!

My dear child, you have nothing but misfortunes of your friends to lament. You have new subject by the loss of poor Mr. Chute's brother.[1] It really is a great loss! he was a most rising man, and one of the best-natured and most honest that ever lived. If it would not sound ridiculously, though, I assure you, I am far from feeling it lightly, I would tell you of poor Patapan's death: he died about ten days ago.

This peace with the Elector of Bavaria may produce a general one. You have given great respite to my uneasiness, by telling me that Tuscany seems out of danger. We have for these last three days been in great expectation of a battle. The French have invested Tournay; our army

[1] Francis Chute, a very eminent lawyer.

came up with them last Wednesday, and is certainly little inferior, and determined to attack them; but it is believed they are retired: we don't know who commands them; it is said, the Duc d'Harcourt. Our good friend, the Count de Saxe, is dying[1]—by Venus, not by Mars. The King goes on Friday; this may make the young Duke[2] more impatient to give battle, to have all the honour his own.

There is no kind of news; the Parliament rises on Thursday, and every body is going out of town. I shall only make short excursions in visits; you know I am not fond of the country, and have no call into it now! My brother will not be at Houghton this year; he shuts it up, to enter on new, and there very unknown, economy: he has much occasion for it! Commend me to poor Mr. Chute! Adieu!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, May 11, 1745.

I STAYED till to-day, to be able to give you some account of the battle of Tournay:[3] the outlines you will have heard already. We don't allow it to be a victory on the French side: but that is, just as a woman is not called *Mrs.* till she is married, though she may have had half-a-dozen natural children. In short, we remained upon the field of battle three hours; I fear, too many of us remain there still! without palliating, it is certainly a heavy stroke. We never lost near so many officers. I pity the Duke, for it is almost the first battle of consequence that we ever lost. By the letters arrived

[1] The Marshal de Saxe did not die till 1750. He was, however, exceedingly ill at the time of the battle of Fontenoy. Voltaire, in his "Siècle de Louis XV." mentions having met him at Paris just as he was setting off for the campaign. Observing how unwell he seemed to be, he asked him whether he thought he had strength enough to go through the fatigues which awaited him. To this the Marshal's reply was—"Il ne s'agit pas de vivre, mais de partir."—D.

[2] William, Duke of Cumberland.—D.

[3] Since called the battle of Fontenoy. (The Marshal de Saxe commanded the French army, and both Louis XV. and his son the Dauphin were present in the action. The Duke of Cumberland commanded the British forces.—D.

to-day, we find that Tournay still holds out. There are certainly killed Sir James Campbell, General Ponsonby, Colonel Carpenter, Colonel Douglas, young Ross, Colonel Montagu, Gee, Berkeley, and Kellet. Mr. Vanbrugh is since dead. Most of the young men of quality in the Guards are wounded. I have had the vast fortune to have nobody hurt, for whom I was in the least interested. Mr. Conway, in particular, has highly distinguished himself; he and Lord Petersham,[1] who is slightly wounded, are most commended; though none behaved ill but the Dutch horse. There has been but very little consternation here: the King minded it so little, that being set out for Hanover, and blown back into Harwich-roads since the news came, he could not be persuaded to return, but sailed yesterday with the fair wind. I believe you will have the Gazette sent to-night; but lest it should not be printed time enough, here is a list of the numbers, as it came over this morning:

British foot	1237 killed.
Ditto horse	90 ditto.
Ditto foot	1968 wounded.
Ditto horse	232 ditto.
Ditto foot	457 missing.
Ditto horse	18 ditto.
Hanoverian foot	432 killed.
Ditto horse	78 ditto.
Ditto foot	950 wounded.
Ditto horse	192 ditto.
Ditto horse and foot	53 missing.
Dutch	625 killed and wounded.
Ditto	1019 missing.

So the whole *hors de combat* is above seven thousand three hundred. The French own the loss of three thousand; I don't believe many more, for it was a most rash and desperate perseverance on our side. The Duke behaved very bravely and humanely;[2] but this will not have advanced the peace.

[1] William, Lord Petersham, eldest son of the Earl of Harrington.

[2] The Hon. Philip Yorke, in a letter to Horace Walpole, the elder, of the following day, says, "the Duke's behaviour was, by all accounts, the most heroic and gallant imaginable: he was the whole day in the

However coolly the Duke may have behaved, and coldly his father, at least his brother[1] has outdone both. He not only went to the play the night the news came, but in two days made a ballad. It is in imitation of the Regent's style, and has miscarried in nothing but the language, the thoughts, and the poetry. Did not I tell you in my last that he was going to act Paris in Congreve's Masque? The song is addressed to the goddesses.

I.

VENEZ, mes chères Déesses,
Venez calmer mon chagrin;
Aidez, mes belles Princesses,
A le noyer dans le vin.
Poussons cette douce Ivresse
Jusqu'au milieu de la nuit,
Et n'écoutons que la tendresse
D'un charmant vis-à-vis.

II.

Quand le chagrin me dévore,
Vite à table je me mets,
Loin des objets que j'abhorre,
Avec joie j'y trouve la paix.
Peu d'amis, restes d'un naufrage
Je rassemble autour de moi,
Et je me ris de l'étalage
Qu'a chez lui toujours un Roi.

III.

Que m'importe, que l'Europe
Ait un, ou plusieurs tyrans?
Prions seulement Calliope,
Qu'elle inspire nos vers, nos chants.
Laissons Mars et toute la gloire;
Livrons nous tous à l'amour;
Que Bacchus nous donne à boire;
A ces deux fasions la cour.

---

thickest of the fire. His Royal Highness drew out a pistol upon an officer whom he saw running away."—E.

[1] Frederick, Prince of Wales. The following song was written immediately after the battle of Fontenoy, and was addressed to Lady Catherine Hanmer, Lady Fauconberg, and Lady Middlesex, who were to act the three goddesses, with the Prince of Wales, in Congreve's Judgment of Paris, whom he was to represent, and Prince Lobkowitz, Mercury. —E.

IV.

Passons ainsi notre vie,
Sans rêver à ce qui suit;
Avec ma chère Sylvie[1]
Le tems trop vîte me fuit.
Mais si, par un malheur extrême,
Je perdois cet objet charmant,
Oui, cette compagnie même
Ne me tiendroit un moment.

V.

Me livrant à ma tristesse,
Toujours plein de mon chagrin,
Je n'aurois plus d'allégresse
Pour mettre Bathurst[2] en train:
Ainsi pour vous tenir en joie
Invoquez toujours les Dieux,
Qu'elle vive et qu'elle soit
Avec nous toujours heureuse!

Adieu! I am in great hurry.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, May 18, 1745.

DEAR GEORGE,

I AM very sorry to renew our correspondence upon so melancholy a circumstance, but when you have lost so near a friend as your brother,[3] 'tis sure the duty of all your other friends to endeavour to alleviate your loss, and offer all the increase of affection that is possible to compensate it. This I do most heartily; I wish I could most effectually.

You will always find in me, dear Sir, the utmost inclination to be of service to you; and let me beg that you will remember your promise of writing to me. As I am so much in town and in the world, I flatter myself with having generally something to tell you that may make my letters agreeable in the country: you, any where, make yours charming.

[1] The Princess. [2] Allen, Lord Bathurst.
[3] Lieutenant-Colonel Edward Montagu, killed at the battle of Fontenoy.

Be so good to say any thing you think proper from me to your sisters, and believe me, dear George, yours most sincerely.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, May 24, 1745.

I HAVE no consequences of the battle of Tournay to tell you but the taking of the town: the governor has eight days allowed him to consider whether he will give up the citadel. The French certainly lost more men than we did. Our army is still at Lessines, waiting for recruits from Holland and England; ours are sailed. The King is at Hanover. All the letters are full of the Duke's humanity and bravery: he will be as popular with the lower class of men as he has been for three or four years with the low women: he will be the soldier's *Great Sir* as well as theirs. I am really glad; it will be of great service to the family, if any one of them come to make a figure.

Lord Chesterfield is returned from Holland; you will see a most simple farewell speech of his in the papers.[1]

I have received yours of the 4th of May, and am extremely obliged to you for your expressions of kindness: they did not at all surprise me, but every instance of your friendship gives me pleasure. I wish I could say the same to good Prince Craon. Yet I must set about answering his letter: it is quite an affair; I have so great a disuse of writing French, that I believe it will be very barbarous.

My fears for Tuscany are again awakened: the wonderful march which the Spanish Queen has made Monsieur de Gage take, may probably end in his turning short to the left; for his route to Genoa will be full as difficult as what he has already passed. I watch eagerly every article from Italy, at

[1] "Have you Lord Chesterfield's speech on taking leave? It is quite calculated for the language it is wrote in, and makes but an indifferent figure in English. The thoughts are common, and yet he strains hard to give them an air of novelty; and the quaintness of the expression is quite *a la Française*." The Hon. P. Yorke to Horatio Walpole.—E.

a time when nobody will read a paragraph but from the army in Flanders.

I am diverted with my Lady's[1] account of the great riches that are now coming to her. She has had so many foolish golden visions, that I should think even the Florentines would not be the dupes of any more. As for her mourning, she may save it, if she expects to have it notified. Don't you remember my Lady Pomfret's having a piece of economy of that sort, when she would not know that the Emperor was dead, because my Lord Chamberlain had not notified it to her?

I have a good story to tell you of Lord Bath, whose name you have not heard very lately; have you? He owed a tradesman eight hundred pounds, and would never pay him: the man determined to persecute him till he did; and one morning followed him to Lord Winchilsea's, and sent up word that he wanted to speak with him. Lord Bath came down, and said, "Fellow, what do you want with me!"—"My money," said the man, as loud as ever he could bawl, before all the servants. He bade him come the next morning, and then would not see him. The next Sunday the man followed him to church, and got into the next pew: he leaned over, and said, "My money; give me my money!" My lord went to the end of the pew; the man too: "Give me my money!" The sermon was on avarice, and the text, "Cursed are they that heap up riches." The man groaned out, "O Lord!" and pointed to my Lord Bath. In short, he persisted so much, and drew the eyes of all the congregation, that my Lord Bath went out and paid him directly. I assure you this is fact. Adieu!

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, May 25, 1745.

DEAR GEORGE,

I DON'T write to you now so much to answer your letter as to promote your diversion, which I am as much obliged to you for consulting me about, at least as much as about an

[1] Lady Walpole, now become Countess of Orford.—D.

affair of honour, or your marriage, or any other important transaction; any one of which you might possibly dislike more than diverting yourself. For my part, I shall give you my advice on this point with as much reflection as I should, if it were necessary for me, like a true friend, to counsel you to displease yourself.

You propose making a visit at Englefield Green, and ask me, if I think it right? Extremely so. I have heard it is a very pretty place. You love a jaunt—have a pretty chaise, I believe, and, I dare swear, very easy; in all probability, you will have a fine evening too; and, added to all this, the gentleman you would go to see is very agreeable and good-humoured.[1] He has some very pretty children, and a sensible, learned man that lives with him, one Dr. Thirlby,[2] whom, I believe, you know. The master of the house plays extremely well on the bass-viol, and has generally other musical people with him. He knows a good deal of the private history of a late ministry; and, my dear George, you love memoires. Indeed, as to personal acquaintance with any of the court beauties, I can't say you will find your account in him; but, to make amends, he is perfectly master of all the quarrels that have been fashionably on foot about Handel, and can give you a very perfect account of all the modern rival painters. In short, you may pass a very agreeable day with him; and if he does but take to you, as I can't doubt, who know you both, you will contract a great friendship with him, which he will preserve with the greatest warmth and partiality.

In short, I can think of no reason in the world against your going there but one: do you know his youngest brother? If

[1] Mr. Walpole's brother, Sir Edward. See *antè*, vol. i. p. 94.

[2] Styan Thirlby, fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge, published an edition of Justin Martyr, and, I think, wrote something against Middleton. He communicated several notes to Theobald for his Shakspeare, and in the latter part of his life took to study the common law. He lived chiefly for his last years with Sir Edward Walpole, who had procured for him a small place in the Custom-house, and to whom he left his papers: he had lost his intellects some time before his death. [He died a martyr to intemperance, in 1751, in his sixty-first year. Mr. Nichols says, that, while in Sir Edward's house, he kept a miscellaneous book of Memorables, containing whatever was said or done amiss by Sir Edward, or any part of his family.]

you happen to be so unlucky, I can't flatter you so far as to advise you to make him a visit; for there is nothing in the world the Baron of Englefield has such an aversion for as for his brother.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Arlington Street, May 27, 1745.

MY DEAR HARRY,

As gloriously as you have set out, yet I despair of seeing you a perfect hero! You have none of the charming violences that are so essential to that character. You write as coolly, after behaving well in a battle, as you fought in it. Can your friends flatter themselves with seeing you, one day or other, be the death of thousands, when you wish for peace in three weeks after your first engagement,[1] and laugh at the ambition of those men who have given you this opportunity of distinguishing yourself? With the person of an Orondates, and the courage, you have all the compassion, the reason, and the reflection of one that never read a romance. Can one ever hope you will make a figure, when you only fight because it was right you should, and not because you hated the French or loved destroying mankind? This is so un-English, or so un-heroic, that I despair of you!

Thank Heaven, you have one spice of madness! Your admiration of your master[2] leaves me a glimmering of hope, that you will not be always so unreasonably reasonable. Do you remember the humorous lieutenant, in one of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays, that is in love with the king? Indeed, your master is not behind-hand with you; you seem to have agreed to puff one another.

If you are all acting up to the strictest rules of war and chivalry in Flanders, we are not less scrupulous on this side the water in fulfilling all the duties of the same order. The day the young volunteer[3] departed for the army (unluckily,

[1] The battle of Fontenoy, where Mr. Conway greatly distinguished himself.

[2] The Duke of Cumberland, to whom Mr. Conway was aide-du-camp.

[3] George, afterwards Marquis Townshend.

indeed, it was after the battle), his tender mother Sisygambis, and the beautiful Statira,[1] a lady formerly known in your history by the name of Artemisia, from her cutting off her hair on your absence, were so afflicted and so inseparable, that they made a party together to Mr. Graham's[2] (you may read *Iapis*, if you please) to be blooded. It was settled that this was a more precious way of expressing concern than shaving the head, which has been known to be attended with false locks the next day.

For the other princess you wot of, who is not entirely so tall as the former, nor so evidently descended from a line of monarchs—I don't hear her talk of retiring. At present, she is employed in buying up all the nosegays in Covent-Garden and laurel-leaves at the pastry-cooks, to weave chaplets for the return of her hero. Who that is I don't pretend to know or guess. All I know is, that in this age retirement is not one of the fashionable expressions of passion.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

I HAVE the pleasure of recommending you a new acquaintance, for which I am sure you will thank me. Mr. Hobart[3] proposes passing a little time at Florence, which I am sure you will endeavour to make as agreeable to him as possible. I beg you will introduce him to all my friends, who, I don't doubt, will show him the same civilities that I received. Dear Sir, this will be a particular obligation to me, who am, &c.

[1] Ethelreda Harrison, Viscountess Townshend, and her daughter, the Hon. Audrey Townshend, afterwards married to Robert Orme, Esq.

[2] A celebrated apothecary in Pall-mall.

[3] Eldest son of John, Earl of Buckinghamshire. (The Hon. John Hobart, afterwards second Earl of Buckinghamshire, and Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.—D.)

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, June 24, 1745.

I HAVE been a fortnight in the country, and had ordered all my letters to be kept till I came to town, or I should have written to you sooner about my sister-countess. She is not arrived yet, but is certainly coming: she has despatched several letters to notify her intentions: a short one to her mother, saying, "Dear Madam, as you have often desired me to return to England, I am determined to set out, and hope you will give me reasons to subscribe myself your most affectionate daughter." This "often desired me to return" has never been repeated since the first year of her going away. The poor signora-madre is in a terrible fright, and will not come to town till her daughter is gone again, which all advices agree will be soon. Another letter is to my Lady Townshend, telling her, "that, as she knows her ladyship's way of thinking, she does not fear the continuance of her friendship." Another, a long one, to my Lord Chesterfield; another to Lady Isabella Scot,[1] an old friend of hers; and another to Lady Pomfret. This last says, that she hears from Uguccioni, my Lady O. will stay here very little time, having taken a house at Florence for three years. She is to come to my Lady Denbigh.[2] My brother is extremely obliged to you for all your notices about her, though he is very indifferent about her motions. If she happens to choose law (though on what foot no mortal can guess), he is prepared; having, from the first hint of her journey, fee'd every one of the considerable lawyers. In short, this jaunt is as simple as all the rest of her actions have been hardy. Nobody wonders at her bringing no English servants with her — they know, and consequently might tell too much.

[1] Daughter of Anne, Countess of Buccleuch, and Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth, the wife of James, the unhappy Duke of Monmouth. Lady Isabella Scott was the daughter of the duchess by her second husband, Charles, third Lord Cornwallis. She died unmarried, Feb. 18, 1748.—D.

[2] Isabella de Jonghe, a Dutch lady, and wife of William Fielding, fifth Earl of Denbigh. She died in 1769.—D.

I feel excessively for you, my dear child, on the loss of Mr. Chute! — so sensible and so good-natured a man would be a loss to anybody; but to you, who are so meek and helpless, it is irreparable! who will dry you when you are very *wet brown-paper?*[1] Though I laugh, you know how much I pity you: you will want somebody to talk over English letters, and to conjecture with you; in short, I feel your distress in all its lights.

The citadel of Tournay is gone;[2] our affairs go ill. Your brother Charles of Lorrain[3] has lost a great battle grossly! He was constantly drunk, and had no kind of intelligence. Now he acts from his own head, his head turns out a very bad one. I don't know, indeed, what they can say in defence of the great general to whom we have just given the garter, the Duke of Saxe Weissenfels; he is not of so serene a house but that he might have known something of the motions of the Prussians. Last night we heard that the Hungarian insurgents had cut to pieces two Prussian regiments. The King of Prussia and Prince Charles are so near, that we every day expect news of another battle. We don't know yet what is to be the next step in Flanders. Lord Cobham has got Churchill's[4] regiment, and Lord Dunmore his government of Plymouth. At the Prince's court there is a great revolution: he, or rather Lord Granville, or perhaps the Princess, (who, I firmly believe, by all her quiet sense, will turn out a Caroline,) have at last got rid of Lady Archibald,[5] who was strongly attached to the coalition. They have civilly asked her, and grossly forced her to ask civilly to go away, which she has done, with a pension of twelve hundred a-year.

[1] Mr. Mann was so thin and weak that Mr. Walpole used to compare him to wet brown-paper.

[2] The treachery of the principal engineer, who deserted to the enemy, and the timidity of other officers in the garrison, produced a surrender of the city in a fortnight, and of the citadel in another week.—E.

[3] He was brother of Francis, at this time Grand Duke of Tuscany. On the 3rd of June, the King of Prussia had gained a signal victory over him at Friedberg.—E.

[4] General Churchill, or, as he was commonly called, "Old Charles Churchill," was just dead.—D.

[5] Lady Archibald Hamilton, daughter of Lord Abercorn, and wife of Lord Archibald Hamilton.

Lady Middlesex[1] is mistress of the robes: she lives with them perpetually, and sits up till five in the morning at their suppers. Don't mistake! — not for her person, which is wondrous plain and little: the town says it is for her friend Miss Granville, one of the maids of honour; but at least yet, that is only scandal. She is a fair, red-haired girl, scarce pretty; daughter of the poet, Lord Lansdown.[2] Lady Berkeley is lady of the bedchamber, and a Miss Lawson maid of honour. Miss Neville, a charming beauty, and daughter of the pretty, unfortunate Lady Abergavenny,[3] is named for the next vacancy.

I was scarce settled in my joy for the Spaniards having taken the opposite route to Tuscany, when I heard of Mr. Chute's leaving you. I long to have no reason to be uneasy about you. I am obliged to you for the gesse figures, and beg you will send me the bill in your first letter. Rysbrach has perfectly mended the Ganymede and the model, which to me seemed irrecoverably smashed.

I have just been giving a recommendatory letter for you to Mr. Hobart; he is no particular friend of mine, but is Norfolk, and in the world; so you will be civil to him. He is of the Damon-kind, and not one of whom you will make a Chute. Madame Suares may make something of him. Adieu!

[1] Daughter of Lord Shannon, and wife of Charles, Earl of Middlesex, eldest son of Lionel, Duke of Dorset. Her favour grew to be thought more than platonic.

[2] George Granville, Lord Lansdowne, one of Queen Anne's twelve Tory peers; styled by Pope, who addressed his Windsor Forest to him, "the polite." He died in 1735.—E.

[3] Catherine Tatton, daughter of Lieutenant-General Tatton. She married, first, Edward Neville, thirteenth Lord Abergavenny, who died without issue in his nineteenth year, in 1724. She remarried with his cousin and successor, William, fourteenth Lord Abergavenny, by whom she had issue one son, George, afterwards fifteenth Lord Abergavenny, and one daughter, Catherina, who is mentioned above. Lady Abergavenny herself died in childbed, Dec. 4, 1729, in less than one month after the detection of an intrigue between her and Richard Lyddel, Esq. against whom Lord Abergavenny brought an action for damages, and recovered five thousand pounds. In a poem written on her death by Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, she is praised for her gentleness, and pitied for her "cruel wrongs." Her husband is also called "that stern lord." All further details respecting her are, however, now unknown.—D.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, June 25, 1745.

DEAR GEORGE,

I HAVE been near three weeks in Essex, at Mr. Rigby's,[1] and had left your direction behind me, and could not write to you. It is the charmingest place by nature, and the most trumpery by art, that ever I saw. The house stands on a high hill, on an arm of the sea, which winds itself before two sides of the house. On the right and left, at the very foot of this hill, lie two towns; the one of market quality, and the other with a wharf where ships come up. This last was to have a church, but by a lucky want of religion in the inhabitants, who would not contribute to building a steeple, it remains an absolute antique temple, with a portico on the very strand. Cross this arm of the sea, you see six churches and charming woody hills in Suffolk. All this parent Nature did for this place; but its godfathers and godmothers, I believe, promised it should renounce all the pomps and vanities of this world, for they have patched up a square house, full of windows, low rooms, and thin walls; piled up walls whereever there was a glimpse of prospect; planted avenues that go nowhere, and dug fishponds where there should be avenues. We had very bad weather the whole time I was there; but however I rode about and sailed, not having the same apprehensions of catching cold that Mrs. Kerwood had once at Chelsea, when I persuaded her not to go home by water, because it would be damp after rain.

The town is not quite empty yet. My Lady Fitzwalter, Lady Betty Germain,[2] Lady Granville,[3] and the dowager Strafford have their At-homes, and amass company. Lady Brown has done with her Sundays, for she is changing her house into Upper Brook Street. In the mean time, she goes to Knightsbridge, and Sir Robert to the woman he keeps at

[1] Mistley Hall, near Manningtree.

[2] Second daughter of the Earl of Berkeley, and married to Sir John Germain.

[3] Daughter of Thomas, Earl of Pomfret. She was Lord Granville's second wife.

Scarborough: Winnington goes on with the Frasi; so my Lady Townshend is obliged only to lie of people. You have heard of the disgrace of the Archibald, and that in future scandal she must only be ranked with the Lady Elizabeth Lucy and Madam Lucy Walters, instead of being historically noble among the Clevelands, Portsmouths, and Yarmouths. It is said Miss Granville has the reversion of her coronet; others say, she won't accept the patent.

Your friend Jemmy Lumley,[1]—I beg pardon, I mean your kin, is not he? I am sure he is not your friend;—well, he has had an assembly, and he would write all the cards himself, and every one of them was to desire *he's* company and *she's* company, with other pieces of curious orthography. Adieu, dear George! I wish you a merry farm, as the children say at Vauxhall. My compliments to your sisters.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Arlington Street, July 1, 1745.

MY DEAR HARRY,

If it were not for that one slight inconvenience, that I should probably be dead now, I should have liked much better to have lived in the last war than in this; I mean as to the pleasantness of writing letters. Two or three battles won, two or three towns taken, in a summer, were pretty objects to keep up the liveliness of a correspondence. But now it hurts one's dignity to be talking of English and French armies, at the first period of our history in which the tables are turned. After having learnt to spell out of the reigns of Edward the Third and Harry the Fifth, and begun lisping with Agincourt and Cressy, one uses one's self but awkwardly to the sounds of Tournay and Fontenoy. I don't like foreseeing the time so near, when all the young orators in Parliament will be haranguing out of Demosthenes upon the imminent danger we are in from the overgrown power of King Philip. As becoming as all that public spirit will be, which

[1] Seventh son of the first Earl of Scarborough. He died in 1766, unmarried.—E.

to be sure will now come forth, I can't but think we were at least as happy and as great when all the young Pitts and Lyttelтons were pelting oratory at my father for rolling out a twenty years' peace, and not envying the trophies which he passed by every day in Westminster Hall. But one must not repine; rather reflect on the glories which they have drove the nation headlong into. One must think all our distresses and dangers well laid out, when they have purchased us Glover's[1] Oration for the merchants, the Admiralty for the Duke of Bedford, and the reversion of Secretary at war for Pitt, which he will certainly have, unless the French King should happen to have the nomination; and then I fear, as much obliged as that court is to my Lord Cobham and his nephews, they would be so partial as to prefer some illiterate nephew of Cardinal Tencin's, who never heard of Leonidas or the Hanover troops.

With all these reflections, as I love to make myself easy, especially politically, I comfort myself with what St. Evremond (a favourite philosopher of mine, for he thought what he liked, not liked what he thought) said in defence of Cardinal Mazarin, when he was reproached with neglecting the good of the kingdom that he might engross the riches of it: "Well, let him get all the riches, and then he will think of the good of the kingdom, for it will all be his own." Let the French but have England, and they won't want to conquer it. We may possibly contract the French spirit of being supremely content with the glory of our monarch, and then —why then it will be the first time we ever were contented yet. We hear of nothing but your retiring,[2] and of Dutch treachery: in short, 'tis an ugly scene!

I know of no home news but the commencement of the gaming act,[3] for which they are to put up a scutcheon at White's for the death of play; and the death of Winnington's wife, which may be an unlucky event for my Lady Townshend. As

[1] The author of Leonidas.
[2] Mr. Conway was still with the army in Flanders.
[3] An act had recently passed to prevent excessive and deceitful gaming.—E.

he has no children, he will certainly marry again; and who will give him their daughter, unless he breaks off that affair, which I believe he will now very willingly make a marriage article? We want him to take Lady Charlotte Fermor. She was always his beauty, and has so many charming qualities, that she would make anybody happy. He will make a good husband; for he is excessively good-natured, and was much better to that strange wife than he cared to own.

You wondered at my journey to Houghton; now wonder more, for I am going to Mount Edgecumbe. Now my summers are in my own hands, and I am not obliged to pass great part of them in Norfolk, I find it is not so very terrible to dispose of them up and down. In about three weeks I shall set out, and see Wilton and Doddington's in my way. Dear Harry, do but get a victory, and I will let off every cannon at Plymouth; reserving two, till I hear particularly that you have killed two more Frenchmen with your own hand.[1] Lady Mary[2] sends you her compliments; she is going to pass a week with Miss Townshend[3] at Muffits; I don't think you will be forgot. Your sister Anne has got a new distemper, which she says feels like something *jumping* in her. You know my style on such an occasion, and may be sure I have not spared this distemper. Adieu! Yours ever.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, July 5, 1745.

All yesterday we were in the utmost consternation! an express came the night before from Ostend with an account of the French army in Flanders having seized Ghent and Bruges, cut off a detachment of four thousand men, sur-

[1] Alluding to Mr. Conway's having been engaged with two French grenadiers at once in the battle of Fontenoy.

[2] Lady Mary Walpole, youngest daughter of Sir R. Walpole, afterwards married to Charles Churchill, Esq.

[3] Daughter of Charles Viscount Townshend, afterwards married to Edward Cornwallis, brother to Earl Cornwallis, and groom of the bedchamber to the King.

rounded our army, who must be cut to pieces or surrender themselves prisoners, and that the Duke was gone to the Hague, but that the Dutch had signed a neutrality. You will allow that here was ample subject for confusion! To-day we are a little relieved, by finding that we have lost but five hundred men[1] instead of four thousand, and that our army, which is inferior by half to theirs, is safe behind a river. With this came the news of the Great Duke's victory over the Prince of Conti:[2] he has killed fifteen thousand, and taken six thousand prisoners. Here is already a third great battle this summer! But Flanders is gone! The Dutch have given up all that could hinder the French from overrunning them, upon condition that the French should not overrun them. Indeed, I cannot be so exasperated at the Dutch as it is the fashion to be; they have not forgot the peace of Utrecht, though we have. Besides, how could they rely on any negotiation with a people whose politics alter so often as ours? Or why were we to fancy that my Lord Chesterfield's parts would have more weight than my uncle had, whom, ridiculous as he was, they had never known to take a trip to Avignon to confer with the Duke of Ormond?[3]

Our communication with the army is cut off through Flanders; and we are in great pain for Ostend: the fortifications are all out of repair. Upon Marshal Wade's reiterated remonstrances, we did cast thirty cannon and four mortars for it—and then the economic ministry would not send them. "What! fortify the Queen of Hungary's towns? there will be no end of that." As if Ostend was of no more consequence to *us*, than Mons or Namur! Two more battalions are ordered over immediately; and the old pensioners

[1] The French had been successful in a skirmish against the English army, at a place called Melle. The consequence of this success was their obtaining possession of Ghent.—D.

[2] The army of the Prince of Conti, posted near the Maine, had been so weakened by the detachments sent from it to reinforce the army in Flanders, that it was obliged to retreat before the Austrians. This retrograde movement was effected with considerable loss, both of soldiers and baggage; but it does not appear that any decisive general engagement took place during the campaign between the French and Austrians. —D.

[3] See *antè*, vol. i. p. 103.

of Chelsea College are to mount guard at home! Flourishing in a peace of twenty years, we were told that we were trampled upon by Spain and France. Haughty nations, like those, who can trample upon an enemy country, do not use to leave it in such wealth and happiness as we enjoyed; but when the Duke of Marlborough's old victorious veterans are dug out of their colleges and repose, to guard the King's palace, and to keep up the show of an army which we have buried in America, or in a manner lost in Flanders, we shall soon know the real feel of being trampled upon! In this crisis, you will hear often from me; for I will leave you in no anxious uncertainty from which I can free you.

The Countess[1] is at Hanover, and, we hear, extremely well received. It is conjectured, and it is not impossible, that the Count may have procured for her some dirty dab of a negotiation about some acre of territory more for Hanover, in order to facilitate her reception. She has been at Hesse Cassel, and fondled extremely Princess Mary's[2] children; just as you know she used to make a rout about the Pretender's boys. My Lord Chesterfield laughs at her letter to him; and, what would anger her more than the neglect, ridicules the style and orthography. Nothing promises well for her here.

You told me you wished I would condole with Prince Craon on the death of his son:[3] which son? and where was he killed? You don't tell me, and I never heard. Now it would be too late. I should have been uneasy for Prince Beauvau, but that you say he is in Piedmont.

Adieu! my dear child: we have much to wish! A *little* good fortune will not re-establish us. I am in pain for your health from the great increase of your business.

[1] Lady Orford.

[2] Princess Mary of England, daughter of George the Second; married in 1740 to the Prince of Hesse Cassel, who treated her with great inhumanity. She died in June 1771 —E.

[3] The young Prince de Craon was killed at the head of his regiment at the battle of Fontenoy.—D.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, July 12, 1745.

I AM charmed with the sentiments that Mr. Chute expresses for you; but then you have lost him! Here is an answer to his letter; I send it unsealed, to avoid repeating what I have thought on our affairs. Seal it and send it. Its being open, prevented my saying half so much about you as I should have done.

There is no more news: the Great Duke's victory, of which we heard so much last week, is come to nothing! So far from having defeated the Prince of Conti, it is not at all impossible but the Prince may wear the imperial coat of diamonds, though I am persuaded the care of that will be the chief concern of the Great Duke, (next to his own person,) in a battle. Our army is retreated beyond Brussels; the French gather laurels and towns, and prisoners, as one would a nosegay. In the mean time you are bullying the King of Naples, in the person of the English fleet; and I think may possibly be doing so for two months after that very fleet belongs to the King of France; as astrologers tell one that we should see stars shine for I don't know how long after they were annihilated. But I like your spirit; keep it up! Millamant, in the Way of the World, tells Mirabel, that she will be solicited to the very last; nay, and afterwards. He replies, "What? after the last!"

I am in great pain about your arrears: it is a bad season for obtaining payment. In the best times, they make a custom of paying foreign ministers ill; which may be very politic, when they send men of too great fortunes abroad, in order to lessen them: but, my dear child, God knows that is not your case!

I have some extremely pretty dogs of King Charles's breed, if I knew how to convey them to you: indeed they are not Patapans. I can't tell how they would like travelling into Italy, when there is a prospect of the rest of their race return-

ing from thence: besides, you must certify me that none of them shall ever be married below themselves; for since the affair of Lady Caroline Fox, one durst not hazard the Duke of Richmond's resentment even about a dog and bitch of that breed.

Lord Lempster[1] is taken prisoner in the affair of the detachment to Ghent. My lady,[2] who has heard of Spartan mothers, (though you know she once asserted that nobody knew any thing of the Grecian Republics,) affects to bear it with a patriot insensibility. She told me the other day that the Abbé Niccolini and the eldest Pandolfini are coming to England: is it true? I shall be very glad to be civil to them, especially to the latter, who, you know, was one of my friends.

My Lady Orford is at Hanover, most graciously received by "the Father of all his people!" In the papers of yesterday was this paragraph: "Lady O. who has spent several years in Italy, arrived here (Hanover) the 3rd, on her return to England, and was graciously received by his Majesty." Lady Denbigh is gone into the country; so I don't know where she is to lodge — perhaps at St. James's, out of regard to my father's memory.

Trust me, you escaped well in Pigwiggin's[3] not accepting your invitation of living with you: you must have aired your house, as Lady Pomfret was forced to air Lady Mary Wortley's bedchamber. He has a most unfortunate breath: so has the Princess his sister. When I was at their country-house, I used to sit in the library and turn over books of prints: out of good-breeding they would not quit me; nay, would look over the prints with me. A whiff would come from the east, and I turned short to the west, whence the Princess would puff me back with another gale full as richly perfumed as her brother's. Adieu!

[1] George Fermor; who, on the death of his father in 1753, became second Earl of Pomfret. He died in 1785.—E.

[2] Henrietta Louisa, Countess of Pomfret, mother of Lord Lempster.

[3] A nickname given by Walpole to his cousin Horace, eldest son of "Old Horace Walpole," afterwards first Earl of Orford of the second creation. He died in 1809, at the age of eighty-six.—E.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, July 13, 1745.

DEAR GEORGE,

We are all *Cabob'd* and *Cocofagoed*, as my Lord Denbigh says. We, who formerly, you know, could any one of us beat three Frenchmen, are now so degenerated, that three Frenchmen[1] can evidently beat one Englishman. Our army is running away, all that is left to run; for half of it is picked up by three or four hundred at a time. In short, we must step out of the high pantoufles that were made by those cunning shoemakers at Poitiers and Ramillies, and go clumping about perhaps in wooden ones. My Lady Hervey, who you know dotes upon every thing French, is charmed with the hopes of these new shoes, and has already bespoke herself a pair of pigeon wood. How did the tapestry at Blenheim look? Did it glow with victory, or did all our glories look overcast?

I remember a very admired sentence in one of my Lord Chesterfield's speeches, when he was haranguing for this war; with a most rhetorical transition, he turned to the tapestry in the House of Lords,[2] and said, with a sigh, he feared there were no historical looms at work now! Indeed, we have reason to bless the good patriots, who have been for employing our manufactures so historically. The Countess of that wise Earl, with whose two expressive words I began this letter, says, she is very happy now that my lord had never a place upon the coalition, for then all this bad situation of our affairs would have been laid upon him.

Now I have been talking of remarkable periods in our annals, I must tell you what my Lord Baltimore thinks one:—He said to the Prince t'other day, "Sir, your Royal Highness's marriage will be an *area* in English history."

If it were not for the life that is put into the town now and

[1] Alluding to the success of the French army in Flanders, under the command of Mareschal Saxe.

[2] Representing the defeat of the Spanish armada in 1588, and surrounded by portraits of the principal officers who commanded the fleet. This noble suit of hangings was wrought in Holland, at the expense of the Earl of Nottingham, lord high admiral.—E.

then by very bad news from abroad, one should be quite stupified. There is nobody left but two or three solitary regents; and they are always whisking backwards and forwards to their villas; and about a dozen antediluvian dowagers, whose carcasses have miraculously resisted the wet, and who every Saturday compose a very reverend catacomb at my old Lady Strafford's. She does not take money at the door for showing them, but you pay twelvepence a piece under the denomination of card money. Wit and beauty, indeed, remain in the persons of Lady Townshend and Lady Caroline Fitzroy; but such is the want of taste of this age, that the former is very often forced to wrap up her wit in plain English before it can be understood; and the latter is almost as often obliged to have recourse to the same artifices to make her charms be taken notice of.

Of beauty, I can tell you an admirable story. One Mrs. Comyns, an elderly gentlewoman, has lately taken a house in St. James's Street: some young gentlemen went there t'other night:—"Well, Mrs. Comyns, I hope there won't be the same disturbances here that were at your other house in Air Street."—"Lord, Sir, I never had any disturbances there: mine was as quiet a house as any in the neighbourhood, and a great deal of good company came to me: it was only the ladies of quality that envied me."—"Envied you! why, your house was pulled down about your ears."—"Oh, dear Sir! don't you know how that happened?"—"No; pray how?"—"Why, dear Sir, it was my Lady * * * *, who gave ten guineas to the mob to demolish my house, because her ladyship fancied I got women for Colonel Conway."

My dear George, don't you delight in this story? If poor Harry[1] comes back from Flanders, I intend to have infinite fun with his prudery about this anecdote, which is full as good as if it was true. I beg you will visit Mrs. Comyns when you come to town: she has infinite humour.

[1] The Honourable Henry Seymour Conway.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

July 15, 1745.

You will be surprised at another from me so soon, when I wrote to you but four days ago. This is not with any news, but upon a private affair. You have never said any thing to me about the extraordinary procedure of Marquis Riccardi, of which I wrote you word. Indeed, as his letter came just upon my father's death, I had forgot it too; so much so, that I have lost the catalogue which he sent me. Well, the other day I received his cargo. Now, my dear child, I don't write to him upon it, because, as he sent the things without asking my leave, I am determined never to acknowledge the receipt of them, because I will in no manner be liable to pay for them if they are lost, which I think highly probable; and as I have lost the catalogue, I cannot tell whether I have received all or not.

I beg you will say just what follows to him. That I am extremely amazed he should think of employing me to sell his goods for him, especially without asking my consent: that an English gentleman, just come from France, has brought me a box of things, of which he himself had no account; nor is there any letter or catalogue with them: that I suppose they may be the Marquis's collection, but that I have lost the catalogue, and consequently cannot tell whether I have received all or not, nor whether they are his: that as they came in so blind a manner, and have been opened at several custom-houses, I will not be answerable, especially having never given my consent to receive them, and having opened the box ignorantly, without knowing the contents: that when I did open it, I concluded it came from Florence, having often refused to buy most of the things, which had long lain upon the jeweller's hands on the old bridge, and which are very improper for sale here, as all the English for some years have seen them, and not thought them worth purchasing: that I remember in the catalogue the price for the whole was fixed at two thousand pistoles; that they are full as much worth two-and-twenty thousand; and that I have

been laughed at by people to whom I have showed them for naming so extravagant a price: that nobody living would think of buying all together: that for myself, I have entirely left off making any collection; and if I had not, would not buy things dear now which I have formerly refused at much lower prices. That, after all, though I cannot think myself at all well used by Marquis Riccardi, either in sending me the things, in the price he has fixed on them, or in the things themselves, which to my knowledge he has picked up from the shops on the old bridge, and were no family collection, yet, as I received so many civilities at Florence from the nobility, and in particular from his wife, Madame Riccardi, if he will let me do any thing that is practicable, I will sell what I can for him. That if he will send me a new and distinct catalogue, with the price of each piece, and a price considerably less than what he has set upon the whole, I will endeavour to dispose of what I can for him. But as most of them are very indifferent, and the total value most unreasonable, I absolutely will not undertake the sale of them upon any other terms, but will pack them up, and send them away to Leghorn by the first ship that sails; for as we are at war with France, I cannot send them that way, nor will I trouble any gentleman to carry them, as he might think himself liable to make them good if they met with any accident; nor will I answer for them by whatever way they go, as I did not consent to receive them, nor am sure that I have received the Marquis's collection.

My dear Sir, translate this very distinctly for him, for he never shall receive any other notice from me; nor will I give them up to Wasner or Pucci,[1] or anybody else, though he should send me an order for it; for nobody saw me open them, nor shall anybody be able to say I had them, by receiving them from me. In short, I think I cannot be too cautious in such a negotiation. If a man will send me things to the value of two thousand pistoles, whether they are really worth it or not, he shall take his chance for losing them, and

[1] Ministers of the Queen of Hungary and the Great Duke.

shall certainly never come upon me for them. He must absolutely take his choice, of selling them at a proper price and separately, or of having them directly sent back by sea; for whether he consents to either or not, I shall certainly proceed in my resolution about them the very instant I receive an answer from you; for the sooner I am clear of them the better. If he will let me sell them without setting a price, he may depend upon my taking the best method for his service; though really, my dear child, it will be for my own honour, not for his sake, who has treated me so impertinently. I am sorry to give you this trouble, but judge how much the fool gives me! Adieu!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, July 26, 1745.

It is a pain to me to write to you, when all I can tell you will but distress you. How much I wish myself with you! anywhere, where I should have my thoughts detached in some degree by distance and by length of time from England! With all the reasons that I have for not loving great part of it, it is impossible not to feel the shock of living at the period of all its greatness! to be one of the *Ultimi Romanorum!* I will not proceed upon the chapter of reflections, but mention some facts, which will supply your thoughts with all I should say.

The French make no secret of their intending to come hither; the letters from Holland speak of it as a notoriety. Their Mediterranean fleet is come to Rochfort, and they have another at Brest. Their immediate design is to attack our army, the very lessening which will be victory for them. Our six hundred men, which have lain cooped up in the river till they had contracted diseases, are at last gone to Ostend. Of all this our notable ministry still make a secret: one cannot learn the least particulars from them. This anxiety for my friends in the army, this uncertainty about ourselves, if it can be called uncertain that we are

undone, and the provoking folly that one sees prevail, have determined me to go to the Hague. I shall at least hear sooner from the army, and shall there know better what is likely to happen here. The moment the crisis is come I shall return hither, which I can do from Helvoetsluys in twelve hours. At all events, I shall certainly not stay there above a month or six weeks: it thickens too fast for something important not to happen by that time.

You may judge of our situation by the conversation of Marshal Belleisle: he has said for some time, that he saw we were so little capable of making any defence, that he would engage, with five thousand scullions of the French army, to conquer England—yet, just now, they choose to release him! he goes away in a week.[1] When he was told of the taking Cape Breton, he said, "he could believe that, because the ministry had no hand in it." We are making bonfires for Cape Breton, and thundering over Genoa, while our army in Flanders is running away, and dropping to pieces by detachments taken prisoners every day; while the King is at Hanover, the regency at their country-seats, not five thousand men in the island, and not above fourteen or fifteen ships at home! Allelujah!

I received yours yesterday, with the bill of lading for the gesse figures, but you don't tell me their price; pray do in your next. I don't know what to say to Mr. Chute's eagle; I would fain have it; I can depend upon his taste—but would not it be folly to be buying curiosities now? how can I tell that I shall have anything in the world to pay for it, by the time it is bought? You may present these reasons to Mr. Chute; and if he laughs at them, why then he will buy the eagle for me; if he thinks them of weight, not.

Adieu! I have not time or patience to say more.

[1] The Marshal and his brother left England on the 13th of August.—E.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

[August 1, 1745.]

DEAR GEORGE,

I CANNOT help thinking you laugh at me when you say such very civil things of my letters, and yet, coming from you, I would fain not have it all flattery:

> So much the more, as, from a little elf,
> I've had a high opinion of myself,
> Though sickly, slender, and not large of limb.

With this modest prepossession, you may be sure I like to have you commend me, whom, after I have done with myself, I admire of all men living, I only beg that you will commend me no more: it is very ruinous; and praise, like other debts, ceases to be due on being paid. One comfort indeed is, that it is as seldom paid as other debts.

I have been very fortunate lately: I have met with an extreme good print of M. de Grignan;[1] I am persuaded, very like; and then it has his *touffe ébourifée;* I don't, indeed, know what that was, but I am sure it is in the print. None of the critics could ever make out what Livy's Patavinity is; though they are all confident it is in his writings. I have heard within these few days what, for your sake, I wish I could have told you sooner — that there is in Belleisle's suite the Abbé Perrin, who published Madame Sévigné's letters, and who has the originals in his hands. How one should have liked to have known him! The Marshal was privately in London last Friday. He is entertained to-day at Hampton Court by the Duke of Grafton.[2] Don't you believe it was to settle the binding the scarlet thread in the window, when the French shall come in unto the land to possess it? I don't at all wonder at any shrewd observations the Marshal has made on our situation. The bringing him here at all—the sending him away now—in short, the whole series of our

[1] François-Adhémar de Monteil, Comte de Grignan, Lieutenant-general of Provence. He married, in 1669, the daughter of Madame de Sévigné.—E.

[2] As he was, on the preceding day, by the Duke of Newcastle, at Clermont.—E.

conduct convinces me, that we shall soon see as silent a change as that in the Rehearsal, of King Usher and King Physician. It may well be so, when the disposition of the drama is in the hands of the Duke of Newcastle — those hands that are always groping and sprawling, and fluttering, and hurrying on the rest of his precipitate person. But there is no describing him but as M. Courcelle, a French prisoner, did t'other day: "Je ne sçais pas," dit il, "je ne sçaurois m'exprimer, mais il a un certain tatillonage." If one could conceive a dead body hung in chains, always wanting to be hung somewhere else, one should have a comparative idea of him.

For my own part, I comfort myself with the humane reflection of the Irishman in the ship that was on fire — I am but a passenger! If I were not so indolent, I think I should rather put in practice the late Duchess of Bolton's[1] geographical resolution of going to China, when Whiston told her the world would be burnt in three years. Have you any philosophy? Tell me what you think. It is quite the fashion to talk of the French coming here. Nobody sees it in any other light but as a thing to be talked of, not to be precautioned against. Don't you remember a report of the plague being in the city, and everybody went to the house where it was to see it? You see I laugh about it, for I would not for the world be so unenglished as to do otherwise. I am persuaded that when Count Saxe, with ten thousand men, is within a day's march of London, people will be hiring windows at Charing-cross and Cheapside to see them pass by. 'Tis our characteristic to take dangers for sights, and evils for curiosities.

Adieu! dear George: I am laying in scraps of Cato against it may be necessary to take leave of one's correspondents *à la Romaine*, and before the play itself is suppressed by a *lettre de cachet* to the booksellers.

P. S. Lord! 'tis the 1st of August, 1745, a holiday[2] that is going to be turned out of the almanack!

[1] Natural daughter of James Scot, Duke of Monmouth, by Eleanor, daughter of Sir Robert Needham.—E.

[2] The anniversary of the accession of the House of Brunswick to the throne of England.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Aug. 7, 1745.

I HAVE no news to tell you: Ostend is besieged, and must be gone in a few days. The Regency are all come to town to prevent an invasion — I should as soon think them able to make one — not but old Stair, who still exists upon the embers of an absurd fire that warmed him ninety years ago, thinks it still practicable to march to Paris, and the other day in council prevented a resolution of sending for our army home; but as we always do half of a thing, when even the whole would scarce signify, they seem determined to send for ten thousand — the other ten will remain in Flanders, to keep up the bad figure that we have been making there all this summer. Count Saxe has been three times tapped since the battle of Fontenoy; but if we get rid of his enmity, there is Belleisle gone, amply to supply and succeed to his hatred! Van Hoey, the ingenious Dutchman at Paris, wrote to the States, to know if he should make new liveries against the rejoicings for the French conquests in Flanders. I love the governor of Sluys; when the States sent him a reprimand, for not admitting our troops that retreated thither from the affair of Ghent, asking him if he did not know that he ought to admit their allies? he replied, "Yes; and would they have him admit the French too as their allies?"

There is a proclamation come out for apprehending the Pretender's son;[1] he was undoubtedly on board the frigate attendant on the Elizabeth, with which Captain Brett fought so bravely:[2] the boy is now said to be at Brest.

I have put off my journey to the Hague, as the sea is full of ships, and many French ones about the siege of Ostend:

[1] The proclamation was dated the 1st of August, and offered a reward of thirty thousand pounds for the young Prince's apprehension. He left the island of Belleisle on the 13th of July, disguised in the habit of a student of the Scots college at Paris, and allowing his beard to grow.—E.

[2] Captain Brett was the same officer who, in Anson's expedition, had stormed Paita. His ship was called the Lion. After a well-matched fight of five or six hours, the vessels parted, each nearly disabled.—E.

I go to-morrow to Mount Edgecumbe. I don't think it impossible but you may receive a letter from me on the road, with a paragraph like that in Cibber's life, "Here I met the revolution."

My Lady Orford is set out for Hanover: her gracious sovereign does not seem inclined to leave it. Mrs. Chute[1] has sent me this letter, which you will be so good as to send to Rome. We have taken infinite riches; vast wealth in the East Indies, vast from the West; in short, we grow so fat that we shall very soon be fit to kill.

Your brother has this moment brought me a letter from you, full of your good-natured concern for the Genoese. I have not time to write you any thing but short paragraphs, as I am in the act of writing all my letters and doing my business before my journey. I can say no more now about the affair of your secretary. Poor Mrs. Gibberne has been here this morning almost in fits about her son. She brought me a long letter to you, but I absolutely prevented her sending it, and told her I would let you know that it was my fault if you don't hear from her, but that I would take the answer upon myself. My dear Sir, for her sake, for the silly boy's, who is ruined if he follows his own whims, and for your own sake, who will have so much trouble to get and form another, I must try to prevent your parting. I am persuaded, that neither the fatigue of writing, nor the inclination of going to sea, are the boy's true motives. They are, the smallness of his allowance, and his aversion to waiting at table. For the first, the poor woman does not expect that you should put yourself to any inconvenience; she only begs that you will be so good as to pay him twenty pounds a-year more, which she herself will repay to your brother; and not let her son know that it comes from her, as he would then refuse to take it. For the other point, I must tell you, my dear child, fairly, that in goodness to the poor boy, I hope you will give it up. He is to make his fortune in your way of life, if he can be so lucky. It will be an insuperable obstacle to him that he is with you in the light of a menial servant. When you reflect

[1] Widow of Francis Chute, Esq.

that his fortune may depend upon it, I am sure you will free him from this servitude. Your brother and I, you know, from the very first, thought that you should not insist upon it. If he will stay with you upon the terms I propose, I am sure, from the trouble it will save yourself, and the ruin from which it will save him, you will yield to this request; which I seriously make to you, and advise you to comply with. Adieu!

TO THE REV. THOMAS BIRCH.[1]

Woolterton, 15th [Aug.] 1745.

SIR,

When I was lately in town I was favoured with yours of the 21st past; but my stay there was so short, and my hurry so great, that I had not time to see you as I intended. As I am persuaded that nobody is more capable than yourself, in all respects, to set his late Majesty's reign in a true light, I am sure there is nobody to whom I would more readily give my assistance, as far as I am able; but, as I have never wrote any thing in a historical way, have now and then suggested hints to others as they were writing, and never published but two pamphlets — one was to justify the taking and keeping in our pay the twelve thousand Hessians, of which I have forgot the title, and have it not in the country; the other was published about two years since, entitled "The Interest of Great Britain steadily Pursued," in answer to the pamphlets about the Hanover forces — I can't tell in what manner, nor on what heads to answer your desire, which is conceived in such general terms: if you could point out some stated times, and some particular facts, and I had before me a sketch of your narration, I perhaps might be able to suggest or explain some things that are come but imperfectly to your knowledge, and some anecdotes might occur to my memory relating to do-

[1] This industrious historian and biographer was born in 1705, and was killed by a fall from his horse, in 1765. Dr. Johnson said of him, "Tom Birch is as brisk as a bee in conversation; but no sooner does he take a pen in his hand, than it becomes a torpedo to him, and benumbs all his faculties."—E.

mestic and foreign affairs, that are curious, and were never yet made public, and perhaps not proper to be published yet; particularly with regard to the alteration of the ministry in 1717, by the removal of my relation, and the measures that were pursued in consequence of that alteration; but in order to do this, or any thing else for your service, requires a personal conversation with you, in which I should be ready to let you know what might occur to me. I am most truly, &c.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Sept. 6, 1745.

It would have been inexcusable in me, in our present circumstances, and after all I have promised you, not to have written to you for this last month, if I had been in London; but I have been at Mount Edgecumbe, and so constantly upon the road, that I neither received your letters, had time to write, or knew what to write. I came back last night, and found three packets from you, which I have no time to answer, and but just time to read. The confusion I have found, and the danger we are in, prevent my talking of any thing else. The young Pretender,[1] at the head of three thousand men, has got a march on General Cope, who is not eighteen hundred strong; and when the last accounts came away, was fifty miles nearer Edinburgh than Cope, and by this time is there. The clans will not rise for the Government: the

[1] The Pretender had landed, with a few followers, in the Highlands of Scotland, on the 25th of July. His appearance at this time is thus described by Mr. Æneas Macdonald, one of his attendants: "There entered the tent a tall youth of a most agreeable aspect, in a plain black coat, with a plain shirt not very clean, and a cambric stock, fixed with a plain silver buckle, a plain hat with a canvas string, having one end fixed to one of his coat buttons; he had black stockings and brass buckles in his shoes. At his first appearance I found my heart swell to my very throat: but we were immediately told, that this youth was an English clergyman, who had long been possessed with a desire to see and converse with Highlanders." "It is remarkable," observes Lord Mahon, "that among the foremost to join Charles, was the father of Marshal Macdonald, Duke de Tarento, long after raised to these honours by his merit in the French revolutionary wars, and not more distinguished for courage and capacity than for integrity and honour." Hist. vol. iii. p. 344.—E.

Dukes of Argyll[1] and Athol[2] are come post to town,[3] not having been able to raise a man. The young Duke of Gordon[4] sent for his uncle, and told him he must arm their clan. "They are in arms."—"They must march against the rebels."—"They will wait on the Prince of Wales." The Duke flew in a passion; his uncle pulled out a pistol, and told him it was in vain to dispute. Lord Loudon,[5] Lord Fortrose,[6] and Lord Panmure[7] have been very zealous, and have raised some men; but I look upon Scotland as gone! I think of what King William said to Duke Hamilton, when he was extolling Scotland: "My Lord, I only wish it was a hundred thousand miles off, and that you was king of it!"

There are two manifestos published, signed Charles Prince, Regent for his father, King of Scotland, England, France, and Ireland. By one, he promises to preserve every body in their just rights; and orders all persons who have public monies in their hands to bring it to him; and by the other dissolves the union between England and Scotland. But all this is not the worst! Notice came yesterday, that there are ten thousand men, thirty transports, and ten men-of-war at Dunkirk. Against this force we have—I don't know what—scarce fears! Three thousand Dutch we hope are by this time landed in Scotland; three more are coming hither. We have sent for ten regiments from Flanders, which may be here in a week, and we have fifteen men of war in the Downs. I am grieved to tell you all this; but when it is so, how can I

[1] Archibald, Earl of Islay, and upon the death of his elder brother John, Duke of Argyll.—D.

[2] James Murray, second Duke of Athol; to which he succeeded upon the death of his father in 1724, in consequence of the attainder of his elder brother, William, Marquis of Tullibardine.—D.

[3] This was not true of the Duke of Argyll; for he did not attempt to raise any men, but pleaded a Scotch act of parliament against arming without authority.

[4] Cosmo George, third Duke of Gordon. He died in 1752.—D.

[5] John Campbell, fourth Earl of Loudon; a general in the army. He died in 1782.—D.

[6] The eldest son of Mackenzie, Earl of Seaforth.—D.

[7] William Maule, Earl of Panmure, in Ireland, so created in 1743, in consequence of the forfeiture of the Scotch honours in 1715, by his elder brother, James, Earl of Panmure.—D.

avoid telling you? Your brother is just come in, who says he has written to you—I have not time to expatiate.

My Lady O. is arrived; I hear she says, only to endeavour to get a certain allowance. Her mother has sent to offer her the use of her house. She is a poor weak woman. I can say nothing to Marquis Riccardi, nor think of him; only tell him, that I will when I have time.

My sister[1] has married herself, that is, declared she will, to young Churchill. It is a foolish match; but I have nothing to do with it. Adieu! my dear Sir; excuse my haste, but you must imagine that one is not much at leisure to write long letters—hope if you can!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Sept. 13, 1745.

THE rebellion goes on; but hitherto there is no rising in England, nor landing of troops from abroad; indeed not even of ours or the Dutch. The best account I can give you is, that if the Boy has apparently no enemies in Scotland, at least he has openly very few friends. Nobody of note has joined him, but a brother of the Duke of Athol,[2] and another of Lord Dunmore.[3] For cannon, they have nothing but one-pounders: their greatest resource is money; they have force Louis-d'ors. The last accounts left them at Perth, making shoes and stockings. It is certain that a serjeant of Cope's, with twelve men, put to flight two hundred, on killing only six or seven. Two hundred of the Monroe clan have joined our forces. Spirit seems to rise in London, though not in the proportion it ought; and then the *person*[4] most concerned does every thing to check its progress: when the ministers propose any

[1] Lady Maria Walpole, daughter of Lord Orford, married Charles Churchill, Esq. son of the General.

[2] William, Marquis of Tullibardine.—D.

[3] John Murray, second Earl of Dunmore: he died in 1754. His brother, who joined the Pretender, was the Hon. Wm. Murray, of Taymount. He was subsequently pardoned for the part he took in the rebellion, and succeeded to the earldom on the death of Earl John.—D.

[4] The King.

thing with regard to the rebellion, he cries, "Pho! don't talk to me of that stuff." Lord Granville has persuaded him that it is of no consequence. Mr. Pelham talks every day of resigning: he certainly will as soon as this is got over!—if it is got over. So, at least we shall see a restoration of Queen Sophia.[1] She has lain-in of a girl; though she had all the pretty boys in town brought to her for patterns.

The young Chevalier has set a reward on the King's head: we are told that his brother is set out for Ireland. However, there is hitherto little countenance given to the undertaking by France or Spain. It seems an effort of despair, and weariness of the manner in which he has been kept in France. On the grenadier's caps is written, "a grave or a throne." He stayed some time at the Duke of Athol's, whither old Marquis Tullybardine[2] sent to bespeak dinner; and has since sent his brother word, that he likes the alterations made there. The Pretender found pine-apples there, the first he ever tasted. Mr. Breton,[3] a great favourite of the Southern Prince of Wales, went the other day to visit the Duchess of Athol,[4] and happened not to know that she is parted from her husband: he asked how the Duke did? "Oh," said she, "he turned me out of his house, and now he is turned out himself." Every now and then a Scotchman comes and pulls the Boy by the sleeve; "Prence, here is another mon taken!" then with all the dignity in the world, the Boy hopes nobody was killed in the action! Lord Bath has made a piece of a ballad, the Duke of Newcastle's speech to the Regency; I have heard but these two lines of it:

> "Pray consider my Lords, how disastrous a thing,
> To have two Prince of Wales's and never a King!"

The merchants are very zealous, and are opening a great

[1] Lady Granville.

[2] Elder brother of the Duke of Athol, but outlawed for the last rebellion. He was taken prisoner after the battle of Culloden, and died in the Tower.

[3] Afterwards Sir William Breton. He held an office in the household of Frederick, Prince of Wales.—D.

[4] Jane, daughter of John Frederick, Esq. and widow of James Lanoy, Esq.—D.

subscription for raising troops. The other day, at the city meeting to draw up the address, Alderman Heathcote proposed a petition for a redress of grievances, but not one man seconded him. In the midst of all this, no Parliament is called! The ministers say they have nothing ready to offer; but they have nothing to notify!

I must tell you a ridiculous accident: when the magistrates of Edinburgh were searching houses for arms, they came to Mr. Maule's, brother of Lord Panmure, and a great friend of the Duke of Argyll. The maid would not let them go into one room, which was locked, and as she said, full of arms. They now thought they had found what they looked for, and had the door broke open—where they found an ample collection of coats of arms!

The deputy governor of Edinburgh Castle has threatened the magistrates to beat their town about their ears, if they admit the rebels. Perth is twenty-four miles from Edinburgh, so we must soon know whether they will go thither; or leave it, and come into England. We have great hopes that the Highlanders will not follow him so far. Very few of them could be persuaded the last time to go to Preston; and several refused to attend King Charles II. when he marched to Worcester. The Caledonian Mercury never calls them "the rebels," but "the Highlanders."

Adieu! my dear child: thank Mr. Chute for his letter, which I will answer soon. I don't know how to define my feeling: I don't despair, and yet I expect nothing but bad! Yours, &c.

P.S. Is not my Princess very happy with hopes of the restoration of her old tenant?[1]

[1] When the Old Pretender was in Lorrain, he lived at Prince Craon's.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, September 17, 1745.

DEAR GEORGE,

How could you ask me such a question, as whether I should be glad to see you? Have you a mind I should make you a formal speech, with honour, and pleasure, and satisfaction, &c.? I will not, for that would be telling you I should not be glad. However, do come soon, if you should be glad to see me; for we, I mean we old folks that came over with the Prince of Orange in eighty-eight, have had notice to remove by Christmas-day. The moment I have smugged up a closet or a dressing-room, I have always warning given me, that my lease is out. Four years ago I was mightily at my ease in Downing-street, and then the good woman, Sandys, took my lodgings over my head, and was in such a hurry to junket her neighbours, that I had scarce time allowed me to wrap my old china in a little hay. Now comes the Pretender's boy, and promises all my comfortable apartments in the Exchequer and Custom-house to some forlorn Irish peer, who chooses to remove his pride and poverty out of some large unfurnished gallery at St. Germain's. Why really Mr. Montagu this is not pleasant; I shall wonderfully dislike being a loyal sufferer in a thread-bare coat, and shivering in an ante-chamber at Hanover, or reduced to teach Latin and English to the young princes at Copenhagen. The Dowager Strafford has already written cards for my Lady Nithisdale, my Lady Tullibardine, the Duchess of Perth and Berwick, and twenty more revived peeresses, to invite them to play at whisk, Monday three months: for your part, you will divert yourself with their old taffeties, and tarnished slippers, and their awkwardness, the first day they go to court in shifts and clean linen. Will you ever write to me at my garret at Harenhausen? I will give you a faithful account of all the promising speeches that Prince George and Prince Edward make whenever they have a new sword, and intend to reconquer England. At least write to me, while you may with acts of parliament on your side: but I hope you are coming. Adieu!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, September 20, 1745.

One really don't know what to write to you: the accounts from Scotland vary perpetually, and at best are never very certain. I was just going to tell you that the rebels are in England; but my uncle is this moment come in, and says, that an express came last night with an account of their being at Edinburgh to the number of five thousand. This sounds great, to have walked through a kingdom, and taken possession of the capital! But this capital is an open town; and the castle impregnable, and in our possession. There never was so extraordinary a sort of rebellion! One can't tell what assurances of support they may have from the Jacobites in England, or from the French; but nothing of either sort has yet appeared—and if there does not, never was so desperate an enterprise.[1] One can hardly believe that the English are more disaffected than the Scotch; and among the latter, no persons of property have joined them: both nations seem to profess a neutrality. Their money is all gone, and they subsist merely by levying contributions. But, sure, banditti can never conquer a kingdom! On the other hand, what cannot any number of men do, who meet no opposition? They have hitherto taken no place but open towns, nor have they any artillery for a siege but one-pounders. Three battalions of Dutch are landed at Gravesend, and are ordered to Lancashire: we expect every moment to hear that the rest are got to Scotland; none of our own are come yet. Lord Granville and his faction persist in persuading the King, that it is an affair of no consequence; and for the Duke of Newcastle, he is glad when the rebels make any progress, in order to

[1] Mr. Henry Fox, in letters to Sir C. H. Williams, of September 5th and 19th, writes, "England, Wade says, and I believe it, is for the first comer; and if you can tell whether the six thousand Dutch, and the ten battalions of English, or five thousand French or Spaniards will be here first, you know our fate." "The French are not come, God be thanked! But had five thousand landed in any part of this island a week ago, I verily believe the entire conquest would not have cost them a battle." —E.

confute Lord Granville's assertions. The best of our situation is, our strength at sea: the Channel is well guarded, and twelve men of war more are arrived from Rowley. Vernon, that simple noisy creature, has hit upon a scheme that is of great service; he has laid Folkstone cutters all round the coast, which are continually relieved, and bring constant notice of every thing that stirs. I just now hear, that the Duke of Bedford[1] declares he will be amused no longer, but will ask the King's leave to raise a regiment. The Duke of Montagu has a troop of horse ready, and the Duke of Devonshire is raising men in Derbyshire. The Yorkshiremen, headed by the Archbishop and Lord Malton, meet the gentlemen of the county the day after to-morrow, to defend that part of England. Unless we have more ill fortune than is conceivable, or the general supineness continues, it is impossible but we must get over this. You desire me to send you news: I confine myself to tell you nothing but what you may depend upon; and leave you in a fright rather than deceive you. I confess my own apprehensions are not near so strong as they were; and if we get over this, I shall believe that we never can be hurt; for we never can be more exposed to danger. Whatever disaffection there is to the present family, it plainly does not proceed from love to the other.

My Lady O. makes little progress in popularity. Neither the protection of my Lady Pomfret's prudery, nor of my Lady Townshend's libertinism, do her any service. The women

[1] This plan of raising regiments afterwards degenerated into a gross job. Sir C. H. Williams gives an account of it in his ballad, entitled "The Heroes." To this Horace Walpole appended the following explanatory note.—"In the time of the rebellion these lords had proposed to raise regiments of their own dependants, and were allowed; had they paid them too, the service had been noble: being paid by Government, obscured a little the merit; being paid without raising them, would deserve too coarse a term. It is certain, that not six regiments ever were raised; not four of which were employed. The chief persons who were at the head of this scheme were the Dukes of Bedford and Montagu; the Duke of Bedford actually raised and served with his regiment."—The other lords mentioned in the ballad are, the Duke of Bolton, Lord Granby, Lord Harcourt, Lord Halifax, Lord Falmouth, Lord Cholmondeley, and Lord Berkeley. They were in all fifteen—

"Fifteen nobles of great fame,
All brib'd by one false muster."—D.

stare at her, think her ugly, awkward, and disagreeable; and what is worse, the men think so too. For the height of mortification, the King has declared publicly to the ministry, that he has been told of the great civilities which he was said to show her at Hanover; that he protests he showed her only the common civilities due to any English lady that comes thither; that he never intended to take any particular notice of her; nor had, nor would let my Lady Yarmouth. In fact, my Lady Yarmouth peremptorily refused to carry her to court here; and when she did go with my Lady Pomfret, the King but just spoke to her. She declares her intention of staying in England, and protests against all lawsuits and violences; and says she only asks articles of separation, and to have her allowance settled by any two arbitrators chosen by my brother and herself. I have met her twice at my Lady Townshend's, just as I used at Florence. She dresses English and plays at whist. I forgot to tell a *bon-mot* of Leheup[1] on her first coming over; he was asked if he would not go and see her? He replied, "No, I never visit modest women." Adieu! my dear child! I flatter myself you will collect hopes from this letter.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Sept. 27, 1745.

I CAN'T doubt but the joy of the Jacobites has reached Florence before this letter. Your two or three Irish priests, I forget their names, will have set out to take possession of abbey-lands here. I feel for what you will feel, and for the insulting things that will be said to you upon the battle[2] we have lost in Scotland; but all this is nothing to what it prefaces. The express came hither on Tuesday morning, but the Papists knew it on Sunday night. Cope lay in face of

[1] Isaac Leheup, brother-in-law of Horace Walpole the elder. He was a man of great wit and greater brutality, and being minister at Hanover, was recalled for very indecent behaviour there.

[2] At Preston-Pans, near Edinburgh; where the Pretender completely defeated Sir John Cope, on the 21st of September.—D.

the rebels all Friday; he scarce two thousand strong, they vastly superior, though we don't know their numbers. The military people say that he should have attacked them. However, we are sadly convinced that they are not such raw ragamuffins as they were represented. The rotation that has been established in that country, to give all the Highlanders the benefit of serving in the independent companies, has trained and disciplined them. Macdonald (I suppose, he from Naples,) who is reckoned a very experienced able officer, is said to have commanded them, and to be dangerously wounded. One does not hear the Boy's personal valour cried up; by which I conclude he was not in the action.[1] Our dragoons most shamefully fled without striking a blow, and are with Cope, who escaped in a boat to Berwick. I pity poor him,[2] who with no shining abilities, and no experience, and no force, was sent to fight for a crown! He never saw a battle but that of Dettingen, where he got his red ribbon: Churchill, whose led-captain he was, and my Lord Harrington, had pushed him up to this misfortune. We have lost all our artillery, five hundred men taken—and *three* killed, and several officers, as you will see in the papers. This defeat has frightened every body but those it rejoices, and those it should frighten most; but my Lord Granville still buoys up the King's spirits, and persuades him it is nothing. He uses his ministers as ill as possible, and discourages every body that would risk their lives and fortunes with him. Marshal Wade is marching against the rebels; but the King will not let him take above eight thousand men; so that if they come into England, another battle, with no advantage on our side, may determine our fate. Indeed, they don't seem so unwise as to risk their cause upon so precarious an event; but rather

[1] "Charles," says Lord Mahon, "put himself at the head of the second line, which was close behind the first, and addressed them in these words—'Follow me gentlemen, and by the blessing of God, I will this day make you a free and happy people.'" Hist. vol. iii. p. 392.—E.

[2] General Cope was tried afterwards for his behaviour in this action, and it appeared very clearly, that the ministry, his inferior officers, and his troops, were greatly to blame; and that he did all he could, so ill-directed, so ill-supplied, and so ill-obeyed.

to design to establish themselves in Scotland, till they can be supported from France, and be set up with taking Edinburgh Castle, where there is to the value of a million, and which they would make a stronghold. It is scarcely victualled for a month, and must surely fall into their hands. Our coasts are greatly guarded, and London kept in awe by the arrival of the guards. I don't believe what I have been told this morning, that more troops are sent for from Flanders, and aid asked of Denmark.

Prince Charles has called a Parliament in Scotland for the 7th of October; ours does not meet till the 17th, so that even in the show of liberty and laws they are beforehand with us. With all this, we hear of no men of quality or fortune having joined him but Lord Elcho,[1] whom you have seen at Florence; and the Duke of Perth,[2] a silly race-horsing boy, who is said to be killed in this battle. But I gather no confidence from hence: my father always said, "If you see them come again, they will begin by their lowest people; their chiefs will not appear till the end." His prophecies verify every day!

The town is still empty; in this point only the English act contrary to their custom, for they don't throng to see a Parliament, though it is likely to grow a curiosity!

I have so trained myself to expect this ruin, that I see it approach without any emotion. I shall suffer with fools, without having any malice to our enemies, who act sensibly from principle and from interest. Ruling parties seldom have caution or common sense. I don't doubt but Whigs and Protestants will be alert enough in trying to recover what they lose so supinely.

I know nothing of my Lady O. In this situation I dare say she will exert enough of the spirit of her Austrian party, to be glad the present government is oppressed; her piques

[1] Eldest son of the Earl of Wemyss.

[2] James Drummond, who would have been the fifth Earl of Perth, had it not been for the attainder and outlawry under which his family laboured. His grandfather, the fourth earl, had been created a duke by James II. after his abdication. He was not killed at Preston-Pans. —D.

and the Queen of Hungary's bigotry will draw satisfaction from what ought to be so contrary to each of their wishes. I don't wonder my Lady hates you so much, as I think she meant to express by her speech to Blair—

"Quem non credit Cleopatra nocentem,
A quo casta fuit?"

She lives chiefly with my Lady Townshend: the latter told me last night, that she had seen a new fat player, who looked like everybody's husband. I replied, "I could easily believe that, from seeing so many women who looked like everybody's wives." Adieu! my dear Sir; I hope your spirits, like mine, will grow calm, from being callous with ill news.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Oct. 4, 1745.

I AM still writing to you as "Résident de sa Majesté Britannique;" and without the apprehension of your suddenly receiving letters of recall, or orders to notify to the council of Florence the new accession. I dare say your fears made you think that the young Prince (for he is at least Prince of Scotland) had vaulted from Cope's neck into St. James's House; but he is still at Edinburgh; and his cousin Grafton, the lord chamberlain, has not even given orders for fitting up this palace for his reception. The good people of England have at last rubbed their eyes and looked about them. A wonderful spirit is arisen in all counties, and among all sorts of people. The nobility are raising regiments, and every body else is—being raised. Dr. Herring,[1] the Archbishop of York, has set an example that would rouse the

[1] An excellent prelate, afterwards promoted to the see of Canterbury. Walpole, in his Memoires, mentioning his death, thus speaks of him: "On the 13th of March, 1757, died Dr. Herring, Archbishop of Canterbury, a very amiable man, to whom no fault was objected; though perhaps the gentleness of his principles, his great merit, was thought one. During the rebellion he had taken up arms to defend from oppression that religion, which he abhorred making an instrument of oppression." —D.

most indifferent: in two days after the news arrived at York of Cope's defeat, and when they every moment expected the victorious rebels at their gates, the bishop made a speech to the assembled county, that had as much true spirit, honesty, and bravery in it, as ever was penned by an historian for an ancient hero.

The rebels returned to Edinburgh, where they have no hopes of taking the Castle, for old Preston, the deputy-governor, and General Guest, have obliged them to supply the Castle constantly with fresh provisions, on pain of having the town fired with red-hot bullets. They did fling a bomb on Holyrood House, and obliged the Boy to shift his quarters. Wade is marching against them, and will have a great army: all the rest of our troops are ordered from Flanders, and are to meet him in Yorkshire, with some Hessians too. That county raises four thousand men, besides a body of foxhunters, whom Oglethorpe has converted into hussars. I am told that old Stair, who certainly does not want zeal, but may not want envy neither, has practised a little Scotch art to prevent Wade from having an army, and consequently the glory of saving this country. This I don't doubt he will do, if the rebels get no foreign aid; and I have great reason to hope they will not, for the French are privately making us overtures of peace. My dear child, dry your wet-brown-paperness, and be in spirits again!

It is not a very civil joy to send to Florence, but I can't help telling you how glad I am of news that came two days ago, of the King of Prussia having beat Prince Charles,[1] who attacked him just after we could have obtained for them a peace with that King. That odious house of Austria! It will not be decent for *you* to insult Richcourt, but I would, were I at Florence.

Pray let Mr. Chute have ample accounts of our zeal to figure with at Rome; of the merchants of London undertaking to support the public credit; of universal associations; of regiments raised by the Dukes of Devonshire, Bedford, Rut-

[1] The battle of Soor in Bohemia, gained by the King of Prussia over the Austrians, on the 30th of September 1745.—D

land, Montagu; Lords Herbert, Halifax, Cholmondeley, Falmouth, Malton, Derby,[1] &c.; of Wade with an army of twenty thousand men; of another about London of near as many — and lastly, of Lord Gower having in person assured the King that he is no Jacobite, but ready to serve him with his life and fortune. Tell him of the whole coast so guarded, that nothing can pass unvisited; and in short, send him this advertisement out of to-day's papers, as an instance of more spirit and wit than there is in all Scotland:

TO ALL JOLLY BUTCHERS.

MY BOLD HEARTS,

The Papists eat no *meat* on Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays, nor during Lent. Your friend,

JOHN STEEL.

Just as I wrote this, a person is come in, who tells me that the rebels have cut off the communication between Edinburgh and the Castle: the commanders renewed their threats; and the good magistrates have sent up hither to beg orders may be sent to forbid this execution. It is modest! it is Scotch! — and, I dare say, will be granted. Ask a government to spare your town, which you yourself have given up to rebels; and the consequence of saving which will be the loss of your Castle! — but they knew to what government they applied! You need not be in haste to have this notified at Rome. Tell it not in Gath! Adieu! my dear Sir. This account has put me so out of humour, and has so altered the strain of my letter, that I must finish.

[1] For an account of this transaction see note at p. 66. The noblemen here mentioned were, William Cavendish, third Duke of Devonshire; John Russell, fourth Duke of Bedford; John, second and last Duke of Montagu; Henry Arthur Herbert, first Lord Herbert of Cherbury of the third creation; George Montagu, third Earl of Halifax; George, third Earl of Cholmondeley; Hugh Boscawen, second Viscount Falmouth; Thomas Wentworth, first Earl of Malton; and Edward Stanley, eleventh Earl of Derby.—D.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Oct. 11, 1745.

This is likely to be a very short letter; for I have nothing to tell you, nor anything to answer. I have not had one letter from you this month, which I attribute to the taking of the packet-boat by the French, with two mails in it. It was a very critical time for our negotiations; the ministry will say, it puts their transactions out of order.

Before I talk of any public news, I must tell you what you will be very sorry for — Lady Granville is dead. She had a fever for six weeks before her lying-in, and could never get it off. Last Saturday they called in another physician, Dr. Oliver: on Monday he pronounced her out of danger. About seven in the evening, as Lady Pomfret and Lady Charlotte were sitting by her, the first notice they had of her immediate danger, was her sighing and saying, "I feel death come very fast upon me!" She repeated the same words frequently — remained perfectly in her senses and calm, and died about eleven at night. Her mother and sister sat by her till she was cold. It is very shocking for anybody so young, so handsome, so arrived at the height of happiness, so sensible of it, and on whom all the joy and grandeur of her family depended, to be so quickly snatched away! Poor Uguccioni! he will be very sorry and simple about it.

For the rebels, they have made no figure since their victory, The Castle of Edinburgh has made a sally, and taken twenty head of cattle, and about thirty head of Highlanders. We heard yesterday, that they are coming this way. The troops from Flanders are expected to land in Yorkshire to-morrow. A privateer of Bristol has taken a large Spanish ship, laden with arms and money for Scotland. A piece of a plot has been discovered in Dorsetshire, and one Mr. Weld[1] taken up.

[1] Edward Weld, Esq. of Lulworth Castle. Hutchins, in his History of Dorsetshire, says, that, "although he ever behaved as a peaceful subject, he was ordered into custody, in 1745, on account of his name being mentioned in a treasonable anonymous letter dropped near Poole;

The French have declared to the Dutch, that the House of Stuart is their ally, and that the Dutch troops must not act against them; but we expect they shall. The Parliament meets next Thursday, and by that time, probably, the armies will too. The rebels are not above eight thousand, and have little artillery; so you may wear what ministerial spirits you will.

The Venetian ambassador has been making his entries this week: he was at Leicester-fields to-day with the Prince, and very pretty compliments passed between them in Italian. Do excuse this letter: I really have not a word more to say; the next shall be all *arma virumque cano!*

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Oct. 21, 1745.

I HAD been almost as long without any of your letters as you had without mine; but yesterday I received one, dated the 5th of this month, N. S.

The rebels have not left their camp near Edinburgh, and, I suppose, will not now, unless to retreat into the Highlands. General Wade was to march yesterday from Doncaster for Scotland. By their not advancing, I conclude that either the Boy and his council could not prevail on the Highlanders to leave their own country, or that they were not strong enough, and still wait for foreign assistance, which, in a new declaration, he intimates that he still expects.[1] One only ship, I believe, a Spanish one, is got to them with arms, and Lord John Drummond[2] and some people of quality on board. We don't hear that the younger Boy is of the number. Four

but his immediate and honourable discharge is the most convincing proof of his innocence."—E.

[1] "At three several councils did Charles propose to march into England and fight Marshal Wade; but as often was his proposal overruled. At length he declared, in a very peremptory manner, 'I see, gentlemen, you are determined to stay in Scotland and defend your country; but I am not less resolved to try my fate in England, though I should go alone.'" Lord Mahon, vol. iii. p. 241.—E.

[2] Brother of the titular Duke of Perth.

ships sailed from Corunna; the one that got to Scotland, one taken by a privateer of Bristol, and one lost on the Irish coast; the fourth is not heard of. At Edinburgh and thereabouts they commit the most horrid barbarities. We last night expected as bad here: information was given of an intended insurrection and massacre by the Papists; all the Guards were ordered out, and the Tower shut up at seven. I cannot be surprised at anything, considering the supineness of the ministry — nobody has yet been taken up!

The Parliament met on Thursday. I don't think, considering the crisis, that the House was very full. Indeed, many of the Scotch members cannot come if they would. The young Pretender had published a declaration, threatening to confiscate the estates of the Scotch that should come to Parliament, and making it treason for the English. The only points that have been before the House, the address and the suspension of the Habeas corpus, met with obstructions from the Jacobites. By this we may expect what spirit they will show hereafter.[1] With all this, I am far from thinking that they are so confident and sanguine as their friends at Rome. I blame the Chutes extremely for cockading themselves: why take a part, when they are only travelling? I should certainly retire to Florence on this occasion.

You may imagine how little I like our situation; but I don't despair. The little use they made, or could make of their victory; their not having marched into England; their miscarriage at the Castle of Edinburgh; the arrival of our forces, and the non-arrival of any French or Spanish, make me conceive great hopes of getting over this ugly business. But it is still an affair wherein the chance of battles, or perhaps of one battle, may decide.

I write you but short letters, considering the circumstances

[1] "As to the Parliament," writes Horatio Walpole to Mr. Milling, on the 29th of October, "although the address was unanimous on the first day, yesterday, upon a motion 'to enquire into the causes of the progress of the rebellion,' the House was so fully convinced of the necessity of immediately putting an end to it, and that the fire should be quenched before we should enquire who kindled or promoted it, that it was carried, not to put that question at this time, by 194 against 112."—E.

of the time; but I hate to send you paragraphs only to contradict them again: I still less choose to forge events; and, indeed, am glad I have so few to tell you.

My Lady O. has forced herself upon her mother, who receives her very coolly: she talks highly of her demands, and quietly of her methods: the fruitlessness of either will, I hope, soon send her back — I am sorry it must be to you!

You mention Holdisworth:[1] he has had the confidence to come and visit me within these ten days; and (I suppose, from the overflowing of his joy) talked a great deal and quick — with as little sense as when he was more tedious.

Since I wrote this, I hear the Countess has told her mother, that she thinks her husband the best of our family, and me the worst — nobody so bad, except you! I don't wonder at my being so ill with her; but what have you done? or is it, that we are worse than anybody, because we know more of her than anybody does? Adieu!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Nov. 4, 1745.

It is just a fortnight since I wrote to you last: in all that time the rebellion has made no progress, nor produced any incidents worth mentioning. They have intrenched themselves very strongly in the Duke of Buccleugh's park, whose seat, about seven miles from Edinburgh, they have seized. We had an account last week of the Boy's being retired to Dunkirk, but it was not true. Kelly,[2] who is gone to solicit succour from France, was seized at Helvoet, but by a stupid burgher released. Lord Loudon is very brisk in the north of Scotland, and has intercepted and beat some of their parties. Marshal Wade was to march from Newcastle yesterday.

But the rebellion does not make half the noise here that

[1] A nonjuror, who travelled with Mr. George Pitt.

[2] He had been confined in the Tower ever since the assassination-plot, in the reign of King William; but at last made his escape.

one of its consequences does. Fourteen lords (most of them I have named to you), at the beginning, offered to raise regiments; these regiments, so handsomely tendered at first, have been since put on the regular establishment; not much to the honour of the undertakers or of the firmness of the ministry, and the King is to pay them. One of the great grievances of this is, that these most disinterested colonels have named none but their own relations and dependents for the officers, who are to have rank; and consequently both colonels and subalterns will interfere with the brave old part of the army, who have served all the war. This has made great clamour. The King was against their having rank, but would not refuse it; yet wished that the House of Commons would address him not to grant it. This notification of his royal mind encouraged some of the old part of the ministry, particularly Winnington and Fox, to undertake to procure this address. Friday it came on in the committee; the Jacobites and patriots (such as are not included in the coalition) violently opposed the regiments themselves; so did Fox, in a very warm speech, levelled particularly at the Duke of Montagu, who, besides his old regiment, has one of horse and one of foot on this new plan.[1] Pitt defended them as warmly: the Duke of Bedford, Lord Gower, and Lord Halifax, being at the head of this job. At last, at ten at night, the thirteen regiments of foot were voted without a division, and the two of horse carried by 192 to 82. Then came the motion for the address, and in an hour and half more, was rejected by 126 to 124. Of this latter number were several of the old corps; I among the rest. It is to be reported to the House to-morrow, and will, I conclude, be at least as warm a day as the former. The King is

[1] This circumstance is thus alluded to in Sir C. H. Williams's ballad of "The Heroes."

> "Three regiments one Duke contents,
> With two more places you know:
> Since his Bath Knights, his Grace delights
> In *Tri-a junct' in U-no.*"

The Duke of Montagu was master of the great wardrobe, a place worth eight thousand pounds a-year. He was also grand-master of the order of the Bath.—D.

now against the address, and all sides are using their utmost efforts. The fourteen lords threaten to throw up, unless their whole terms are complied with; and the Duke of Bedford is not moderately insolent against such of the King's servants as voted against him. Mr. Pelham espouses him; not recollecting, that at least twice a-week all his new allies are suffered to oppose him as they please. I should be sorry, for the appearance, to have the regiments given up; but I am sure our affair is over, if our two old armies are beaten and we should come to want these new ones; four only of which are pretended to be raised. Pitt, who has alternately bullied and flattered Mr. Pelham, is at last to be secretary-at-war;[1] Sir W. Yonge to be removed to vice-treasurer of Ireland, and Lord Torrington[2] to have a pension in lieu of it. An ungracious parallel between the mercenary views of these patriot heroes, the regiment-factors, and of their acquiescent agents, the ministry, with the disinterested behaviour of my Lord Kildare,[3] was drawn on Friday by Lord Doneraile; who read the very proposals of the latter for raising, clothing, and arming a regiment at his own expense, and for which he had been told, but the very day before this question, that the King had no occasion.—"And how," said Lord Doneraile, "can one account for this, but by saying, that we have a ministry who are either too good-natured to refuse a wrong thing, or too irresolute to do a right one!"

I am extremely pleased with the purchase of the Eagle and Altar, and think them cheap: I even begin to believe that I shall be able to pay for them. The gesse statues are all arrived safe. Your last letter was dated Oct. 19, N.S. and left you up to the chin in water,[4] just as we were drowned five years ago. Good night, if you are alive still!

[1] In the May following, Mr. Pitt was appointed paymaster of the forces.—E.

[2] Pattee Byng, second Viscount Torrington. He had been made vice-treasurer of Ireland upon the going out of the Walpole administration.—D.

[3] James Fitzgerald, twentieth Earl of Kildare; created in 1761, Marquis of Kildare, and in 1766 Duke of Leinster—Irish honours.—D.

[4] By an inundation of the Arno.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Nov. 15, 1745.

I TOLD you in my last what disturbance there had been about the new regiments; the affair of rank was again disputed on the report till ten at night, and carried by a majority of 23. The King had been persuaded to appear for it, though Lord Granville made it a party point against Mr. Pelham. Winnington did not speak. I was not there, for I could not vote for it, and yielded not to give any hindrance to a public measure (or at least what was called so) just now. The Prince acted openly, and influenced his people against it; but it only served to let Mr. Pelham see, what, like every thing else, he did not know, how strong he is. The King will scarce speak to him, and he cannot yet get Pitt into place.

The rebels are come into England: for two days we believed them near Lancaster, but the ministry now own that they don't know if they have passed Carlisle. Some think they will besiege that town, which has an old wall, and all the militia in it of Cumberland and Westmoreland; but as they can pass by it, I don't see why they should take it; for they are not strong enough to leave garrisons. Several desert them as they advance south; and altogether, good men and bad, nobody believes them ten thousand. By their marching westward to avoid Wade, it is evident that they are not strong enough to fight him. They may yet retire back into their mountains, but if once they get to Lancaster, their retreat is cut off; for Wade will not stir from Newcastle, till he has embarked them deep into England, and then he will be behind them. He has sent General Handasyde from Berwick with two regiments to take possession of Edinburgh. The rebels are certainly in a very desperate situation: they dared not meet Wade; and if they had waited for him, their troops would have deserted. Unless they meet with great risings in their favour in Lancashire, I don't see what they can hope, except from a continuation of our neglect. That, indeed, has

nobly exerted itself for them. They were suffered to march the whole length of Scotland, and take possession of the capital, without a man appearing against them. Then two thousand men *sailed* to them, to run from them. Till the flight of Cope's army, Wade was not sent. Two roads still lay into England, and till they had chosen that which Wade had not taken, no army was thought of being sent to secure the other. Now Ligonier, with seven old regiments, and six of the new, is ordered to Lancashire: before this first division of the army could get to Coventry, they are forced to order it to halt, for fear the enemy should be up with it before it was all assembled. It is uncertain if the rebels will march to the north of Wales, to Bristol, or towards London. If to the latter, Ligonier must fight them: if to either of the other, which I hope, the two armies may join and drive them into a corner, where they must all perish. They cannot subsist in Wales, but by being supplied by the Papists in Ireland. The best is, that we are in no fear from France; there is no preparation for invasions in any of their ports. Lord Clancarty,[1] a Scotchman of great parts, but mad and drunken, and whose family forfeited 90,000*l.* a-year for King James, is made vice-admiral at Brest. The Duke of Bedford goes in his little round person with his regiment; he now takes to the land, and says he is tired of being a pen and ink man. Lord Gower insisted, too, upon going with his regiment, but is laid up with the gout.

With the rebels in England, you may imagine we have no private news, nor think of foreign. From this account you may judge, that our case is far from desperate, though disagreeable. The Prince, while the Princess lies-in, has taken to give dinners, to which he asks two of the ladies of the bedchamber, two of the maids of honour, &c. by turns, and five or six others. He sits at the head of the table, drinks and harangues to all this medley till nine at night; and the other day, after the affair of the regiments, drank Mr. Fox's health in a bumper, with three huzzas, for opposing Mr. Pelham—

[1] Donagh Maccarty, Earl of Clancarty, was an Irishman, and not a Scotchman.—D.

"Si quà fata aspera rumpas,
Tu Marcellus eris!"

You put me in pain for my eagle, and in more for the Chutes; whose zeal is very heroic, but very ill-placed. I long to hear that all my Chutes and eagles are safe out of the Pope's hands! Pray wish the Suares's joy of all their espousals. Does the Princess pray abundantly for her friend the Pretender? Is she extremely *abbatue* with her devotion? and does she fast till she has got a violent appetite for supper? And then, does she eat so long, that old Sarrasin is quite impatient to go to cards again? Good night! I intend you shall still be resident from King George.

P. S. I forgot to tell you, that the other day I concluded the ministry knew the danger was all over; for the Duke of Newcastle ventured to have the Pretender's declaration burnt at the Royal Exchange.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Nov. 22, 1745.

For these two days we have been expecting news of a battle. Wade marched last Saturday from Newcastle, and must have got up with the rebels if they stayed for him, though the roads are exceedingly bad and great quantities of snow have fallen. But last night there was some notice of a body of rebels being advanced to Penryth. We were put into great spirits by an heroic letter from the mayor of Carlisle, who had fired on the rebels and made them retire; he concluded with saying, "And so I think the town of Carlisle has done his Majesty more service than the great city of Edinburgh, or than all Scotland together." But this hero, who was grown the whole fashion for four-and-twenty hours, had chosen to stop all other letters. The King spoke of him at his *levée* with great encomiums; Lord Stair said, "Yes, sir, Mr. Patterson has behaved very bravely." The Duke of Bedford interrupted him; "My lord, his name is not *Pater-*

son; that is a Scotch name; his name is *Patinson.*" But, alack! the next day the rebels returned, having placed the women and children of the country in waggons in front of their army, and forcing the peasants to fix the scaling-ladders. The great Mr. Pattinson, or Patterson, (for now his name may be which one pleases,) instantly surrendered the town, and agreed to pay two thousand pounds to save it from pillage. Well! then we were assured that the citadel could hold out seven or eight days; but did not so many hours. On mustering the militia, there were not found above four men in a company; and for two companies, which the ministry, on a report of Lord Albemarle, who said they were to be sent from Wade's army, thought were there, and did not know were not there, there was nothing but two of invalids. Colonel Durand, the governor, fled, because he would not sign the capitulation, by which the garrison, it is said, has sworn never to bear arms against the house of Stuart. The Colonel sent two expresses, one to Wade, and another to Ligonier at Preston; but the latter was playing at whist with Lord Harrington at Petersham. Such is our diligence and attention! All my hopes are in Wade, who was so sensible of the ignorance of our governors, that he refused to accept the command, till they consented that he should be subject to no kind of orders from hence. The rebels are reckoned up to thirteen thousand; Wade marches with about twelve; but if they come southward, the other army will probably be to fight them; the Duke is to command it, and sets out next week with another brigade of Guards, and Ligonier under him. There are great apprehensions for Chester from the Flintshire-men, who are ready to rise. A quarter-master, first sent to Carlisle, was seized and carried to Wade; he behaved most insolently; and being asked by the General, how many the rebels were, replied, "Enough to beat any army you have in England." A Mackintosh has been taken, who reduces their formidability, by being sent to raise two clans, and with orders, if they would not rise, at least to give out they had risen, for that three clans would leave the Pre-

tender, unless joined by those two. Five hundred new rebels are arrived at Perth, where our prisoners are kept.

I had this morning a subscription-book brought me for our parish; Lord Granville had refused to subscribe. This is in the style of his friend Lord Bath, who has absented himself whenever any act of authority was to be executed against the rebels.

Five Scotch lords are going to raise regiments *à l'Angloise!* resident in London, while the rebels were in Scotland; they are to receive military emoluments for their neutrality!

The Fox man-of-war of 20 guns is lost off Dunbar. One Beavor, the captain, had done us notable service: the Pretender sent to commend his zeal and activity, and to tell him, that if he would return to his allegiance, he should soon have a flag. Beavor replied, "He never treated with any but principals; that if the Pretender would come on board him, he would talk with him." I must now tell you of our great Vernon: without once complaining to the ministry, he has written to Sir John Philipps, a distinguished Jacobite, to complain of want of provisions; yet they do not venture to recall him! Yesterday they had another baiting from Pitt, who is ravenous for the place of secretary at war: they would give it him; but as a preliminary, he insists on a declaration of our having nothing to do with the continent. He mustered his forces, but did not notify his intention; only at two o'clock Lyttelton said at the Treasury, that there would be business at the House. The motion was, to augment our naval force, which, Pitt said, was the only method of putting an end to the rebellion. Ships built a year hence to suppress an army of Highlanders, now marching through England! My uncle attacked him, and congratulated his country on the wisdom of the modern young men; and said he had a son of two-and-twenty, who, he did not doubt, would come over wiser than any of them. Pitt was provoked, and retorted on his negotiations and *grey-headed* experience. At those words, my uncle, as if he had been at Bartholomew fair, snatched off his wig, and showed his grey hairs, which made the *august senate*

laugh, and put Pitt out, who, after laughing himself, diverted his venom upon Mr. Pelham. Upon the question, Pitt's party amounted but to thirty-six: in short, he has nothing left but his words, and his haughtiness, and his Lytteltons, and his Grenvilles. Adieu!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Nov. 29, 1745.

We have had your story here this week of the *pretended* Pretender, but with the unlucky circumstance of its coming from the Roman Catholics. With all the faith you have in your little spy, I cannot believe it; though, to be sure, it has a Stuart-air, the not exposing the real boy to danger. The Duke of Newcastle mentioned your account this morning to my uncle; but they don't give any credit to the courier's relation. It grows so near being necessary for the young man to get off by any evasion, that I am persuaded all that party will try to have it believed. We are so far from thinking that they have not sent us one son, that two days ago we believed we had got the other too. A small ship has taken the Soleil privateer from Dunkirk, going to Montrose, with twenty French officers, sixty others, and the brother of the beheaded Lord Derwentwater and his son,[1] who at first was believed to be the second boy. News came yesterday of a second privateer, taken with arms and money; of another lost on the Dutch coast, and of Vernon being in pursuit of two more. All this must be a great damp to the party, who are coming on fast—fast to their destruction. Last night they were to be at Preston, but several repeated accounts make them under five thousand—none above seven; they must have diminished greatly by desertion. The country is so far from rising for them, that the towns are left desolate on their approach, and

[1] Charles Radcliffe, brother of James, Earl of Derwentwater, who was executed for the share he took in the rebellion of 1715. Charles was executed in 1746, upon the sentence pronounced against him in 1716, which he had then evaded, by escaping from Newgate. His son was Bartholomew, third Earl of Newburgh, a Scotch title he inherited from his mother.—D.

the people hide and bury their effects, even to their pewter. Warrington bridge is broken down, which will turn them some miles aside. The Duke, with the flower of that brave army which stood all the fire at Fontenoy, will rendezvous at Stone, beyond Litchfield, the day after to-morrow: Wade is advancing behind them, and will be at Wetherby in Yorkshire to-morrow. In short, I have no conception of their daring to fight either army, nor see any visible possibility of their not being very soon destroyed. My fears have been great, from the greatness of our stake; but I now write in the greatest confidence of our getting over this ugly business. We have another very disagreeable affair, that may have fatal consequences: there rages a murrain among the cows; we dare not eat milk, butter, beef, nor anything from that species. Unless there is snow or frost soon, it is likely to spread dreadfully; though hitherto it has not reached many miles from London. At first, it was imagined that the Papists had empoisoned the pools; but the physicians have pronounced it infectious, and brought from abroad.

I forgot to tell you, that my uncle begged the Duke of Newcastle to stifle this report of the sham Pretender, lest the King should hear it and recall the Duke, as too great to fight a counterfeit. It is certain that the army adore the Duke, and are gone in the greatest spirits; and on the parade, as they began their march, the Guards vowed that they would neither give nor take quarter. For bravery, his Royal Highness is certainly no Stuart, but literally loves to be in the act of fighting. His brother has so far the same taste, that the night of his new son's christening, he had the citadel of Carlisle in sugar at supper, and the company besieged it with sugar-plums. It was well imagined, considering the time and the circumstances. One thing was very proper; old Marshal Stair was there, who is grown child enough to be fit to war only with such artillery. Another piece of ingenuity of that court was on the report of Pitt being named secretary at war. The Prince hates him, since the fall of Lord Granville: he said, Miss Chudleigh,[1] one of the maids, was fitter for the em-

[1] Afterwards the well-known Duchess of Kingston.—D.

ployment; and dictated a letter, which he made her write to Lord Harrington, to desire he would draw the warrant for her. There were fourteen people at table, and all were to sign it: the Duke of Queensberry[1] would not, as being a friend of Pitt, nor Mrs. Layton, one of the dressers: however, it was actually sent, and the footman ordered not to deliver it till Sir William Yonge was at Lord Harrington's—alas! it would be endless to tell you all his *Caligulisms!* A ridiculous thing happened when the Princess saw company: the new-born babe was shown in a mighty pretty cradle, designed by Kent, under a canopy in the great drawing-room. Sir William Stanhope went to look at it; Mrs. Herbert, the governess, advanced to unmantle it: he said, "In wax, I suppose." —"Sir!"—"In wax, Madam?"—"The young Prince, Sir." —"Yes, in wax, I suppose." This is his odd humour: when he went to see this duke at his birth, he said, "Lord: it sees!"

The good Provost of Edinburgh has been with Marshal Wade at Newcastle, and it is said, is coming to London—he must trust hugely to the inactivity of the ministry! They have taken an agent there going with large contributions from the Roman Catholics, who have pretended to be so quiet! The Duchess of Richmond, while her husband is at the army, was going to her grace of Norfolk:[2] when he was very uneasy at her intention, she showed him letters from the Norfolk, "wherein she prays God that this wicked rebellion may be soon suppressed, lest it hurt the poor Roman Catholics." But this wise jaunt has made such a noise that it is laid aside.

Your friend Lord Sandwich has got one of the Duke of Montagu's regiments; he stayed quietly till all the noise was over. He is now lord of the admiralty, lieutenant-colonel to the Duke of Bedford, aid-de-camp to the Duke of Richmond, and colonel of a regiment!

A friend of mine, Mr. Talbot, who has a good estate in

[1] Charles Douglas, third Duke of Queensberry, and second Duke of Dover: died 1778.—D.

[2] Mary Blount, Duchess of Norfolk, the wife of Duke Edward. She and her husband were suspected of Jacobitism.—D.

Cheshire, with the great tithes, which he takes in kind, and has generally fifteen hundred pounds stock, has expressly ordered his steward to burn it, if the rebels come that way: I don't think this will make a bad figure in Mr. Chute's brave gazette. As we go on prospering, I will take care to furnish him with paragraphs, till he kills Riviera[1] and all the faction. When my lovely eagle comes, I will consecrate it to his Roman memory; don't think I want spirits more than he, when I beg you to send me a case of drams: I remember your getting one for Mr. Trevor.

I guessed at having lost two letters from you in the packet-boat that was taken: I have received all you mention, but those of the 21st and 28th of September, one of which I suppose was about Gibberne: his mother has told me how happy you have made her and him, for which I much thank you and your usual good-nature. Adieu! I trust all my letters will grow better and better. You must have passed a lamentable scene of anxiety; we have had a good deal; but I think we grow in spirits again. There never was so melancholy a town; no kind of public place but the playhouses, and they look as if the rebels had just driven away the company. Nobody but has some fear for themselves, for their money, or for their friends in the army: of this number am I deeply; Lord Bury[2] and Mr. Conway, two of the first in my list, are aid-de-camps to the Duke, and another, Mr. Cornwallis,[3] is in the same army, and my nephew, Lord Malpas[4]—so I still fear the rebels beyond my reason. Good night.

P. S. It is now generally believed from many circumstances, that the youngest Pretender is actually among the prisoners taken on board the Soleil: pray wish Mr. Chute joy for me.

[1] Cardinal Riviera, promoted to the purple by the interest of the Pretender.

[2] George Keppel, eldest son of the Earl of Albemarle, whom he succeeded in the title in 1754.

[3] Edward, brother of Earl Cornwallis, groom of the bedchamber to the King, and afterwards governor of Nova Scotia.

[4] George, eldest son of George, Earl of Cholmondeley, and of Mary, second daughter of Sir Robert Walpole.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, December 9, 1745.

I AM glad I did not write to you last post as I intended; I should have sent you an account that would have alarmed you, and the danger would have been over before the letter had crossed the sea. The Duke, from some strange want of intelligence, lay last week for four-and-twenty hours under arms at Stone, in Staffordshire, expecting the rebels every moment, while they were marching in all haste to Derby.[1] The news of this threw the town into great consternation; but his Royal Highness repaired his mistake, and got to Northampton, between the Highlanders and London. They got nine thousand pounds at Derby, and had the books brought to them, and obliged everybody to give them what they had subscribed against them. Then they retreated a few miles, but returned again to Derby, got ten thousand pounds more, plundered the town, and burnt a house of the Countess of Exeter. They are gone again, and got back to Leake, in Staffordshire, but miserably harassed, and, it is said, have left all their cannon behind them, and twenty waggons of sick.[2] The Duke has sent General Hawley with the

[1] The consternation was so great as to occasion that day being named *Black Friday*. [Fielding, in his True Patriot, says, that "when the Highlanders, by a most incredible march, got between the Duke's army and the metropolis, they struck a terror into it scarce to be credited." An immediate rush was made upon the Bank of England, which, it is said, only escaped bankruptcy by paying in sixpences, to gain time. The shops in general were shut up; public business, for the most part, was suspended, and the restoration of the Stuarts was expected by all as no improbable or distant occurrence." See Lord Mahon, vol. iii. p. 444.]

[2] "Charles arrived at Derby in high spirits, reflecting that he was now within a hundred and thirty miles of the capital. Accordingly, that evening, at supper, he studiously directed his conversation to his intended progress and expected triumph — whether it would be best for him to enter London on foot or on horseback, in Highland or in English dress. Far different were the thoughts of his followers, who, early next morning, laid before him their earnest and unanimous opinion for an immediate retreat to Scotland. Charles said, that, rather than go back, he would wish to be buried twenty feet under ground. On the following day he sullenly consented to retreat, but added, that, in future, he would call no more councils; since he was accountable to nobody for his actions, excepting to God and his father, and would therefore no

dragoons to harass them in their retreat, and despatched Mr. Conway to Marshal Wade, to hasten his march upon the back of them. They must either go to North Wales, where they will probably all perish, or to Scotland, with great loss. We dread them no longer. We are threatened with great preparations for a French invasion, but the coast is exceedingly guarded; and for the people, the spirit against the rebels increases every day. Though they have marched thus into the heart of the kingdom, there has not been the least symptom of a rising, not even in the great towns of which they possessed themselves. They have got no recruits since their first entry into England, excepting one gentleman in Lancashire, one hundred and fifty common men, and two parsons, at Manchester, and a physician from York. But here in London the aversion to them is amazing: on some thoughts of the King's going to an encampment at Finchley, the weavers not only offered him a thousand men, but the whole body of the Law formed themselves into a little army, under the command of Lord Chief-Justice Willes,[1] and were to have done duty at St. James's, to guard the royal family in the King's absence.

But the greatest demonstration of loyalty appeared on the prisoners being brought to town from the Soleil prize: the young man is certainly Mr. Radcliffe's son; but the mob, persuaded of his being the youngest Pretender, could scarcely be restrained from tearing him to pieces all the way on the road, and at his arrival. He said he had heard of English mobs, but could not conceive they were so dreadful, and wished he had been shot at the battle of Dettingen, where he had been engaged. The father, whom they call Lord Derwentwater, said, on entering the Tower, that he had never expected to arrive there alive. For the young man, he must only be treated as a French captive; for the father, it is sufficient to produce him at the Old Bailey, and prove that

longer either ask or accept their advice." See Sir Walter Scott's Tales of a Grandfather, vol. v. p. 226.—E.

[1] Sir John Willes, knight, chief-justice of the common pleas from 1737 to 1762.—D.

he is the individual person condemned for last rebellion, and so to Tyburn.

We begin to take up people, but it is with as much caution and timidity as women of quality begin to pawn their jewels; we have not ventured upon any great stone yet! The Provost of Edinburgh is in custody of a messenger; and the other day they seized an odd man, who goes by the name of Count St. Germain. He has been here these two years, and will not tell who he is, or whence, but professes that he does not go by his right name. He sings, plays on the violin wonderfully, composes, is mad, and not very sensible. He is called an Italian, a Spaniard, a Pole; a somebody that married a great fortune in Mexico, and ran away with her jewels to Constantinople; a priest, a fiddler, a vast nobleman. The Prince of Wales has had unsatiated curiosity about him, but in vain. However, nothing has been made out against him;[1] he is released; and, what convinces me that he is not a gentleman, stays here, and talks of his being taken up for a spy.

I think these accounts, upon which you may depend, must raise your spirits, and figure in Mr. Chute's loyal journal.—But you don't get my letters: I have sent you eleven since I came to town; how many of these have you received? Adieu!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Dec. 20, 1745.

I HAVE at last got your great letter by Mr. Gambier, and the views of the villas,[2] for which I thank you much. I can't say I think them too well done, nor the villas themselves

[1] In the beginning of the year 1755, on rumours of a great armament at Brest, one Virette, a Swiss, who had been a kind of toad-eater to this St. Germain, was denounced to Lord Holderness for a spy; but Mr. Stanley going pretty surlily to his lordship, on his suspecting a friend of his, Virette was declared innocent, and the penitent secretary of state made him the *amende honorable* of a dinner in form. About the same time, a spy of ours was seized at Brest, but not happening to be acquainted with Mr. Stanley, was broken upon the wheel.

[2] Villas of the Florentine nobility.

pretty; but the prospects are charming. I have since received two more letters from you, of November 30th and December 7th. You seem to receive mine at last, though very slowly.

We have at last got a spring-tide of good luck. The rebels turned back from Derby, and have ever since been flying with the greatest precipitation.[1] The Duke, with all his horse, and a thousand foot mounted, has pursued them with astonishing rapidity; and General Oglethorpe, with part of Wade's horse, has crossed over upon them. There has been little prospect of coming up with their entire body, but it dismayed them; their stragglers were picked up, and the towns in their way preserved from plunder, by their not having time to do mischief. This morning an express is arrived from Lord Malton[2] in Yorkshire, who has had an account of Oglethorpe's cutting a part of them to pieces, and of the Duke's overtaking their rear and entirely demolishing it. We believe all this; but, as it is not yet confirmed, don't depend upon it too much. The fat East India ships are arrived safe from Ireland — I mean the prizes; and yesterday a letter arrived from Admiral Townshend in the West Indies, where he has fallen in with the Martinico fleet (each ship valued at eight thousand pounds), taken twenty, sunk ten, and driven ashore two men-of-war, their convoy, and battered them to pieces. All this will raise the pulse of the stocks, which have been exceedingly low this week, and the Bank itself in danger. The private rich are making immense fortunes out of the public distress: the dread of the French invasion has occasioned this. They have a vast embarkation

[1] "Now few there were," says Captain Daniel, in his MS. Memoirs, "who would go on foot if they could ride; and mighty taking, stealing, and pressing of horses there was amongst us! Diverting it was to see the Highlanders mounted, without either breeches, saddle, or anything else but the bare back of the horses to ride on; and for their bridle, only a straw rope! In this manner did we march out of England." See Lord Mahon's Hist. vol. iii. p. 449.—E.

[2] Sir Thomas Watson Wentworth, Knight of the Bath and Earl of Malton. [In April 1746, he was advanced to the dignity of Marquis of Rockingham. He died in 1750, and was succeeded by his second son, Charles Watson Wentworth, second marquis; on whose death, in 1782, all the titles became extinct.]

at Dunkirk; the Duc de Richelieu, Marquis Fimarcon, and other general officers, are named in form to command. Nay, it has been notified in form by the insolent Lord John Drummond,[1] who has got to Scotland, and sent a drum to Marshal Wade, to announce himself commander for the French King in the war he designs to wage in England, and to propose a cartel for the exchange of prisoners. No answer has been made to this rebel; but the King has acquainted the Parliament with this audacious message. We have a vast fleet at sea; and the main body of the Duke's army is coming down to the coast to prevent their landing, if they should slip our ships. Indeed, I can't believe they will attempt coming hither, as they must hear of the destruction of the rebels in England; but they will, probably, dribble away to Scotland, where the war may last considerably. Into England, I scarce believe the Highlanders will be drawn again:—to have come as far as Derby—to have found no rising in their favour, and to find themselves not strong enough to fight either army, will make lasting impressions!

Vernon, I hear, is recalled for his absurdities, and at his own request, and Martin named for his successor.[2] We had yesterday a very remarkable day in the House: the King notified his having sent for six thousand Hessians into Scotland. Mr. Pelham, for an address of thanks. Lord Cornbury (indeed, an exceedingly honest man[3]) was for thanking

[1] Brother of the titular Duke of Perth. [And a general officer in the French army. "The amount of supplies brought by him remind us," says Sir Walter Scott, "of those administered to a man perishing of famine, by a comrade, who dropped into his mouth, from time to time, a small shell-fish; affording nutriment enough to keep the sufferer from dying, but not sufficient to restore him to the power of active exertion."]

[2] On the 2nd of January, Admiral Vernon, having arrived in the Downs from a cruise, struck his flag; upon which, Admiral Martin took the command, in his room.—E.

[3] Henry Hyde, only son of Henry, the last Earl of Clarendon. He was called up to the House of Peers, by the style of Lord Hyde, and died unmarried, before his father, at Paris, 1753. [When Lord Cornbury returned from his travels, Lord Essex, his brother-in-law, told him, with a great deal of pleasure, that he had got a handsome pension for him. All Lord Cornbury's answer was, "How could you tell, my Lord, that I was to be sold? or, at least, how came you to know my price so

for the notice, not for the sending for the troops; and proposed to add a representation of the national being the only constitutional troops, and to hope we should be exonerated of these foreigners as soon as possible. Pitt, and that clan, joined him; but the voice of the House, and the desires of the whole kingdom for all the troops we can get, were so strong, that, on the division, we were 190 to 44: I think and hope this will produce some Hanoverians too. That it will produce a dismission of the Cobhamites is pretty certain; the Duke of Bedford and Lord Gower are warm for both points. The latter has certainly renounced Jacobitism.

Boetslaar is come again from Holland, but his errand not yet known. You will have heard of another victory[1] which the Prussian has gained over the Saxons; very bloody on both sides: but now he is master of Dresden.

We again think that we have got the second son,[2] under the name of Macdonald. Nobody is permitted to see any of the prisoners.

In the midst of our political distresses, which, I assure you, have reduced the town to a state of Presbyterian dullness, we have been entertained with the marriage of the Duchess of Bridgewater[3] and Dick Lyttelton: she, forty, plain, very rich, and with five children; he, six-and-twenty, handsome, poor, and proper to get her five more. I saw, the other day, a very good *Irish* letter. A gentleman in Dublin, full of the

exactly?"—"It was on this account," says Spence, "that Pope complimented him with this passage —

"Would you be blest? despise low joys, low gains;
Disdain whatever Cornbury disdains;
Be virtuous, and be happy for your pains."

On the death of the earl, a few months after his son, the viscounty of Cornbury and earldom of Clarendon became extinct.—E.]

[1] The battle of Kesselsdorf, gained by Prince Leopold of Anhalt Dessau over the Saxon army, commanded by Count Rutowsky. This event took place on the 15th of December, and was followed by the taking of Dresden by the King of Prussia.—D.

[2] Henry Stuart, afterwards Cardinal of York. This intelligence did not prove true.—D.

[3] Lady Rachel Russel, eldest sister of John, Duke of Bedford, and widow of Scrope Egerton, Duke of Bridgewater; married to her second husband, Colonel Richard Lyttelton, brother of Sir George Lyttelton, and afterwards Knight of the Bath.

great qualities of my Lord Chesterfield, has written a panegyric on them, particularly on his affability and humility; with a comparison between him and the *hauteur* of all other lord-lieutenants. As an instance, he says, the earl was invited to a great dinner, whither he went, *by mistake*, at one, instead of three. The master was not at home, the lady not dressed, every thing in confusion. My lord was so humble as to dismiss his train and take a hackney-chair, and went and stayed with *Mrs. Phipps* till dinner-time — *la belle humilité!*

I am not at all surprised to hear of my cousin Don Sebastian's stupidity. Why, child, he cannot articulate; how would you have had him educated? Cape Breton, Bastia, Martinico! if we are undone this year, at least we go out with *éclat*. Good night.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Jan. 3, 1746.

I DEFERRED writing to you till I could tell you that the rebellion was at an end in England. The Duke has taken Carlisle, but was long enough before it to prove how basely or cowardly it was yielded to the rebel: you will see the particulars in the Gazette. His Royal Highness is expected in town every day; but I still think it probable that he will go to Scotland.[1] That country is very clamorous for it. If the King does send him, it should not be with that sword of mercy with which the present family have governed those people. All the world agrees in the fitness of severity to highwaymen, for the sake of the innocent who suffer; then, can rigour be ill-placed against banditti who have so terrified, pillaged, and injured the poor people in Cumberland, Lancashire, Derbyshire, and the counties through which this rebellion has stalked? There is a military magistrate of some

[1] The Duke of Cumberland entered Carlisle on the 31st of December; but his pursuit of the Highlanders in person was interrupted by despatches, which called him to London, to be ready to take command against the projected invasion from France.—E.

fierceness sent into Scotland with Wade's army, who is coming to town; it is General Hawley.[1] He will not sow the seeds of future disloyalty by too easily pardoning the present.

The French still go on with their preparations at Dunkirk and their sea-ports; but, I think, few people believe now that they will be exerted against us: we have a numerous fleet in the Channel, and a large army on the shores opposite to France. The Dutch fear that all this storm is to burst on them. Since the Queen's making peace with Prussia, the Dutch are applying to him for protection; and, I am told, wake from their neutral lethargy.

We are in a good quiet state here in town; the Parliament is reposing itself for the holidays; the ministry is in private agitation; the Cobham part of the coalition is going to be disbanded; Pitt's wild ambition cannot content itself with what he had asked, and had had granted; and he has driven Lyttelton and the Grenvilles to adopt all his extravagances. But then, they are at variance again within themselves: Lyttelton's wife[2] hates Pitt, and does not approve his governing her husband and hurting their family; so that, at present, it seems, he does not care to be a martyr to Pitt's caprices, which are in excellent training; for he is governed by her mad Grace of Queensberry. All this makes foul weather; but, to me, it is only a cloudy landscape.

The Prince has dismissed Hume Campbell,[3] who was his

[1] "Hawley," says Lord Mahon, "was an officer of some experience, but destitute of capacity, and hated, not merely by his enemies, but by his own soldiers, for a most violent and vindictive temper. One of his first measures, on arriving at Edinburgh to take the chief command, was to order two gibbets to be erected, ready for the rebels who might fall into his hands; and, with a similar view, he bid several executioners attend his army on his march." Vol. iii. p. 357.—E.

[2] Lucy Fortescue, sister of Lord Clinton, first wife of Sir George, afterwards Lord Lyttelton. [She died in January 1747, at the age of twenty-nine.]

[3] Twin-brother to the Earl of Marchmont; who, in his Diary of the 2nd of January, says, "My brother told me he had been, last night, with Mr. Drax, the Prince's secretary, when he had notified to him, that the Prince expected all his family to go together to support the measures of the administration, and that, as Mr. Hume did not act so, he was to write him a letter, discharging him. In the conversation, Mr. Drax said, that the Prince was to support the Pelhams, and that his dismission was to be ascribed to Lord Granville. My brother said, that he

solicitor, for attacking Lord Tweedale[1] on the Scotch affairs: the latter has resigned the seals of secretary of state for Scotland to-day. I conclude, when the holidays are over, and the rebellion travelled so far back, we shall have warm inquiries in Parliament. This is a short letter, I perceive; but I know nothing more; and the Carlisle part of it will make you wear your beaver more erect than I believe you have of late. Adieu!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Jan. 17, 1746.

It is a very good symptom, I can tell you, that I write to you seldom: it is a fortnight since my last; and nothing material has happened in this interval. The rebels are intrenching and fortifying themselves in Scotland; and what a despicable affair is a rebellion upon the defensive! General Hawley is marched from Edinburgh, to put it quite out. I must give you some idea of this man, who will give a mortal blow to the pride of the Scotch nobility. He is called *Lord Chief Justice;* frequent and sudden executions are his passion. Last winter he had intelligence of a spy to come from the French army: the first notice our army had of his arrival, was by seeing him dangle on a gallows in his muff and boots. One of the surgeons of the army begged the body of a soldier who was hanged for desertion, to dissect: "Well," said Hawley, "but then you shall give me the skeleton to hang up in the guard-room." He is very brave and able; with no small bias to the brutal. Two years ago, when he arrived at Ghent, the magistrates, according to custom, sent a gentleman, with the offer of a sum of money to engage his favour. He told

had nothing to say to the Prince, other than that he would support all the measures he thought conducive to the King's interests, but no others."—E.

[1] The Marquis of Tweedale was one of the discontented Whigs, during the administration of Sir Robert Walpole; on whose removal he came to court, and was made secretary of state, attaching himself to Lord Granville's faction, whose youngest daughter, Frances, he afterwards married. He was reckoned a good civilian, but was a very dull man.

the gentleman, in great wrath, that the King his master paid him, and that he should go tell the magistrates so; at the same time dragging him to the head of the stairs, and kicking him down. He then went to the town-hall; on their refusing him entrance, he burst open the door with his foot, and seated himself abruptly: told them how he had been affronted, was persuaded they had no hand in it, and demanded to have the gentleman given up to him, who never dared to appear in the town while he stayed in it. Now I am telling you anecdotes of him, you shall hear two more. When the Prince of Hesse, *our* son-in-law, arrived at Brussels, and found Hawley did not wait on him, the Prince sent to know if he expected the first visit? He replied, "He always expected that inferior officers should wait on their commanders; and not only that, but he gave his Highness but half an hour to consider of it." The Prince went to him. I believe I told you of Lord John Drummond sending a drum to Wade to propose a cartel. Wade returned a civil answer, which had the King's and council's approbation. When the drummer arrived with it at Edinburgh, Hawley opened it and threw it into the fire, would not let the drummer go back, but made him write to Lord J. Drummond, "That rebels were not to be treated with." If you don't think that spirit like this will do—do you see, I would not give a farthing for your presumption.[1]

The French invasion is laid aside; we are turning our hands to war again upon the continent. The House of Commons is something of which I can give you no description: Mr. Pitt, the meteor of it, is neither yet in place, nor his friends out. Some Tories oppose: Mr. Pelham is distressed, and has vast majorities. When the scene clears a little, I will tell you more of it.

The two last letters I have had from you, are of Dec. 21 and Jan. 4. You was then still in uneasiness; by this time I hope you have no other distresses than are naturally incident to your *minyness*.

[1] Glover, in his Memoirs, speaks of Hawley with great contempt, and talks of "his beastly ignorance and negligence," which occasioned the loss of the battle of Falkirk.—D.

I never hear any thing of the Countess[1] except just now, that she is grown tired of sublunary affairs, and willing to come to a composition with her lord: I believe the price will be two thousand a-year. The other day, his and her lawyers were talking over the affair before *her* and several other people: her counsel, in the heat of the dispute, said to my lord's lawyers, "Sir, Sir, we shall be able to prove that her ladyship was denied nuptial rights and conjugal enjoyments for seven years." It was excellent! My lord must have had matrimonial talents indeed, to have reached to Italy; besides, you know, she made it a point after her son was born, not to sleep with her husband.

Thank you for the little medal. I am glad I have nothing more to tell you—you little expected that we should so soon recover our tranquillity. Adieu!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Jan. 28, 1746.

Do they send you the gazettes as they used to do? If you have them, you will find there an account of *another* battle lost in Scotland. Our arms cannot succeed there. Hawley, of whom I said so much to you in my last, has been as unsuccessful as Cope, and by almost every circumstance the same, except that Hawley had less want of skill and much more presumption. The very same dragoons ran away at Falkirk, that ran away at Preston Pans.[2] Though we had seven thousand men, and the rebels but five, we had scarce three regiments that behaved well. General Huske and Brigadier Cholmondeley,[3] my lord's brother, shone extremely:

[1] Lady Orford.

[2] "Hawley was never seen in the field during the battle; and every thing would have gone to wreck, in a worse manner than at Preston, if General Huske had not acted with judgment and courage, and appeared everywhere." Culloden Papers, p. 267.—E.

[3] The Hon. James Cholmondeley, second son of George, second Earl of Cholmondeley. He served with distinction both in Flanders and Scotland. In 1750, he became colonel of the Inniskillen regiment of dragoons; and died in 1775.—D.

the former beat the enemy's right wing; and the latter, by rallying two regiments, prevented the pursuit. Our loss is trifling; for many of the rebels fled as fast as the glorious dragoons: but we have lost some good officers, particularly Sir Robert Monroe; and seven pieces of cannon. A worse loss is apprehended, Stirling Castle, which could hold out but ten days; and that term expires to-morrow. The Duke is gone post to Edinburgh, where he hoped to arrive to-night; if possible, to relieve Stirling. Another battle will certainly be fought before you receive this; I hope with the Hessians in it, who are every hour expected to land in Scotland. With many other glories, the English courage seems gone too! The great dependence is upon the Duke; the soldiers adore him, and with reason: he has a lion's courage, vast vigilance and activity, and, I am told, great military genius. For my own particular, I am uneasy that he is gone; Lord Bury and Mr. Conway, two of his aides-de-camp, and brave as he, are gone with him. The ill behaviour of the soldiers lays a double obligation on the officers to set them examples of running on danger. The ministry would have kept back Mr. Conway, as being in Parliament; which when the Duke told him, he burst into tears, and protested that nothing should hinder his going — and he is gone! Judge, if I have not reason to be alarmed!

Some of our prisoners in Scotland (the former prisoners) are released. They had the privilege of walking about the town, where they were confined, upon their parole: the militia of the country rose and set them at liberty. General Hawley is so strict as to think they should be sent back; but nobody here comprehends such refinement: they could not give their parole that the town should not be taken. There are two or three others, who will lay the government under difficulties, when we have got over the rebellion. They were come to England on their parole; and when the executions begin, they must in honour be given up — the question indeed will be, to whom?

Adieu! my dear Sir! I write you this short letter, rather than be taxed with negligence on such an event; though, you

perceive, I know nothing but what you will see in the printed papers.

P. S. The Hessians would not act, because we would not settle a cartel with rebels!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Feb. 7, 1746.

TILL yesterday that I received your last of Jan. 27, I was very uneasy at finding you still remained under the same anxiety about the rebellion, when it had so long ceased to be formidable with us: but you have got all my letters, and are out of your pain. Hawley's defeat (or at least what was called so, for I am persuaded that the victory was ours as far as there was any fighting, which indeed lay in a very small compass, the great body of each army running away) will have thrown you back into your terrors; but here is a letter to calm you again. All Monday and Tuesday we were concluding that the battle between the Duke and the rebels must be fought, and nothing was talked of but the expectation of the courier. He did arrive indeed on Wednesday morning, but with no battle; for the moment the rebel army saw the Duke's, they turned back with the utmost precipitation; spiked their cannon, blew up their magazine, and left behind them their wounded and our prisoners. They crossed the Forth, and in one day fled four-and-thirty miles to Perth, where, as they have strong intrenchments, some imagine they will wait to fight; but their desertion is too great: the whole clan of the Macdonalds, one of their best, has retired on the accidental death of their chief. In short, it looks exceedingly like the conclusion of this business, though the French have embarked Fitz-James's regiment at Ostend for Scotland. The Duke's name disperses armies, as the Pretender's raised them.

The French seem to be at the eve of taking Antwerp and Brussels, the latter of which is actually besieged. In this case I don't see how we can send an army abroad this sum-

mer, for there will be no considerable towns in Flanders left in the possession of the Empress-Queen.

The *new* regiments, of which I told you so much, have again been in dispute: as their term was near expired, the ministry proposed to continue them for four months longer. This was last Friday, when, as we every hour expected the news of a conclusive battle, which, if favourable, would render them useless, Mr. Fox, the general against the new regiments, begged it might only be postponed till the following Wednesday, but 170 against 89 voted them that very day. On the very Wednesday came the news of the flight of the rebels; and two days before that, news from Chester of Lord Gower's *new* regiment having mutinied, on hearing that they were to be continued beyond the term for which they had listed.

At court all is confusion: the King, at Lord Bath's instigation, has absolutely refused to make Pitt secretary at war.[1] How this will end, I don't know, but I don't believe in bloodshed: neither side is famous for being incapable of yielding.

I wish you joy of having the Chutes again, though I am a little sorry that their bravery was not rewarded by staying at Rome till they could triumph in their turn: however, I don't believe that at Florence you want opportunities of exulting. That Monro you mention was made travelling physician by my father's interest, who had great regard for the old doctor:[2] if he has any skill in quacking madmen, his art may perhaps be of service now in the Pretender's court.

[1] Lord Marchmont, in his Diary of Feb. 9, says, "My brother told me, that on the ministry insisting on Mr. Pitt being secretary at war, and the King having said he should not be his secretary, Lord Bath had gone to the King and told him, though he had resolved never to take a place, yet now, finding his ministers would force a servant on him, rather than he should be so used, he would undertake to get him his money. The King said, the ministers had the Parliament; Lord Bath said, his Majesty had it, and not they: and that hereupon the King thanked him; and it was expected the ministers would all be out."—E.

[2] In 1743, Dr. John Monro was appointed, through the influence of Sir Robert Walpole, to one of the Radcliffe travelling fellowships. In 1752, he succeeded his father as physician to Bridewell and Bethlehem Hospitals. In 1758, he published "Remarks on Dr. Battie's Treatise on Madness," in which he vindicated his father's treatment of that disorder. He died in 1791.—E.

I beg my eagle may not come till it has the opportunity of a man-of-war: we have lost so many merchantmen lately, that I should never expect to receive it that way.

I can say nothing to your opinion of the young Pretender being a cheat; nor, as the rebellion is near at an end, do I see what end it would answer to prove him original or spurious. However, as you seem to dwell upon it, I will mention it again to my uncle.

I hear that my sister-Countess is projecting her return, being quite sick of England, where nobody visits her. She says there is not one woman of sense in England. Her journey, however, will have turned to account, and, I believe, end in almost doubling her allowance. Adieu! my dear child; love the Chutes for me as well as for yourself.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Feb. 14, 1746.

By the relation I am going to make, you will think that I am describing Turkish, not English revolutions; and will cast your eye upwards to see if my letter is not dated from Constantinople. Indeed, violent as the changes have been, there has been no bloodshed; no Grand Vizier has had a cravat made of a bowstring, no Janizaries have taken upon them to alter the succession, no Grand Signior is deposed—only his Sublime Highness's dignity has been a little impaired. Oh! I forgot; I ought not to frighten you; you will interpret all these fine allusions, and think on the rebellion—pho! we are such considerable proficients in politics, that we can form rebellions within rebellions, and turn a government topsy-turvy at London, while we are engaged in a civil war in Scotland. In short, I gave you a hint last week of an insurrection in the closet, and of Lord Bath having prevented Pitt from being secretary at war. The ministry gave up that point; but finding that a change had been made in a scheme of foreign politics, which they had laid before the King, and

for which he had thanked them; and perceiving some symptoms of a resolution to dismiss them at the end of the session, they came to a sudden determination not to do Lord Granville's business by carrying the supplies, and then to be turned out: so on Monday morning, to the astonishment of every body, the two secretaries of state threw up the seals; and the next day Mr. Pelham, with the rest of the Treasury, the Duke of Bedford with the Admiralty, Lord Gower, privy seal, and Lord Pembroke,[1] groom of the stole, gave up too: the Dukes of Devonshire, Grafton, and Richmond, the Lord Chancellor, Winnington, paymaster, and almost all the other great officers and offices, declaring they would do the same. Lord Granville immediately received both seals, one for himself, and the other to give to whom he pleased. Lord Bath was named first commissioner of the treasury and chancellor of the exchequer; Lord Carlisle, privy seal, and Lord Winchilsea reinstated in the Admiralty. Thus far all went swimmingly; they had only forgot one little point, which was, to secure a majority in both Houses: in the Commons they unluckily found that they had no better man to take the lead than poor Sir John Rushout, for Sir John Barnard refused to be chancellor of the exchequer; so did Lord Chief Justice Willes to be lord chancellor; and the wildness of the scheme soon prevented others, who did not wish ill to Lord Granville, or well to the Pelhams, from giving in to it. Hop, the Dutch minister, did not a little increase the confusion by declaring that he had immediately dispatched a courier to Holland, and did

[1] Henry Herbert, ninth Earl of Pembroke, an intelligent lover of the arts, and an amateur architect of considerable merit. Walpole says of him, in his account of Sculptors and Architects, "The soul of Inigo Jones, who had been patronised by his ancestors, seemed still to hover over its favourite Wilton, and to have assisted the Muses of Arts in the education of this noble person. No man had a purer taste in building than Earl Henry, of which he gave a few specimens: besides his works at Wilton, the new Lodge in Windsor Park; the Countess of Suffolk's house, at Marble Hill, Twickenham; the Water-house, in Lord Orford's park at Houghton, are incontestable proofs of Lord Pembroke's taste: it was more than taste; it was passion for the utility and honour of his country that engaged his lordship to promote and assiduously overlook the construction of Westminster Bridge by the ingenious M. Labelye, a man that deserves more notice than this slight encomium can bestow." He died in January 1750–1.—E.

not doubt but the States would directly send to accept the terms of France.

I should tell you too, that Lord Bath's being of the enterprise contributed hugely to poison the success of it. In short, his lordship, whose politics were never characterised by steadiness, found that he had not courage enough to take the Treasury. You may guess how ill laid his schemes were, when he durst not indulge both his ambition and avarice! In short, on Wednesday morning (pray mind, this was the very Wednesday after the Monday on which the change had happened,) he went to the King, and told him he had tried the House of Commons, and found *it would not do!*[1] Bounce! went all the project into shivers, like the vessels in Ben Jonson's Alchymist, when they are on the brink of the philosopher's stone. The poor King, who, from being fatigued with the Duke of Newcastle, and sick of Pelham's timidity and compromises, had given in to this mad hurly-burly of alterations, was confounded with having floundered to no purpose, and to find himself more than ever in the power of men he hated, shut himself up in his closet, and refused to admit any more of the persons who were pouring in upon him with white sticks, and golden keys, and commissions, &c. At last he sent for Winnington, and told him, he was the only honest man about him, and he should have the honour of a reconciliation, and sent him to Mr. Pelham to desire they would all return to their employments.[2]

[1] "Feb. 13. Lord Bolingbroke told me, that Bath had resigned, and all was now over. He approved of what had been done, though he owned that Walpole's faction had done what he had wrote every King must expect who nurses up a faction by governing by a party; and that it was a most indecent thing, and must render the King contemptible. Lord Cobham told me, that the King had yesterday sent Winnington to stop the resignations; that he had offered Winnington the seal of exchequer, after Bath had resigned it; but Winnington said, it would not do. At court I met Lord Granville, who is still secretary, but declared to be ready to resign when the King pleases." Marchmont Diary.—E.

[2] In a letter to the Duke of Newcastle, of the 18th, Lord Chesterfield says, "Your victory is complete: for God's sake pursue it. Good policy, still more than resentment, requires that Granville and Bath should be marked out, and all their people cut off. Everybody now sees and knows that you have the power; let them see and know too, that you

Lord Granville is as jolly as ever; laughs and drinks, and owns it was mad, and owns he would do it again to-morrow. It would not be quite so safe, indeed, to try it soon again, for the triumphant party are not at all in the humour to be turned out every time his lordship has drunk a bottle too much; and that House of Commons that he could not make do for him, would do to send him to the Tower till he was sober. This was the very worst period he could have selected, when the fears of men had made them throw themselves absolutely into all measures of government to secure the government itself; and that temporary strength of Pelham has my Lord Granville contrived to fix to him; and people will be glad to ascribe to the merit and virtue of the ministry, what they would be ashamed to own, but was really the effect of their own apprehensions. It was a good idea of somebody, when no man would accept a place under the new system, that Granville and Bath were met going about the streets, calling *odd man!* as the hackney chairmen do when they want a partner. This little faction of Lord Granville goes by the name of the *Grandvillains.*

There! who would think that I had written you an entire history in the compass of three sides of paper?[1] Vertot would have composed a volume on this event, and entitled it, *the Revolutions of England.* You will wonder at not having it notified to you by Lord Granville himself, as is customary for new secretaries of state: when they mentioned to him writing

will use it. A general run ought to be made upon Bath by all your followers and writers."—E.

[1] The projectors of this attempt to remove the ministers were overwhelmed with ridicule. Among other *jeux d'esprit,* was "A History of the Long Administration," bound up like the works printed for children, and sold for a penny; and of which one would suspect Walpole to be the author. It concluded as follows: "And thus endeth the second and last part of this astonishing administration, which lasted forty-eight hours, three quarters, seven minutes, and eleven seconds; which may be truly called the most wise and most honest of all administrations, the minister having, to the astonishment of all wise men, never transacted one rash thing, and, what is more marvellous, left as much money in the treasury as he found in it. This worthy history I have faithfully recorded in this mighty volume, that it may be read with the valuable works of our immortal countryman, Thomas Thumb, by our children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, to the end of the world."—E.

to Italy, he said—"To Italy! no: before the courier can get thither, I shall be out again." It absolutely makes one laugh: as serious as the consequences might be, it is impossible to hate a politician of such jovial good-humour. I am told that he ordered the packet-boat to be stopped at Harwich till Saturday, till he should have time to determine what he would write to Holland. This will make the Dutch receive the news of the double revolution at the same instant.

The Duke and his name are pursuing the scattered rebels into their very mountains, determined to root out sedition entirely. It is believed, and we expect to hear, that the young Pretender is embarked and gone. Wish the Chutes joy of the happy conclusion of this affair!

Adieu! my dear child! After describing two revolutions, and announcing the termination of a rebellion, it would be below the dignity of my letter to talk of any thing of less moment. Next post I may possibly descend out of my historical buskins, and converse with you more familiarly—*en attendant*, gentle reader, I am, your sincere well-wisher,

HORACE WALPOLE,

Historiographer to the high and mighty Lord John, Earl Granville.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, March 6, 1746.

I KNOW I have missed two or three posts, but you have lost nothing: you perhaps expected that our mighty commotions did not subside at once, and that you should still hear of struggles and more shocks: but it all ended at once; with only some removals and promotions which you saw in the Gazette. I should have written, however, but I have been hurried with my sister's[1] wedding; but all the ceremony of that too is over now, and the dinners and the visits, &c.

The rebellion has fetched breath; the dispersed clans have re-united and marched to Inverness, from whence Lord Lou-

[1] Lady Maria Walpole, married to Charles Churchill, Esq.

don was forced to retreat, leaving a garrison in the castle, which has since yielded without firing a gun. Their numbers are now reckoned at seven thousand: old Lord Lovat[1] has carried them a thousand Frasers. The French continually drop them a ship or two: we took two, with the Duke of Berwick's brother on board: it seems evident that they design to keep up our disturbances as long as possible, to prevent our sending any troops to Flanders. Upon the prospect of the rebellion being at an end, the Hessians were ordered back, but luckily were not gone; and now are quartered to prevent the rebels slipping the Duke, (who is marching to them,) and returning into England. This counter-order was given in the morning, and in the evening came out the Gazette, and said the Hessians are to go away. This doubling style in the ministry is grown so characteristic, that the French are actually playing a farce, in which harlequin enters, as an English courier, with two bundles of dispatches fastened to his belly and his back: they ask him what the one is? "Eh! ces sont mes ordres."—And what the other? "Mais elles sont mes contre-ordres."

We have been a little disturbed in some other of our politics, by the news of the King of Sardinia having made his peace: I think it comes out now that he absolutely had concluded one with France, but that the haughty court of Spain rejected it: what the Austrian pride had driven him to, the Spanish pride drove him from. You will allow that our affairs are critically bad, when all our hopes centre in that *honest* monarch, the King of Prussia—but so it is; and I own I see nothing that can restore us to being a great nation but his interposition. Many schemes are framed, of making him Stadtholder of Holland, or Duke of Burgundy in Flanders, in lieu of the Silesias, or altogether, and that I think would follow—but I don't know how far any of these have been carried into propositions.

[1] Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, a man of parts, but of infamous character. He had the folly, at the age of eighty, to enter into the rebellion, upon a promise from the Pretender, that he would make him Duke of Fraser. He was taken, tried, and beheaded.—D.

I see by your letters that our fomentations of the Corsican rebellion have had no better success than the French tampering in ours—for ours, I don't expect it will be quite at an end, till it is made one of the conditions of peace, that they shall give it no assistance.

The small-pox has been making great havoc in London; the new Lord Rockingham,[1] whom I believe you knew when only Thomas Watson, is dead of it, and the title extinct. My Lady Conway[2] has had it, but escaped.

My brother is on the point of finishing all his affairs with his countess; she is to have fifteen hundred per year; and her mother gives her two thousand pounds. I suppose this will send her back to you, added to her disappointments in politics, in which it appears she has been tampering. Don't you remember a very foolish knight, one Sir Bourchier Wrey?[3] Well, you do: the day Lord Bath was in the Treasury, that one day! she wrote to Sir Bourchier at Exeter, to tell him that now their friends were coming into power, and it was a brave opportunity for him to come up and make his own terms. He came, and is lodged in her house, and sends about cards to invite people to come and see him at the Countess of Orford's. There is a little fracas I hear in their domestic; the Abbé-Secretary has got one of the maids with child. I have seen the dame herself but once these two months, when she came into the Opera at the end of the first act, fierce as an incensed turkey-cock, you know her look, and towing after her Sir Francis Dashwood's new wife,[4] a poor forlorn Presbyterian prude, whom he obliges to consort with her.

Adieu! for I think I have now told you all I know. I am

[1] Thomas Watson, third Earl of Rockingham, succeeded his elder brother Lewis in the family honours in 1745, and died himself in 1746. The earldom extinguished upon his death; but the Barony of Rockingham devolved on his kinsman, Thomas Watson Wentworth, Earl of Malton, who was soon afterwards created Marquis of Rockingham. See *antè*, p. 91.

[2] Lady Isabella Fitzroy, daughter of Charles, Duke of Grafton, and wife of Francis, Lord Conway, afterwards Earl of Hertford.

[3] Sir Bourchier Wrey of Tawstock, in Devonshire, the fifth baronet of the family. He was member of parliament for Barnstaple, and died in 1784.—D.

[4] Widow of Sir Richard Ellis.

very sorry that you are so near losing the good Chutes, but I cannot help having an eye to myself in their coming to England.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, March 21, 1746.

I HAVE no new triumphs of the Duke to send you: he has been detained a great while at Aberdeen by the snows. The rebels have gathered numbers again, and have taken Fort Augustus, and are marching to Fort William. The Duke complains extremely of the *loyal* Scotch; says he can get no intelligence, and reckons himself more in an enemy's country, than when he was warring with the French in Flanders. They profess the big professions wherever he comes, but, before he is out of sight of any town, beat up for volunteers for rebels. We see no prospect of his return, for he must stay in Scotland while the rebellion lasts; and the existence of that seems too intimately connected with the being of Scotland, to expect it should soon be annihilated.

We rejoice at the victories of the King of Sardinia, whom we thought lost to our cause. To-day we are to vote subsidies to the Electors of Cologne and Mentz. I don't know whether they will be opposed by the *Electoral Prince*;[1] but he has lately erected a new opposition, by the councils of Lord Bath, who has got him from Lord Granville: the latter and his faction act with the court.

I have told you to the utmost extent of my political knowledge; of private history there is nothing new. Don't think, my dear child, that I hurry over my letters, or neglect writing to you; I assure you I never do, when I have the least grain to lap up in a letter: but consider how many chapters of correspondence are extinct: Pope and poetry are dead! Patriotism has kissed hands on accepting a place: the Ladies O. and T.[2] have exhausted scandal both in their persons and conversations: divinity and controversy are grown good Christians,

[1] The Prince of Wales. [2] Orford and Townshend.—D.

say their prayers and spare their neighbours; and I think even self-murder is out of fashion. Now judge whether a correspondent can furnish matter for the common intercourse of the post!

Pray what luxurious debauch has Mr. Chute been guilty of, that he is laid up with the gout? I mean, that he was, for I hope his fit has not lasted till now. If you are ever so angry, I must say, I flatter myself I shall see him before my eagle, which I beg may repose itself still at Leghorn, for the French privateers have taken such numbers of our merchantmen, that I cannot think of suffering it to come that way. If you should meet with a good opportunity of a man-of-war, let it come—or I will postpone my impatience. Adieu!

P. S. I had sealed my letter, but break it open, to tell you that an account is just arrived of two of our privateers having met eight-and-twenty transports going with supplies to the Brest fleet, and sunk ten, taken four, and driven the rest on shore.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, March 28, 1746.

I DON'T at all recollect what was in those two letters of mine, which I find you have lost: for your sake, as you must be impatient for English news, I am sorry you grow subject to these miscarriages; but in general, I believe there is little of consequence in my correspondence.

The Duke has not yet left Aberdeen, for want of his supplies; but by a party which he sent out, and in which Mr. Conway was, the rebels do not seem to have recovered their spirits, though they have recruited their numbers; for eight hundred of them fled on the first appearance of our detachment, and quitted an advantageous post. As much as you know, and as much as you have lately heard of Scotch *finesse*, you will yet be startled at the refinements that nation have made upon their own *policy*. Lord Fortrose,[1] whose father was

[1] William Mackenzie, fifth Earl of Seaforth, the father of Kenneth

in the last rebellion, and who has himself been restored to his fortune, is in Parliament and in the army: he is with the Duke — his wife and his clan with the rebels. The head of the Mackintosh's is acting just the same part. The clan of the Grants, always esteemed the most Whig tribe, have literally in all the forms signed a *neutrality* with the rebels. The most honest instance I have heard, is in the town of Forfar, where they have chosen their annual magistrates; but at the same time entered a memorandum in their town-book, that they shall not execute their office "till it is decided which King is to reign."

The Parliament is adjourned for the Easter holidays. Princess Caroline is going to the Bath for a rheumatism. The Countess, whose return you seem so much to dread, has entertained the town with an excellent vulgarism. She happened one night at the Opera to sit by Peggy Banks,[1] a celebrated beauty, and asked her several questions about the singers and dancers, which the other naturally answered, as one woman of fashion answers another. The next morning Sir Bourchier Wrey sent Miss Banks an opera-ticket, and my lady sent her a card, to thank her for her civilities to her the night before, and that she intended to wait on her very soon. Do but think of Sir B. Wrey's paying a woman of fashion for being civil to my Lady O.! Sure no apothecary's wife in a market-town could know less of the world than these two people! The operas flourish more than in any latter years; the composer is Gluck, a German: he is to have a benefit, at which he is to play on a set of drinking-glasses, which he modulates with water: I think I have heard you speak of having seen some such thing.

Lord Fortrose, had been engaged in the rebellion of 1715, and was attainted. He died in 1740. In consequence of his attainder, his son never assumed the title of Seaforth, but continued to be called Lord Fortrose, the second title of the family. He was member of parliament in 1741 for the burghs of Fortrose, &c. and in 1747 and 1754, for the county of Ross. He died in 1762. His only son, Kenneth, was created Viscount Fortrose, and Earl of Seaforth in Ireland.—D.

[1] Margaret, sister of John Hodgkinson Banks, Esq.; married, in 1757, to the Hon. Henry Grenville, fifth son of the Countess Temple, who was appointed governor of Barbadoes in 1746, and ambassador to the Ottoman Porte in 1761.—D.

You will see in the papers long accounts of a most shocking murder, that has been committed by a lad[1] on his mistress, who was found dead in her bedchamber, with an hundred wounds; her brains beaten out, stabbed, her face, back, and breasts slashed in twenty places — one hears of nothing else wherever one goes. But adieu! it is time to finish a letter, when one is reduced for news to the casualties of the week.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, April 15, 1746.

Your triumphs in Italy are in high fashion: till very lately, Italy was scarce ever mentioned as part of the scene of war. The apprehensions of your great King making his peace began to alarm us; and when we just believed it finished, we have received nothing but torrents of good news. The King of Sardinia[2] has not only carried his own character and success to the highest pitch, but seems to have given a turn to the general face of the war, which has a much more favourable aspect than was to be expected three months ago. He has made himself as considerable in the scale as the Prussian, but with real valour, and as great abilities, and without the infamy of the other's politics.

The rebellion seems once more at its last gasp; the Duke is marched, and the rebels fly before him, in the utmost want of money. The famous Hazard sloop is taken, with two hundred men and officers, and about eight thousand pounds in money, from France. In the midst of such good news from thence, Mr. Conway has got a regiment, for which, I am sure, you will take part in my joy. In Flanders we propose to make another great effort, with an army of above ninety thousand men; that is, forty Dutch, above thirty Austrians, eighteen Hanoverians, the Hessians, who are to return; and

[1] One Henderson, hanged for murdering Mrs. Dalrymple.

[2] Charles Emmanuel the Third, an able sovereign, and the last of the House of Savoy who possessed any portion of that talent for which the race had previously been so celebrated.—D.

we propose twelve thousand Saxons, but no English; though, if the rebellion is at all suppressed in any time, I imagine some of our troops will go, and the Duke command the whole: in the mean time, the army will be under Prince Waldeck and Bathiani. You will wonder at my running so glibly over eighteen thousand Hanoverians, especially as they are all to be in our pay, but the nation's digestion has been much facilitated by the pill given to Pitt, of vice-treasurer of Ireland.[1] Last Friday was the debate on this subject, when we carried these troops by 255 against 122: Pitt, Lyttelton, three Grenvilles, and Lord Barrington, all voting roundly for them, though the eldest Grenville, two years ago, had declared in the House, that he would seal it with his blood that he never would give his vote for a Hanoverian. Don't you shudder at such perjury? and this in a republic, and where there is no religion that dispenses with oaths! Pitt was the only one of this *ominous* band that opened his mouth,[2] and it was to add impudence to profligacy; but no criminal at the Place de Grêve was ever so racked as he was by Dr. Lee, a friend of Lord Granville, who gave him the question both ordinary and extraordinary.

General Hawley has been tried (not in person, you may believe) and condemned by a Scotch jury for murder, on hanging a spy. What do you say to this? or what will you say when I tell you, that Mr. Ratcliffe, who has been so long confined in the Tower, and supposed the Pretender's youngest son, is not only suffered to return to France, but was entertained at a great dinner by the Duke of Richmond as a relation![3] The same Duke has refused his beautiful

[1] On the death of Mr. Winnington, in the following month, Mr. Pitt was appointed paymaster of the forces, and chosen of the privy council.—E.

[2] In a letter to the Duke of Cumberland, of the 17th, the Duke of Newcastle says, "Mr. Pitt spoke so well, that the premier told me he had the dignity of Sir William Wyndham, the wit of Mr. Pulteney, and the knowledge and judgment of Sir Robert Walpole: in short, he said all that was right for the King, kind and respectful to the *old corps*, and resolute and contemptuous of the Tory opposition."—E.

[3] He was related to the Duke's mother by the Countess of Newburgh, his mother.

Lady Emily to Lord Kildare,[1] the richest and the first peer of Ireland, on a ridiculous notion of the King's evil being in the family — but sure that ought to be no objection: a very little grain more of pride and Stuartism might persuade all the royal bastards that they have a faculty of curing that distemper.

The other day, an odd accidental discovery was made; some of the Duke's baggage, which he did not want, was sent back from Scotland, with a bill of the contents. Soon after, another large parcel, but not specified in the bill, was brought to the captain, directed like the rest. When they came to the Custom-house here, it was observed, and they sent to Mr. Poyntz,[2] to know what they should do: he bade them open it, suspecting some trick; but when they did, they found a large crucifix, copes, rich vestments, beads, and heaps of such like trumpery, consigned from the titulary primate of Scotland, who is with the rebels: they imagine, with the privity of some of the vessels, to be conveyed to somebody here in town.

Now I am telling you odd events, I must relate one of the strangest I ever heard. Last week, an elderly woman gave information against her maid for coining, and the trial came on at the Old Bailey. The mistress deposed, that having been left a widow several years ago, with four children, and no possibility of maintaining them, she had taken to coining: that she used to buy old pewter-pots, out of each of which she made as many shillings, &c. as she could put off for three pounds, and that by this practice she had bred up her children, bound them out apprentices, and set herself up in a little shop, by which she got a comfortable livelihood; that she had now given over coining, and indicted her maid as accomplice. The maid in her defence said, "That when her mistress hired her, she told her that she did something up in a garret into which she must never inquire: that all she knew of the matter was, that her mistress had often given her moulds to clean, which she did, as it was her duty: that, indeed, she

[1] Afterwards Duke of Leinster. He married Lady Emily in the following February.—E.

[2] Stephen Poyntz, treasurer, and formerly governor to the Duke.

had sometimes seen pieces of pewter-pots cut, and did suspect her mistress of coining; but that she never had had, or put off, one single piece of bad money." The judge asked the mistress if this was true; she answered, "Yes; and that she believed her maid was as honest a creature as ever lived; but that, knowing herself in her power, she never could be at peace; that she knew, by informing, she should secure herself; and not doubting but the maid's real innocence would appear, she concluded the poor girl would come to no harm." The judge flew into the greatest rage; told her he wished he could stretch the law to hang her, and feared he could not bring off the maid for having concealed the crime; but, however, the jury did bring her in *not guilty*. I think I never heard a more particular instance of parts and villainy.

I inclose a letter for Stosch, which was left here with a scrap of paper, with these words; "Mr. Natter is desired to send the letters for Baron de Stosch, in Florence, by Mr. H. W." I don't know who Mr. Natter[1] is, nor who makes him this request, but I desire Mr. Stosch will immediately put an end to this method of correspondence; for I shall not risk my letters to you by containing his, nor will I be post to such a dirty fellow.

Your last was of March 22nd, and you mention Madame Suares' illness; I hope she is better, and Mr. Chute's gout better. I love to hear of my Florentine acquaintance, though they all seem to have forgot me; especially the Princess, whom you never mention. Does she never ask after me? Tell me a little of the state of her *state*, her amours, devotions, and appetite. I must transcribe a paragraph out of an old book of letters,[2] printed in 1660, which I met with the other day: "My thoughts upon the reading your letter made me stop in Florence, and go no farther, than to consider the happiness of them who live in that town, where the people come so near to angels in knowledge, that they can counter-

[1] He was an engraver of seals.

[2] A Collection of Letters made by Sir Toby Matthews. [In this volume will be found an interesting account of the trial of Sir Walter Raleigh.]

feit Heaven well enough to give their friends a taste of it in this life." I agree to the happiness of living in Florence, but I am sure knowledge was not one of its recommendations, which never was any where at a lower ebb — I had forgot; I beg Dr. Cocchi's pardon, who is much an exception; how does he do? Adieu!

P. S. Lord Malton, who is the nearest heir-male to the extinct earldom of Rockingham, and has succeeded to a barony belonging to it, is to have his own earldom erected into a marquisate, with the title of Rockingham. Vernon is struck off the list of admirals.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, April 25, 1746.

You have bid me for some time send you good news — well! I think I will. How good would you have it? must it be a total victory over the rebels; with not only the Boy, that is here, killed, but the other, that is not here, too; their whole army put to the sword, *besides* an infinite number of prisoners; all the Jacobite estates in England confiscated, and all those in Scotland — what would you have done with them? — or could you be content with something much under this? how much will you abate? will you compound for Lord John Drummond, taken by accident? or for three Presbyterian parsons, who have very poor livings, stoutly refusing to pay a large contribution to the rebels? Come, I will deal as well with you as I can, and for once, but not to make a practice of it, will let you have a victory! My friend, Lord Bury,[1] arrived this morning from the Duke, though the news was got here before him; for, with all our victory, it was not thought safe to send him through the heart of Scotland; so he was shipped at Inverness, within an hour after the Duke entered the town, kept beating at sea five days, and then put

[1] George Keppel, eldest son of William Anne, Earl of Albemarle, whom he succeeded in the title.

on shore at North Berwick, from whence he came post in less than three days to London; but with a fever upon him, for which he had been twice blooded but the day before the battle; but he is young, and high in spirits, and I flatter myself will not suffer from this kindness of the Duke: the King has immediately ordered him a thousand pound, and I hear will make him his own aide-de-camp. My dear Mr. Chute, I beg your pardon; I had forgot you have the gout, and consequently not the same patience to wait for the battle, with which I, knowing the particulars, postpone it.

On the 16th, the Duke, by forced marches, came up with the rebels, a little on this side Inverness — by the way, the battle is not christened yet; I only know that neither Preston-pans[1] nor Falkirk[2] are to be godfathers. The rebels, who fled from him after their victory, and durst not attack him, when so much exposed to them at his passage[3] of the Spey, now stood him, they seven thousand, he ten. They broke through Barril's regiment, and killed Lord Robert Kerr,[4] a handsome young gentleman, who was cut to pieces with above thirty wounds; but they were soon repulsed, and fled; the whole engagement not lasting above a quarter of an hour. The young Pretender escaped; Mr. Conway says, he hears, wounded: he certainly was in the rear. They have lost above a thousand men in the engagement and pursuit; and six hundred were already taken; among which latter are their French ambassador and Earl Kilmarnock.[5] The Duke of Perth and Lord Ogilvie[6] are said to be slain; Lord Elcho[7]

[1] [2] Where the King's troops had been beaten by the rebels. This was called the battle of Culloden.

[3] The letter, relating that event, was one of those that were lost.

[4] Second son of the Marquis of Lothian.

[5] William Boyd, fourth Earl of Kilmarnock in Scotland. He was tried by the House of Lords for high treason, condemned, and beheaded on Tower Hill, August 18, 1746. (He was the direct male ancestor of the present Earl of Erroll. Johnson says of him,

"Pitied by gentle minds, Kilmarnock died."—D.)

[6] James, Lord Ogilvie, eldest son of David, third Earl of Airlie. He had been attainted for the part he took in the rebellion of 1715.—D.

[7] David, Lord Elcho, eldest son of James, fourth Earl of Wemyss. He was attainted in 1746; but the family honours were restored, as were those of Lord Airlie, by act of parliament, in 1826.—D.

was in a salivation, and not there. Except Lord Robert Kerr, we lost nobody of note: Sir Robert Rich's eldest son has lost his hand, and about a hundred and thirty private men fell. The defeat is reckoned total, and the dispersion general; and all their artillery is taken. It is a brave young Duke! The town is all blazing round me, as I write, with fireworks and illuminations: I have some inclination to wrap up half-a-dozen skyrockets, to make you drink the Duke's health. Mr. Doddington, on the first report, came out with a very pretty illumination; so pretty, that I believe he had it by him, ready for *any* occasion.

I now come to a more melancholy theme, though your joy will still be pure, except from what part you take in a private grief of mine. It is the death of Mr. Winnington,[1] whom you only knew as one of the first men in England, from his parts and from his employment. But I was familiarly acquainted with him, loved and admired him, for he had great good-nature, and a quickness of wit most peculiar to himself: and for his public talents, he has left nobody equal to him, as before, nobody was superior to him but my father. The history of his death is a cruel tragedy, but what, to indulge me who am full of it, and want to vent the narration, you must hear. He was not quite fifty, extremely temperate and regular, and of a constitution remarkably strong, hale, and healthy. A little above a fortnight ago he was seized with an inflammatory rheumatism, a common and known case, dangerous, but scarce ever remembered to be fatal. He had a strong aversion to all physicians, and lately had put himself into the hands of one Thomson, a quack, whose foundation of method could not be guessed, but by a general contradiction to all received practice. This man was the oracle of Mrs. Masham,[2] sister, and what one ought to hope she did not think of, co-heiress to Mr. Winnington: his other sister is as mad in methodism as this in physic, and never

[1] Thomas Winnington, paymaster of the forces.

[2] Harriet, daughter of Salway Winnington, Esq. of Stanford Court, in the county of Worcester: married to the Hon. Samuel Masham, afterwards second Lord Masham. She died in 1761.—D.

saw him. This ignorant wretch, supported by the influence of the sister, soon made such progress in fatal absurdities, as purging, bleeding, and starving him, and checking all perspiration, that his friends Mr. Fox and Sir Charles Williams[1] absolutely insisted on calling in a physician. Whom could they call, but Dr. Bloxholme, an intimate old friend of Mr. Winnington, and to whose house he always went once a year? This doctor, grown paralytic and indolent, gave in to everything the quack advised: Mrs. Masham all the while ranting and raving. At last, which *at last* came very speedily, they had reduced him to a total dissolution, by a diabetes and a thrush; his friends all the time distracted for him, but hindered from assisting him; so far, that the night before he died, Thomson gave him another purge, though he could not get it all down. Mr. Fox by force brought Dr. Hulse, but it was too late; and even then, when Thomson owned him lost, Mrs. Masham was against trying Hulse's assistance. In short, madly or wickedly, they have murdered[2] a man to whom nature would have allotted a far longer period, and had given a degree of abilities that were carrying that period to so great a height of lustre, as perhaps would have excelled most ministers, who in this country have owed their greatness to the greatness of their merit.

Adieu! my dear Sir; excuse what I have written to indulge my own concern, in consideration of what I have written to give you joy.

P. S. Thank you for Mr. Oxenden; but don't put yourself to any great trouble, for I desired you before not to mind formal letters much, which I am obliged to give: I write to you separately, when I wish you to be particularly kind to my recommendations.

[1] At the conclusion of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams's political Odes will be found an affectionate epitaph to the memory of his deceased friend.—E.

[2] There were several pamphlets published on this case, on both sides. [In May, Dr. Thomson published "The Case of Thomas Winnington, Esq.;" to which Dr. J. Campbell published a reply, entitled "A Letter to a Friend in Town, occasioned by the Case of the Right Hon. Thomas Winnington."]

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, May 16, 1746.

I HAVE had nothing new to tell you since the victory, relative to it, but that it has entirely put an end to the rebellion. The number slain is generally believed much greater than is given out. Old Tullybardine[1] has surrendered himself; the Lords Kilmarnock, Balmerino,[2] and Ogilvie,[3] are prisoners, and coming up to their trials. The Pretender is not openly taken, but many people think he is in their power; however, I dare say he will be allowed to escape; and some French ships are hovering about the coast to receive him. The Duke is not yet returned, but we have amply prepared for his reception, by settling on him immediately and for ever twenty-five thousand pounds a-year, besides the fifteen which he is to have on the King's death. It was imagined that the Prince would have opposed this, on the reflection that fifteen thousand was thought enough for him, though heir of the Crown, and abounding in issue: but he has wisely *reflected forwards*, and likes the precedent, as it will be easy to find victories in his sons to reward, when once they have a precedent to fight with.

You must live upon domestic news, for our foreign is exceedingly unwholesome. Antwerp is gone,[4] and Bathiani with the allied army retired under the cannon of Breda; the junction of the Hanoverians cut off, and that of the Saxons put off. We are now, I suppose, at the eve of a bad peace; though, as Cape Breton must be a condition, I don't know who will dare to part with it. Little Æolus (the Duke of Bedford) says they shall not have it, that they shall

[1] Elder brother of the Duke of Athol; he was outlawed for the former rebellion.

[2] Arthur Elphinstone, sixth Lord Balmerino in Scotland. He was beheaded at the same time and place with Lord Kilmarnock; and on the scaffold distinguished himself by his boldness, fortitude, and even cheerfulness.—D.

[3] This was a mistake; it was not Lord Ogilvie, but Lord Cromarty.

[4] It was taken by the French.—D.

have Woburn[1] as soon—and I suppose they will! much such positive *patriot* politics have brought on all this ruin upon us! All Flanders is gone, and all our money, and half our men, and half our navy, because we would have *no search.* Well! but we ought to think on what we have got too!—we have got Admiral Vernon's head on our signs, and we are going to have Mr. Pitt at the head of our affairs. Do you remember the physician in Molière, who wishes the man dead that he may have the greater honour from recovering him? Mr. Pitt is paymaster; Sir W. Yonge vice-treasurer of Ireland; Mr. Fox, secretary-at-war; Mr. Arundel,[2] treasurer of the chambers, in the room of Sir John Cotton, who is turned out; Mr. Campbell (one of my father's admiralty) and Mr. Legge in the treasury, and Lord Duncannon[3] succeeds Legge in the admiralty.

Your two last were of April 19th and 26th. I wrote one to Mr. Chute, inclosed to you, with farther particulars of the battle; and I hope you received it. I am entirely against your sending my eagle while there is any danger. Adieu! my dear child! I wrote to-day, merely because I had not written very lately; but you see I had little to say.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, May 22, 1746.

DEAR GEORGE,

After all your goodness to me, don't be angry that I am glad I am got into brave old London again: though my cats don't purr like Goldwin, yet one of them has as good a heart as old Reynolds, and the tranquillity of my own closet makes me some amends for the loss of the library and *toute la belle compagnie celestine.* I don't know whether that expression will do for the azure ceilings; but I found it at my fingers'

[1] The seat of the Duke of Bedford.

[2] The Hon. Richard Arundel, youngest son of John, second Lord Arundel of Trerice. He had been master of the mint under Sir Robert Walpole's administration.—D.

[3] William Ponsonby, Viscount Duncannon, afterwards second Earl of Besborough.—D.

ends, and so it slipped through my pen. We called at Langley,[1] but did not like it, nor the Grecian temple at all; it is by no means gracious.

I forgot to take your orders about your poultry; the partlets have not laid since I went, for little chanticleer

> Is true to love, and all for recreation,
> And does not mind the work of propagation.

But I trust you will come yourself in a few days, and then you may settle their route.

I am got deep into the Sidney papers: there are old wills full of bequeathed *owches* and *goblets with fair enamel*, that will delight you; and there is a little pamphlet of Sir Philip Sidney's in defence of his uncle Leicester, that gives me a much better opinion of his parts than his dolorous Arcadia, though it almost recommended him to the crown of Poland; at least I have never been able to discover what other great merit he had. In this little tract he is very vehement in clearing up the honour of his lineage; I don't think he could have been warmer about his family, if he had been of the blood of the *Cues*.[2] I have diverted myself with reflecting how it would have entertained the town a few years ago, if my cousin Richard Hammond had wrote a treatise to clear up my father's pedigree, when the Craftsman used to treat him so roundly with being Nobody's son. Adieu! dear George! Yours ever,

THE GRANDSON OF NOBODY.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, June 5, 1746.

DEAR GEORGE,

You may perhaps fancy that you are very happy in the country, and that because you commend every thing you see, you like every thing: you may fancy that London is a desert,

[1] A seat of the Duke of Marlborough.
[2] Mr. Montagu used to call his own family the Cues.

and *that grass grows now where Troy stood;* but it does not, except just before my Lord Bath's door, whom nobody will visit. So far from being empty, and dull, and dusty, the town is full of people, full of water, for it has rained this week, and as gay as a new German Prince must make any place. Why, it rains princes: though some people are disappointed of the arrival of the Pretender, yet the Duke is just coming, and the Prince of Hesse come. He is tall, lusty, and handsome; extremely like Lord Elcho in person, and to Mr. Hussey,[1] in what entitles him more to his freedom in Ireland, than the resemblance of the former does to Scotland. By seeing him with the Prince of Wales, people think he looks stupid; but I dare say in his own country he is reckoned very lively, for though he don't speak much, he opens his mouth very often. The King has given him a fine sword, and the Prince a ball. He dined with the former the first day, and since with the great officers. Monday he went to Ranelagh, and supped in the house; Tuesday at the Opera he sat with his court in the box on the stage next the Prince, and went into theirs to see the last dance; and after it was over to the Venetian ambassadress, who is the only woman he has yet noticed. To-night there is a masquerade at Ranelagh for him, a play at Covent Garden on Monday, and a ridotto at the Haymarket; and then he is to go. His amours are generally very humble, and very frequent; for he does not much affect *our* daughter.[2] A little apt to be boisterous when he has drank. I have not heard, but I hope he was not rampant last night with Lady Middlesex or Charlotte Dives.[3] Men go to see him in the morning, before he goes to see the lions.

The talk of peace is blown over; nine or ten battalions were ordered for Flanders the day before yesterday, but they are again countermanded; and the operations of this cam-

[1] Edward Hussey, afterwards Earl of Beaulieu. [He married Isabella, widow of William, second Duke of Manchester, the heroine of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams's poem, entitled "Isabella; or, the Morning;" and died in 1802.]

[2] The Princess Mary, who was married to the Prince of Hesse Cassel, in 1740.—E.

[3] Afterwards married to Samuel, second and last Lord Masham, who died in 1776.—E.

paign again likely to be confined within the precincts of Covent Garden, where the army-surgeons give constant attendance. Major Johnson commands (I can't call it) the corps de *reserve* in Grosvenor Street. I wish you had seen the goddess of those purlieus with him t'other night at Ranelagh; you would have sworn it had been the divine Cucumber in person.

The fame of the Violetta[1] increases daily; the sister-Countesses of Burlington and Talbot exert all their stores of sullen partiality in competition for her: the former visits her, and is having her picture, and carries her to Chiswick; and she sups at Lady Carlisle's, and lies—indeed I have not heard where, but I know not at Leicester House, where she is in great disgrace, for not going once or twice a week to take lessons of Denoyer, as he[2] bid her: you know, that is politics in a court where dancing-masters are ministers.

Adieu! dear George: my compliments to all at the farm. Your cocks and hens would write to you, but they are dressing in haste for the masquerade: mind, I don't say that Asheton is doing any thing like that; but he is putting on an odd sort of a black gown: but, as Di Bertie says on her message cards, *mum for that.* Yours ever.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, June 6, 1746.

It was a very unpleasant reason for my not hearing from you last post, that you was ill; but I have had a letter from you since of May 24th, that has made me easy again for your health: if you was not losing the good Chutes, I should have been quite satisfied; but that is a loss you will not easily repair, though I were to recommend you Hobarts[3] every day.

[1] Afterwards Mrs. Garrick.

[2] The Prince of Wales; with whom the dancing-master was a great favourite.

[3] The Hon. John Hobart, afterwards second Earl of Buckinghamshire. Walpole had given him a letter of introduction to Sir Horace Mann. —E.

Sure you must have had flights of strange awkward animals, if you can be so taken with him! I shall begin to look about me, to see the merits of England: he was no curiosity here; and yet Heaven knows there are many better, with whom I hope I shall never be acquainted. As I have cautioned you more than once against minding my recommendatory letters, (which one gives because one can't refuse them,) unless I write to you separately, I have no scruple in giving them. You are extremely good to give so much credit to my bills at first sight; but don't put down Hobart to my account; I used to call him the *Clearcake;* fat, fair, sweet, and seen through in a moment. By what you tell me, I should conclude the Countess was not returning; for Hobart is not a morsel that she can afford to lose.

I am much obliged to you for the care you take in sending my eagle by my commodore-cousin, but I hope it will not be till after his expedition. I know the extent of his genius; he would hoist it overboard on the prospect of an engagement, and think he could buy me another at Hyde Park Corner with the prize-money; like the Roman tar that told his crew, that if they broke the antique Corinthian statues, they should find new ones.

We have been making peace lately, but I think it is off again; there is come an unpleasant sort of a letter, transmitted from Van Hoey[1] at Paris; it talks something of rebels not to be treated as rebels, and of a Prince Charles that is somebody's cousin and friend—but as nobody knows any thing of this—why, I know nothing of it neither. There are battalions ordered for Flanders, and countermanded, and a few less ordered again: if I knew exactly what day this would reach you, I could tell you more certainly, because the determination for or against is only of every other day. The Duke is coming: I don't find it certain, however, that the Pretender is got off.

We are in the height of festivities for the Serenity of Hesse, our son-in-law, who passes a few days here on his return to Germany. If you recollect Lord Elcho, you have a perfect

[1] The Dutch minister at Paris.

idea of his person and parts. The great officers banquet him at dinner; in the evenings there are plays, operas, ridottos, and masquerades.

You ask me to pity you for losing the Chutes: indeed I do; and I pity them for losing you. They will often miss Florence, and its tranquillity and happy air. Adieu! Comfort yourself with what you do not lose.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, June 12, 1746.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

DON'T commend me: you don't know what hurt it will do me; you will make me a pains-taking man, and I had rather be dull without any trouble. From partiality to me you won't allow my letters to be letters. If you have a mind I should write you news, don't make me think about it; I shall be so long turning my periods, that what I tell you will cease to be news.

The Prince of Hesse had a most ridiculous tumble t'other night at the Opera; they had not pegged up his box tight after the ridotto, and down he came on all four; George Selwyn says he carried it off with an *unembarrassed* countenance. He was to go this morning; I don't know whether he did or not. The Duke is expected to-night by all the tallow candles and faggots in town.

Lady Caroline Fitzroy's match is settled to the content of all parties; they are taking Lady Abergavenny's house in Brook Street; the Fairy Cucumber houses all Lady Caroline's out-pensioners; Mr. Montgomery[1] is now on half-pay with her. Her Major Johnstone is chosen at White's, to the great terror of the society. When he was introduced, Sir Charles Williams presented Dick Edgecumbe[2] to him, and said, "I have three favours to beg of you for Mr. Edgecumbe: the first is that you would not lie with Mrs. Day;

[1] The Honourable Archibald Montgomerie. He succeeded his brother, as eleventh Earl of Eglinton, in 1769, and died in 1796.—E.

[2] Richard Edgecumbe, second Lord Edgecumbe.

the second, that you would not poison his cards; the third, that you would not kill him;" the fool answered gravely, "Indeed I will not."

The Good has borrowed old Bowman's house in Kent, and is retiring thither for six weeks: I tell her, she has lived so rakish a life, that she is obliged to go and take up. I hope you don't know any more of it, and that Major Montagu is not to cross the country to her. There—I think you can't commend me for this letter; it shall not even have the merit of being long. My compliments to all your contented family.

Yours ever.

P.S. I forgot to tell you, that Lord Lonsdale had summoned the peers to-day to address the King not to send the troops abroad in the present conjuncture. I hear he made a fine speech, and the Duke of Newcastle a very long one in answer, and then they rose without a division.[1] Lord Baltimore is to bring the same motion into our House.[2]

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, June 17, 1746.

DEAR GEORGE,

I WROTE to you on Friday night as soon as I could after receiving your letter, with a list of the regiments to go abroad; one of which, I hear since, is your brother's. I am extremely sorry it is his fortune, as I know the distress it will occasion in your family.

For the politics which you inquire after, and which may have given motion to this step, I can give you no satisfactory answer. I have heard that it is in consequence of an im-

[1] "There was a debate," writes Mr. Pelham to Horatio Walpole on the 12th, "in the House of Lords this day, upon a motion of Lord Lonsdale, who would have addressed the King, to defer the sending abroad any troops till it was more clear that we are in no danger at home; which he would by no means allow to be the case at present. The Duke of Newcastle spoke well for one that was determined to carry on the war. Granville was present, but said nothing; flattered the Duke of Newcastle when the debate was over, and gave a strong negative to the motion."—E.

[2] Lord Baltimore made his motion in the House of Commons, on the 18th; when it was negatived by the great majority of 103 against 12.—E.

pertinent letter sent over by Van Hoey in favour of the rebels, though at the same time I hear we are making steps towards a peace. There centre all my politics, all in peace. Whatever your cousin[1] may think, I am neither busy about what does happen, nor making parties for what may. If he knew how happy I am, his intriguing nature would envy my tranquillity more than his suspicions can make him jealous of my practices. My books, my *virtù*, and my other follies and amusements take up too much of my time to leave me much leisure to think of other people's affairs; and of all affairs, those of the public are least my concern. You will be sorry to hear of Augustus Townshend's[2] death. I lament it extremely, not much for his sake, for I did not honour him, but for his poor sister Molly's, whose little heart, that is all tenderness, and gratitude, and friendship, will be broke with the shock. I really dread it, considering how delicate her health is. My Lady Townshend has a son with him. I went to tell it her. Instead of thinking of her child's distress, she kept me half an hour with a thousand histories of Lady Caroline Fitzroy and Major Johnstone, and the new Paymaster's[3] *ménage*, and twenty other things, nothing to me, nor to her, if she could drop the idea of the pay-office.

The serene Hessian is gone. Little Brooke is to be an earl. I went to bespeak him a Lilliputian coronet at Chenevix's.[4] Adieu! dear George.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, June 20, 1746.

We are impatient for letters from Italy, to confirm the news of a victory over the French and Spaniards.[5] The time is critical, and every triumph or defeat material, as they may

[1] George Dunk, Earl of Halifax.

[2] Son of Viscount Townshend and Dorothy, sister of Sir Robert Walpole. He was a captain in the service of the East India Company, and died at Batavia, having at that time the command of the Augusta.—E.

[3] Mr. Pitt.

[4] A celebrated toy-shop.

[5] The battle of Placentia, which took place on the 15th of May.—E.

raise or fall the terms of peace. The wonderful letters of Van Hoey and M. d'Argenson in favour of the rebels, but which, if the ministry have any spirit, must turn to their harm, you will see in all the papers. They have rather put off the negotiations, and caused the sending five thousand men this week to Flanders. The Duke is not yet returned from Scotland, nor is anything certainly known of the Pretender. I don't find any period fixed for the trial of the Lords; yet the Parliament sits on, doing nothing, few days having enough to make a House. Old Marquis Tullibardine, with another set of rebels are come, amongst whom is Lord Macleod, son of Lord Cromarty,[1] already in the Tower. Lady Cromarty went down *incog.* to Woolwich to see her son pass by, without the power of speaking to him: I never heard a more melancholy instance of affection! Lord Elcho[2] has written from Paris to Lord Lincoln to solicit his pardon; but as he has distinguished himself beyond all the rebel commanders by brutality and insults and cruelty to our prisoners, I think he is likely to remain where he is.

Jack Spenser,[3] old Marlborough's grandson and heir, is just dead, at the age of six or seven and thirty, and in possession of near 30,000*l.* a-year, merely because he would not be abridged of those invaluable blessings of an English subject, brandy, small-beer, and tobacco.

Your last letter was of May 31st. Since you have effectually lost the good Chutes, I may be permitted to lay out all my impatience for seeing them. There are no endeavours I shall not use to show how much I love them for all their friendship to you. You are very kind in telling me how much I am honoured by their Highnesses of Modena; but

[1] George Mackenzie, third Earl of Cromartie, and his eldest son John, Lord Macleod. They had been deeply engaged in the rebellion, were taken prisoners at Dunrobin Castle in Sutherland, and from thence conveyed to the Tower. They were, upon trial, found guilty of high treason; but their lives were granted to them. Lord Macleod afterwards entered the Swedish service. Lady Cromartie was Isabel, daughter of Sir William Gordon, of Invergordon, Bart.—D.

[2] Eldest son of the Earl of Wemyss.

[3] Brother of Charles Spenser, Earl of Sunderland and Duke of Marlborough.

how can I return it? would it be civil to send them a compliment through a letter of yours? Do what you think properest for me.

I have nothing to say to Marquis Riccardi about his trumpery gems, but what I have already said; that nobody here will buy them together; that if he will think better, and let them be sold by auction, he may do it most advantageously, for, with all our distress, we have not at all lost the rage of expense: but that for sending them to Lisbon, I will by no means do it, as his impertinent sending them to me without my leave, shall in no manner draw me into the risk of paying for them. That, in short, if he will send anybody to me with full authority to receive them, and to give me the most ample discharge for them, I will deliver them, and shall be happy so to get rid of them. There they lie in a corner of my closet, and will probably come to light at last with excellent antique mould about them! Adieu.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, June 24, 1746.

DEAR GEORGE,

You have got a very bad person to tell you news; for I hear nothing before all the world has talked it over, and done with it. Till twelve o'clock last night I knew nothing of all the kissing hands that had graced yesterday morning; Arundel,[1] for treasurer of the chambers; Legge, and your friend Welsh Campbell, for the treasury; Lord Duncannon for the admiralty; and your cousin Halifax (who is succeeded by his predecessor in the buck hounds) for chief justice in eyre, in the room of Lord Jersey. They talk of new earls, Lord Chancellor, Lord Gower, Lord Brooke, and Lord Clinton; but I don't know that this will be, because it is not past.

Tidings are every minute expected of a great sea-fight;

[1] The Honourable Richard Arundel, second son to John, Lord Arundel, of Trerice. He married, in 1732, Lady Frances Manners, daughter of John, second Duke of Rutland.—E.

Martin has got between the coast and the French fleet, which has sailed from Brest. The victory in Italy is extremely big; but as none of my friends are aide-de-camps there, I know nothing of the particulars, except that the French and Spaniards have lost ten thousand men.

All the inns about town are crowded with rebel prisoners, and people are making parties of pleasure, which you know is the English genius, to hear their trials. The Scotch, which you know is the Scotch genius, are loud in censuring the Duke for his severities in the Highlands.

The great business of the town is Jack Spenser's will, who has left Althorp and the Sunderland estate in reversion to Pitt; after more obligations and more pretended friendship for his brother, the Duke, than is conceivable. The Duke is in the utmost uneasiness about it, having left the drawing of the writings for the estate to his brother and his grandmother, and without having any idea that himself was cut out of the entail.

I have heard nothing of Augustus Townshend's will: my lady, who you know hated him, came from the Opera t'other night, and on pulling off her gloves, and finding her hands all black, said immediately, "My hands are guilty, but my heart is free." Another good thing she said to the Duchess of Bedford,[1] who told her the Duke was wind-bound at Yarmouth, "Lord! he will hate Norfolk as much as I do."

I wish, my dear George, you could meet with any man that could copy the beauties in the castle: I did not care if it were even in Indian ink. Will you enquire? Eckardt has done your picture excellently well. What shall I do with the original? Leave it with him till you come?

Lord Bath and Lord Sandys have had their pockets picked at Cuper's Gardens. I fancy it was no bad scene, the avarice and jealousy of their peeresses on their return. A terrible disgrace happened to Earl Cholmondeley t'other night at Ranelagh. You know all the history of his letters to borrow money to pay for damask for his fine room at Richmond. As

[1] Daughter of John, Earl Gower.

he was going in, in the crowd, a woman offered him roses—"*Right damask*, my lord!" He concluded she had been put upon it. I was told, *à-propos*, a *bon-mot* on the scene in the Opera, where there is a view of his new room, and the farmer comes dancing out and shaking his purse. Somebody said there was a tradesman had unexpectedly got his money.

I think I deal in *bon-mots* to-day. I'll tell you now another, but don't print my letter in a new edition of Joe Miller's jests. The Duke has given Brigadier Mordaunt the Pretender's coach, on condition he rode up to London in it. "That I will, Sir," said he, "and drive till it stops of its own accord at the Cocoa Tree."

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, July 3, 1746.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

I WISH extremely to accept your invitation, but I can't bring myself to it. If I have the pleasure of meeting Lord North[1] oftener at your house next winter, I do not know but another summer I may have courage enough to make him a visit; but I have no notion of going to any body's house, and have the servants look on the arms of the chaise to find out one's name, and learn one's face from the Saracen's head. You did not tell me how long you stayed at Wroxton, and so I direct this thither. I have wrote one to Windsor since you left it.

The new earls have kissed hands, and kept their own titles. The world reckon Earl Clinton obliged for his new honour to Lord Granville, though they made the Duke of Newcastle go in to ask for it.

Yesterday Mr. Hussey's friends declared his marriage with her grace of Manchester,[2] and said he was gone down to Englefield Green to take possession.

[1] Francis, Lord North and Grey; in 1752 created Earl of Guilford. His lordship died in 1790, at the age of eighty-six.—E.

[2] Isabella, eldest daughter of John, Duke of Montagu, married in 1723 to William, second Duke of Manchester, who died in 1739. She mar-

I can tell you another wedding more certain, and fifty times more extraordinary; it is Lord Cooke with Lady Mary Campbell, the Dowager of Argyle's youngest daughter. It is all agreed, and was negotiated by the Countess of Gower and Leicester. I don't know why they skipped over Lady Betty, who, if there were any question of beauty, is, I think, as well as her sister. They drew the girl in to give her consent, when they first proposed it to her; but now *la Belle n'aime pas trop le Sieur Léandre.* She cries her eyes to scarlet. He has made her four visits, and is so in love, that he writes to her every other day. 'Tis a strange match. After offering him to all the great lumps of gold in all the alleys of the city, they fish out a woman of quality at last with a mere twelve thousand pound. She objects his loving none of her sex but the four queens in a pack of cards, but he promises to abandon White's and both clubs for her sake.

A-propos to White's and cards, Dick Edgecumbe is shut up with the itch. The ungenerous world ascribe it to Mrs. Day: but he denies it; owning, however, that he is very well contented to have it, as nobody will venture on her. Don't you like being pleased to have the itch, as a new way to keep one's mistress to one's self?

You will be in town to be sure for the eight-and-twentieth. London will be as full as at a coronation. The whole form is settled for the trials, and they are actually building scaffolds in Westminster-hall.

I have not seen poor Miss Townshend yet; she is in town, and better, but most unhappy.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, July 7, 1746.

I HAVE been looking at the dates of my letters, and find that I have not written to you since the 20th of last month. As long as it seems, I am not in fault; I now write merely

ried afterwards Edward Hussey, Esq. who was created Baron Beaulieu in 1762, and Earl Beaulieu in 1784.

lest you should think me forgetful of you, and not because I have any thing to say. Nothing great has happened; and for little politics, I live a good deal out of the way of them. I have no manner of connection with any ministry, or opposition to ministry; and their merits and their faults are equally a secret to me. The Parliament sitting so long has worn itself to a skeleton; and almost every body takes the opportunity of shortening their stay in the country, which I believe in their hearts most are glad to do, by going down, and returning for the trials, which are to be on the 28th of this month. I am of the number; so don't expect to hear from me again till that æra.

The Duke is still in Scotland, doing his family the only service that has been done for them there since their accession. He daily picks up notable prisoners, and has lately taken Lord Lovat, and Murray the secretary. There are flying reports of the Boy being killed, but I think not certain enough for the father[1] to faint away again—I blame myself for speaking lightly of the old man's distress; but a swoon is so natural to his character, that one smiles at it at first, without considering when it proceeds from cowardice, and when from misery. I heard yesterday that we are to expect a battle in Flanders soon: I expect it with all the tranquillity that the love of one's country admits, when one's heart is entirely out of the question, as, thank God! mine is: not one of my friends will be in it. I wish it may be as magnificent a victory for us, as your giornata di San Lazaro!

I am in great pain for my eagle, now the Brest fleet is thought to be upon the coast of Spain: but what do you mean by him and his pedestal filling three cases? is he like the Irishman's bird, in two places at once?

Adieu! my dear child; don't believe my love for you in the least abridged, whenever my letters are scarce or short. I never loved you better, and never had less to say, both which I beg you will believe by my concluding Yours, &c.

[1] James Stuart, called "The Old Pretender."—D.

P. S. Since I finished my letter, we hear that the French and Spaniards have escaped from Placentia, not without some connivance of your hero-King.[1] Mons is taken.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Aug. 1, 1746.

I AM this moment come from the conclusion of the greatest and most melancholy scene I ever yet saw! you will easily guess it was the trials of the rebel Lords. As it was the most interesting sight, it was the most solemn and fine: a coronation is a puppet-show, and all the splendour of it idle; but this sight at once feasted one's eyes and engaged all one's passions. It began last Monday; three parts of Westminster-hall were inclosed with galleries, and hung with scarlet; and the whole ceremony was conducted with the most awful solemnity and decency, except in the one point of leaving the prisoners at the bar, amidst the idle curiosity of some crowd, and even with the witnesses who had sworn against them, while the Lords adjourned to their own House to consult. No part of the royal family was there, which was a proper regard to the unhappy men, who were become their victims. One hundred and thirty-nine Lords were present, and made a noble sight on their benches *frequent and full!* The Chancellor[2] was Lord High Steward; but though a most comely personage with a fine voice, his behaviour was mean, curiously searching for occasion to bow to the minister[3] that is no peer, and consequently applying to the other ministers, in a manner, for their orders; and not even ready at the ceremonial. To the prisoners he was peevish; and instead of keeping up to the humane dignity of the law of England, whose character it is to point out favour to the criminal, he crossed them, and almost scolded at any offer they made towards

[1] The King of Sardinia.—D.
[2] Philip Yorke, Lord Hardwicke.
[3] Henry Pelham.

defence. I had armed myself with all the resolution I could, with the thought of their crimes and of the danger past, and was assisted by the sight of the Marquis of Lothian[1] in weepers for his son who fell at Culloden—but the first appearance of the prisoners shocked me! their behaviour melted me! Lord Kilmarnock and Lord Cromartie are both past forty, but look younger. Lord Kilmarnock is tall and slender, with an extreme fine person: his behaviour a most just mixture between dignity and submission; if in anything to be reprehended, a little affected, and his hair too exactly dressed for a man in his situation; but when I say this, it is not to find fault with him, but to show how little fault there was to be found. Lord Cromartie is an indifferent figure, appeared much dejected, and rather sullen: he dropped a few tears the first day, and swooned as soon as he got back to his cell. For Lord Balmerino, he is the most natural brave old fellow I ever saw: the highest intrepidity, even to indifference. At the bar he behaved like a soldier and a man; in the intervals of form, with carelessness and humour. He pressed extremely to have his wife, his pretty Peggy,[2] with him in the Tower. Lady Cromartie only sees her husband through the grate, not choosing to be shut up with him, as she thinks she can serve him better by her intercession without: she is big with child and very handsome; so are their daughters. When they were to be brought from the Tower in separate coaches, there was some dispute in which the axe must go—old Balmerino cried, "Come, come, put it with me." At the bar, he plays with his fingers upon the axe, while he talks to the gentleman-gaoler; and one day somebody coming up to listen, he took the blade and held it like a fan between their faces. During the trial, a little boy was near him, but not tall enough to see; he made room for the child and placed him near himself.

When the trial began, the two Earls pleaded guilty; Balmerino not guilty, saying he could prove his not being at the

[1] William Ker, third Marquis of Lothian. Lord Robert Ker, who was killed at Culloden, was his second son.—D.

[2] Margaret, Lady Balmerino, daughter of Captain Chalmers.—D.

taking of the castle of Carlisle, as was laid in the indictment. Then the King's counsel opened, and Serjeant Skinner pronounced the most absurd speech imaginable; and mentioned the Duke of Perth, "who," said he, "I see by the papers is dead."[1] Then some witnesses were examined, whom afterwards the old hero shook cordially by the hand. The Lords withdrew to their House, and returning, demanded of the judges, whether one point not being proved, though all the rest were, the indictment was false? to which they unanimously answered in the negative. Then the Lord High Steward asked the Peers severally, whether Lord Balmerino was guilty! All said, "guilty upon honour," and then adjourned, the prisoner having begged pardon for giving them so much trouble. While the Lords were withdrawn, the Solicitor-General Murray (brother of the Pretender's minister)[2] officiously and insolently went up to Lord Balmerino, and asked him, how he could give the Lords so much trouble, when his solicitor had informed him that his plea could be of no use to him? Balmerino asked the bystanders who this person was? and being told, he said, "Oh, Mr. Murray! I am extremely glad to see you; I have been with several of your relations; the good lady, your mother, was of great use to us at Perth." Are not you charmed with this speech? how just it was! As he went away, he said, "They call me Jacobite; I am no more a Jacobite than any that tried me: but if the Great Mogul had set up his standard, I should have followed it, for I could not starve." The worst of his case is, that after the battle of Dumblain, having a company in the Duke of Argyll's regiment, he deserted with it to the rebels, and has since been pardoned. Lord Kilmarnock is a presbyterian, with four earldoms[3] in him, but so poor since Lord Wilmington's stopping a pension that my father had given him, that he often wanted a dinner. Lord Cromartie was receiver of the rents of the King's second son in Scot-

[1] The Duke of Perth, being a young man of a delicate frame, expired on his passage to France.—E.

[2] Lord Dunbar.

[3] Kilmarnock, Erroll, Linlithgow, and Calendar.—D.

land, which, it was understood, he should not account for; and by that means had six hundred a-year from the Government: Lord Elibank,[1] a very prating, impertinent Jacobite, was bound for him in nine thousand pounds, for which the Duke is determined to sue him.

When the Peers were going to vote, Lord Foley[2] withdrew, as too well a wisher; Lord Moray,[3] as nephew of Lord Balmerino—and Lord Stair—as, I believe, uncle to his great-grandfather. Lord Windsor,[4] very affectedly, said, "I am sorry I must say, *guilty upon my honour.*" Lord Stamford[5] would not answer to the name of *Henry*, having been christened *Harry*—what a great way of thinking on such an occasion! I was diverted too with old Norsa, the father of my brother's concubine, an old Jew that kept a tavern; my brother, as auditor of the exchequer, has a gallery along one whole side of the court; I said, "I really feel for the prisoners!" old Issachar replied, "Feel for them! pray, if they had succeeded, what would have become of *all us?*" When my Lady Townshend heard her husband vote, she said, "I always knew *my* Lord was *guilty*, but I never thought he would own it *upon his honour.*" Lord Balmerino said, that one of his reasons for pleading *not guilty*, was, that so many ladies might not be disappointed of their show.

On Wednesday they were again brought to Westminster-hall, to receive sentence; and being asked what they had to say, Lord Kilmarnock, with a very fine voice, read a very fine speech, confessing the extent of his crime, but offering his principles as some alleviation, having his eldest son (his second unluckily was with him,) in the Duke's army, *fighting for the liberties of his country at Culloden, where his unhappy father was in arms to destroy them.* He insisted much

[1] Patrick Murray, fifth Lord Elibank.—D.

[2] Thomas, second Lord Foley, of the first creation.—D.

[3] James Stewart, ninth Earl of Moray. His mother was Jean Elphinstone, daughter of John, fourth Lord Balmerino.—D.

[4] Herbert Windsor, second Viscount Windsor in Ireland. He sat in Parliament as Lord Montjoy of the Isle of Wight. He died in 1758, when his titles extinguished.—D.

[5] Harry Grey, fourth Earl of Stamford. Died in 1768.—D.

on his tenderness to the English prisoners, which some deny, and say that he was the man who proposed their being put to death, when General Stapleton urged that *he* was come to fight, and not to butcher; and that if they acted any such barbarity, he would leave them with all his men. He very artfully mentioned Van Hoey's letter, and said how much he should scorn to owe his life to such intercession. Lord Cromartie spoke much shorter, and so low, that he was not heard but by those who sat very near him; but they prefer his speech to the other. He mentioned his misfortune in having drawn in his eldest son, who is prisoner with him; and concluded with saying, "If no part of this bitter cup must pass from me, not mine, O God, but thy will be done!" If he had pleaded *not guilty*, there was ready to be produced against him a paper signed with his own hand, for putting the English prisoners to death.

Lord Leicester went up to the Duke of Newcastle, and said, "I never heard so great an orator as Lord Kilmarnock; if I was your grace, I would pardon him, and make him *paymaster*."[1]

That morning a paper had been sent to the lieutenant of the Tower for the prisoners; he gave it to Lord Cornwallis,[2] the governor, who carried it to the House of Lords. It was a plea for the prisoners, objecting that the late act for regulating the trials of rebels did not take place till after their crime was committed. The Lords very tenderly and rightly sent this plea to them, of which, as you have seen, the two Earls did not make use; but old Balmerino did, and demanded council on it. The High Steward, almost in a passion, told him, that when he had been offered council, he did not accept it. Do but think on the ridicule of sending them the plea, and then denying them council on it! The Duke of Newcastle, who never lets slip an opportunity of being absurd, took it up as a ministerial point, in

[1] Alluding to Mr. Pitt, who had lately been preferred to that post, from the fear the ministry had of his abusive eloquence.

[2] Charles, fifth Lord Cornwallis. He was created an earl in 1753, and died in 1762.—D.

defence of his creature the Chancellor; but Lord Granville moved, according to order, to adjourn to debate in the chamber of Parliament, where the Duke of Bedford and many others spoke warmly for their having council; and it was granted. I said *their*, because the plea would have saved them all, and affected nine rebels who had been hanged that very morning; particularly one Morgan, a poetical lawyer. Lord Balmerino asked for Forester and Wilbraham; the latter a very able lawyer in the House of Commons, who, the Chancellor said privately, he was sure would as soon be hanged as plead such a cause. But he came as council to-day (the third day), when Lord Balmerino gave up his plea as invalid, and submitted, without any speech. The High Steward then made his, very long and very poor, with only one or two good passages; and then pronounced sentence!

Great intercession is made for the two Earls: Duke Hamilton,[1] who has never been at court, designs to kiss the King's hand, and ask Lord Kilmarnock's life. The King is much inclined to some mercy; but the Duke, who has not so much of Cæsar after a victory, as in gaining it, is for the utmost severity. It was lately proposed in the city to present him with the freedom of some company; one of the aldermen said aloud, "Then let it be of the *Butchers!*"[2] The Scotch and his Royal Highness are not at all guarded in their expressions of each other. When he went to Edinburgh, in his pursuit of the rebels, they would not admit his guards, alleging that it was contrary to their privileges; but they rode in, sword in hand; and the Duke, very justly incensed, refused to see any of the magistrates. He came with the utmost expedition to town, in order for Flanders; but found that the court of Vienna had already sent Prince Charles thither, without the least notification, at which both King and Duke are greatly offended. When the latter

[1] James, sixth Duke of Hamilton; died in 1758.—D.

[2] "The Duke," says Sir Walter Scott, "was received with all the honours due to conquest; and all the incorporated bodies of the capital, from the guild brethren to the butchers, desired his acceptance of the freedom of their craft, or corporation." Billy the Butcher was one of his by-names.—E.

waited on his brother, the Prince carried him into a room that hangs over the wall of St. James's Park, and stood there with his arm about his neck, to charm the gazing mob.

Murray, the Pretender's secretary, has made ample confessions: the Earl of Traquair[1] and Dr. Barry, a physician, are apprehended, and more warrants are out; so much for rebels! Your friend, Lord Sandwich, is instantly going ambassador to Holland, to pray the Dutch to build more ships. I have received yours of July 19th, but you see have no more room left, only to say, that I conceive a good idea of my eagle, though the seal is a bad one. Adieu!

P. S. I have not room to say anything to the Tesi till next post; but, unless she will sing gratis, would advise her to drop this thought.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, Aug 2, 1746.

DEAR GEORGE,

You have lost nothing by missing yesterday at the trials, but a little additional contempt for the High Steward; and even that is recoverable, as his long, paltry speech is to be printed; for which, and for thanks for it, Lord Lincoln moved the House of Lords. Somebody said to Sir Charles Windham, "Oh! you don't think Lord Hardwicke's speech good, because you have read Lord Cowper's."—"No," replied he; "but I do think it tolerable, because I heard Serjeant Skinner's."[2] Poor brave old Balmerino retracted his plea, asked pardon, and desired the Lords to intercede for mercy. As he returned to the Tower, he stopped the coach at Charing-cross to buy honey-blobs, as the Scotch call gooseberries. He says he is extremely afraid Lord Kilmarnock will not behave well. The Duke said publicly at his levee, that the latter proposed murdering the English prisoners. His Highness was to have given Peggy Banks a ball last night; but

[1] Charles Stuart, fifth Earl of Traquair.—D.

[2] Matthew Skinner, afterwards a Welsh judge.—E.

was persuaded to defer it, as it would have rather looked like an insult on the prisoners, the very day their sentence was passed. George Selwyn says that he had begged Sir William Saunderson to get him the High Steward's wand, after it was broke, as a curiosity; but that he behaved so like an attorney the first day, and so like a pettifogger the second, that he would not take it to light his fire with: I don't believe my Lady Hardwicke is so high-minded.

Your cousin Sandwich[1] is certainly going on an embassy to Holland. I don't know whether it is to qualify him, by new dignity, for the head of the admiralty, or whether (which is more agreeable to present policy) to satisfy him instead of it. I know when Lord Malton,[2] who was a young earl, asked for the garter, to stop his pretensions, they made him a marquis. When Lord Brooke, who is likely to have ten sons, though he has none yet, asked to have his barony settled on his daughters, they refused him with an earldom; and they professed making Pitt paymaster, in order to silence the avidity of his faction.

Dear George, I am afraid I shall not be in your neighbourhood, as I promised myself. Sir Charles Williams has let his house. I wish you would one day whisk over and look at Harley House. The inclosed advertisement makes it sound pretty, though I am afraid too large for me. Do look at it impartially: don't be struck at first sight with any *brave old windows;* but be so good to inquire the rent, and if I can have it for a year, and with any furniture. I have not had time to copy out the verses, but you shall have them soon. Adieu, with my compliments to your sisters.

[1] John, the fourth Earl of Sandwich; son of Edward Richard, Viscount Hinchinbrooke. He signed the treaty of peace at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748.

[2] Thomas Watson Wentworth, Earl of Malton, created Marquis of Rockingham, in 1746. [He died in 1782, when his title became extinct.]

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, Aug. 5, 1746.

DEAR GEORGE,

THOUGH I can't this week accept your invitation, I can prove to you that I am most desirous of passing my time with you, and therefore *en attendant* Harley House, if you can find me out any clean, small house in Windsor, ready furnished, that is not absolutely in the middle of the town, but near you, I should be glad to take it for three or four months.[1] I have been about Sir Robert Rich's, but they will only sell it. I am as far from guessing why they send Sandwich in embassy, as you are; and, when I recollect of what various materials our late ambassadors have been composed, I can only say, "ex quovis ligno fit Mercurius." Murray[2] has certainly been discovering, and warrants are out; but I don't yet know who are to be their prize. I begin to think that the ministry had really no intelligence till now. I before thought they had, but durst not use it. *A-propos* to not daring; I went t'other night to look at my poor favourite Chelsea,[3] for the little Newcastle is gone to be dipped in the sea. In one of the rooms is a bed for her Duke, and a press-bed for his footman; for he never dares lie alone, and, till he was married, had always a servant to sit up with him. Lady Cromartie presented her petition to the King last Sunday. He was very civil to her, but would not at all give her any hopes. She swooned away as soon as he was gone.[4] Lord Corn-

[1] Gray, in a letter to Wharton of the 15th, says, "Mr. Walpole I have seen a good deal, and shall do a great deal more, I suppose; for he is looking for a house somewhere about Windsor during the summer. All is mighty free, and even friendly, more than one could expect." Works, vol. iii. p. 7.—E.

[2] John Murray of Broughton, the Pretender's Secretary, who purchased his own safety by betraying his former friends.—E.

[3] Where his mother died, and had chiefly resided.—E.

[4] "Lady Cromartie, who is said to have drawn her husband into these circumstances, was at Leicester House on Wednesday, with four of her children. The Princess saw her, and made no other answer than by bringing in her own children and placing them by her; which, if true, is one of the prettiest things I ever heard." Gray to Wharton, Works, vol. iii. p. 4.—E.

wallis told me that her lord weeps every time any thing of his fate is mentioned to him. Old Balmerino keeps up his spirits to the same pitch of gaiety. In the cell at Westminster he showed Lord Kilmarnock how he must lay his head; bid him not wince, lest the stroke should cut his skull or his shoulders, and advised him to bite his lips. As they were to return, he begged they might have another bottle together, as they should never meet any more till ———, and then pointed to his neck. At getting into the coach, he said to the gaoler, "Take care, or you will break my shins with this damned axe."[1]

I must tell you a bon-mot of George Selwyn's at the trial. He saw Bethel's[2] sharp visage looking wistfully at the rebel lords; he said, "What a shame it is to turn her face to the prisoners till they are condemned." If you have a mind for a true foreign idea, one of the foreign ministers said at the trial to another, "Vraiment cela est auguste." "Oui," replied the other, "cela est vrai, mais cela n'est pas royale."

I am assured that the old Countess of Errol made her son Lord Kilmarnock[3] go into the rebellion on pain of disinheriting him. I don't know whether I told you that the man at the tennis-court protests that he has known him dine with the man that sells pamphlets at Storey's Gate; "and," says he, "he would often have been glad if I would have taken him home to dinner." He was certainly so poor, that in one of his wife's intercepted letters she tells him she has plagued their steward for a fortnight for money, and can get but three shillings. Can any one help pitying such distress?[4] I am vastly

[1] "The first day, while the Peers were adjourned to consider of his plea, Balmerino diverted himself with the axe that stood by him, played with its tassels, and tried the edge with his finger." Gray, vol. iii. p. 5.—E.

[2] Anne, daughter of Samuel, first Lord Sandys, and wife of Christopher Bethell, Esq.—E.

[3] The Earl of Kilmarnock was not the son of the Countess of Errol. His wife, the Lady Anne Livingstone, daughter of the Earl of Linlithgow, was her niece, and, eventually, her heiress.—E.

[4] "The Duke of Argyle, telling him how sorry he was to see him engaged in such a cause, 'My Lord,' says he, 'for the two Kings and their rights, I cared not a farthing which prevailed; but I was starving, and by God, if Mahomet had set up his standard in the Highlands, I had been a good Mussulman for bread, and stuck close to the party, for I must eat.'" Gray, vol. iii. p. 5.—E.

softened, too, about Balmerino's relapse, for his pardon was only granted him to engage his brother's vote at the election of Scotch peers.

My Lord Chancellor has had a thousand pounds in present for his high stewardship, and has got the reversion of clerk of the crown (twelve hundred a year) for his second son. What a long time it will be before his posterity are drove into rebellion for want, like Lord Kilmarnock!

The Duke gave his ball last night to Peggy Banks at Vauxhall. It was to pique my Lady Rochford, in return for the Prince of Hesse. I saw the company get into their barges at Whitehall stairs, as I was going myself, and just then passed by two city companies in their great barges, who had been a swan-hopping. They laid by and played "God save our noble King," and altogether it was a mighty pretty show. When they came to Vauxhall, there were assembled about five-and-twenty hundred people, besides crowds without. They huzzaed, and surrounded him so, that he was forced to retreat into the ball-room. He was very near being drowned t'other night going from Ranelagh to Vauxhall, and politeness of Lord Cathcart's, who, stepping on the side of the boat to lend his arm, overset it, and both fell into the water up to their chins.

I have not yet got Sir Charles's ode;[1] when I have, you shall see it: here are my own lines. Good night!

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, Aug. 11, 1746.

DEAR GEORGE,

I HAVE seen Mr. Jordan, and have taken his house at forty guineas a-year, but I am to pay taxes. Shall I now accept your offer of being at the trouble of giving orders for the airing of it? I have desired the landlord will order the key to be delivered to you, and Asheton will assist you. Fur-

[1] On the Duchess of Manchester, entitled Isabella, or the Morning. —E.

niture, I find, I have in abundance, which I shall send down immediately; but shall not be able to be at Windsor at the quivering dame's before to-morrow se'nnight, as the rebel Lords are not to be executed till Monday. I shall stay till that is over, though I don't believe I shall see it. Lord Cromartie is reprieved for a pardon. If wives and children become an argument for saving rebels, there will cease to be a reason against their going into rebellion. Lady Caroline Fitzroy's execution is certainly to-night. I dare say she will follow Lord Balmerino's advice to Lord Kilmarnock, and not winch.

Lord Sandwich has made Mr. Keith his secretary. I don't believe the founder of your race, the great Quu,[1] of Habiculeo, would have chosen his secretary from California.

I would willingly return the civilities you laid upon me at Windsor. Do command me; in what can I serve you? Shall I get you an earldom? Don't think it will be any trouble; there is nothing easier or cheaper. Lord Hobart and Lord Fitzwilliam are both to be Earls to-morrow: the former, of Buckingham; the latter, by his already title. I suppose Lord Malton will be a Duke; he has had no new peerage this fortnight. Adieu! my compliments to the virtuous ladies, Arabella and Hounsibella Quus.

P.S. Here is an order for the key.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Aug. 12, 1746.

To begin with the Tesi; she is mad if she desires to come hither. I hate long histories, and so will only tell you in a few words, that Lord Middlesex[2] took the opportunity of a rivalship between his own mistress, the Nardi, and the Violette,[3] the finest and most admired dancer in the world, to

[1] The Earl of Halifax.—E.

[2] Charles Sackville, eldest son of Lionel, Duke of Dorset, a Lord of the Treasury.

[3] She was born at Vienna in February 1724-5, and married to Gar-

involve the whole ménage of the Opera in the quarrel, and has paid nobody; but, like a true Lord of the Treasury, has shut up his own exchequer. The principal man-dancer was arrested for debt; to the composer his Lordship gave a bad note, not payable in two years, besides amercing him entirely three hundred pounds, on pretence of his siding with the Violette. If the Tesi likes this account—*venga! venga!*

Did I tell you that your friend Lord Sandwich was sent ambassador to Holland? He is: and that Lady Charlotte Fermor[1] was to be married to Mr. Finch,[2] the Vice-chamberlain? She is. Mr. Finch is a comely black widower, without children, and heir to his brother Winchilsea, who has no sons. The Countess-mother has been in an embroil, (as we have often known her,) about carrying Miss Shelly, a bosom-friend, into the Peeresses' place at the trials. Lord Granville, who is extremely fond of Lady Charlotte, has given her all her sister's jewels, to the great discontent of his own daughters. She has five thousand pounds, and Mr. Finch settles fifteen thousand pounds more upon her. Now we are upon the chapter of marriages, Lord Petersham[3] was last night married to one of our first beauties, Lady Caroline Fitzroy;[4] and Lord Coke[5] is to have the youngest of the late Duke of Argyll's daughters,[6] who is none of our beauties at all.

Princess Louisa has already reached the object of her wish ever since she could speak, and is Queen of Denmark. We have been a little lucky lately in the deaths of Kings, and promise ourselves great matters from the new monarch in Spain.[7] Princess Mary is coming over from Hesse to drink

rick, the celebrated actor, in June 1749. She died in October 1822, in the ninety-eighth year of her age.—E.

[1] Second daughter of Thomas, Earl of Pomfret, and sister of Lady Granville.

[2] William Finch, brother of the Earl of Winchilsea, had been ambassador in Holland.

[3] Son of the Earl of Harrington, Secretary of State.

[4] Eldest daughter of Charles, Duke of Grafton, Lord Chamberlain.

[5] Edward, only son of Thomas, Earl of Leicester.

[6] Lady Mary Campbell. She survived her husband fifty-eight years; he having died in 1753, and she in 1811.—D.

[7] Philip the Fifth, the mad and imbecile King of Spain, was just dead. He was succeeded by his son Ferdinand the Sixth, who died in 1759. —D.

the Bath waters; that is the pretence for leaving her brutal husband, and for visiting the Duke and Princess Caroline, who love her extremely. She is of the softest, mildest temper in the world.

We know nothing certainly of the young Pretender, but that he is concealed in Scotland, and devoured with distempers: I really wonder how an Italian constitution can have supported such rigours! He has said, that "he did not see what he had to be ashamed of; and that if he had lost one battle, he had gained two." Old Lovat curses Cope and Hawley for the loss of those two, and says, if they had done their duty, he had never been in this scrape. Cope is actually going to be tried; but Hawley, who is fifty times more culpable, is saved by partiality: Cope miscarried by incapacity; Hawley, by insolence and carelessness.

Lord Cromartie is reprieved; the Prince asked his life, and his wife made great intercession. Duke Hamilton's intercession for Lord Kilmarnock has rather hurried him to the block: he and Lord Balmerino are to die next Monday. Lord Kilmarnock, with the greatest nobleness of soul, desired to have Lord Cromartie preferred to himself for pardon, if there could be but one saved; and Lord Balmerino laments that himself and Lord Lovat were not taken at the same time; "For then," says he, "we might have been sacrificed, and those other two brave men escaped." Indeed Lord Cromartie does not much deserve the epithet; for he wept whenever his execution was mentioned. Balmerino is jolly with his pretty Peggy. There is a remarkable story of him at the battle of Dunblain, where the Duke of Argyll, his colonel, answered for him, on his being suspected. He behaved well; but as soon as we had gained the victory, went off with his troop to the Pretender; protesting that he had never feared death but that day, as he had been fighting against his conscience. Popularity has changed sides since the year '15, for now the city and the generality are very angry that so many rebels have been pardoned. Some of those taken at Carlisle dispersed papers at their execution, saying they forgave all men but three, the Elector of Hanover, the *pretended*

Duke of Cumberland, and the Duke of Richmond, who signed the capitulation at Carlisle.[1]

Wish Mr. Hobart joy of his new lordship; his father took his seat to-day as Earl of Buckingham: Lord Fitzwilliam is made an English earl with him, by his old title. Lord Tankerville[2] goes governor to Jamaica: a cruel method of recruiting a prodigal nobleman's broken fortune, by sending him to pillage a province! Adieu!

P. S. I have taken a pretty house at Windsor, and am going thither for the remainder of the summer.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, Aug. 16, 1746.

DEAR GEORGE,

I SHALL be with you on Tuesday night, and since you are so good as to be my Rowland White, must beg my apart-

[1] A melancholy and romantic incident which took place amid the terrors of the executions is thus related by Sir Walter Scott:—"A young lady, of good family and handsome fortune, who had been contracted in marriage to James Dawson, one of the sufferers, had taken the desperate resolution of attending on the horrid ceremonial. She beheld her lover, after being suspended for a few minutes, but not till death (for such was the barbarous sentence), cut down, embowelled, and mangled by the knife of the executioner. All this she supported with apparent fortitude; but when she saw the last scene finished, by throwing Dawson's heart into the fire, she drew her head within the carriage, repeated his name, and expired on the spot." This melancholy event was made, by Shenstone, the theme of a tragic ballad:—

"The dismal scene was o'er and past,
The lover's mournful hearse retired;
The maid drew back her languid head,
And, sighing forth his name, expired!

"Though justice ever must prevail,
The tear my Kitty sheds is due;
For seldom shall she hear a tale
So sad, so tender, yet so true."

James Dawson was one of the nine men who suffered at Kennington, on the 30th of July.—E.

[2] Charles Bennet, second Earl of Tankerville. The appointment did not take place. He died in 1753. His wife, Camilla, daughter of Edward Colville, of White-house, in the bishopric of Durham, Esq. survived till 1775, aged one hundred and five.—E.

ment at the quivering dame's may be aired for me. My caravan sets out with all my household stuff on Monday; but I have heard nothing of your sister's hamper, nor do I know how to send the bantams by it, but will leave them here till I am more settled under the shade of my own mulberry-tree.

I have been this morning at the Tower, and passed under the new heads at Temple Bar,[1] where people make a trade of letting spying-glasses at a halfpenny a look. Old Lovat arrived last night. I saw Murray, Lord Derwentwater, Lord Traquair, Lord Cromartie and his son, and the Lord Provost, at their respective windows. The other two wretched Lords are in dismal towers, and they have stopped up one of old Balmerino's windows because he talked to the populace; and now he has only one, which looks directly upon all the scaffolding. They brought in the death-warrant at his dinner. His wife fainted. He said, "Lieutenant, with your damned warrant you have spoiled my lady's stomach." He has written a sensible letter to the Duke to beg his intercession, and the Duke has given it to the King; but gave a much colder answer to Duke Hamilton, who went to beg it for Lord Kilmarnock: he told him the affair was in the King's hands, and that he had nothing to do with it. Lord Kilmarnock, who has hitherto kept up his spirits, grows extremely terrified. It will be difficult to make you believe to what heights of affectation or extravagance my Lady

[1] In the sixth volume of "London and its Environs described," published in 1761, a work which furnishes a curious view of the state of the metropolis on the accession of George the Third, it is not only gravely stated of Temple Bar, that, "since the erection of this gate, it has been particularly distinguished by having the heads of such as have been executed for high treason placed upon it," but the accompanying plate exhibits it as being at that time surmounted by three such disgusting proofs of the then semi-barbarous state of our criminal code. The following anecdote, in reference to this exhibition, was related by Dr. Johnson, in 1773:—"I remember once being with Goldsmith in Westminster Abbey: while we surveyed the Poets' Corner, I said to him,

'Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis.'

When we got to Temple Bar, he stopped me, pointed to the heads upon it, and slily whispered me,

'Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur ISTIS.'"

Life, vol. iii. p. 282.—E.

Townshend carries her passion for my Lord Kilmarnock, whom she never saw but at the bar of his trial, and was smitten with his falling shoulders. She has been under his windows; sends messages to him; has got his dog and his snuff-box; has taken lodgings out of town for to-morrow and Monday night, and then goes to Greenwich; forswears conversing with the bloody English, and has taken a French master. She insisted on Lord Hervey's promising her he would not sleep a whole night for my Lord Kilmarnock, "and in return," says she, "never trust me more if I am not as yellow as a jonquil for him."[1] She said gravely t'other day, "Since I saw my Lord Kilmarnock, I really think no more of Sir Harry Nisbett than if there was no such man in the world." But of all her flights, yesterday was the strongest. George Selwyn dined with her, and not thinking her affliction so serious as she pretends, talked rather jokingly of the execution. She burst into a flood of tears and rage; told him she now believed all his father and mother had said of him; and with a thousand other reproaches flung upstairs. George coolly took Mrs. Dorcas, her woman, and made her sit down to finish the bottle: "And pray, sir," said Dorcas, "do you think my lady will be prevailed upon to let me go see the execution? I have a friend that has promised to take care of me, and I can lie in the Tower the night before." My lady has quarrelled with Sir Charles Windham for calling the two Lords malefactors. The idea seems to be general; for 'tis said Lord Cromartie is to be transported, which diverts me for the dignity of the peerage. The ministry really gave it as a reason against their casting lots for pardon, that it was below their dignity. I did not know but that might proceed from Balmerino's not being an earl; and therefore, now their hand is in, would have them make him one. You will see in the papers the second great victory at

[1] "This," says the Quarterly Review, "is an odd illustration of the truth of the first line in the following couplet, which begins an epigram ascribed to Johnson:—

'Pitied by gentle minds, Kilmarnock died;
The brave, Balmerino, are on thy side.'"—E.

Placentia. There are papers pasted in several parts of the town, threatening your cousin Sandwich's head if he makes a dishonourable peace. I will bring you down Sir Charles Williams's new Ode on the Manchester.[1] Adieu!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Windsor, Aug. 21, 1746.

You will perceive by my date that I am got into a new scene, and that I am retired hither like an old summer dowager; only that I have no toad-eater to take the air with me in the back part of my lozenge-coach, and to be scolded. I have taken a small house here within the castle, and propose spending the greatest part of every week here till the Parliament meets; but my jaunts to town will prevent my news from being quite provincial and marvellous. Then, I promise you, I will go to no races nor assemblies, nor make comments upon couples that come in chaises to the White Hart.

I came from town (for take notice, I put this place upon myself for the country) the day after the execution of the rebel Lords: I was not at it, but had two persons come to me directly who were at the next house to the scaffold; and I saw another who was upon it, so that you may depend upon my accounts.

Just before they came out of the Tower, Lord Balmerino drank a bumper to King James's health. As the clock struck ten, they came forth on foot, Lord Kilmarnock all in black, his hair unpowdered in a bag, supported by Forster, the great Presbyterian, and by Mr. Home, a young clergyman, his friend. Lord Balmerino followed, alone, in a blue coat turned up with red, his rebellious regimentals, a flannel waistcoat, and his shroud beneath; their hearses following. They were conducted to a house near the scaffold; the room forwards

[1] Isabel, Duchess of Manchester, married to Edward Hussey, Esq. —E.

had benches for spectators; in the second Lord Kilmarnock was put, and in the third backwards Lord Balmerino; all three chambers hung with black. Here they parted! Balmerino embraced the other, and said, "My lord, I wish I could suffer for both!" He had scarce left him, before he desired again to see him, and then asked him, "My Lord Kilmarnock, do you know anything of the resolution taken in our army, the day before the battle of Culloden, to put the English prisoners to death?" He replied, "My lord, I was not present; but since I came hither, I have had all the reason in the world to believe that there was such order taken; and I hear the Duke has the pocket-book with the order." Balmerino answered, "It was a lie raised to excuse their barbarity to us."—Take notice, that the Duke's charging this on Lord Kilmarnock (certainly on misinformation) decided this unhappy man's fate! The most now pretended, is, that it would have come to Lord Kilmarnock's turn to have given the word for the slaughter, as lieutenant-general, with the patent for which he was immediately drawn into the rebellion, after having been staggered by his wife, her mother, his own poverty, and the defeat of Cope. He remained an hour and a half in the house, and shed tears. At last he came to the scaffold, certainly much terrified, but with a resolution that prevented his behaving in the least meanly or unlike a gentleman.[1] He took no notice of the crowd, only to desire that the baize might be lifted up from the rails, that the mob might see the spectacle. He stood and prayed some time with Forster, who wept over him, exhorted and encouraged him. He delivered a long speech to the Sheriff, and with a noble manliness stuck to the recantation he had made at his trial; de-

[1] "When," says Sir Walter Scott, in Tales of a Grandfather, "he beheld the fatal scaffold covered with black cloth; the executioner with his axe and his assistants; the saw-dust which was soon to be drenched with his blood; the coffin prepared to receive the limbs which were yet warm with life; above all, the immense display of human countenances which surrounded the scaffold like a sea, all eyes being bent on the sad object of the preparation, his natural feelings broke forth in a whisper to the friend on whose arm he leaned, 'Home, this is terrible!' No sign of indecent timidity, however, affected his behaviour."—E.

claring he wished that all who embarked in the same cause might meet the same fate. He then took off his bag, coat and waistcoat with great composure, and after some trouble put on a napkin-cap, and then several times tried the block; the executioner, who was in white with a white apron, out of tenderness concealing the axe behind himself. At last the Earl knelt down, with a visible unwillingness to depart, and after five minutes dropped his handkerchief, the signal, and his head was cut off at once, only hanging by a bit of skin, and was received in a scarlet cloth by four of the undertaker's men kneeling, who wrapped it up and put it into the coffin with the body; orders having been given not to expose the heads, as used to be the custom.

The scaffold was immediately new-strewed with saw-dust, the block new-covered, the executioner new-dressed, and a new axe brought. Then came old Balmerino, treading with the air of a general. As soon as he mounted the scaffold, he read the inscription on his coffin, as he did again afterwards: he then surveyed the spectators, who were in amazing numbers, even upon masts of ships in the river; and pulling out his spectacles read a treasonable speech,[1] which he delivered to the Sheriff, and said, the young Pretender was so sweet a Prince, that flesh and blood could not resist following him; and lying down to try the block, he said, "If I had a thousand lives, I would lay them all down here in the same cause." He said, if he had not taken the sacrament the day before, he would have knocked down Williamson, the lieutenant of the Tower, for his ill usage of him. He took the axe and felt it, and asked the headsman how many blows he had given Lord Kilmarnock; and gave him three guineas. Two clergymen, who attended him, coming up, he said, "No, gentlemen, I believe you have already done me all the service you can." Then he went to the corner of the scaffold, and

[1] Ford, in his account, states that "so far was this speech from being filled with passionate invective, that it mentioned his Majesty as a Prince of the greatest magnanimity and mercy, at the same time that, through erroneous political principles, it denied him a right to the allegiance of his people." E.

called very loud for the warder, to give him his perriwig, which he took off, and put on a night-cap of Scotch plaid, and then pulled off his coat and waistcoat and lay down; but being told he was on the wrong side, vaulted round, and immediately gave the sign by tossing up his arm, as if he were giving the signal for battle. He received three blows, but the first certainly took away all sensation. He was not a quarter of an hour on the scaffold; Lord Kilmarnock above half a one. Balmerino certainly died with the intrepidity of a hero, but with the insensibility of one too.[1] As he walked from his prison to execution, seeing every window and top of house filled with spectators, he cried out, "Look, look, how they are all piled up like rotten oranges!"

My Lady Townshend, who fell in love with Lord Kilmarnock at his trial, will go nowhere to dinner, for fear of meeting with a rebel-pie; she says, everybody is so bloody-minded, that they eat rebels! The Prince of Wales, whose intercession saved Lord Cromartie, says he did it in return for old Sir William Gordon, Lady Cromartie's father, coming down out of his death-bed to vote against my father in the Chippenham election.[2] If his Royal Highness had not countenanced inveteracy like that of Sir Gordon, he would have no occasion to exert his gratitude now in favour of rebels. His brother has plucked a very useful feather out of the cap of the ministry, by forbidding any application for posts in the army to be made to any body but himself: a resolution, I dare say, he will keep as strictly and minutely as he does the discipline and dress of the army. Adieu!

P. S. I have just received yours of Aug. 9th. You had not then heard of the second great battle of Placentia, which has already occasioned new instructions, or in effect, a recall being sent after Lord Sandwich.

[1] "He once more turned to his friends and took his last farewell, and looking on the crowd, said, 'Perhaps some may think my behaviour too bold; but remember, Sir,' said he to a gentleman who stood near him, 'that I now declare it is the effect of confidence in God, and a good conscience, and I should dissemble if I should show any signs of fear.'" Ford.—E.

[2] See vol. i. p. 131.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Windsor, Sept. 15, 1746.

You have sent me Marquis Rinuncini with as much secrecy as if you had sent me a present. I was here; there came an exceedingly fair written and civil letter from you, dated last May: I comprehended by the formality of it, that it was written for the person who brought it, not for the person it was sent to. I have been to town on purpose to wait on him, and though you know he was not of my set, yet being of Florence, and recommended by you, and recollecting how you used to cuddle over a bit of politics with the old Marquis,[1] I set myself to be wondrous civil to Marquis Folco; pray, *faites valoir ma politesse!*[2] You have no occasion to let people know exactly the situation of my villa; but talk of my *standing in campagna*, and coming directly in *sedia di posta*, to *far mio dovere al Signor Marchesino.* I stayed literally an entire week with him, carried him to see palaces and Richmond gardens and park, and Chenevix's shop, and talked a great deal to him *alle conversazioni.* It is a wretched time for him; there is not a soul in town; no plays; and Ranelagh shut up. You may say I should have stayed longer with him, but I was obliged to return for fear of losing *my vintage.* I shall be in London again in a fortnight, and then I shall do more *mille gentilezze.* Seriously, I was glad to see him—after I had got over being sorry to see him, (for with all the goodness of one's *Soquxkin soqubut*, as the Japanese call the heart, you must own it is a little troublesome to be showing the tombs,) I asked him a thousand questions, rubbed up my old tarnished Italian, and inquired about fifty people that I had entirely forgot till his arrival. He told me some passages,

[1] Marquis Rinuncini, the elder, had been envoy in England, and prime minister to John Gaston, the last Great Duke.

[2] Gray, in a letter to Wharton of the 11th, says, "Mr. Walpole has taken a house in Windsor, and I see him usually once a week. He is at present gone to town, to perform the disagreeable task of presenting and introducing about a young Florentine, the Marquis Rinuncini, who comes recommended to him." Works, vol. iii. p. 9.—E.

that I don't forgive you for not mentioning; your Cicisbeatura, Sir, with the Antinora;[1] and Manelli's[2] marriage and jealousy: who consoles my illustrious mistress?[3] Rinuncini has announced the future arrival of the Abbate Niccolini, the elder Pandolfini, and the younger Panciatici; these two last, you know, were friends of mine; I shall be extremely glad to see them.

Your two last were of Aug. 23rd and 30th. In the latter you talk of the execution of the rebel Lords, but don't tell me whether you received my long history of their trials. Your Florentines guessed very rightly about my Lady O.'s reasons for not returning amongst you: she has picked up a Mr. Shirley,[4] no great genius—but with all her affectation of parts, you know she never was delicate about the capacity of her lovers. This swain has so little pretensions to any kind of genius, that two years ago being to act in the Duke of Bedford's company,[5] he kept back the play three weeks, because he could not get his part by heart, though it consisted but of seventeen lines and a half. With him she has retired to a villa near Newpark, and lets her house in town.

Your last letter only mentions the progress of the King of Sardinia towards Genoa; but there is an account actually arrived of his being master of it. It is very big news, and I hope will make us look a little haughty again: we are giving ourselves airs, and sending a secret expedition against France: we don't indeed own that it is in favour of the Chevalier William Courtenay,[6] who, you know, claims the crown of France, and whom King William threatened them to proclaim, when they proclaimed the Pretender; but I believe the Protestant Highlanders in the south of France are ready to

[1] Sister of Madame Grifoni.

[2] Signor Ottavio Manelli had been cicisbeo of Madame Grifoni.

[3] Madame Grifoni.

[4] Sewallis Shirley, uncle of Earl Ferrers. (He married Lady Orford, after her first husband's death.—D.)

[5] The Duke of Bedford and his friends acted several plays at Woburn.

[6] Sir William Courtenay, said to be the right heir of Louis le Gros. There is a notion that at the coronation of a new King of France, the Courtenays assert their pretensions, and that the King of France says to them, "*Apres Nous, Vous.*" [See Gibbon's beautiful account of this family, in a digression to his History of the Decline and Fall, vol. xi.]

join him the moment he lands. There is one Sir Watkyn Williams, a great Baron in Languedoc, and a Sir John Cotton, a Marquis of Dauphiné,[1] who have engaged to raise a great number of men, on the first debarkation that we make.

I think it begins to be believed that the Pretender's son is got to France: pray, if he passes through Florence, make it as agreeable to him as you can, and introduce him to all my acquaintance. I don't indeed know him myself, but he is a particular friend of my cousin Sir John Philipps,[2] and of my sister-in-law Lady O. who will both take it extremely kindly —besides, do, for your own sake; you may make your peace with her this way; and if ever Lord Bath comes into power, she will secure your remaining at Florence. Adieu!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Windsor, Oct. 2, 1746.

By your own loss you may measure my joy at the receipt of the dear Chutes.[3] I strolled to town one day last week, and there I found them! Poor creatures! there they were! wondering at every thing they saw, but with the difference from Englishmen that go abroad, of keeping their amazement to themselves. They will tell you of wild dukes in the play-house, of streets dirtier than forests, and of women more uncouth than the streets. I found them extremely surprised at not finding any ready-furnished palace built round two courts. I do all I can to reconcile their country to them; though seriously they have no affectation, and have nothing particular in them, but that they have nothing particular: a fault, which the climate and their neighbours will soon correct. You may imagine how we have talked you over, and how I have inquired after the state of your *Wetbrownpaperhood.*

[1] Two Jacobite Knights of Wales and Cambridgeshire.

[2] Sir J. Philipps, of Picton Castle in Pembrokeshire; a noted Jacobite. He was first cousin of Catherine Shorter, first wife of Sir Robert Walpole.

[3] John Chute and Francis Whitehed had been several years in Italy, chiefly at Florence.

Mr. Chute adores you: do you know, that as well as I love you, I never found all those charms in you that he does! I own this to you out of pure honesty, that you may love him as much as he deserves. I don't know how he will succeed here, but to me he has more wit than any body I know: he is altered, and I think, broken: Whitehed is grown leaner considerably, and is a very pretty gentleman.[1] He did not reply to me, as the Turcotti[2] did *bonnement* to you, when you told her she was a little thinner: do you remember how she puffed and chuckled, and said, "And indeed I think you are too." Mr. Whitehed was not so sensible of the blessing of decrease, as to conclude that it would be acceptable news even to shadows: he thinks me plumped out. I would fain have enticed them down hither, and promised we would live just as if we were at the King's Arms in *via di Santo Spirito:*[3] but they were obliged to go *chez eux*, not *pour se décrasser*, but *pour se crasser*. I shall introduce them *a tutte le mie conoscenze*, and shall try to make *questo paese as agreeable to them as possible;* except in one point, for I have sworn never to tell Mr. Chute a word of news, for then he will be writing it to you, and I shall have nothing to say. This is a lucky resolution for you, my dear child, for between two friends one generally hears nothing; the one concludes that the other has told all.

I have had two or three letters from you since I wrote. The young Pretender is generally believed to have got off the 16th of last month: if he were not, with the zeal of the Chutes, I believe they would go to Scotland to hunt him, and would be impatient to send a limb to Cardinal Acquaviva and Monsignor Piccolomini. I quite gain a winter with them, having had no expectation of them till spring. Adieu!

[1] Gray, in a letter to Mr. Chute, written at this time, thus describes Mr. Whithead: "He is a fine young personage in a coat all over spangles, just come over from the tour in Europe to take possession, and be married. I desire my hearty congratulations to him, and say I wish him more spangles, and more estates, and more wives." Works, vol. iii. p. 20.—E.

[2] A fine singer.

[3] Mr. Mann hired a large palace of the Mannetti family at Florence in via di Santo Spirito: foreign ministers in Italy affix large shields with the arms of their sovereign over their door.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Windsor still, Oct. 3, 1746.

MY DEAR HARRY,

You ask me if I am really grown a philosopher. Really I believe not; for I shall refer you to my practice rather than to my doctrine, and have really acquired what they only pretended to seek, content. So far, indeed I was a philosopher even when I lived in town, for then I was content too; and all the difference I can conceive between those two opposite doctors was, that Aristippus loved London, and Diogenes Windsor: and if your master the Duke, whom I sincerely prefer to Alexander, and who certainly can intercept more sunshine, would but stand out of my way, which he is extremely in, while he lives in the park here,[1] I should love my little tub of forty pounds a year, more than my palace *dans la rue des ministres*, with all my pictures and bronzes, which you ridiculously imagine I have encumbered myself with in my solitude. Solitude it is, as to the tub itself, for no soul lives in it with me; though I could easily give you room at the butt end of it, and with vast pleasure; but George Montagu, who perhaps is a philosopher too, though I am sure not of Pythagoras's silent sect, lives but two barrels off; and Asheton, a Christian philosopher of our acquaintance, lives at the foot of that hill which you mention with a melancholy satisfaction that always attends the reflection. A-propos, here is an Ode on the very subject, which I desire you will please to like excessively:[2] * * * * *

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You will immediately conclude, out of good breeding, that

[1] "The Duke of Cumberland is here at his lodge with three women, and three aide-de-camps; and the country swarms with people. He goes to races, and they make a ring about him, as at a bear-baiting." Gray to Wharton, Sept. 11. Works, vol. iii. p. 10.—E.

[2] Here follows in the original Mr. Gray's Ode on a distant prospect of Eton College. [This, which was the first English production of Gray which appeared in print, was published by Dodsley in the following year. Dr. Warton says, that "little notice was taken of it, on its first publication."—E.

it is mine, and that it is charming. I shall be much obliged to you for the first thought, but desire you will retain only the second; for it is Mr. Gray's, and not your humble servant's.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Oct. 14, 1746.

You will have been alarmed with the news of another battle[1] lost in Flanders, where we have no Kings of Sardinia. We make light of it; do not allow it to be a battle, but call it "the action near Liege." Then we have whittled down our loss extremely, and will not allow a man more than three hundred and fifty English slain out of the four thousand. The whole of it, as it appears to me, is, that we gave up eight battalions to avoid fighting; as at Newmarket people pay their forfeit when they foresee they should lose the race; though, if the whole army had fought, and we had lost the day, one might have hoped to have come off for eight battalions. Then they tell you that the French had four-and-twenty-pounders, and that they must beat us by the superiority of their cannon; so that to me it is grown a paradox, to war with a nation who have a mathematical certainty of beating you; or else it is a still stranger paradox, why you cannot have as large cannon as the French. This loss was balanced by a pompous account of the triumphs of our invasion of Bretagne; which, in plain terms, I think, is reduced to burning two or three villages and reimbarking: at least, two or three of the transports are returned with this history, and know not what is become of Lestock and the rest of the invasion. The young Pretender is landed in France, with thirty Scotch, but in such a wretched condition that his highland Highness had no breeches.[2]

[1] The battle of Rocoux; lost by the allies on the 11th of October.—E.

[2] About the 18th of September, Prince Charles received intelligence that two French frigates had arrived at Lochnanuagh, to carry him and other fugitives of his party to France: accordingly, after numerous wanderings, in various disguises, he embarked, on the 20th of September, attended by Lochiel, Colonel Roy Stuart, and about a hundred others of

I have received yours of the 27th of last month, with the capitulation of Genoa, and the kind conduct of the Austrians to us their allies, so extremely like their behaviour whenever they are fortunate. Pray, by the way, has there been any talk of my cousin,[1] the Commodore, being blameable in letting slip some Spanish ships?—don't mention it as from me, but there are whispers of court-martial on him. They are all the fashion now; if you miss a post to me, I will have you tried by a court-martial. Cope is come off most gloriously, his courage ascertained, and even his conduct, which everybody had given up, justified. Folkes and Lascelles, two of his generals, are come off too; but not so happily in the opinion of the world. Oglethorpe's sentence is not yet public, but it is believed not to be favourable. He was always a bully, and is now tried for cowardice. Some little dash of the same sort is likely to mingle with the judgment on *il furibondo* Matthews; though his party rises again a little, and Lestock's acquittal begins to pass for a party affair. In short, we are a wretched people, and have seen our best days!

I must have lost a letter, if you really told me of the sale of the Duke of Modena's pictures,[2] as you think you did; for when Mr. Chute told it me, it struck me as quite new. They are out of town, good souls; and I shall not see them this fortnight; for I am here only for two or three days, to inquire after the battle, in which not one of my friends were. Adieu!

the relics of his party; and safely landed at the little port of Roscoff, near Morlaix, in Brittany, on the 29th. "During these wanderings," says Sir Walter Scott, in Tales of a Grandfather, "the secret of the Adventurer's concealment was intrusted to hundreds, of every sex, age, and condition; but no individual was found, in a high or low situation, or robbers even, who procured their food at the risk of their lives, who thought for an instant of obtaining opulence at the expense of treachery to the proscribed and miserable fugitive. Such disinterested conduct will reflect honour on the Highlands of Scotland while their mountains shall continue to exist." Prose Works, vol. xxvi. p. 374.—E.

[1] George Townshend, eldest son of Charles, Lord Viscount Townshend, by Dorothy, his second wife, sister of Sir Robert Walpole. (He was subsequently tried by a court-martial for his conduct upon this occasion, and honourably acquitted.—D.)

[2] To the King of Poland.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Windsor, Oct. 24, 1746.

WELL, Harry, Scotland is the last place on earth I should have thought of for turning anybody poet: but I begin to forgive it half its treasons in favour of your verses, for I suppose you don't think I am the dupe of the highland story that you tell me: the only use I shall make of it is to commend the lines to you, as if they really were a Scotchman's. There is a melancholy harmony in them that is charming, and a delicacy in the thoughts that no Scotchman is capable of, though a *Scotchwoman*[1] might inspire it. I beg, both for Cynthia's sake and my own, that you would continue your De Tristibus till I have an opportunity of seeing your muse, and she of rewarding her: *Reprens ta musette, berger amoureux!* If Cynthia has ever travelled ten miles in fairy-land, she must be wondrous content with the person and qualifications of her knight, who in future story will be read of thus: Elmedorus was tall and perfectly well made, his face oval, and features regularly handsome, but not effeminate; his complexion sentimentally brown, with not much colour; his teeth fine, and forehead agreeably low, round which his black hair curled naturally and beautifully. His eyes were black too, but had nothing of fierce or insolent; on the contrary, a certain melancholy swimmingness, that described hopeless love rather than a natural amorous languish. His exploits in war, where he always fought by the side of the renowned Paladine William of England, have endeared his memory to all admirers of true chivalry, as the mournful elegies which he poured out among the desert rocks of Caledonia[2] in honour of the peerless lady and his heart's idol, the incomparable Cynthia, will for ever preserve his name in the flowery annals of poesy.

What a pity it is I was not born in the golden age of Louis the Fourteenth, when it was not only the fashion to write

[1] Caroline Campbell, Countess of Ailesbury.—E.
[2] Mr. Conway was now in Scotland.

folios, but to read them too! or rather, it is a pity the same fashion don't subsist now, when one need not be at the trouble of invention, nor of turning the whole Roman history into romance for want of proper heroes. Your campaign in Scotland, rolled out and well be-epitheted, would make a pompous work, and make one's fortune; at sixpence a number, one should have all the damsels within the liberties for subscribers: whereas now, if one has a mind to be read, one must write metaphysical poems in blank verse, which, though I own to be still easier, have not half the imagination of romances, and are dull without any agreeable absurdity. Only think of the gravity of this wise age, that have exploded "Cleopatra and Pharamond," and approve "The Pleasures of the Imagination," "The Art of preserving Health," and "Leonidas!" I beg the age's pardon: it has done approving these poems, and has forgot them.

Adieu! dear Harry. Thank you seriously for the poem. I am going to town for the birth-day, and shall return hither till the Parliament meets; I suppose there is no doubt of our meeting then. Yours ever.

P. S. Now you are at Stirling, if you should meet with Drummond's History of the five King Jameses, pray look it over.[1] I have lately read it, and like it much. It is wrote in imitation of Livy; the style masculine, and the whole very sensible; only he ascribes the misfortunes of one reign to the then king's loving architecture and

"In trim gardens taking pleasure."

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[1] Drummond of Hawthornden's History of Scotland, from 1423 to 1542, did not appear until after his death. This work, in which the doctrine of unlimited authority and passive obedience is advocated to an extravagant extent, is generally considered to have added little to his reputation. He died in December 1649, in his sixty-fourth year. Ben Jonson is said to have so much admired the genius of this "Scotian Petrarch," as to travel on foot to Scotland, out of love and respect for him.—E.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, Nov. 3, 1746.

DEAR GEORGE,

Do not imagine I have already broke through all my wholesome resolutions and country schemes, and that I am given up, body and soul, to London for the winter. I shall be with you by the end of the week; but just now I am under the maiden palpitation of an author. My epilogue will, I believe, be spoken to-morrow night;[1] and I flatter myself I shall have no faults to answer for but what are in it, for I have kept secret whose it is. It is now gone to be licensed; but as the Lord Chamberlain is mentioned,[2] though rather to his honour, it is possible it may be refused.

Don't expect news, for I know no more than a newspaper. Asheton would have written it if there were any thing to tell you. Is it news that my Lord Rochford is an oaf? He has got a set of plate buttons for the birth-day clothes, with the Duke's head in every one. Sure my good lady carries her art too far to make him so great a dupe. How do all the comets? Has Miss Harriet found out any more ways at *solitaire?* Has Cloe left off evening prayer on account of the damp evenings? How is Miss Rice's cold and coachman? Is Miss Granville better? Has Mrs. Masham made a brave hand of this bad season, and lived upon carcases like any vampire? Adieu! I am just going to see Mrs. Muscovy,[3] and will be sure not to laugh if my old lady should talk of Mr. Draper's white skin, and tickle his bosom like Queen Bess.

[1] Rowe's tragedy of Tamerlane was written in compliment to William the Third, whose character the author intended to display under that of Tamerlane, as he meant to be understood to draw that of Louis the Fourteenth in Bajazet. Tamerlane was always acted on the 4th and 5th of November, the anniversaries of King William's birth and landing; and this year Mr. Walpole had written an epilogue for it, on the suppression of the rebellion.—E.

[2] The Duke of Grafton.

[3] Mrs. Boscawen, wife of the Hon. George Boscawen, fifth son of Viscount Falmouth.—E.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Nov. 4, 1746.

Mr. Chute and I agreed not to tell you of any new changes till we could tell you more of them, that you might not be "put into a taking," as you was last winter with the revolution of three days; but I think the present has ended with a single fit. Lord Harrington,[1] quite on a sudden, resigned the seals; it is said, on some treatment not over gracious; but he is no such novice to be shocked with that, though I believe it has been rough ever since his resigning last year, which he did more boisterously than he is accustomed to behave to Majesty. Others talk of some quarrel with his brother secretary, who, in complaisance, is all for drums and trumpets. Lord Chesterfield was immediately named his successor; but the Duke of Newcastle has taken the northern province, as of more business, and consequently better suited *to his experience and abilities!* I flatter myself that this can no way affect you. Ireland is to be offered to Lord Harrington, or the Presidentship; and the Duke of Dorset, now President, is to have the other's refusal. The King has endured a great deal with your old complaint; and I felt for him, recollecting all you underwent.

You will have seen in the papers all the histories of our glorious expeditions[2] and invasions of France, which have put Cressy and Agincourt out of all countenance. On the first view, indeed, one should think that our fleet had been to victual; for our chief prizes were cows and geese and turkeys. But I rather think that the whole was fitted out by

[1] William Stanhope, Earl of Harrington, secretary of state.

[2] The expedition to Quiberon; the troops under General St. Clair, the fleet under Admiral Lestock. The object was to surprise Port l'Orient, and destroy the stores and ships of the French East India Company, but the result attained was only the plunder and burning of a few helpless villages. The fleet and troops returned, however, with little loss. "The truth is," says Tindal, "Lestock was too old and infirm for enterprise, and, as is alleged, was under the shameful direction of a woman he carried along with him; and neither the soldiers nor the sailors seem to have been under any kind of discipline."—E.

the Royal Society, for they came back quite satisfied with having *discovered* a fine bay! Would one believe, that in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and forty-six, we should boast of *discovering* something on the coast of France, as if we had found out the North-east passage, or penetrated into some remote part of America? The Guards are come back too, who never went: in one single day they received four several different orders!

Matthews is broke at last. Nobody disputes the justice of the sentence; but the legality of it is not quite so authenticated. Besides some great errors in the forms, whenever the Admiralty perceived any of the court-martial inclined to favour him, they were constantly changed. Then, the expense has been enormous; two hundred thousand pounds! chiefly by employing young captains, instead of old half-pay officers; and by these means, double commissions. Then there has been a great fracas between the court-martial and Willes.[1] He, as Chief Justice, sent a summons, in the ordinary form of law, to Mayerne, to appear as an evidence in a trial where a captain had prosecuted Sir Chaloner Ogle for horrid tyranny: the ingenious court-martial sat down and drew up articles of impeachment, like any House of Commons, against the Chief Justice, for stopping their proceedings! and the Admiralty, still more ingenious, had a mind to complain of him to the House! He was charmed to catch them at such absurdities—but I believe at last it is all compromised.

I have not heard from you for some time, but I don't pretend to complain: you have real occupation; my idleness is for its own sake. The Abbé Niccolini and Pandolfini are arrived; but I have not yet seen them. Rinuncini cannot bear England — and if the Chutes speak their mind, I believe they are not captivated yet with anything they have found: I am more and more with them: Mr. Whitehed is infinitely improved; and Mr. Chute has absolutely more wit, knowledge, and good-nature, than, to their great surprise,

[1] John Willes, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.

ever met together in one man.[1] He has a bigotry to you, that even astonishes me, who used to think that I was pretty well in for loving you; but he is very often ready to quarrel with me for not thinking you all pure gold. Adieu!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Windsor, Nov. 12, 1746.

I AM come hither, *per saldare;* but though the country is excellently convenient, from the idleness of it, for beginning a letter, yet it is not at all *commode* for finishing one: the same ingredients that fill a basket by the carrier, will not fill half a sheet of paper; I could send you a cheese, or a hare; but I have not a morsel of news. Mr. Chute threatened me to tell you the distress I was in last week, when I *starved* Niccolini and Pandolfini on a *fast-day*, when I had thought to banquet them sumptuously. I had luckily given a guinea for two pine-apples, which I knew they had never seen in Italy, and upon which they revenged themselves for all the meat that they dared not touch. Rinuncini could not come. How you mistook me, my dear child! I meant simply, that you had not mentioned his coming; very far from reproving you for giving him a letter. Don't I give letters for you every day to cubs, ten times *cubber* than Rinuncini? and don't you treat them as if all their names were Walpole? If you was to send me all the uncouth productions of Italy, do you think any of them would be so brutal as Sir William Maynard? I am exactly like you; I have no greater pleasure than to make them value your recommendation, by showing how much I value it. Besides, I love the Florentines for their own sakes, and to indemnify them, poor creatures! a little for the Richcourts, the Lor-

[1] Gray, in a letter to Mr. Chute of the 12th of October, says, "Mr. Walpole is full, I assure you, of your panegyric. Never any man had half so much wit as Mr. Chute, (which is saying everything with him, you know,) and Mr. Whithead is the finest young man that was ever imported." Works, vol. iii. p. 22.—E.

raines, and the Austrians. I have received, per mezzo di Pucci,[1] a letter from Marquis Riccardi, with orders to consign to the bearer all his treasure in my hands, which I shall do immediately with great satisfaction. There are four rings that I should be glad he would sell me; but they are such trifles, and he will set such a value on them the moment he knows I like them, that it is scarce worth while to make the proposal, because I would give but a little for them. However, you may hint what plague I have had with his *roba*, and that it will be a *gentillezza* to sell me these four dabs. One is a man's head, small, on cornelian, and intaglio; a fly, ditto; an Isis, cameo; and an inscription in Christian Latin: the last is literally not worth two sequins.

As to Mr. Townshend, I now know all the particulars, and that Lord Sandwich[2] was at the bottom of it. What an excellent heart his lordship will have by the time he is threescore, if he sets out thus! The persecution[3] is on account of the poor boy's relation to my father; of whom the world may judge pretty clearly already, from the abilities and disinterestedness of such of his enemies as have succeeded; and from their virtue in taking any opportunity to persecute any of his relations; in which even the public interest of their country can weigh nothing, when clashing with their malice. The King of Sardinia has written the strongest letter imaginable to complain of the grievous prejudice the Admiralty has done his affairs by this step.

Don't scold me for not sending you those Lines to Eckardt:[4] I never wrote anything that I esteemed less, or that was seen so incorrect; nor can I at all account for their having been so much liked, especially as the thoughts were so old and so common. I was hurt at their getting into print. I enclose you an epilogue[5] that I have written since, merely for a specimen of something more correct. You know, or

[1] Minister from the Great Duke.
[2] John Montagu, Earl of Sandwich, First Lord of the Admiralty.
[3] See letter of the 14th October.
[4] The Beauties, an Epistle to Eckardt, the painter; reprinted in Dodsley's Miscellanies [and in Walpole's Works, vol. i. p. 19].
[5] On the suppression of the rebellion. [See Works, vol. i. p. 25.]

have known, that Tamerlane is always acted on King William's birthday, with an occasional prologue; this was the epilogue to it, and succeeded to flatter me. Adieu!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Dec. 5, 1746.

We are in such a news-less situation, that I have been some time too without writing to you; but I now answer one I received from you yesterday. You will excuse me, if I am not quite so transported as Mr. Chute is, at the extremity of Acquaviva.[1] I can't afford to hate people so much at such a distance: my aversions find employment within their own atmosphere.

Rinuncini returns to you this week, not at all contented with England: Niccolini is extremely, and turns his little talent to great account; there is nobody of his own standard but thinks him a great genius. The Chutes and I deal extremely together; but they abuse me, and tell me I am grown so *English!* lack-a-day! so I am; as folks that have been in the Inquisition, and did not choose to broil, come out excellent Catholics?

I have been unfortunate in my own family; my nephew, Captain Cholmondeley,[2] has married a player's sister; and I fear Lord Malpas[3] is on the brink of matrimony with another girl of no fortune. Here is a ruined family! their father totally undone, and all he has seized for debt!

The Duke is gone to Holland to settle the operations of the campaign, but returns before the opening of it. A great

[1] Cardinal Acquaviva, Protector of Spain, and a great promoter of the interests of the Pretender.

[2] Robert, second son of George, Earl of Cholmondeley, married Mary, sister of Mrs. Margaret Woffington, the actress. He afterwards quitted the army and took orders. [Besides two church livings, he enjoyed the office of auditor of the King's revenues in America. He died in 1804.]

[3] George, eldest son of Lord Cholmondeley, married, in January 1747, Miss Edwards. (She was the daughter and heiress of Sir Francis Edwards, Bart. of Grete, in Shropshire.—D.)

reformation has been made this week in the army; the horse are broke, and to be turned into dragoons, by which sixty thousand pounds a-year will be saved. Whatever we do in Flanders, I think you need not fear any commotions here, where Jacobitism seems to have gasped its last. Mr. Radcliffe, the last Derwentwater's brother, is actually named to the gallows for Monday; but the imprudence of Lord Morton,[1] who has drawn himself into the Bastile, makes it doubtful whether the execution will be so quick. The famous orator Henley is taken up for treasonable flippancies.[2]

You know Lord Sandwich is minister at the Hague. Sir Charles Williams, who has resigned the paymastership of the marines, is talked of for going to Berlin, but it is not yet done. The Parliament has been most serene, but there is a storm in the air: the Prince waits for an opportunity of erecting his standard, and a disputed election between him and the Grenvilles is likely very soon to furnish the occasion. We are to have another contest about Lord Bath's borough,[3] which Mr. Chute's brother formerly lost, and which his colleague, Luke Robinson, has carried by a majority of three, though his competitor is returned. Lord Bath wrote to a man for a list of all that would be against him: the man placed his own and his brother's names at the head of the list.

We have operas, but no company at them; the Prince and Lord Middlesex *Impresarii.* Plays only are in fashion: at one house the best company that perhaps ever were together, Quin, Garrick, Mrs. Pritchard, and Mrs. Cibber: at the other, Barry, a favourite young actor, and the Violette, whose dancing our friends don't like; I scold them, but all the answer is, "Lord! you are so *English!*" If I do clap sometimes when they don't, I can fairly say with Œdipus,

"My hands are guilty, but my heart is free."

Adieu!

[1] James Douglas, ninth Earl of Morton.—D.
[2] He was, a few days after, admitted to bail.—E.
[3] Heydon.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Christmas-day, 1746.

We are in great expectation of farther news from Genoa, which the last accounts left in the greatest confusion, and I think absolutely in the hands of the Genoese;[1] a circumstance that may chance to unravel all the fine schemes in Provence! Marshal Bathiani, at the Hague, treated this revolt as a trifle; but all the letters by last post make it a re-conquest. The Dutch do all the Duke asks: we talk of an army of 140,000 men in Flanders next campaign. I don't know how the Prince of Orange relishes his brother-in-law's dignities and success.

Old Lovat has been brought to the bar of the House of Lords: he is far from having those abilities for which he has been so cried up. He saw Mr. Pelham at a distance and called to him, and asked him if it were worth while to make all this fuss to take off a grey head fourscore years old? In his defence he complained of his estate being seized and kept from him. Lord Granville took up this complaint very strongly, and insisted on having it inquired into. Lord Bath went farther, and, as some people think, intended the Duke; but I believe he only aimed at the Duke of Newcastle, who was so alarmed with this motion, that he kept the House above a quarter of an hour in suspense, till he could send for Stone,[2] and consult what he should do. They made a rule to order the old creature the profits of his estate till his conviction. He is to put in his answer the 13th of January.

[1] This circumstance is thus alluded to in a letter of Sir Horace Mann's, dated Dec. 20th, 1746. "The affairs of Genoa are in such a horrid situation, that one is frightened out of one's senses. The accounts of them are so confused, that one does not know what to make of them; but it is certain that the mob is quite master of the town and of every thing in it. They have sacked several houses, particularly that of the Doge, and five or six others, belonging to those who were the principal authors of the alliance which the Republic made with France and Spain."—D.

[2] Andrew Stone, secretary to the Duke of Newcastle, and afterwards sub-governor to George, Prince of Wales.

Lord Lincoln is cofferer at last, in the room of Waller,[1] who is dismissed. Sir Charles Williams has kissed hands, and sets out for Dresden in a month: he has hopes of Turin, but I think Villettes is firm. Don't mention this.

Did I ever talk to you of a Mr. Davis, a Norfolk gentleman, who has taken to painting? He has copied the Dominichin, the third picture he ever copied in his life: how well, you may judge; for Mr. Chute, who, I believe you think, understands pictures if anybody does, happened to come in, just as Mr. Davis brought his copy hither. "Here," said I, "Mr. Chute, here is your Dominichin come to town to be copied." He literally did not know it; which made me very happy for Mr. Davis, who has given me this charming picture. Do but figure to yourself a man of fifty years old, who was scarce ever out of the county of Norfolk, but when his hounds led him; who never saw a tolerable picture till those at Houghton four years ago; who plays and composes as well as he paints, and who has no more of the Norfolk dialect than a Florentine! He is the most decent, sensible man you ever saw.

Rinuncini is gone: Niccolini sups continually with the Prince of Wales, and *learns the Constitution!* Pandolfini is put to-bed, like children, to be out of the way. Adieu!

P. S. My Lady O. who has entirely settled her affairs with my brother, talks of going abroad again, not being able to live here on fifteen hundred pounds a-year—many an old lady, and uglier too, lives very *comfortably* upon less. After I had writ this, your brother brought me another letter with a confirmation of all we had heard about Genoa. You may be easy about the change of provinces,[2] which has not been made as was designed. *Ecco Monsù Chute.*

FROM MR. CHUTE.

Mr. Walpole gives me a side, and I catch hold of it to tell you that I parted this minute with your charming brother,

[1] Edmund Waller, of Beaconsfield.

[2] Meaning a change in the secretaries of state. There were at this time two, one of whom was called the Secretary of State for the Northern Province, and the other the Secretary of State for the Southern Province.—D.

who has been in council with me about your grand affair:[1] it is determined now to be presented to the King by way of memorial; and to-morrow we meet again to draw it up: Mr. Stone has graciously signified that this is a very proper opportunity: one should think he must know.

Oh! I must tell you: I was here last night, and saw my Lord Walpole[2] for the first time, but such a youth! I declare to you, I was quite astonished at his sense and cleverness; it is impossible to describe it; it was just what would have made you as happy to observe as it did me: he is not yet seventeen, and is to continue a year longer at Eton, upon his own desire. Alas! how few have I seen of my countrymen half so formed even at their return from their travels! I hope you will have him at Florence one day or other; he will pay you amply for the Pigwiggins, and ——

Mr. Walpole is quite right in all he tells you of the miracle worked by St. Davis, which certainly merits the credit of deceiving far better judges of painting than I; who am no judge of any thing but you, whom I pretend to understand better than any body living, and am, therefore, my dear sir, &c. &c. &c. J. C.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Jan. 27, 1747.

The Prince has formally declared a new Opposition, which is never to subside till he is King (*s'entend*, that he does not carry his point sooner). He began it pretty handsomely the other day with 143 to 184, which has frightened the ministry like a bomb. This new party wants nothing but heads; though not having any, to be sure the struggle is the fairer. Lord Baltimore[3] takes the lead; he is the best and

[1] Of Mr. Mann's arrears.

[2] George, only son of Robert, second Earl of Orford, whom he succeeded in the title.

[3] Charles Calvert, Lord Baltimore, had been a Lord of the Admiralty, on the change of the ministry in 1742. He died soon after the Prince, in 1751.

honestest man in the world, with a good deal of jumbled knowledge; but not capable of conducting a party. However, the next day, the Prince, to reward him, and to punish Lord Archibald Hamilton, who voted with the ministry, told Lord Baltimore that he would not give him the trouble of waiting any more as Lord of the Bedchamber, but would make him Cofferer. Lord B. thanked him, but desired that it might not be done in a way disagreeable to Lord Archibald, who was then Cofferer. The Prince sent for Lord Archibald, and told him he would either make him Comptroller, or give him a pension of twelve hundred pounds a-year; the latter of which the old soul accepted, and went away content; but returned in an hour with a letter from his wife,[1] to say, that as his Royal Highness was angry with her husband, it was not proper for either of them to take their pensions. It is excellent! When she was dismissed herself, she accepted the twelve hundred pounds, and now will not let her husband, though he had accepted. It must mortify the Prince wondrously to have four-and-twenty hundred pounds a-year thrown back into an exchequer that never yet overflowed!

I am a little piqued at Marquis Riccardi's refusing me such a trifle as the four rings, after all the trouble I have had with his trumpery. However, I think I cannot help telling him, that Lord Carlisle and Lord Duncannon, who heard of his collection from Niccolini, have seen it, and are willing, at a reasonable price, to take it between them: if you let me know the lowest, and in money that I understand, not his equivocal pistoles, I will allow so much to Florence-civilities, as still to help him off with his goods, though he does not deserve it; as selling me four trifles could not have affected the general purchase. I pity your Princess Strozzi,[2] but cannot possibly hunt after her chattels: Riccardi has cured me of Italian merchandise, by forcing it upon me.

[1] Jane, sister of the Earl of Abercorn, and wife of Lord Archibald Hamilton, great-uncle of Duke Hamilton: she had been mistress of the robes, &c. to the Princess of Wales, and the supposed mistress of the Prince. She died at Paris, in December 1752.

[2] She had been robbed of some of the most valuable gems of the famous Strozzi collection.

Your account of your former friend's neglect of you does not at all surprise me: there is an inveteracy, a darkness, a design and cunning in his character that stamp him for a very unamiable young man: it is uncommon for a heart to be so tainted so early. My cousin's[1] affair is entirely owing to him;[2] nor can I account for the pursuit of such unprovoked revenge.

I never heard of the advertisement that you mention to have received from Sir James Grey,[3] nor believe it was ever in the House of Commons; I must have heard of it. I hear as little of Lady O. who never appears; nor do I know if she sees Niccolini: he lives much with Lady Pomfret (who has married her third daughter[4]), and a good deal with the Prince.

Adieu! I think I have answered your letter, and have nothing more to put into mine.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Feb. 23, 1747.

Why, you do nothing but get fevers! I believe you try to dry your Wet-brown-paperness, till you scorch it. Or do you play off fevers against the Princess's *coliques?* Remember, hers are only for the support of her dignity, and that is what I never allowed you to have: you must[5] have twenty unlawful children, and then be twenty years in devotion, and have twenty unchristian appetites and passions all the while, before you may think of getting into *a cradle* with *épuisements*,

[1] The Hon George Townshend. See what is said of him in a letter of Oct. 14, 1746, and note.—D.

[2] It appeared afterwards that the person here mentioned, after having behaved very bravely, gave so perplexed an account of his own conduct, that the Admiralty thought it necessary to have it examined; but the inquiry proved much to his honour.

[3] "Sir James Gray has sent me the copy of an advertisement, the publisher of which, he says, had been examined before the House of Commons, *Lost or mislaid an ivory table-book*, containing various queries vastly strong." Letter of Sir H. Mann of Jan. 10th, 1747. It probably related to the trial of the rebel Lords.—D.

[4] Lady Henrietta Fermor, second wife of Mr. Conyers.

[5] All the succeeding paragraph alludes to Princess Craon.

and have a Monsieur Forzoni[1] to burn the wings of boisterous gnats—pray be more robust—do you hear!

One would think you had been describing our Opera, not your own: we have just set out with one in, what they call, the French manner, but about as like it, as my Lady Pomfret's hash of plural persons and singular verbs or infinitive moods was to Italian. They sing to jigs, and dance to church music: Phaeton is run away with by horses that go a foot's-pace, like the Electress's[2] coach, with such long traces, that the postilion was in one street and the coachman in another, —then comes Jupiter with a farthing-candle to light a squib and a half, and that they call fire-works. Reginello, the first man, is so old and so tall, that he seems to have been growing ever since the invention of operas. The first woman has had her mouth let out to show a fine set of teeth, but it lets out too much bad voice at the same time.[3] Lord Middlesex, for his great prudence in having provided such very tractable steeds to Prince Phaeton's car, is going to be Master of the Horse to the Prince of Wales; and for his excellent economy in never paying the performers, is likely to continue in the treasury. The two courts growl again: and the old question of settling the 50,000*l.* a-year, talked of. The Tories don't list kindly under this new Opposition; though last week we had a warm day on a motion for inquiring into useless places and quarterings. Mr. Pitt was so well advised as to acquit my father pretty amply, in speaking of the Secret Committee. My uncle Horace thanked him in a speech, and my brother Ned has been to visit him—*Tant d'empressement*, I think, rather shows an eagerness to catch at any opportunity of paying court to him; for I do not see the so vast merit in own-

[1] Her gentleman usher.

[2] The Electress Palatine Dowager, the last of the house of Medici; she lived at Florence.

[3] The drama of Fetonte was written by Vaneschi. "The best apologies for the absurdities of an Italian opera, in a country where the language is little understood, are," says Dr. Burney, "good music and exquisite singing: unluckily, neither the composition nor performance of Phaeton had the siren power of enchanting men so much, as to stimulate attention at the expense of reason." Hist. of Music, vol. iv. p. 456. —E.

ing now for his interest, what for his honour he should have owned five years ago. This motion was spirited up by Lord Bath, who is raving again, upon losing the borough of Heydon: from which last week we threw his brother-in-law Gumley, and instated Luke Robinson, the old sufferer for my father, and the colleague of Mr. Chute's brother; an incident that will not heighten your indifference, any more than it did mine.

Lord Kildare is married to the charming Lady Emily Lenox, who went the very next day to see her sister Lady Caroline Fox, to the great mortification of the haughty Duchess-mother. They have not given her a shilling, but the King endows her, by making Lord Kildare a Viscount Sterling:[1] and they talk of giving him a pinchbech-dukedom too, to keep him always first peer of Ireland.[2] Sir Everard Falkener is married to Miss Churchill, and my sister is brought to bed of a son.

Panciatici is arrived, extremely darkened in his person and enlivened in his manner. He was much in fashion at the Hague, but I don't know if he will succeed so well here: for in such great cities as this, you know people affect not to think themselves honoured by foreigners; and though we don't quite barbarize them as the French do, they are *toujours des Etrangers.* Mr. Chute thinks we have to the full all the politeness that can make a nation brutes to the rest of the world. He had an excellent adventure the other day with Lord Holderness, whom he met at a party at Lady Betty Germain's, but who could not possibly fatigue himself to recollect that they had ever met before in their lives. Towards the end of dinner Lady Betty mentioned remembering a grandmother of Mr. Chute who was a peeress: immediately the Earl grew as fond of him as if they had walked together at a coronation. He told me another good story last night of

[1] Meaning an *English* viscount. He was created Viscount Leinster, of Taplow, in Bucks, Feb. 21st, 1747.—D.

[2] In 1761 his lordship was advanced to the Marquisate of Kildare, and in 1766 created Duke of Leinster. By Lady Emily Lenox the Duke had seventeen children.—E.

Lord Hervey,[1] who was going with them from the Opera, and was so familiar as to beg they would not call him *my Lord* and *your Lordship*. The freedom proceeded; when, on a sudden, he turned to Mr. Whithed, and with a distressed friendly voice, said, "Now have you no peerage that can come to you by any woman?"

Adieu! my dear Sir; I have no news to tell you. Here is another letter of Niccolini that has lain in my standish this fortnight.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, March 20, 1747.

I HAVE been living at old Lovat's trial, and was willing to have it over before I talked to you of it. It lasted seven days: the evidence was as strong as possible; and after all he had denounced, he made no defence. The Solicitor-General,[2] who was one of the managers for the House of Commons, shone extremely; the Attorney-General,[3] who is a much greater lawyer, is cold and tedious. The old creature's behaviour has been foolish, and at last, indecent. I see little of parts in him, nor attribute much to that cunning for which he is so famous: it might catch wild Highlanders; but the art of dissimulation and flattery is so refined and improved, that it is of little use now where it is not very delicate. His character seems a mixture of tyranny and pride in his villainy. I must make you a little acquainted with him. In his own domain he governed despotically, either burning or plundering the lands and houses of his open enemies, or taking off his secret ones by the assistance of his cook, who was his poisoner in chief. He had two servants who married without his consent; he said, "You shall

[1] George, eldest son of John, Lord Hervey, and afterwards Earl of Bristol, and minister at Turin and Madrid.
[2] William Murray.
[3] Sir Dudley Ryder; afterwards Lord Chief Justice.

have enough of each other," and stowed them in a dungeon, that had been a well, for three weeks. When he came to the Tower, he told them, that if he were not so old and infirm, they would find it difficult to keep him there. They told him they had kept much younger: "Yes," said he, "but they were inexperienced: they had not broke so many gaols as I have." At his own house he used to say, that for thirty years of his life he never saw a gallows but it made his neck ache. His last act was to shift his treason upon his eldest son, whom he forced into the rebellion. He told Williamson, the Lieutenant of the Tower, "We will hang my eldest son, and then my second shall marry your niece." He has a sort of ready humour at repartee, not very well adapted to his situation. One day that Williamson complained that he could not sleep, he was so haunted with *rats*—he replied, "What do you say, that you are so haunted with *Ratcliffes?*" The first day, as he was brought to his trial, a woman looked into the coach, and said, "You ugly old dog, don't you think you will have that frightful head cut off?" He replied, "You ugly old ——, I believe I shall." At his trial he affected great weakness and infirmities, but often broke out into passions; particularly at the first witness, who was his vassal: he asked him how he dared to come thither! the man replied, to satisfy his conscience. Murray, the Pretender's secretary, was the chief evidence, who, in the course of his information, mentioned Lord Traquair's having conversed with Lord Barrymore, Sir Watkyn Williams, and Sir John Cotton, on the Pretender's affairs, but that they were shy. He was proceeding to name others, but was stopped by Lord Talbot, and the court acquiesced—I think very indecently. It is imagined the Duchess of Norfolk would have come next upon the stage. The two Knights were present, as was Macleod, against whom a bitter letter from Lovat was read, accusing him of breach of faith; and afterwards Lovat summoned him to answer some questions he had to ask; but did not. It is much expected that Lord Traquair, who is a great coward, will give ample information of the whole plot. When Sir

Everard Falkener had been examined[1] against Lovat, the Lord High Steward asked the latter if he had anything to say to Sir Everard? he replied, "No; but that he was his humble servant, and wished him joy of his young wife." The two last days he behaved ridiculously, joking, and making everybody laugh even at the sentence. He said to Lord Ilchester, who sat near the bar, "Je meurs pour ma patrie, et ne m'en soucie gueres." When he withdrew, he said, "Adieu! my lords, we shall never meet again in the same place."[2] He says he will be hanged; for that his neck is so short and bended, that he should be struck in the shoulders. I did not think it possible to feel so little as I did at so melancholy a spectacle, but tyranny and villainy wound up by buffoonery took off all edge of concern. The foreigners were much struck; Niccolini seemed a great deal shocked, but he comforts himself with the knowledge he thinks he has gained of the English constitution.

Don't thank Riccardi for me: I don't feel obliged for his immoderate demand, but expect very soon to return him his goods; for I have no notion that the two Lords, who are to see them next week, will rise near his price. We have nothing like news: all the world has been entirely taken up with the trial. Here is a letter from Mr. Whithed to Lord Hobart. Mr. Chute would have written to-night, if I had not; but will next post. Adieu!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, April 10, 1747.

I DEFERRED writing to you as long as they deferred the execution of old Lovat, because I had a mind to send you some account of his death, as I had of his trial. He was beheaded yesterday, and died extremely well, without passion,

[1] He was secretary to the Duke, whom he had attended into Scotland during the rebellion.

[2] Lord Byron has put nearly the same words into the mouth of Israel Bertuccio, in his tragedy of Marino Faliero.—E.

affectation, buffoonery, or timidity: his behaviour was natural and intrepid. He professed himself a Jansenist; made no speech, but sat down a little while in a chair on the scaffold, and talked to the people round him. He said, "He was glad to suffer for his country, *dulce est pro patriâ mori;* that he did not know how, but he had always loved it, *nescio quâ natale solum, &c.;* that he had never swerved from his principles; that this was the character of his family, who had been gentlemen for five hundred years." He lay down quietly, gave the sign soon, and was dispatched at a blow. I believe it will strike some terror into the Highlands, when they hear there is any power great enough to bring so potent a tyrant to the block. A scaffold fell down, and killed several persons; one, a man that had rid post from Salisbury the day before to see the ceremony; and a woman was taken up dead with a live child in her arms. The body[1] is sent into Scotland: the day was cold, and before it set out, the coachman drove the hearse about the court, before my Lord Traquair's dungeon, which could be no agreeable sight: it might to Lord Cromartie, who is *above the chair.*[2] Mr. Chute was at the execution with the Italians, who were more entertained than shocked: Panciatici told me, "It was a *triste spectacle, mais qu'il ne laissoit d'être beau.*" Niccolini has treasured it up among his insights into the English constitution. We have some chance of a Peer's trial that has nothing to do with the rebellion. A servant of a college has been killed at Oxford, and a verdict of wilful murder by persons unknown, brought in by the coroner's inquest. These persons unknown are supposed to be Lord Abergavenny,[3] Lord Charles Scot,[4] and two more, who had played tricks with the poor fellow that night, while he was drunk, and the next morning he was found with his skull fractured, at the foot of the first Lord's staircase. One pities the poor boys,

[1] It was countermanded, and buried in the Tower.

[2] Lord Cromartie had been pardoned.—D.

[3] George Neville, fifteenth Lord and first Earl of Abergavenny. Died 1785.—D.

[4] Lord Charles Scott, second son of Francis, Duke of Buccleugh. He died at Oxford during the year 1747.—D.

who undoubtedly did not foresee the melancholy event of their sport.

I shall not be able till next letter to tell you about Riccardi's gems: Lord Duncannon has been in the country; but he and Lord Carlisle are to come to me next Sunday, and determine.

Mr. Chute gave you some account of the Independents:[1] the committee have made a foolish affair of it, and cannot furnish a report. Had it extended to three years ago, Lord Sandwich and Grenville[2] of the admiralty would have made an admirable figure as dictators of some of the most Jacobite healths that ever were invented. Lord Doneraile, who is made comptroller to the Prince, went to the committee, (whither all members have a right to go, though not to vote, as it is select, not secret,) and plagued Lyttelton to death, with pressing him to inquire into the healths of the year '43. The ministry are now trembling at home, with fear of losing the Scotch bills for humbling the Highland chiefs: they have whittled them down almost to nothing, in complaisance to the Duke of Argyll: and at last he deserts them. Abroad they are in panics for Holland, where the French have at once besieged two towns, that must fall into their hands, though we have plumed ourselves so much on the Duke's being at the head of a hundred and fifteen thousand men.

There has been an excellent civil war in the house of Finch: our friend, Lady Charlotte,[3] presented a daughter

[1] An innkeeper in Piccadilly, who had been beaten by them, gave information against them for treasonable practices, and a committee of the House of Commons, headed by Sir W. Yonge and Lord Coke, was appointed to inquire into the matter. [The informant's name was Williams, keeper of the White Horse in Piccadilly. Being observed, at the anniversary dinner of the independent electors of Westminster, to make memorandums with a pencil, he was severely cuffed, and kicked out of the company. The alleged treasonable practices consisted in certain offensive toasts. On the King's health being drunk, every man held a glass of water in his left hand, and waved a glass of wine over it with the right.]

[2] George Grenville, afterwards prime minister.—D.

[3] Lady Charlotte Fermor, second daughter of Thomas, Earl of Pomfret, and second wife of William Finch, vice-chamberlain to the King; formerly ambassador in Holland, and brother of Daniel, Earl of Winchilsea.

of John Finch, (him who was stabbed by Sally Salisbury,[1]) his offspring by Mrs. Younger,[2] whom he since married. The King, Prince, and Princess received her: her aunt, Lady Bel,[3] forbad Lady Charlotte to present her to Princess Emily, whither, however, she carried her in defiance. Lady Bel called it publishing a bastard at court, and would not present her — think on the poor girl! Lady Charlotte, with spirit, presented her herself. Mr. W. Finch stepped up to his other sister, the Marchioness of Rockingham,[4] and whispered her with his composed civility, that he knew it was a plot of her and Lady Bel to make Lady Charlotte miscarry. The sable dame (who, it was said, is the blackest of the family, because she swept the chimney) replied, "This is not a place to be indecent, and therefore I shall *only* tell you that you are a rascal and a villain, and that if ever you dare to put your head into my house, I will kick you down stairs myself." *Politesse Anglaise!* Lord Winchilsea (who, with his brother Edward, is embroiled with both sides) came in, and informed everybody of any circumstances that tended to make both parties in the wrong. I am impatient to hear how this operates between my Lady Pomfret and her friend, Lady Bel. Don't you remember how the Countess used to lug a half-length picture of the latter behind her post-chaise all over Italy, and have a new frame made for it in every town where she stopped? and have you forgot their correspondence, that poor Lady Charlotte was daily and hourly employed to transcribe into a great book, with the proper names in red ink? I have but just room to tell you that the King is perfectly well, and that the Pretender's son was sent from Spain as soon as he arrived there. Thank you for the news of Mr. Townshend. Adieu!

[1] Sally Salisbury, alias Pridden, a woman of the town, stabbed the Hon. John Finch in a bagnio, in the neighbourhood of Covent-garden; but he did not die of the wound.—D.

[2] Elizabeth Younger. Her daughter, by the Hon. John Finch, married John Mason, Esq. of Greenwich.—D.

[3] Lady Isabella Finch, lady of the bedchamber to the Princesses Emily and Caroline.

[4] Lady Mary Finch, fifth daughter of Daniel, sixth Earl of Winchilsea; married in 1716 to the Hon. Thomas Wentworth, afterwards created Marquis of Rockingham.—D.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Arlington Street, April 16, 1747.

DEAR HARRY,

We are all skyrockets and bonfires to-night for your last year's victory;[1] but if you have a mind to perpetuate yourselves in the calendar, you must take care to refresh your conquests. I was yesterday out of town, and the very signs as I passed through the villages made me make very quaint reflections on the mortality of fame and popularity. I observed how the Duke's head had succeeded almost universally to Admiral Vernon's, as his had left but few traces of the Duke of Ormond's. I pondered these things in my heart, and said unto myself, Surely all glory is but as a sign!

You have heard that old Lovat's tragedy is over: it has been succeeded by a little farce, containing the humours of the Duke of Newcastle and his man Stone. The first event was a squabble between his grace and the Sheriff about holding up the head on the scaffold — a custom that has been disused, and which the Sheriff would not comply with, as he received no order in writing. Since that, the Duke has burst ten yards of breeches strings[2] about the body, which was to be sent into Scotland; but it seems it is customary for vast numbers to rise to attend the most trivial burial. The Duke, who is always at least as much frightened at doing right as at doing wrong, was three days before he got courage enough to order the burying in the Tower. I must tell you an excessive good story of George Selwyn: Some women were scolding him for going to see the execution, and asked him, how he could be such a barbarian to see the head cut off? "Nay," says he, "if that was such a crime, I am sure I have made amends, for I went to see it sewed on again." When he was at the undertaker's, as soon as they had stitched him together, and were going to put the body into the coffin, George, in my Lord Chancellor's voice, said "My Lord Lovat, your lord-

[1] The battle of Culloden.
[2] Alluding to a trick of the Duke of Newcastle's.

ship may rise." My Lady Townshend has picked up a little stable-boy in the Tower, which the warders have put upon her for a natural son of Lord Kilmarnock's, and taken him into her own house. You need not tell Mr. T. this from me.

We have had a great and fine day in the House on the second reading the bill for taking away the heritable jurisdictions in Scotland. Lyttelton made the finest oration imaginable; the Solicitor General, the new Advocate,[1] and Hume Campbell, particularly the last, spoke excessively well for it, and Oswald against it. The majority was 233 against 102. Pitt was not there; the Duchess of Queensberry had ordered him to have the gout.

I will give you a commission once more, to tell Lord Bury[2] that he has quite dropped me: if I thought he would take me up again, I would write to him; a message would encourage me. Adieu!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, May 5, 1747.

It is impossible for me to tell you more of the new Stadtholder[3] than you must have heard from all quarters. Hitherto his existence has been of no service to his country. Hulst, which we had heard was relieved, has surrendered. The Duke was in it privately, just before it was taken, with only two aide-de-camps, and has found means to withdraw our three regiments. We begin to own now that the French are superior: I never believed they were not, or that we had taken the field before them; for the moment we had taken it, we heard of Marshal Saxe having detached fifteen thousand men to form sieges. There is a print published in Hol-

[1] William Grant, Lord Advocate of Scotland.

[2] George Keppel, eldest son of William, Earl of Albemarle, whom he succeeded in the title in 1755. He was now, together with Mr. Conway, aide-de-camp to the Duke of Cumberland.

[3] The Prince of Orange had just been raised to that dignity in a tumultuary manner.

land of the Devil weighing the Count de Saxe and Count Lowendahl in a pair of scales, with this inscription:

Tous deux vaillants,	Tous deux galiards,	Tous deux sans foi.
Tous deux galants,	Tous deux paliards,	Tous deux sans loi.
Toux deux constants,	Tous deux bâtards,[1]	Tous deux à moi.

We are taken up with the Scotch bills for weakening clanships and taking away heritable jurisdictions. I have left them sitting on it to-day, but was pleased with a period of Nugent. "These jurisdictions are grievous, but nobody complains of them; therefore, what? therefore, they are excessively grievous." We had a good-natured bill moved today by Sir William Yonge, to allow council to prisoners on impeachments for treason, as they have on indictments. It hurt everybody at old Lovat's trial, all guilty as he was, to see an old wretch worried by the first lawyers in England, without any assistance but his own unpractised defence. It had not the least opposition; yet this was a point struggled for in King William's reign, as a privilege and dignity inherent in the Commons, that the accused by them should have no assistance of council. How reasonable, that men, chosen by their fellow-subjects for the defence of their fellow-subjects, should have rights detrimental to the good of the people whom they are to protect! Thank God! we are a better-natured age, and have relinquished this savage privilege with a good grace!

Lord Cowper[2] has resigned the bedchamber, on the Beefeaters being given to Lord Falmouth. The latter, who is powerful in elections, insisted on having it: the other had nothing but a promise from the King, which the ministry had already twice forced him to break.

Mr. Fox gave a great ball last week at Holland House, which he has taken for a long term, and where he is making

[1] The Count de Saxe was a natural son of Augustus the Second, King of Poland and Elector of Saxony, and of the Countess Konigsmark. The Count de Lowendahl was not a "bâtard" himself; but his father, Woldemar, Baron of Lowendahl, was the son of the Count of Gildenlew, who was the natural son of Frederick the Third, King of Denmark.—D.

[2] William, second Earl Cowper, son of the Chancellor. He died in 1764.—D.

great improvements. It is a brave old house, and belonged to the gallant Earl of Holland, the lover of Charles the First's Queen. His motto has puzzled everybody; it is *Ditior est qui se.* I was allowed to hit off an interpretation, which yet one can hardly reconcile to his gallantry, nor can I decently repeat it to you. While I am writing, the Prince is going over the way to Lord Middlesex's, where there is a ball in mask to-night for the royal children.

The two Lords have seen and refused Marquis Riccardi's gems: I shall deliver them to Pucci; but am so simple (you will laugh at me) as to keep the four I liked: that is, I will submit to give him fifty pounds for them, if he will let me choose one ring more; for I will at least have it to call them at ten guineas a-piece. If he consents, I will remit the money to you, or pay it to Pucci, as he likes. If not, I return them with the rest of the cargo. I can choose no ring for which I would give five guineas.

I have received yours of April 25th, since I came home. You will scold me for being so careless about the Pretender's son; but I am determined not to take up his idea again, till he is at least on this side Derby. Do excuse me; but when he could not get to London, with all the advantages which the ministry had smoothed for him, how can he ever meet more concurring circumstances?

If my lady's[1] return has no better foundation than Niccolini's authority, I assure you you may believe as little of it as you please. If he knows no more of her, than he does of everything else that he pretends to know, as I am persuaded he does not, knowledge cannot possibly be thinner spread. He has been a progress to add more matter to the mass, that he already don't understand. Adieu!

[1] Lady Orford.—D.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, May 19th, 1747.

As you will receive the Gazette at the same time with this letter, I shall leave you to that for the particulars of the great naval victory that Anson has gained over the French off Cape Finisterre.[1] It is a very big event, and by far one of the most considerable that has happened during this war. By it he has defeated two expeditions at once; for the fleet that he has demolished was to have split, part for the recovery of Cape Breton, part for the East Indies. He has always been most remarkably fortunate: Captain Grenville, the youngest of the brothers, was as unlucky; he was killed by the cannon that was fired as a signal for their striking.[2] He is extremely commended: I am not partial to the family; but it is but justice to mention, that when he took a great prize some time ago, after a thousand actions of generosity to his officers and crew, he cleared sixteen thousand pounds, of which he gave his sister ten. The King is in great spirits. The French fought exceedingly well.

I have no other event to tell you, but the promotion of a new brother of yours. I condole with you, for they have literally sent one Dayrolles[3] resident to Holland, under Lord Sandwich,

—— Mimum partes tractare secundas.

This curious minister has always been a led-captain to the Dukes of Grafton and Richmond; used to be sent to auctions for them, and to walk in the Park with their daughters, and

[1] Upon this occasion Admiral Anson took six French men-of-war and four of their East Indiamen, and sunk or destroyed the rest of their fleet.—D.

[2] Thomas Grenville, youngest brother of Richard, Earl Temple. As soon as he was struck by the cannon-ball, he exclaimed, gallantly, "Well! it is better to die thus, than to be tried by a court-martial!" [His uncle, Lord Cobham, erected a column to his memory in the gardens at Stowe.]

[3] Solomon Dayrolles, Esq. There are many letters addressed to him in Lord Chesterfield's Miscellaneous Correspondence.—D.

once went dry-nurse to Holland with them. He has belonged, too, a good deal to my Lord Chesterfield, to whom, I believe, he owes this new honour; as he had before made him black-rod in Ireland, and gave the ingenious reason, that he had a black face. I believe he has made him a minister, as one year, at Tunbridge, he had a mind to make a wit of Jacky Barnard, and had the impertinent vanity to imagine that his authority was sufficient.

Your brother has gone over the way with Mr. Whithed, to choose some of Lord Cholmondeley's pictures for his debt; they are all given up to the creditors, who yet scarce receive forty per cent. of their money.

It is wrong to send so short a letter as this so far, I know; but what can one do? After the first fine shower, I will send you a much longer. Adieu!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, June 5, 1747.

Don't be more frightened at hearing the Parliament is to be dissolved in a fortnight, than you are obliged to be as a good minister. Since this Parliament has not brought over the Pretender, I trust the death of it will not. You will want to know the reason of this sudden step: several are given, as the impossibility of making either peace or war, till they are secure of a new majority; but I believe the true motive is to disappoint the Prince, who was not ready with his elections. In general, people seem to like the measure, except the Speaker, who is very pompous about it, and speaks constitutional paragraphs. There are rumours of changes to attend its exit. People imagine Lord Chesterfield[1] is to quit, but I know no other grounds for this belief, than that they conclude the Duke of Newcastle must be jealous of him by this time. Lord Sandwich is looked

[1] He was now secretary of state, which office he did not resign till Feb. 1748.—D.

upon as his successor, whenever it shall happen. He is now here, to look after his Huntingdonshire boroughs. We talk nothing but elections—however, it is better than talking them for a year together. Mine for Callington (for I would not come in for Lynn, which I have left to Prince Pigwiggin[1]) is so easy, that I shall have no trouble, not even the dignity of being carried in triumph, like the lost sheep, on a porter's shoulders; but may retire to a little new farm that I have taken just out of Twickenham. The house is so small, that I can send it you in a letter to look at: the prospect is as delightful as possible, commanding the river, the town, and Richmond Park; and being situated on a hill descends to the Thames through two or three little meadows, where I have some Turkish sheep and two cows, all studied in their colours for becoming the view. This little rural *bijou* was Mrs. Chenevix's, the toy-woman *à la mode*, who in every dry season is to furnish me with the best rain-water from Paris, and now and then with some Dresden-china cows, who are to figure like wooden classics in a library: so I shall grow as much a shepherd as any swain in the Astræa.

Admiral Anson[2] is made a baron, and Admiral Warren[3] Knight of the Bath—so is Niccolini to be—when the King dies.[4] His Majesty and his son were last night at the masquerade at Ranelagh, where there was so little company, that I was afraid they would be forced to walk about together.

I have been desired to write to you for two scagliola tables; will you get them? I will thank you, and pay you too.

[1] Eldest son of Horatio, brother of Sir Robert Walpole.

[2] George Anson, created Lord Anson of Soberton. He is well known for his voyages round the world, as well as for his naval successes. He was long first lord of the admiralty; but did not distinguish himself as a statesman. He died suddenly, while walking in his garden at Moor Park in Hertfordshire, June 6th, 1762.—D.

[3] Sir Peter Warren was the second in command in the victory off Cape Finisterre.—D.

[4] The Abbé Niccolini was in much favour with the Prince of Wales. —D.

You will hardly believe that I intend to send you this for a letter, but I do. Mr. Chute said he would write to you to-day, so mine goes as page to his. Adieu!

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Twickenham, June 8, 1747.

You perceive by my date that I am got into a new camp, and have left my tub at Windsor. It is a little play-thing-house that I got out of Mrs. Chenevix's shop, and is the prettiest bauble you ever saw. It is set in enamelled meadows, with filigree hedges:

> A small Euphrates through the piece is roll'd,
> And little finches wave their wings in gold.

Two delightful roads, that you would call dusty, supply me continually with coaches and chaises: barges as solemn as barons of the exchequer move under my window; Richmond Hill and Ham Walks bound my prospect; but, thank God! the Thames is between me and the Duchess of Queensberry. Dowagers as plenty as flounders inhabit all around, and Pope's ghost is just now skimming under my window by a most poetical moonlight. I have about land enough to keep such a farm as Noah's, when he set up in the ark with a pair of each kind; but my cottage is rather cleaner than I believe his was after they had been cooped up together forty days. The Chenevixes had tricked it out for themselves: up two pair of stairs is what they call Mr. Chenevix's library, furnished with three maps, one shelf, a bust of Sir Isaac Newton, and a lame telescope without any glasses. Lord John Sackville *predecessed* me here, and instituted certain games called *cricketalia*, which have been celebrated this very evening in honour of him in a neighbouring meadow.

You will think I have removed my philosophy from Windsor with my tea-things hither; for I am writing to you in all this tranquillity, while a Parliament is bursting about my ears.

You know it is going to be dissolved: I am told, you are taken care of, though I don't know where, nor whether any body that chooses you will quarrel with me because he does choose you, as that little bug the Marquis of Rockingham did; one of the calamities of my life which I have bore as abominably well as I do most about which I don't care. They say the Prince has taken up two hundred thousand pounds, to carry elections which he won't carry:—he had much better have saved it to buy the Parliament after it is chosen. A new set of peers are in embryo, to add more dignity to the silence of the House of Lords.

I make no remarks on your campaign,[1] because, as you say, you do nothing at all; which, though very proper nutriment for a thinking head, does not do quite so well to write upon. If any one of you can but contrive to be shot upon your post, it is all we desire, shall look upon it as a great curiosity, and will take care to set up a monument to the person so slain; as we are doing by vote to Captain Cornwall, who was killed at the beginning of the action in the Mediterranean four years ago.[2] In the present dearth of glory, he is canonized; though, poor man! he had been tried twice the year before for cowardice.[3]

I could tell you much election news, none else; though not being thoroughly attentive to so important a subject, as to be sure one ought to be, I might now and then mistake, and give you a candidate for Durham in place of one for Southampton, or name the returning-officer instead of the candidate. In general, I believe, it is much as usual—those sold in detail that afterwards will be sold in the representation—the ministers bribing Jacobites to choose friends of their own—the name of well-wishers to the present establishment, and patriots outbidding ministers that they may make the better

[1] Mr. Conway was in Flanders with the Duke of Cumberland.

[2] The House of Commons, on the 28th of May, had agreed to erect a monument in Westminster Abbey to the memory of Captain Cornwall, of the Marlborough; who was slain while bravely defending his ship. The monument, designed and executed by Taylor, was completed in 1755.—E.

[3] And honourably acquitted on both occasions.—E.

market of their own patriotism:—in short, all England, under some name or other, is just now to be bought and sold; though, whenever we become posterity and forefathers, we shall be in high repute for wisdom and virtue. My great-great-grandchildren will figure me with a white beard down to my girdle; and Mr. Pitt's will believe him unspotted enough to have walked over nine hundred hot ploughshares, without hurting the sole of his foot. How merry my ghost will be, and shake its ears to hear itself quoted as a person of consummate prudence! Adieu, dear Harry! Yours ever.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, June 26, 1747.

You can have no idea of the emptiness of London, and of the tumult everywhere else. To-day many elections begin. The sums of money disbursed within this month would give any body a very faint idea of the poverty of this undone country! I think the expense and contest is greater now we are said to be all of a mind, than when parties ran highest. Indeed, I ascribe part of the solitude in town to privilege being at an end; though many of us can afford to bribe so high, it is not so easy to pay debts. Here am I, as Lord Cornbury[1] says, sitting for a borough, while every body else stands for one. He diverted me extremely the other day with the application of a story to the King's speech. It says, the reason for dissolving the Parliament is its being so near dissolution:[2] Lord Cornbury said it put him in mind of a gaoler in Oxfordshire who was remarkably humane to his prisoners; one day he said to one of them, "My good friend, you know you are to be hanged on Friday se'nnight; I want extremely to go to London; would you be so kind as to be hanged next Friday?"

[1] Henry Hyde, only son of the last Earl of Clarendon. He died before his father.

[2] The King's words are, "As this Parliament would necessarily determine in a short time, I have judged it expedient speedily to call a new one."—E.

Pigwiggin is come over, more Pigwiggin than ever! He entertained me with the horrid ugly figures that he saw at the Prince of Orange's court; think of his saying *ugly figures!* He is to be chosen for Lynn, whither I would not go, because I must have gone; I go to Callington again, whither I don't go. My brother chooses Lord Luxborough[1] for Castlerising. Would you know the connexion? This Lord keeps Mrs. Horton the player; *we* keep Miss Norsa the player: Rich the harlequin is an intimate of all; and to cement the harlequinity, somebody's brother (excuse me if I am not perfect in such genealogy) is to marry the Jewess's sister. This *coup de théatre* procured Knight his Irish coronet, and has now stuffed him into Castlerising, about which my brother had quarrelled with me, for not looking upon it, as, what he called, a family-borough. Excuse this ridiculous detail; it serves to introduce the account of the new peers, for Sir Jacob Bouverie, a considerable Jacobite, who is made Viscount Folkestone, bought his ermine at twelve thousand pounds a-yard of *the Duchess of Kendal*[2] *d'aujourd'hui.* Sir Harry Liddel is Baron Ravensworth, and Duncombe Baron Feversham; Archer and Rolle have only changed their Mr.-ships for Lordships. Lord Middlesex has lost one of his Lordships, that of the Treasury; is succeeded by the second Grenville, and he by Ellis[3] at the admiralty. Lord Ashburnham had made a magnificent summer suit to wait, but Lord Cowper at last does not resign the bedchamber. I intend to laugh over this *disgrazia* with the Chuteheds, when they return triumphant from Hampshire, where Whithed has no enemy. *Apropos* to enemies! I believe the battle in Flanders is *compromised*, for one never hears of it.

The Duchess of Queensberry[4] has at last been at court, a point she has been intriguing these two years. Nobody gave

[1] Robert Knight, eldest son of the famous cashier of the South Sea Company. (Created Lord Luxborough in Ireland 1746, and Earl of Catherlough in 1763. He died in 1772.—D.)

[2] Lady Yarmouth, the mistress of George II.—D.

[3] Right Honourable Welbore Ellis.—D.

[4] She had quarrelled with the court, in consequence of the refusal to permit Gay's sequel to the Beggar's Opera, called "Polly," to be acted. —D. [See vol. i. p. 251.]

in to it. At last she snatched at the opportunity of her son being obliged to the King for a regiment in the Dutch service, and would not let him go to thank, till they sent for her too. Niccolini, who is next to her in absurdity and importance, is gone electioneering with Doddington.

I expect Pucci every day to finish my trouble with Riccardi; I shall take any ring, though he has taken care I should not take another tolerable one. If you will pay him, which I fancy will be the shortest way to prevent any *fripponnerie*, I will put the money into your brother's hands.

My eagle[1] is arrived—my eagle *tout court*, for I hear nothing of the pedestal: the bird itself was sent home in a store-ship; I was happy that they did not reserve the statue, and send its footstool. It is a glorious fowl! I admire it, and every body admires it as much as it deserves. There never was so much spirit and fire preserved, with so much labour and finishing. It stands fronting the Vespasian: there are no two such morsels in England!

Have you a mind for an example of English *bizarrerie*? there is a Fleming here, who carves exquisitely in ivory, one Verskovis; he has done much for me, and where I have recommended him; but he is starving, and returning to Rome, to carve for—the English, for whom, when he was there before, he could not work fast enough.[2]

I know nothing, nor ever heard of the Mills's and Davisons; and know less than nothing of whether they are employed from hence. There is nobody in town of whom to inquire; if there were, they would ask me for what borough these men were to stand, and wonder that I could name people from any other motive. Adieu!

[1] The eagle found in the gardens of Boccapadugli within the precincts of Caracalla's baths, at Rome, in the year 1742; one of the finest pieces of Greek sculpture in the world. See Walpole's Works, vol. ii. p. 463, and Gray's Ode on the Progress of Poesy.—E.

[2] Verskovis is also mentioned by Walpole in his Anecdotes of Painting. He had a son, who to the art of carving in ivory added painting, but died young, in 1749, before his father. The latter did not survive above a year.—E.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, July 2, 1747.

DEAR GEORGE,

THOUGH we have no great reason to triumph, as we have certainly been defeated,[1] yet the French have as certainly bought their victory dear: indeed, what would be very dear to us is not so much to them. However, their least loss is twelve thousand men; as our least loss is five thousand. The truth of the whole is, that the Duke was determined to fight at all events, which the French, who determined not to fight but at great odds, took advantage of. His Royal Highness's valour has shone extremely, but at the expense of his judgment. Harry Conway, whom nature always designed for a hero of a romance, and who is *déplacé* in ordinary life, did wonders; but was overpowered and flung down, when one French hussar held him by the hair, while another was going to stab him: at that instant, an English serjeant with a soldier came up, and killed the latter; but was instantly killed himself; the soldier attacked the other, and Mr. Conway escaped; but was afterwards taken prisoner; is since released on parole, and may come home to console his fair widow,[2] whose brother, Harry Campbell, is certainly killed, to the great concern of all widows who want consolation. The French have lost the Prince of Monaco, the Comte de Bavière, natural brother to the last Emperor, and many officers of great rank. The French King saw the whole through a spying-glass, from a Hampstead Hill, environed with twenty thousand men.[3] Our Guards did shamefully, and many officers. The King had a line from Huske in Zealand on the Friday night, to tell him

[1] The Battle of Laffelt, in which the Duke of Cumberland was defeated —E.

[2] Caroline, widow of the Earl of Ailesbury, sister of Henry Campbell, here mentioned, and of John, Duke of Argyle.—E.

[3] The King of France, in allusion to the engagement, is said to have observed, that "the British not only paid all, but fought all." In his letter to the Queen, he also characterised the Austrians as "benevolent" spectators of the battle. See Mémoires de Richelieu, t. vii. p. 111.—E.

we were defeated; of his son not a word: judge of his anxiety till three o'clock on Saturday! Lord Sandwich had a letter in his pocket all the while, and kept it there, which said the Duke was well.

We flourish at sea, have taken great part of the Domingo fleet, and I suppose shall have more lords. The *Countess* touched twelve thousand for Sir Jacob Bouverie's coronet.

I know nothing of my own election, but suppose it is over; as little of Rigby's, and conclude it lost. For franks, I suppose they don't begin till the whole is complete. My compliments to your brothers and sisters.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, July 3, 1747.

You would think it strange not to hear from me after a battle; though the printed relation is so particular, that I could only repeat what that contains. The sum total is, that we would fight, which the French did not intend; we gave them, or did not take, the advantage of situation; they attacked: what part of our army was engaged did wonders, for the Dutch ran away, and we had contrived to post the Austrians in such a manner, that they could not assist us:[1] we were overpowered by numbers, though the centre was first broke by the retreating Dutch; and though we retired, we killed twelve thousand of the enemy, and lost six ourselves. The Duke was very near taken, having, through his short-sight, mistaken a body of French for his own people. He behaved as bravely as usual; but his prowess is so well established, that it grows time for him to exert other qualities of a general.

We shine at sea; two-and-forty sail of the Domingo fleet have fallen into our hands, and we expect more. The minis-

[1] The Duke of Cumberland, in a letter to Lord Chesterfield of the 3rd of July, says, "The great misfortune of our position was, that our right wing was so strongly posted, that they could neither be attacked nor make a diversion; for I am assured that Marshal Bathiani would have done all in his power to sustain me, or attack the enemy."—E.

try are as successful in their elections: both Westminster and Middlesex have elected court candidates, and the city of London is taking the same step, the first time of many years that the two latter have been Whig; but the non-subscribing at the time of the rebellion, has been most successfully played off upon the Jacobites; of which stamp great part of England was till—the Pretender came. This would seem a paradox in any other country, but contradictions are here the only rule of action. Adieu!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, July 28, 1747.

This is merely one of my letters of course, for I have nothing to tell you. You will hear that Bergen-op-zoom still holds out, and is the first place that has not said *yes*, the moment the French asked it the question. The Prince of Waldeck has resigned, on some private disgust with the Duke. Mr. Chute received a letter from you yesterday, with the account of the deliverance of Genoa, which had reached us before, and had surprised nobody. But when you wrote, you did not know of the great victory obtained by eleven battalions of Piemontese over six-and-forty of the French, and of the lucky but brave death of their commander, the Chevalier de Belleisle. He is a great loss to the French, none to Count Saxe; an irreparable one to his own brother, whom, by the force of his parts, he had pushed so high, at the same time always declining to raise himself, lest he should eclipse the Marshal, who seems now to have missed the ministry by his Italian scheme, as he did before by his ill success in Germany. We talk of nothing but peace: I hope we shall not make as bad an one as we have made a war, though one is the natural consequence of the other.

We have at last discovered the pedestal for my glorious eagle, at the bottom of the store-ship; but I shall not have it out of the Custom-house till the end of this week. The

lower part of the eagle's beak[1] has been broke off and lost. I wish you would have the head only of your Gesse cast, and send it me, to have the original restored from it.

The commission for the scagliola tables was given me without any dimensions; I suppose there is a common size. If the original friar[2] can make them, I shall be glad: if not, I fancy the person would not care to wait so long as you mention, for what would be less handsome than mine.

I am almost ashamed to send you this summer-letter; but nobody is in town; even election news are all over. Adieu!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Sept. 1, 1747.

Your two last are of August 1st and 22nd. I fear my last to you was of July 28th. I have no excuse, but having nothing to tell you, and having been in the country. Bergen-op-zoom still holds out; the French have lost great numbers before it, though at first, at least, it was not at all well-defended. Nothing else is talked of, and opinions differ so much about the event, that I don't pretend to guess what it will be. It appears now that if the Dutch had made but decent defences of all the other towns, France would have made but slow progress in the conquest of Flanders, and wanted many thousand men that now threaten Europe.

There are not ten people in London besides the Chuteheds and me; the White one is going into Hampshire; I hope to have the other a little with me at Twickenham, whither I go to-morrow for the rest of the season.

I don't know what to say to you about Mr. Mill; I can learn nothing about him: my connexions with anything ministerial are as little as possible; and were they bigger, the very commission, that you apprehend, would be a reason to

[1] "Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, and lightnings of his eye." Gray.—E.

[2] Scagliola is a composition, which was made only at Florence by father Hugford, an Irish friar.

make them keep it secret from you, on whose account alone they would know I inquired. I cannot bring myself to believe that he is employed from hence; and I am always so cautious of meddling about you, for fear of risking you in any light, that I am the unfittest person in the world to give you any satisfaction on this head: however, I shall continue to try.

I never heard anything so unreasonable as the Pope's request to that Cardinal Guadagni;[1] but I suppose they will make him comply.

You will, I think, like Sir James Grey; he is very civil and good-humoured, and sensible. Lord ——[2] is the two former; but alas! he is returned little wiser than he went.

Is there a bill of exchange sent to your brother? or may not I pay him without? it is fifty pounds and three zechins, is it not? Thank you.

Pandolfini is gone with Count Harrache; Panciatici goes next week: I believe he intended staying longer; but either the finances fail, or he does not know how to dispose of these two empty months alone; for Niccolini is gone with the Prince to Cliefden. I have a notion the latter would never leave England, if he could but bring himself to change his religion; or, which he would like as well, if he could persuade the Prince to change his. Good night!

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, Oct. 1, 1747.

DEAR GEORGE,

I WISH I could have answered your invitation from the Tigress's with my own person, but it was impossible. I wish your farmer would answer invitations with the persons of more hens and fewer cocks; for I am raising a breed, and not recruits. The time before he sent two to one, and he has done so again. I had a letter from Mr. Conway, who is

[1] This relates to a request made by the Pope to Cardinal Guadagni, to resign a piece of preferment which he was in possession of.—D.

[2] So in the MS.—D.

piteously going into prison again: our great secretary has let the time slip for executing the cartel, and the French have reclaimed their prisoners. The Duke is coming back. I fear his candles are gone to bed to Admiral Vernon's! He has been ill; they say his head has been more affected than his body. Marshal Saxe sent him Cardinal Polignac's Anti-Lucretius[1] to send to Lord Chesterfield. If he won't let him be a general, at least 'tis hard to reduce him to a courier.

When I saw you at *Kyk in de Pot*, I forgot to tell you that seven more volumes of the Journals are delivering: there's employment for Moreland. I go back to *Kyk in de Pot* to-morrow. Did you dislike it so much that you could not bring yourself to persuade your brother to try it with you for a day or two? I shall be there till the birthday, if you will come.

George Selwyn says, people send to Lord Pembroke to know how the bridge rested. You know George never thinks but *à la tête tranchée*: he came to town t'other day to have a tooth drawn, and told the man that he would drop his handkerchief for the signal. My compliments to your family.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Oct. 2, 1747.

I AM glad the Chuteheds are as idle as I am, for then you will believe it is nothing but idleness. I don't know that it is absolutely so; I rather flatter myself that it is want of materials that has made me silent, I fear, above these five weeks. Literally nothing has happened but the treachery at Bergen-op-zoom,[2] and of that all the world knows at least as

[1] In 1757, Anti-Lucretius was rendered into English by Dobson; for whose translation of Paradise Lost into Latin verse, Auditor Benson, who erected a monument to Milton in Westminster-abbey, gave him one thousand pounds. In 1767, a translation of the first book of the Cardinal's poem was published by the father of the Right Honourable George Canning.—E.

[2] In a letter to Sir Thomas Robinson of the 7th of November, Sir Everard Fawkener says, "The capture of Bergen-op-zoom is a subject to make one mad, if anything had been done; but the ordinary forms of

much as I do. The Duke is coming home, and both armies are going into quarters, at least for the present: the French, I suppose, will be in motion again with the first frosts. Holland seems gone!—how long England will remain after it, Providence and the French must determine! This is too ample a subject to write but little upon, and too obvious to require much.

The Chuteheds have been extremely good, and visited and stayed with me at Twickenham—I am sorry I must, at your expense, be so happy. If I were to say all I think of Mr. Chute's immense honesty, his sense, his wit, his knowledge, and his humanity, you would think I was writing a dedication. I am happy in him: I don't make up to him for you, for he loves nothing a quarter so well; but I try to make him regret you less—do you forgive me? Now I am commending your friends, I reproach myself with never having told you how much I love your brother Gal[1]—you yourself have not more constant good-humour—indeed he has not such trials with illness as you have, you patient soul! but he is like you, and much to my fancy. Now I live a good deal at Twickenham, I see more of him, and like to see more of him: you know I don't throw my liking about the street.

Your Opera must be fine, and that at Naples glorious: they say we are to have one, but I doubt it. Lady Middlesex is breeding—the child will be well-born; the Sackville is the worst blood it is supposed to swell with. Lord Holderness has lost his son. Lady Charlotte Finch, when she saw company on her lying-in, had two toilets spread in her bedchamber with her own and Mr. Finch's dressing plate. This was certainly a stroke of vulgarity, that my Lady Pomfret copied from some *festino* in Italy.

Lord Bath and his Countess and his son[2] have been

duty, which never fail in times of the greatest security, were now, in this critical time, neglected in the most scandalous manner." Hence it was surmised that the place was surrendered through treachery. See Coxe's Pelham, vol. i. p. 361.—E.

[1] Galfridus Mann, twin-brother of Horace Mann.

[2] William, Viscount Pulteney, only son of Lord Bath. He died in his father's life-time.—D.

making a tour: at Lord Leicester's[1] they forgot to give anything to the servants that showed the house; upon recollection—and deliberation, they sent back a man and horse six miles with—half a crown! What loads of money they are saving for the French!

Adieu! my dear child—perhaps you don't know that I "cast many a Southern look"[2] towards Florence—I think within this half-year I have thought more of making you a visit, than in any half-year since I left you. I don't know whether the difficulties will ever be surmounted, but you cannot imagine how few they are: I scarce think they are in the plural number.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Nov. 10, 1747.

I CAME to town but last week; but on looking over the dates of my letters, I find I am six weeks in arrear to you. This is a period that ought to make me blush, and beyond what I think I was ever guilty; but I have not a tittle to tell you; that is, nothing little enough has happened, nor big enough, except Admiral Hawke's[3] great victory; and for that I must have transcribed the gazettes.

The Parliament met this morning, the House extremely full, and many new faces. We have done nothing but choose a Speaker, and, in choosing him, flattered Mr. Onslow, who is re-chosen. In about ten days one shall be able to judge of the complexion of the winter; but there is not likely to be

[1] Holkham.—D.

[2] Shakspeare, Henry IV.—"Cast many a northern look to see his father bring up his powers."

[3] Admiral Edward Hawke, afterward created Lord Hawke, for his eminent naval services. On the 15th July 1747, he met a large fleet of French merchant-vessels going from the ports of France to the West Indies, and guarded by a strong force of ships of war. He completely routed them, and took six of the ships of war. It was in his despatch to the Admiralty on this occasion, that he made use of the following remarkable expression—"As the enemy's ships were large, they took a great deal of *drubbing*."—D.

much opposition. The Duke was coming, but is gone back to Breda for a few days. When he does return, it will be only for three weeks. He is to watch the French and the negotiations for peace, which are to be opened—I believe not in earnest.

Whithed has made his entrance into Parliament; I don't expect he will like it. The first session is very tiresome with elections, and without opposition there will be little spirit.

Lady Middlesex has popped out her child before its time; it is put into spirits, and my Lord, very *loyally*, cries over it. Lady Gower carried a niece to Leicester-fields[1] the other day, to present her: the girl trembled — she pushed her: "What are you so afraid of? Don't you see that musical clock? Can you be afraid of a man that has a musical clock?"

Don't call this a letter; I don't call it one; it only comes to make my letter's excuses. Adieu!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Nov. 24, 1747.

You say so many kind things to me in your letter of Nov. 7th, on my talking of a journey to Florence, that I am sorry I mentioned it to you. I did it to show you that my silence is far from proceeding from any forgetfulness of you; and as I really think continually of such a journey, I name it now and then; though I don't find how to accomplish it. In short, my affairs are not so independent of everybody, but that they require my attending to them to make them go smoothly; and unless I could get them into another situation, it is not possible for me to leave them. Some part of my fortune is in my Lord O.'s[2] hands; and if I were

[1] Where the Prince of Wales held his court. Lady Gower was Mary Tufton, daughter of Thomas, Earl of Thanet, and widow of Anthony Grey, Earl of Harold, who became, in 1736, the third wife of John, second Lord Gower.—D.

[2] Lord Orford, the eldest brother of Horace Walpole.—D.

out of the way of giving him trouble, he has not generosity enough to do anything that would be convenient to me. I will say no more on this subject, because it is not a pleasant one; nor would I have said this, but to convince you that I did not mention returning to Florence out of *gaieté de cœur.* I never was happy but there; have a million of times repented returning to England, where I never was happy, nor expect to be.

For Mr. Chute's silence, next to myself, I can answer for him: he always loves you, and I am persuaded wishes nothing more than himself at Florence. I did hint to him your kind thought about Venice, because, as I saw no daylight to it, it could not disappoint him; and because I knew how sensible he would be to this mark of your friendship. There is not a glimmering prospect of our sending a minister to Berlin; if we did, it would be a person of far greater consideration than Sir James Grey; and even if he went thither, there are no means of procuring his succession for Mr. Chute. My dear child, you know little of England, if you think such and so quiet merit as his likely to meet friends here. Great assurance, or great quality, are the only recommendations. My father was abused for employing low people with parts—that complaint is totally removed.

You reproach me with telling you nothing of Bergen-op-zoom: seriously, I know nothing but what was in the papers; and in general, on those great public events, I must transcribe the gazette, if you will have me talk to you. You will have seen by the King's speech that a congress is appointed at Aix-la-Chapelle, but nobody expects any effect from it. Except Mr. Pelham, the ministry in general are for the war; and, what is comical, the Prince and the Opposition are so too. We have had but one division yet in the House, which was on the Duke of Newcastle's interfering in the Seaford election. The numbers were, 247 for the court, against 96. But I think it very probable that, in a little time, a stronger opposition will be formed, for the Prince has got some new and very able speakers; particularly a young Mr. Potter,[1] son

[1] Thomas, second son of Dr. Potter, Archbishop of Canterbury, was

of the last Archbishop, who promises very greatly: the world is already matching him against Mr. Pitt.

I sent Niccolini the letter; and here is another from him. I have not seen him this winter, nor heard of him: he is of very little consequence, when there is anything else that is.

I have lately had Lady Mary Wortley's Eclogues[1] published; but they don't please, though so excessively good. I say so confidently, for Mr. Chute agrees with me: he says, for the epistle to Arthur Grey,[2] scarce any woman could have written it, and no man; for a man who had had experience enough to paint such sentiments so well, would not have had warmth enough left. Do you know anything of Lady Mary? her adventurer son[3] is come into Parliament, but has not opened. Adieu! my dear child: *nous nous reverrons un jour!*

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Jan. 12, 1748.

I HAVE just received a letter from you of the 19th of last month, in which you tell me you was just going to complain of me, when you received one from me: I fear I am again as much to blame, as far as not having written; but

appointed secretary to the Princess of Wales, in which post he remained till the death of the Prince: he made two celebrated speeches on the Seaford election, and on the contest between Aylesbury and Buckingham for the summer assizes; but did not long support the character here given of him. [In 1757, he was made joint vice-treasurer of Ireland, and died in June 1759. Several letters, addressed by him to Mr. Pitt, will be found in the first volume of the Chatham Correspondence.]

[1] Some of these Eclogues had been printed long before: they were now published, with other of her poems, by Dodsley, in quarto, and soon after, with others, reprinted in his Miscellany. [They will be found in Lord Wharncliffe's edition of Lady Mary's Works, vol. iii. p. 350.]

[2] The epistle was *from* Arthur Grey, the footman, and addressed to Mrs. Murray, after his condemnation for attempting to commit violence. The man was tried for the offence in 1721, and transported. See Works, vol. i. p. 71, and vol. iii. p. 402, where the epistle is preserved.—E.

[3] Edward Wortley Montagu, after a variety of adventures in various characters, was taken up at Paris with Mr. Taaffe, another member of Parliament, and imprisoned in Fort Léveque, for cheating and robbing a Jew. [Mr. Montagu was confined in the Grand Chatelet from the 31st of October till the 2d of November. For his own account of the affair, see Nichols's Literary Anecdotes, vol. iv. p. 629.]

if I had, it could only be to repeat what you say would be sufficient, but what I flatter myself I need not repeat. The town has been quite empty; and the Parliament, which met but yesterday, has been adjourned these three weeks. Except elections, and such tiresome squabbles, I don't believe it will produce anything: it is all harmony. From Holland we every day hear bad news, which, though we don't believe at the present, we agree it is always likely to be true by to-morrow. Yet, with no prospect of success, and scarce with a possibility of beginning another campaign, we are as martial as ever: I don't know whether it is, because we think a bad peace worse than a bad war, or that we don't look upon misfortunes and defeats abroad as enough our own, and are willing to taste of both at home. We are in no present apprehension from domestic disturbances, nor, in my private opinion, do I believe the French will attempt us, till it is for themselves. They need not be at the trouble of sending us Stuarts; that ingenious house could not have done the work of France more effectually than the Pelhams and the patriots have.

I will tell you a secret: there is a transaction going on to send Sir Charles Williams to Turin; he has asked it, and it is pushed. In my private opinion, I don't believe Villettes[1] will be easily overpowered; though I wish it, from loving Sir Charles and from thinking meanly of the other; but talents are no passports. Sir Everard Falkener[2] is going to Berlin. General Sinclair is presently to succeed Wentworth: he is Scotchissime, in all the latitude of the word, and not very able; he made a poor business of it at Port l'Orient.

Lord Coke[3] has demolished himself very fast; I mean his character: you know he was married but last spring; he is always drunk, has lost immense sums at play, and seldom

[1] Minister at Turin, and afterwards in Switzerland.

[2] He had been ambassador at Constantinople: he was not sent to Berlin, but was secretary to the Duke, and one of the general postmasters.

[3] Edward, only son of Thomas, Earl of Leicester, married Mary, youngest daughter of John, Duke of Argyll, from whom he was parted. He died in 1752.

goes home to his wife till eight in the morning. The world is vehement on her side; and not only her family, but his own, give him up. At present, matters are patching up by the mediation of my brother, but I think can never go on: she married him extremely against her will, and he is at least an out-pensioner of Bedlam: his mother's family have many of them been mad.

I thank you, I have received the eagle's head: the bill is broken off individually in the same spot with the original; but, as the piece is not lost, I believe it will serve.

I should never have expected you to turn Lorrain:[1] is your Madame de Givrecourt a successor[2] of my sister? I think you hint so. Where is the Princess, that you are so reduced? Adieu! my dear child. I don't say a kind word to you, because you seem to think it necessary, for assuring you of the impossibility of my ever forgetting, or loving you less.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Jan. 26, 1748.

I HAVE again talked over with our Chute the affair of Venice; but, besides seeing no practicability in it, we think you will not believe that Sir James Grey will be so simple as to leave Venice, whither with difficulty he obtained to be sent, when you hear that Mr. Legge[3] has actually kissed hands, and sets out on Friday for Berlin, as envoy extraordinary and plenipotentiary. We thought Sir Everard Falkener sure; but this has come forth very unexpectedly. Legge

[1] The Emperor kept a Lorrain regiment at Florence; but there was little intercourse between the two nations.

[2] With Count Richcourt.

[3] Henry Legge, fourth son of the Earl of Dartmouth, was made secretary of the treasury by Sir Robert Walpole; and was afterwards surveyor of the roads, a lord of the admiralty, a lord of the treasury, treasurer of the navy, and chancellor of the exchequer. He had been bred to the sea, and was for a little time minister at Berlin. The Duke of Newcastle, in a letter to Mr. Pitt, of the 19th of January, says, "I have thought of a person, to whom the King has this day readily agreed. It is Mr. Harry Legge. There is capacity, integrity, quality, rank, and address." See Chatham Correspondence, vol. i. p. 27.—E.

is certainly a wiser choice; nobody has better parts; and if art and industry can obtain success, I know no one would use more: but I don't think that the King of Prussia,[1] with half parts and much cunning, is so likely to be the dupe of more parts and as much cunning, as the people with whom Legge has so prosperously pushed his fortune. My father was fond of him to the greatest degree of partiality, till he endeavoured to have a nearer tie than flattery gave him, by trying to marry Lady Mary: after that my lord could never bear his name. Since that, he has wriggled himself in with the Pelhams, by being the warmest friend and servant of their new allies, and is the first favourite of the little Duke of Bedford. Mr. Villiers[2] was desired to go to Berlin, but refused, and proposed himself for the treasury, till they could find something else for him. They laughed at this; but he is as fit for one employment as the other. We have a stronger reason than any I have mentioned against going to Venice; which is, the excuse it might give to the Vine[3] to forget we were in being; an excuse which his hatred of our preferment would easily make him embrace, as more becoming a good Christian brother!

The Ministry are triumphant in their Parliament: there have been great debates on the new taxes, but no division: the House is now sitting on the Wareham election, espousing George Pitt's uncle,[4] one of the most active Jacobites, but of the coalition and in place, against Drax,[5] a great favourite of the Prince, but who has already lost one question on this election by a hundred.

Admiral Vernon has just published a series of letters to himself,[6] among which are several of Lord Bath, written in the height of his opposition: there is one in particular, to

[1] Coxe, in his Memoirs of Lord Walpole, says, that Mr. Legge, though a man of great talents for business, "was unfit for a foreign mission, and of a character ill suited to the temper of that powerful casuist, whose extraordinary dogmas were supported by 140,000 of the most effectual but convincing arguments in the world." Vol. ii. p. 304.—E.

[2] Thomas Villiers, brother of the Earl of Jersey, had been minister at Dresden, and was afterwards a lord of the admiralty.

[3] Anthony Chute, of the Vine, in Hampshire, elder brother of J. Chute; died in 1754.

[4] John Pitt, one of the lords of trade.

[5] Henry Drax, the Prince's secretary. He died in 1755.

[6] The publication was entitled "Letters to an Honest Sailor."

congratulate Vernon on taking Portobello, wherein this great virtuous patriot advises him *to do nothing more*,[1] assuring him that his inactivity would all be imputed to my father. One does not hear that Lord Bath has called him to any account for this publication, though as villainous to these correspondents as one of them was in writing such a letter; or as the Admiral himself was, who used to betray all his instructions to this enemy of the government. Nobody can tell why he has published these letters now, unless to get money. What ample revenge every year gives my father against his patriot enemies! Had he never deserved well himself, posterity must still have the greatest opinion of him, when they see on what rascal foundations were built all the pretences to virtue which were set up in opposition to him! Pultney counselling the Admiral who was entrusted with the war not to pursue it, that its mismanagement might be imputed to the minister; the Admiral communicating his orders to such an enemy of his country! This enemy triumphant, seizing honours and employments for himself and friends, which he had so avowedly disclaimed; other friends, whom he had neglected, pursuing him for gratifying his ambition—accomplishing his ruin, and prostituting themselves even more than he had done! all of them blowing up a rebellion, by every art that could blacken the King in the eyes of the nation, and some of them promoting the trials and sitting in judgment on the wretches whom they had misled and deserted! How black a picture! what odious portraits, when time shall write the proper names under them!

As famous as you think your Mr. Mill, I can find nobody who ever heard his name. Projectors make little noise here; and even any one who only *has* made a noise, is forgotten as soon as out of sight. The knaves and fools of the day are too numerous to leave room to talk of yesterday. The pains

[1] Walpole's inference is not borne out by the letter itself. Pulteney's words are, "Pursue your stroke, but venture not losing the honour of it by too much intrepidity. Should you make no more progress than you have done, no one could blame you but those persons only who ought to have sent some land-forces with you, and did not. To their slackness it will be very justly imputed by all mankind, should you make no further progress till Lord Cathcart joins you."—E.

that people, who have a mind to be named, are forced to take to be very particular, would convince you how difficult it is to make a lasting impression on such a town as this. Ministers, authors, wits, fools, patriots, prostitutes, scarce bear a second edition. Lord Bolingbroke, Sarah Malcolm,[1] and old Marlborough, are never mentioned but by elderly folks to their grandchildren, who had never heard of them. What would last Pannoni's[2] a twelvemonth is forgotten here in twelve hours. Good night!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Feb. 16, 1748.

I AM going to tell you nothing but what Mr. Chute has told you already—that my Lord Chesterfield has resigned the seals, that the Duke of Newcastle has changed his province, and that the Duke of Bedford is the new secretary of state. I think you need be under no apprehension from this change; I should be frightened enough if you had the least reason, but I am quite at ease. Lord Chesterfield, who I believe had no quarrel but with his partner, is gone to Bath; and his youngest brother, John Stanhope,[3] comes into the admiralty, where Sandwich is now first lord. There seems to be some hitch in Legge's embassy; I believe we were overhasty. Proposals of peace were expected to be laid before Parliament, but that talk is vanished. The Duke of Newcastle, who is going greater lengths *in everything* for which he overturned Lord Granville, is all military; and makes more courts than one by this disposition. The Duke goes to Holland this week, and I hear we are going to raise another million. There are prodigious discontents in the army: the town had

[1] A washerwoman at the Temple, executed for three murders. [She was executed in March 1733, opposite Mitre Court, in Fleet Street. A portrait of her is given in the Gentleman's Magazine for that year. So great was the public expectation for her confession, that the manuscript of it was sold for twenty pounds.—E.]

[2] The coffee-house at Florence.

[3] John Stanhope, third son of Philip, third Earl of Chesterfield, successively M. P. for Nottingham and Derby. He died in 1748.—D.

got a list of a hundred and fifty officers who desired at once to resign, but I believe this was exaggerated. *We* are great and very exact disciplinarians; our partialities are very strong, especially on the side of aversions, and none of these articles tally exactly with English tempers. Lord Robert Bertie[1] received a reprimand the other day by an *aide-de-camp*, for blowing his nose as he relieved the guard under a window;[2] where very exact notice is constantly taken of very small circumstances.

We divert ourselves extremely this winter; plays, balls, masquerades, and pharaoh are all in fashion. The Duchess of Bedford has given a great ball, to which the King came with thirty masks. The Duchess of Queensberry is to give him a masquerade. Operas are the only consumptive entertainment. There was a new comedy last Saturday, which succeeds, called The Foundling. I like the old Conscious Lovers better, and that not much. The story is the same, only that the Bevil of the new piece is in more hurry, and consequently more natural. It is extremely well acted by Garrick and Barry, Mrs. Cibber and Mrs. Woffington. My sister was brought to-bed last night of another boy. Sir C. Williams, I hear, grows more likely to go to Turin: you will have a more agreeable correspondent than your present voluminous brother.[3] Adieu!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, March 11, 1748.

I HAVE had nothing lately to tell you but illnesses and distempers: there is what they call a miliary fever raging, which has taken off a great many people. It was scarce known till within these seven or eight years, but apparently increases every spring and autumn. They don't know how

[1] Lord Robert Bertie was third son of Robert, first Duke of Ancaster, by his second wife. He became a general in the army and colonel of the second regiment of Guards, and was also a lord of the bedchamber and a member of parliament. He died in 1782.—D.

[2] The Duke's.

[3] Mr. Villettes.

to treat it, but think they have discovered that bleeding is bad for it. The young Duke of Bridgewater[1] is dead of it. The Marquis of Powis[2] is dead too, I don't know of what; but though a Roman Catholic, he has left his whole fortune to Lord Herbert, the next male of his family, but a very distant relation. It is twelve thousand pounds a year, with a very rich mine upon it; there is a debt, but the money and personal estate will pay it. After Lord Herbert[3] and his brother, who are both unmarried, the estate is to go to the daughter of Lord Waldegrave's sister, by her first husband, who was the Marquis's brother.

In defiance of all these deaths, we are all diversions; Lady Dalkeith[4] and a company of Scotch nobility have formed a theatre, and have acted The Revenge several times; I can't say excellently: the Prince and Princess were at it last night. The Duchess of Queensberry gives a masquerade to-night, in hopes of drawing the King to it; but he will not go. I do; but must own it is wondrous foolish to dress one's self out in a becoming dress *in cold blood.* There has been a new comedy, called The Foundling;[5] far from good, but it took. Lord Hobart and some more young men made a party to damn it, merely for the love of damnation. The Templars espoused the play, and went armed with syringes charged with stinking oil, and with sticking plaisters; but it did not come to action. Garrick was impertinent, and the pretty

[1] John Egerton, second Duke of Bridgewater, eldest surviving son of Scroop, the first Duke, by his second wife, Lady Rachel Russell. He was succeeded by his younger brother Francis; upon whose death, in 1803, the dukedom of Bridgewater became extinct.—D.

[2] William Herbert, second Marquis of Powis, upon whose death the title became extinct. His father, William, the first Marquis, was created Duke of Powis and Marquis of Montgomery, by James the Second, after his abdication, which titles were in consequence never allowed.—D.

[3] Henry Arthur Herbert, Lord Herbert, afterwards created Earl of Powis, married the young lady on whom the estate was entailed: his brother died unmarried.

[4] Caroline, eldest daughter of John, Duke of Argyll, married the eldest son of the Duke of Buccleuch, who dying before his father, she afterwards married Charles Townshend, second son of the Lord Viscount Townshend. (She was created Baroness Greenwich in 1767.—*D.*)

[5] By Edward Moore. It met with tolerable success during its run, but on the first night of its appearance the character of Faddle gave considerable disgust, and was much curtailed in the ensuing representation.—E.

men gave over their plot the moment they grew to be in the right.

I must now notify to you the approaching espousals of the most illustrious Prince Pigwiggin with Lady Rachel Cavendish, third daughter of the Duke of Devonshire: the victim does not dislike it! my uncle makes great settlements; and the Duke is to get a peerage for Pigwiggin, upon the foot that the father cannot be spared out of the House of Commons! Can you bear this old buffoon making himself of consequence, and imitating my father!

The Princess of Orange has got a son, and we have taken a convoy that was going to Bergen-op-zoom; two trifling occurrences that are most pompously exaggerated, when the whole of both is, that the Dutch, who before sold themselves to France, will now grow excellent patriots when they have a master entailed upon them; and we shall run ourselves more into danger, on having got an advantage which the French don't feel.

Violent animosities are sprung up in the House of Commons upon a sort of private affair between the Chief Justice Willes and the Grenvilles, who have engaged the ministry in an extraordinary step, of fixing the assizes at Buckingham by act of parliament in their favour. We have had three long days upon it in our House, and it is not yet over; but though they will carry it both there and in the Lords, it is by a far smaller majority than any they have had in this Parliament.[1] The other day, Dr. Lee and Mr. Potter had made two very strong speeches against Mr. Pelham on this subject; he rose with the greatest emotion, fell into the most ridiculous passion, was near crying, and not knowing how to return it on the two, fell upon the Chief Justice (who was not present), and accused him of ingratitude. The eldest Willes got up extremely moved, but with great propriety and cleverness "told Mr. Pelham that his father had no obligation to any man now in the ministry; that he had been obliged to one of the greatest ministers that ever was, who is now

[1] The bill passed the Commons on the 15th of March, by 155 to 108. For the debates thereon, see Parliamentary History, vol. xiv. p. 206.—E.

no more; that the person who accused his father of ingratitude was now leagued with the very men who had ruined that minister, to whom he (Mr. Pelham) owed his advancement, and without whom he would have been nothing!" This was daggers!—not a word of reply.

I had begun my letter before the masquerade, but had not time to finish it: there were not above one hundred persons; the dresses pretty; the Duchess as mad as you remember her. She had stuck up orders about dancing, as you see at public bowling-greens; turned half the company out at twelve; kept those she liked to supper; and, in short, contrived to do an agreeable thing in the rudest manner imaginable; besides having dressed her husband in a Scotch plaid, which just now is one of the things in the world that is reckoned most offensive; but you know we are all mad, so good night!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, April 29, 1748.

I KNOW I have not writ to you the Lord knows when, but I waited for something to tell you, and I have now what there was not much reason to expect. The preliminaries to the peace are actually signed[1] by the English, Dutch, and French: the Queen,[2] who would remain the only sufferer, though vastly less than she could expect, protests against this treaty, and the Sardinian minister has refused to sign too, till further orders. Spain is not mentioned, but France answers for them, and that they shall give us a new assiento. The armistice is for six weeks, with an exception to Maestricht; upon which the Duke sent Lord George Sackville to Marshal Saxe, to tell him that, as they are so near being friends, he shall not endeavour to raise the siege and spill more blood, but hopes the Marshal will give the garrison good terms, as they have behaved so bravely. The conditions settled are a general restitution on all sides, as Modena to its Duke, Flanders to the Queen, the Dutch towns to the Dutch, Cape Breton to France, and Final to the Genoese; but the Sardinian to have

[1] The peace of Aix-la-Chapelle.—D.

[2] Of Hungary.—D.

the cessions made to him by the Queen, who, you see, is to be made observe the treaty of Worms, though we do not. Parma and Placentia are to be given to Don Philip; Dunkirk to remain as it is, on the land-side; but to be *Utrecht'd*[1] again to the sea. The Pretender to be renounced with all his descendants, male and female, even in stronger terms than by the quadruple alliance; and the cessation of arms to take place in all other parts of the world, as in the year 1712. The contracting powers agree to think of means of making the other powers come into this treaty, in case they refuse.

This is the substance; and wonderful it is what can make the French give us such terms, or why they have lost so much blood and treasure to so little purpose! for they have destroyed very little of the fortifications in Flanders. Monsieur de St. Severin told Lord Sandwich, that he had full powers to sign now, but that the same courier that should carry our refusal, was to call at Namur and Bergen-op-zoom, where are mines under all the works, which were immediately to be blown up. There is no accounting for this, but from the King's aversion to go to the army, and to Marshal Saxe's fear of losing his power with the loss of a battle. He told Count Flemming, the Saxon minister, who asked him if the French were in earnest in their offer of peace, "Il est vrai, nous demandons la paix comme des lâches, et ne pouvons pas l'obtenir."

Stocks rise; the ministry are in high spirits, and *peu s'en faut* but we shall admire this peace as our own doing! I believe two reasons that greatly advanced it are, the King's wanting to go to Hanover, and the Duke's wanting to go into a salivation.

We had last night the most magnificent masquerade that ever was seen: it was by subscription at the Haymarket: every body who subscribed five guineas had four tickets. There were about seven hundred people, all in chosen and very fine dresses. The supper was in two rooms, besides those for the King and Prince, who, with the foreign ministers, had tickets given them.

[1] That is, the works destroyed, as they were after the treaty of Utrecht.—D.

You don't tell me whether the seal of which you sent me the impression, is to be sold: I think it fine, but not equal to the price which you say was paid for it. What is it? Homer or Pindar?

I am very miserable at the little prospect you have of success in your own affair: I think the person[1] you employed has used you scandalously. I would have you write to my uncle; but my applying to him would be very far from doing you service. Poor Mr. Chute has got so bad a cold that he could not go last night to the masquerade. Adieu! my dear child! there is nothing well that I don't wish you, but my wishes are very ineffectual!

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

May 18, 1748.

HERE I am with the poor Chutehed,[2] who has put on a shoe but to-day for the first time. He sits at the receipt of custom, and one passes most part of the day here; the other part I have the misfortune to pass en Pigwiggin. The ceremony of dining is not over yet: I cannot say that either the Prince or the Princess look the comelier for what has happened. The town says, my Lady Anson[3] has no chance for looking different from what she did before she was married: and they have a story of a gentleman going to the Chancellor to assure him, that if he gave his daughter to the Admiral, he would be obliged hereafter to pronounce a sentence of dissolution of the marriage. The Chancellor replied, that his daughter had been taught to think of the union of the soul, not of the body: the gentleman then made the same confidence to the Chancelloress, and received much such an answer: that her daughter had been bred to submit herself to the will of God. I don't at all give you all this for true; but there is an ugly

[1] Mr. Stone, the Duke of Newcastle's private secretary.—E.

[2] John Chute, Esq. of the Vine in Hampshire.

[3] Lord Anson had married, on the 25th of April, Lady Elizabeth Yorke, Lord Chancellor Hardwicke's eldest daughter, an ingenious woman and a poetess. She died without issue in 1760.—E.

circumstance in his voyages of his not having the curiosity to see a beautiful captive, that he took on board a Spanish ship. There is no record of Scipio's having been in Doctors' Commons. I have been reading these voyages, and find them very silly and contradictory. He sets out with telling you, that he had no soldiers sent with him but old invalids without legs or arms; and then in the middle of the book there is a whole chapter to tell you what they would have done if they had set out two months sooner, and that was no less than conquering Peru and Mexico with this disabled army. At the end there is an account of the neglect he received from the Viceroy of Canton, till he and forty of his sailors put out a great fire in that city, which the Chinese and five hundred firemen could not do, which he says proceeded from their awkwardness; a new character of the Chinese! He was then admitted to an audience, and found two hundred men at the gate of the city, and ten thousand in the square before the palace, all new dressed for the purpose. This is about as true as his predecessor Gulliver * * * out the fire at Lilliput. The King is still wind-bound; the fashionable *bon mot* is, that the Duke of Newcastle has tied a stone about his neck and sent him to sea. The city grows furious about the peace; there is one or two very uncouth Hanover articles, besides a persuasion of a pension to the Pretender, which is so very ignominious, that I don't know how to persuade myself it is true. The Duke of Argyle has made them give him three places for life of a thousand and twelve hundred a-year for three of his court, to compensate for their making a man president of the session against his inclination. The Princess of Wales has got a confirmed jaundice, but they reckon her much better. Sir Harry Calthrop is gone mad: he walked down Pall Mall t'other day with his red riband tied about his hair; said he was going to the King, and would not submit to be blooded till they told him the King commanded it.

I went yesterday to see Marshal Wade's house, which is selling by auction: it is worse contrived on the inside than is conceivable, all to humour the beauty of the front. My Lord

Chesterfield said, that to be sure he could not live in it, but intended to take the house over against it to look at it. It is literally true, that all the direction he gave my Lord Burlington was to have a place for a large cartoon of Rubens that he had bought in Flanders; but my lord found it necessary to have so many correspondent doors, that there was no room at last for the picture; and the Marshal was forced to sell the picture to my father: it is now at Houghton.[1]

As Windsor is so charming, and particularly as you have got so agreeable a new neighbour at Frogmore, to be sure you cannot wish to have the prohibition taken off of your coming to Strawberry Hill. However, as I am an admirable Christian, and as I think you seem to repent of your errors, I will give you leave to be so happy as to come to me when you like, though I would advise it to be after you have been at Roel,[2] which you would not be able to bear after my paradise. I have told you a vast deal of something or other, which you will scarce be able to read; for now Mr. Chute has the gout, he keeps himself very low and lives upon very thin ink. My compliments to all your people. Yours ever.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, May 26, 1748.

Good b'ye to you! I am going to my Roel too. I was there yesterday to dine, and it looked so delightful, think what you will, that I shall go there to-morrow to settle, and shall leave this odious town to the * * *, to the regency, and the dowagers; to my Lady Townshend, who is not going to Windsor, to old Cobham, who is not going out of the world yet, and to the Duchess of Richmond, who does not go out with

[1] Walpole gives the following account of this picture, in his description of Houghton:—"Meleager and Atalanta, a cartoon, by Rubens, larger than life; brought out of Flanders by General Wade: it being designed for tapestry, all the weapons are in the left hand of the figure. For the story, see Ovid's Metamorphoses, lib. 3. When General Wade built his house in Burlington Garden, Lord Burlington gave the design for it."—E.

[2] A house of Mr. Montagu's in Gloucestershire.

her twenty-fifth pregnancy: I shall leave too more disagreeable Ranelagh, which is so crowded, that going there t'other night in a string of coaches we had a stop of six-and-thirty minutes. Princess Emily, finding no marriage articles for her settled at the congress, has at last determined to be old and out of danger; and has accordingly ventured to Ranelagh, to the great improvement of the pleasures of the place. The Prince has given a silver cup to be rowed for, which carried every body upon the Thames; and afterwards there was a great ball at Carlton House. There have two good events happened at that court: the town was alarmed t'other morning by the firing of guns, which proved to be only from a large merchantman come into the river. The city construed it into the King's return, and the peace broke; but Chancellor Bootle and the Bishop of Oxford, who loves a labour next to promoting the cause of it, concluded the Princess was brought to bed, and went to court upon it. Bootle, finding the Princess dressed, said, "I have always heard, Madam, that women in your country have very easy labours; but I could not have believed it was so well as I see." The other story is of Prince Edward. The King, before he went away, sent Stainberg to examine the Prince's children in their learning. The Baron told Prince Edward, that he should tell the King what great proficiency his Highness had made in his Latin, but that he wished he would be a little more perfect in his German grammar, and that would be of signal use to him. The child squinted at him, and said, "German grammar! why any dull child can learn that." There, I have told you royalties enough!

My Pigwiggin dinners are all over, for which I truly say grace. I have had difficulties to keep my countenance at the wonderful clumsiness and uncouth nicknames that the Duke has for all his offspring: Mrs. Hopefull, Mrs. Tiddle, Puss, Cat, and Toe, sound so strange in the middle of a most formal banquet! The day the peace was signed, his grace could find nobody to communicate joy with him: he drove home, and bawled out of the chariot to Lady Rachael, "Cat! Cat!" She ran down, staring over the balustrade; he cried, "Cat!

Cat! the peace is made, and you must be very glad, for I am very glad."

I send you the only new pamphlet worth reading, and this is more the matter than the manner. My compliments to all your tribe. Adieu!

P. S. The divine Asheton has got an ague, which he says prevents his coming amongst us.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, June 7, 1748.

Don't reproach me in your own mind for not writing, but reproach the world for doing nothing; for making peace as slowly as they made war. When anybody commits an event, I am ready enough to tell it you; but I have always declared against inventing news; when I do, I will set up a newspaper.

The Duke of Newcastle is not gone; he has kissed hands, and talks of going this week: the time presses, and he has not above three days left to fall dangerously ill. There are a thousand wagers laid against his going: he has hired a transport, for the yacht is not big enough to convey all the tables and chairs and conveniences that he trails along with him, and which he seems to think don't grow out of England. I don't know how he proposes to lug them through Holland and Germany, though any objections that the map can make to his progress don't count, for he is literally so ignorant, that when one goes to take leave of him, he asks your commands into *the north*, concluding that Hanover is north of Great Britain, because it is in the northern province, which he has just taken: you will scarce believe this, but upon my honour it is true.

The preliminaries wait the accession of Spain, before they can ripen into peace. Niccolini goes to Aix-la-Chapelle, and will be much disappointed if his advice is not asked there: he talks of being at Florence in October.

Sir William Stanhope has just given a great ball to Lady

Caroline Petersham, to whom he takes extremely, since his daughter married herself to Mr. Ellis;[1] and as the Petershams are relations, they propose to be his heirs. The Chuteheds agreed with me, that the house, which is most magnificently furnished, all the ornaments designed by Kent, and the whole festino, puts us more in mind of Florence, than anything we had seen here. There were silver-pharaoh and whist for the ladies that did not dance, deep basset and quinze for the men; the supper very fine.

I am now returning to my villa, where I have been making some alterations: you shall hear from me from *Strawberry Hill*, which I have found out in my lease is the old name of my house; so pray, never call it Twickenham again. I like to be there better than I have liked being anywhere since I came to England. I sigh after Florence, and wind up all my prospects with the thought of returning there. I have days when I even set about contriving a scheme for going to you, and though I don't love to put you upon expecting me, I cannot help telling you, that I wish more than ever to be with you again. I can truly say, that I never was happy but at Florence, and you must allow that it is very natural to wish to be happy once more. Adieu!

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.[2]

Strawberry Hill, June 27th, 1748.

DEAR HARRY,

I HAVE full as little matter for writing as you can find in a camp. I do not call myself farmer or country gentleman; for though I have all the ingredients to compose those characters, yet, like the ten pieces of card in the trick you found out, I don't know how to put them together. But, in short,

[1] The Right Hon. Welbore Ellis, afterwards created Lord Mendip. His first wife was Elizabeth, only daughter of Sir William Stanhope, K.B. She died in 1761.—D.

[2] Now first printed.

planting and fowls and cows and sheep are my whole business, and as little amusing to relate to any body else as the events of a still-born campaign. If I write to any body, I am forced to live upon what news I hoarded before I came out of town; and the first article of that, as I believe it is in every body's gazette, must be about my Lord Coke. They say, that since he has been at Sunning Hill with Lady Mary,[1] she has made him a declaration in form, that she hates him, that she always did, and that she always will. This seems to have been a very unnecessary notification. However, as you know his part is to be extremely in love, he is very miserable upon it; and relating his woes at White's, probably at seven in the morning, he was advised to put an end to all this history and shoot himself—an advice they would not have given him if he were not insolvent. He has promised to consider of it.

The night before I left London, I called at the Duchess of Richmond's, who has stayed at home with the apprehension of a miscarriage. The porter told me there was no drawing-room till Thursday. In short, he did tell me what amounted to as much, that her grace did not see company till Thursday, then she should see every body: no excuse, that she was gone out or not well. I did not stay till Thursday to kiss hands, but went away to Vauxhall: as I was coming out, I was overtaken by a great light, and retired under the trees of Marble Hall to see what it should be. There came a long procession of Prince Lobkowitz's footmen in very rich new liveries, the two last bearing torches; and after them the Prince himself, in a new sky-blue watered tabby coat, with gold button-holes, and a magnificent gold waistcoat fringed, leading Madame l'Ambassadrice de Venise in a green sack with a straw hat, attended by my Lady Tyrawley, Wall, the private Spanish agent, the two Miss Molyneux's, and some other men. They went into one of the Prince of Wales's barges, had another barge filled with violins and hautboys, and an open boat with drums and

[1] See *antè*, p. 147.—E.

trumpets. This was one of the fêtes des adieux. The nymph weeps all the morning, and says she is sure she shall be poisoned by her husband's relations when she returns, for her behaviour with this Prince.

I have no other news, but that Mr. Fitzpatrick has married his Sukey Young, and is very impatient to have the Duchess of Bedford come to town to visit her new relation.

Is not my Lady Ailesbury[1] weary of her travels? Pray make her my compliments,—unless she has made you any such declaration as Lady Mary Coke's. I am delighted with your description of the bed-chamber of the House of Orange, as I did not see it; but the sight itself must have been very odious, as the hero and heroine are so extremely ugly. I shall give it my Lady Townshend as a new topic of matrimonial satire.

Mr. Churchill and Lady Mary have been with me two or three days, and are now gone to Sunning. I only tell you this, to hint that my house will hold a married pair: indeed, it is not quite large enough for people who lie, like the patriarchs, with their whole genealogy, and men-servants, and maid-servants, and oxes, and asses, in the same chamber with them. Adieu! do let this be the last letter, and come home.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Mistley, July 14, 1748.

I WOULD by no means resent your silence while you was at Pisa, if it were not very convenient; but I cannot resist the opportunity of taking it ill, when it serves to excuse my being much more to blame; and therefore, pray mind, I am very angry, and have not written, because you had quite left me off—and if I say nothing from hence,[2] do not imagine

[1] On the 19th of the preceding December, Mr. Conway had married Caroline, widow of Charles Bruce, Earl of Ailesbury, and only daughter of Lieutenant-General John Campbell, afterwards fourth Duke of Argyle.—E.

[2] Mistley, near Manningtree, in Essex, the seat of Richard Rigby, Esq.

it is because I am at a gentleman's house whom you don't know, and threescore miles from London, and because I have been but three days in London for above this month: I could say a great deal if I pleased, but I am very angry, and will not. I know several pieces of politics from Ipswich that would let you into the whole secret of the peace; and a quarrel at Dedham assembly, that is capable of involving all Europe in a new war—nay, I know what Admiral Vernon[1] knows of what you say has happened in the West Indies, and of which nobody else in England knows a word—but please to remember that you have been at the baths, and don't deserve that I should tell you a tittle—nor will I. In revenge, I will tell you something that happened to me four months ago, and which I would not tell you now, if I had not forgot to tell it you when it happened—nay, I don't tell it you now for yourself, only that you may tell it the Princess: I truly and seriously this winter won and was paid a mille-leva at pharaoh; literally received a thousand and twenty-three sixpences for one: an event that never happened in the annals of pharaoh, but to Charles II.'s Queen Dowager, as the Princess herself informed me: ever since I have treated myself as Queen Dowager, and have some thoughts of being drawn so.

There are no good anecdotes yet arrived of the Duke of Newcastle's travels, except that at a review which the Duke made for him, as he passed through the army, he hurried about with his glass up to his eye, crying, "Finest troops! finest troops! greatest General!" then broke through the ranks when he spied any Sussex man, kissed him in all his accoutrements,—my dear Tom such an one! chattered of Lewes races; then back to the Duke with "Finest troops! greatest General!"—and in short was a much better show than any review. The Duke is expected over immediately; I don't know if to stay, or why he comes—I mean, I do know, but am angry, and will not tell.

I have seen Sir James Grey, who speaks of you with great

[1] He lived near Ipswich.

affection, and recommends himself extremely to me by it, when I am not angry with you; but I cannot possibly be reconciled till I have finished this letter, for I have nothing but this quarrel to talk of, and I think I have worn that out —so adieu! you odious, shocking, abominable monster!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, ——

I BEG you will let me know whether the peace is arrived in Italy, or if you have heard anything of it; for in this part of the world nobody can tell what is become of it. They say, the Empress Queen has stopped it; that she will not take back the towns in Flanders, which she says she knows are very convenient for us, but of no kind of use to her, and that she chooses to keep what she has got in Italy. However, we are determined to have peace at any rate, and the conditions must jumble themselves together as they can. These are the politics of Twickenham, my metropolis; and, to tell you the truth, I believe pretty near as good as you can have anywhere.

As to my own history, the scene is at present a little gloomy: my Lord Orford is in an extreme bad state of health, not to say a dangerous state: my uncle[1] is going off in the same way my father did. I don't pretend to any great feelings of affection for two men, because they are dying, for whom it is known I had little before, my brother especially having been as much my enemy as it was in his power to be; but I cannot with indifference see the family torn to pieces, and falling into such ruin as I foresee; for should my brother die soon, leaving so great a debt, so small an estate to pay it off, two great places[2] sinking, and a wild boy of nineteen to succeed, there would soon be an end of the glory of Houghton, which had my father proportioned more to his fortune,

[1] Lord Orford did not die till 1751, and old Horace Walpole not till 1757.—D.

[2] Auditor of the exchequer and master of the buck-hounds.

would probably have a longer duration. This is an unpleasant topic to you who feel for us—however, I should not talk of it to one who would not feel. Your brother Gal. and I had a very grave conversation yesterday morning on this head; he thinks so like you, so reasonably and with so much good nature, that I seem to be only finishing a discourse that I have already had with you. As my fears about Houghton are great, I am a little pleased to have finished a slight memorial[1] of it, a description of the pictures, of which I have just printed an hundred, to give to particular people: I will send you one, and shall beg Dr. Cocchi to accept another.

If I could let myself wish to see you in England, it would be to see you here: the little improvements I am making have really turned Strawberry Hill into a charming villa: Mr. Chute, I hope, will tell you how pleasant it is: I mean literally tell you, for we have a glimmering of a *Venetian* prospect: he is just going from hence to town by water, down our *Brenta.*

You never say a word to me from the Princess, nor any of my old friends: I keep up our intimacy in my own mind; for I will not part with the idea of seeing Florence again. Whenever I am displeased here, the thoughts of that journey are my resource; just as cross would-be devout people, when they have quarrelled with this world, begin packing up for the other. Adieu!

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Mistley, July 25, 1748.

DEAR GEORGE,

I HAVE wished you with me extremely; you would have liked what I have seen. I have been to make a visit of two or three days to Nugent, and was carried to see the last remains of the glory of the old Aubrey de Veres, Earls of Oxford. They were once masters of almost this entire county,

[1] "Ædes Walpolianæ, or a Description of the Pictures at Houghton Hall, in Norfolk," first printed in 1747, and again in 1752.

but quite reduced even before the extinction of their house: the last Earl's son died at a miserable cottage, that I was shown at a distance; and I think another of the sisters, besides Lady Mary Vere, was forced to live upon her beauty.

Henningham Castle, where Harry the Seventh[1] was so sumptuously banquetted, and imposed that villainous fine for his entertainment, is now shrunk to one vast curious tower, that stands on a spacious mount raised on a high hill with a large fosse. It commands a fine prospect, and belongs to Mr. Ashurst, a rich citizen, who has built a trumpery new house close to it. In the parish church is a fine square monument of black marble of one of the Earls; and there are three more tombs of the family at Earl's Colne, some miles from the castle. I could see but little of them, as it was very late, except that one of the Countesses has a head-dress exactly like the description of Mount Parnassus, with two tops. I suppose you have heard much of Gosfield, Nugent's seat. It is extremely in fashion, but did not answer to me, though there are fine things about it; but being situated in a country that is quite blocked up with hills upon hills, and even too much wood, it has not an inch of prospect. The park is to be sixteen hundred acres, and is bounded with a wood of five miles round; and the lake, which is very beautiful, is of seventy acres, directly in a line with the house, at the bottom of a fine lawn, and broke with very pretty groves, that fall down a slope into it. The house is vast, built round a very old court that has

[1] See Hume's History of England, vol. iii. p. 399. ["The Earl of Oxford, his favourite general, having splendidly entertained him at his castle of Henningham, was desirous of making a parade of his magnificence at the departure of his royal guest; and ordered all his retainers, with their liveries and badges, to be drawn up in two lines, that their appearance might be the more gallant and splendid. 'My lord,' said the King, 'I have heard much of your hospitality; but the truth far exceeds the report: these handsome gentlemen and yeomen whom I see on both sides of me are no doubt your menial servants.' The Earl smiled, and confessed that his fortune was too narrow for such magnificence. 'They are most of them,' subjoined he, 'my retainers, who are come to do service at this time, when they know I am honoured with your Majesty's presence.' The King started a little, and said, 'By my faith! my lord, I thank you for your good cheer, but I must not allow my laws to be broken in my sight: my attorney must speak with you.' Oxford is said to have paid no less than fifteen thousand marks, as a compensation for his offence."]

never been fine; the old windows and gateway left, and the old gallery, which is a bad narrow room, and hung with all the late patriots, but so ill done, that they look like caricatures done to expose them, since they have so much disgraced the virtues they pretended to. The rest of the house is all modernized, but in patches, and in the bad taste that came between the charming venerable Gothic and pure architecture. There is a great deal of good furniture, but no one room very fine: no tolerable pictures. Her dressing-room is very pretty, and furnished with white damask, china, japan, loads of easy chairs, bad pictures, and some pretty enamels. But what charmed me more than all I had seen, is the library chimney, which has existed from the foundation of the house; over it is an alto-relievo in wood, far from being ill done, of the battle of Bosworth Field. It is all white, except the helmets and trappings, which are gilt, and the shields, which are properly blazoned with the arms of all the chiefs engaged. You would adore it.

We passed our time very agreeably; both Nugent and his wife are very good-humoured, and easy in their house to a degree. There was nobody else but the Marquis of Tweedale; his new Marchioness,[1] who is infinitely good-humoured and good company, and sang a thousand French songs mighty prettily; a sister of Nugent's, who does not figure; and a Mrs. Elliot,[2] sister to Mrs. Nugent, who crossed over and figured in with Nugent: I mean she has turned Catholic, as he has Protestant. She has built herself a very pretty small house in the park, and is only a daily visitor. Nugent was extremely communicative of his own labours; repeated us an ode of ten thousand stanzas to abuse Messieurs de la Gallerie, and read me a whole tragedy, which has really a great many pretty things in it; not indeed equal to his glorious ode on religion and liberty, but with many of those absurdities which are so blended with his parts. We were overturned coming

[1] Daughter of the Earl of Granville.

[2] Harriot, wife of Richard Elliot, Esq., father of the first Lord St. Germains, and a daughter of Mr. Secretary Craggs. For a copy of verses addressed by Mr. Pitt to this lady, see the Chatham Correspondence, vol. iv. p. 373.—E.

back, but, thank you, we were not at all hurt, and have been to-day to see a large house and a pretty park belonging to a Mr. Williams; it is to be sold. You have seen in the papers that Dr. Bloxholme is dead. He cut his throat. He always was nervous and vapoured; and so good-natured, that he left off his practice from not being able to bear seeing so many melancholy objects. I remember him with as much wit as ever I knew; there was a pretty correspondence of Latin odes that passed between him and Hodges.

You will be diverted to hear that the Duchess of Newcastle was received at Calais by Locheil's regiment under arms, who did duty himself while she stayed. The Duke of Grafton is going to Scarborough; don't you love that endless back-stairs policy? and at his time of life! This fit of ill health is arrived on the Prince's going to shoot for a fortnight at Thetford, and his grace is afraid of not being civil enough or too civil.

Since I wrote my letter I have been fishing in Rapin for any particulars relating to the Veres, and have already found that Robert de Vere,[1] the great Duke of Ireland, and favourite of Richard the Second, is buried at Earl's Colne, and probably under one of the tombs I saw there; I long to be certain that the lady with the strange coiffure is Lancerona, the joiner's daughter, that he married after divorcing a princess of the blood for her. I have found, too, that King Stephen's Queen died at Henningham, a castle belonging to Alberic de Vere:[2] in short, I am just now Vere mad, and extremely mortified to have Lancerona and Lady Vere Beauclerk's[3] Portuguese grandmother blended with this brave old blood. Adieu! I go to town the day after to-morrow, and immediately from thence to Strawberry Hill. Yours ever.

[1] Robert de Vere, Earl of Oxford, was the favourite of Richard the Second; who created him Marquis of Dublin and Duke of Ireland, and transferred to him by patent the entire sovereignty of that island for life.

[2] Alberic de Vere was an earl in the reign of Edward the Confessor.

[3] Daughter of Thomas Chambers, Esq., and married to Lord Vere Beauclerc, third son of the first Duke of St. Albans by his wife Diana, daughter of Aubrey de Vere, Earl of Oxford.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 11, 1748.

I AM arrived at great knowledge in the annals of the house of Vere, but though I have twisted and twined their genealogy and my own a thousand ways, I cannot discover, as I wished to do, that I am descended from them any how but from one of their Christian names; the name of Horace having travelled from them into Norfolk by the marriage of a daughter of Horace Lord Vere of Tilbury with a Sir Roger Townshend, whose family baptized some of us with it. But I have made a really curious discovery; the lady with the strange dress at Earl's Colne, which I mentioned to you, is certainly Lancerona, the Portuguese; for I have found in Rapin, from one of the old chronicles, that Anne of Bohemia, to whom she had been maid of honour, introduced the fashion of *piked horns*, or high heads, which is the very attire on this tomb, and ascertains it to belong to Robert de Vere, the great Earl of Oxford, made Duke of Ireland by Richard II, who, after the banishment of this minister, and his death at Louvain, occasioned by a boar at a hunting match, caused the body to be brought over, would have the coffin opened once more to see his favourite, and attended it himself in high procession to its interment at Earl's Colne. I don't know whether the Craftsman some years ago would not have found out that we were descended from this Vere, at least from his name and ministry: my comfort is, that Lancerona was Earl Robert's second wife. But in this search I have crossed upon another descent, which I am taking great pains to verify (I don't mean a pun), and that is a probability of my being descended from Chaucer, whose daughter, the Lady Alice, before her espousals with Thomas Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, and afterwards with William de la Pole, the great Duke of Suffolk (another famous favourite), was married to a Sir John Philips, who I hope to find was of Picton Castle, and had children by her; but I have not yet brought these matters to a consistency: Mr. Chute is persuaded I shall, for he says any body

with two or three hundred years of pedigree may find themselves descended from whom they please; and thank my stars and my good cousin, the present Sir J. Philips,[1] I have a sufficient pedigree to work upon; for he drew us up one, by which *Ego et rex meus* are derived hand in hand from Cadwallader, and the English Baronetage says from the Emperor Maximus (by the Philips's, who are Welsh, *s'entend*). These Veres have thrown me into a deal of this old study: t'other night I was reading to Mrs. Leneve and Mrs. Pigot,[2] who has been here a few days, the description in Hall's Chronicle of the meeting of Harry VIII. and Francis I. which is so delightfully painted in your Windsor. We came to a paragraph, which I must transcribe; for though it means nothing in the world, it is so ridiculously worded in the old English that it made us laugh for three days:

And the wer twoo kynges serued with a banket and after mirthe, had communication in the banket time, and there shewed the one the other their pleasure.

Would not one swear that old Hal showed all that is showed in the Tower? I am now in the act of expecting the house of Pritchard,[3] Dame Clive,[3] and Mrs. Metheglin to dinner. I promise you the Clive and I will not show one another our pleasure during the banket time nor afterwards. In the evening, we go to a play at Kingston, where the places are two pence a head. Our great company at Richmond and Twickenham has been torn to pieces by civil dissensions, but they continue acting. Mr. Lee, the ape of Garrick, not liking his part, refused to play it, and had the confidence to go into the pit as spectator. The actress, whose benefit was in agitation, made her complaints to the audience, who obliged him to mount the stage; but since that he has retired from the company. I am sorry he was such a coxcomb, for he was the best.

[1] The grandmother of the Hon. Horace Walpole was daughter of Sir Erasmus Philips, of Picton Castle in Pembrokeshire.

[2] Niece of Mrs. Leneve, and first wife of Admiral Hugh Pigot.—E.

[3] Two celebrated actresses.

You say, why won't I go to Lady Mary's?[1] I say, why won't you go to the Talbots? Mary is busied about many things, is dancing the hays between three houses; but I will go with you for a day or two to the Talbots if you like it, and you shall come hither to fetch me. I have been to see Mr. Hamilton's, near Cobham, where he has really made a fine place out of a most cursed hill. Esher[2] I have seen again twice, and prefer it to all villas, even to Southcote's — Kent is Kentissime there. I have been laughing too at Claremont house; the gardens are improved since I saw them: do you know that the pine-apples are literally sent to Hanover by couriers? I am serious. Since the Duke of Newcastle went, and upon the news of the Duke of Somerset's illness, he has transmitted his commands through the King, and by him through the Bedford to the University of Cambridge to forbid their electing any body, but the most ridiculous person they could elect, his grace of Newcastle. The Prince hearing this, has written to them, that having heard his Majesty's commands, he should by no means oppose them. This is sensible; but how do the two secretaries answer such a violent act of authority? Nolkejumskoi[3] has let down his dignity and his discipline, and invites continually all officers that are members of parliament. Doddington's sentence of expulsion is sealed; Lyttleton is to have his place (the second time he has tripped up his heels); Lord Barrington is to go to the treasury, and Dick Edgecumbe into the admiralty.

Rigby is gone from hence to Sir William Stanhope's to the Aylesbury races, where the Grenvilles and Peggy Banks design to appear and avow their triumph. Gray has been here a few days, and is transported with your story of Madame

[1] Lady Mary Churchill.

[2] The favourite seat of the Right Honourable Henry Pelham, which he embellished under the direction of Kent. It is pleasingly mentioned by Pope, in his Epilogue to the Imitations of the Satires of Horace:—

> "Pleas'd let me own, in Esher's peaceful grove,
> Where Kent and Nature vie for Pelham's love,
> The scene, the master, opening to my view,
> I sit and dream I see my Craggs anew."—E.

[3] A cant name for the Duke of Cumberland.

Bentley's diving, and her white man, and in short with all your stories. Room for cuckolds—here comes my company—

Aug. 12.

I had not time to finish my letter last night, for we did not return from the dismal play, which was in a barn at Kingston, till twelve o'clock at night. Our dinner passed off very well; the Clive was very good company; you know how much she admires Asheton's preaching. She says, she is always vastly good for two or three days after his sermons; but by the time that Thursday comes, all their effect is worn out. I never saw more proper decent behaviour than Mrs. Pritchard's, and I assure you even Mr. Treasurer Pritchard was far better than I expected. Yours ever,

CHAUCERIDES.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 29, 1748.

DEAR HARRY,

WHATEVER you may think, a campaign at Twickenham furnishes as little matter for a letter as an abortive one in Flanders. I can't say indeed that my generals wear black wigs, but they have long full-bottomed hoods which cover as little entertainment to the full.

There's General my Lady Castlecomer, and General my Lady Dowager Ferrers! Why, do you think I can extract more out of them than you can out of Hawley or Honeywood?[1] Your old women dress, go to the Duke's levee, see that the soldiers cock their hats right, sleep after dinner, and soak with their led-captains till bed-time, and tell a thousand lies of what they never did in their youth. Change hats for head-clothes, the rounds for visits, and led-captains for toad-eaters, and the life is the very same. In short, these are the people I live in the midst of, though not with; and it is for want of more important histories that I have wrote to you seldom; not, I give you my word, from the least negli-

[1] General Honeywood, governor of Portsmouth.

gence. My present and sole occupation is planting, in which I have made great progress, and talk very learnedly with the nurserymen, except that now and then a lettuce run to seed overturns all my botany, as I have more than once taken it for a curious West-Indian flowering shrub. Then the deliberation with which trees grow, is extremely inconvenient to my natural impatience. I lament living in so barbarous an age, when we are come to so little perfection in gardening. I am persuaded that a hundred and fifty years hence it will be as common to remove oaks a hundred and fifty years old, as it is now to transplant tulip-roots. I have even begun a treatise or panegyric on the great discoveries made by posterity in all arts and sciences, wherein I shall particularly descant on the great and cheap convenience of making trout-rivers — one of the improvements which Mrs. Kerwood wondered Mr. Hedges would not make at his country-house, but which was not then quite so common as it will be. I shall talk of a secret for roasting a wild boar and a whole pack of hounds alive, without hurting them, so that the whole chase may be brought up to table; and for this secret, the Duke of Newcastle's grandson, if he can ever get a son, is to give a hundred thousand pounds. Then the delightfulness of having whole groves of humming-birds, tame tigers taught to fetch and carry, pocket spying-glasses to see all that is doing in China, with a thousand other toys, which we now look upon as impracticable, and which pert posterity would laugh in one's face for staring at, while they are offering rewards for perfecting discoveries, of the principles of which we have not the least conception! If ever this book should come forth, I must expect to have all the learned in arms against me, who measure all knowledge backward: some of them have discovered symptoms of all arts in Homer; and Pineda[1] had so much faith in the accomplishments of his ancestors, that he believed Adam understood all sciences but politics. But as these great champions for our forefathers are dead, and Boileau not alive to hitch me

[1] Pineda was a Spanish Jesuit, and a professor of theology. He died in 1637, after writing voluminous commentaries upon several books of the Holy Scriptures, besides an universal history of the church.

into a verse with Perrault, I am determined to admire the learning of posterity, especially being convinced that half our present knowledge sprung from discovering the errors of what had formerly been called so. I don't think I shall ever make any great discoveries myself, and therefore shall be content to propose them to my descendants, like my Lord Bacon, who, as Dr. Shaw says very prettily in his preface to Boyle, "had the art of inventing arts:" or rather like a Marquis of Worcester, of whom I have seen a little book which he calls A Century of Inventions, where he has set down a hundred machines to do impossibilities with, and not a single direction how to make the machines themselves.[1]

If I happen to be less punctual in my correspondence than I intend to be, you must conclude I am writing my book, which being designed for a panegyric, will cost me a great deal of trouble. The dedication, with your leave, shall be addressed to your son that is coming, or, with my Lady Ailesbury's leave, to your ninth son, who will be unborn nearer to the time I am writing of; always provided that she does not bring three at once, like my Lady Berkeley.

Well! I have here set you the example of writing nonsense when one has nothing to say, and shall take it ill if you don't keep up the correspondence on the same foot. Adieu!

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, Saturday-night, Sept. 3, 1748.

ALL my sins to Mrs. Talbot you are to expiate; I am here quite alone, and want nothing but your fetching to go to her. I have been in town for a day, just to see Lord Bury,

[1] Walpole, in his "Royal and Noble Authors," designates the Marquis as a "fantastic projector and fanatic," and describes the "Century of Inventions" as "an amazing piece of folly;" and Hume, who does not even know the title of the book, boldly pronounces it "a ridiculous compound of lies, chimeras, and impossibilities." In 1825, however, an edition of this curious and very amusing little work was published, with historical and explanatory notes, by Mr. C. F. Partington; who clearly proves, that the Marquis was the person, either in this or any other country, who gave the first idea of the steam-engine.—E.

who is come over with the Duke; they return next Thursday. The Duke is fatter, and it is now not denied that he has entirely lost the sight of one eye. This did not surprise me so much as a *bon mot* of his. Gumley, who you know is grown Methodist, came to tell him, that as he was on duty, a tree in Hyde Park, near the powder magazine, had been set on fire; the Duke replied, he hoped it was not by *the new light*. This nonsensical *new light* is extremely in fashion, and I shall not be surprised if we see a revival of all the folly and cant of the last age. Whitfield preaches continually at my Lady Huntingdon's,[1] at Chelsea; my Lord Chesterfield, my Lord Bath, my Lady Townshend, my Lady Thanet, and others, have been to hear him.[2] What will you lay that, next winter, he is not run after, instead of Garrick?

I am just come from the play at Richmond, where I found the Duchess of Argyle and Lady Betty Campbell, and their court. We had a new actress, a Miss Clough; an extremely fine tall figure, and very handsome: she spoke very justly, and with spirit. Garrick is to produce her next winter; and a Miss Charlotte Ramsay, a poetess and deplorable actress. Garrick, Barry, and some more of the players, were there to see these new comedians; it is to be their seminary.

Since I came home I have been disturbed with a strange, foolish woman, that lives at the great corner house yonder; she is an attorney's wife, and much given to the bottle. By the time she has finished that and daylight, she grows afraid of thieves, and makes the servants fire minute guns out of the garret windows. I remember persuading Mrs. Kerwood that there was a great smell of thieves, and this drunken dame seems literally to smell it. The divine Asheton, whom I suppose you will have seen when you receive this, will give you

[1] Daughter of Washington, Earl Ferrers.

[2] Lord Bolingbroke, in a letter to the Earl of Marchmont of the 1st of November, says, "I hope you heard from me by myself, as well as of me by Mr. Whitfield. This apostolical person preached some time ago at Lady Huntingdon's, and I should have been curious to hear him. Nothing kept me from going, but an imagination that there was to be a select auditory. That saint, our friend Chesterfield, was there; and I heard from him an extreme good account of the sermon." Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. p. 377.—E.

an account of the astonishment we were in last night at hearing guns; I began to think that the Duke had brought some of his defeats from Flanders.

I am going to tell you a long story, but you will please to remember that I don't intend to tell it well; therefore, if you discover any beauties in the relation where I never intended them, don't conclude, as you did in your last, that I know they are there. If I had not a great command of my pen, and could not force it to write whatever nonsense I had heard last, you would be enough to pervert all one's letters, and put one upon keeping up one's character; but as I write merely to satisfy you, I shall take no care but not to write well: I hate letters that are called good letters.

You must know then,— but did you know a young fellow that was called Handsome Tracy? He was walking in the Park with some of his acquaintance, and overtook three girls; one was very pretty: they followed them; but the girls ran away, and the company grew tired of pursuing them, all but Tracy. (There are now three more guns gone off; she must be very drunk.) He followed to Whitehall gate, where he gave a porter a crown to dog them: the porter hunted them —he the porter. The girls ran all round Westminster, and back to the Haymarket, where the porter came up with them. He told the pretty one she must go with him, and kept her talking till Tracy arrived, quite out of breath, and exceedingly in love. He insisted on knowing where she lived, which she refused to tell him; and after much disputing, went to the house of one of her companions, and Tracy with them. He there made her discover her family, a butterwoman in Craven Street, and engaged her to meet him the next morning in the Park; but before night he wrote her four love-letters, and in the last offered two hundred pounds a-year to her, and a hundred a-year to Signora la Madre. Griselda made a confidence to a staymaker's wife, who told her that the swain was certainly in love enough to marry her, if she could determine to be virtuous and refuse his offers. "Ay," says she, "but if I should, and should lose him by it." However, the measures of the cabinet council were decided for virtue: and

when she met Tracy the next morning in the Park, she was convoyed by her sister and brother-in-law, and stuck close to the letter of her reputation. She would do nothing; she would go nowhere. At last, as an instance of prodigious compliance, she told him, that if he would accept such a dinner as a butterwoman's daughter could give him, he should be welcome. Away they walked to Craven Street: the mother borrowed some silver to buy a leg of mutton, and they kept the eager lover drinking till twelve at night, when a chosen committee waited on the faithful pair to the minister of May-fair. The doctor was in bed, and swore he would not get up to marry the King, but that he had a brother over the way who perhaps would, and who did. The mother borrowed a pair of sheets, and they consummated at her house; and the next day they went to their own palace. In two or three days the scene grew gloomy; and the husband coming home one night, swore he could bear it no longer. "Bear! bear what?"—"Why, to be teased by all my acquaintance for marrying a butterwoman's daughter. I am determined to go to France, and will leave you a handsome allowance."—"Leave me! why you don't fancy you shall leave me? I will go with you."—"What, you love me then?"—"No matter whether I love you or not, but you shan't go without me." And they are gone! If you know anybody that proposes marrying and travelling, I think they cannot do it in a more commodious method.

I agree with you most absolutely in your opinion about Gray; he is the worst company in the world. From a melancholy turn, from living reclusely, and from a little too much dignity, he never converses easily; all his words are measured and chosen, and formed into sentences; his writings are admirable; he himself is not agreeable.[1]

There are still two months to London; if you could dis-

[1] Dr. Beattie says, in a letter to Sir W. Forbes, "Gray's letters very much resemble what his conversation was: he had none of the airs of either a scholar or a poet; and though on those and all other subjects he spoke to me with the utmost freedom, and without any reserve, he was in general company much more silent than one could have wished."—E.

cover your own mind for any three or four days of that space, I will either go with you to the Tigers or be glad to see you here; but I positively will ask you neither one nor t'other any more. I have raised seven-and-twenty bantams from the patriarchs you sent me. Adieu!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 18, 1748.

I HAVE two letters of yours to account for, and nothing to plead but my old insolvency. Oh! yes, I have to scold you, which you find is an inexhaustible fund with me. You sent me your *démêlé*[1] with the whole city of Florence, and charged me to keep it secret—and the first person I saw was my Lord Hobart, who was full of the account he had received from you. You might as well have told a woman an improper secret, and expected to have it kept! but you may be very easy, for unless it reaches my Lady Pomfret or my Lady Orford, I dare say it will never get back to Florence; and for those two ladies, I don't think it likely that they should hear it, for the first is in a manner retired from the world, and the world is retired from the second. Now I have vented my anger, I am seriously sorry for you, to be exposed to the impertinence of those silly Florentine women: they deserve a worse term than silly, since they pretend to any characters. How could you act with so much temper? If they had treated me in this manner, I should have avowed ten times more than they pretended you had done; but you are an absolute minister!

I am much obliged to Prince Beauvau for remembering me, and should be extremely pleased to show him all manner of attentions here: you know I profess great attachment to

[1] A Madame Ubaldini having raised a scandalous story of two persons whom she saw together in Mr. Mann's garden at one of his assemblies, and a scurrilous sonnet having been made upon the occasion, the Florentine ladies for some time pretended that it would hurt their characters to come any more to his assembly.

that family for their civilities to me. But how gracious the Princess has been to you! I am quite jealous of her dining with you: I remember what a rout there was to get her for half of half a quarter of an hour to your assembly.

The Bishop of London is dead; having, luckily for his family, as it proves, refused the archbishoprick.[1] We owe him the justice to say, that though he had broke with my father, he always expressed himself most handsomely about him, and without any resentment or ingratitude.

Your brothers are coming to dine with me; your brother Gal. is extremely a favourite with me: I took to him for his resemblance to you, but am grown to love him upon his own fund.

The peace is still in a cloud: according to custom, we have hurried on our complaisance before our new friends were at all ready with theirs. There was a great Regency[2] kept in town, to take off the prohibition of commerce with Spain: when they were met, somebody asked if Spain was ready to take off theirs?—"Oh, Lord! we never thought of that!" They sent for Wall,[3] and asked him if his court would take the same step with us? He said, "he believed they might, but he had no orders about it." However, we proceeded, and hitherto are bit.

Adieu! by the first opportunity I shall send you the two books of Houghton, for yourself and Dr. Cocchi. My Lord Orford is much mended: my uncle has no prospect of ever removing from his couch.

[1] Dr. Edmund Gibson had been very intimate with Sir Robert Walpole, and was designed by him for archbishop after the death of Wake; but setting himself at the head of the clergy against the Quaker bill, he broke with Sir Robert and lost the archbishoprick, which was given to Potter; but on his death, the succeeding ministry offered it to Dr. Gibson. [The Doctor declined it, on account of his advanced age and increasing infirmities. He died on the 6th of February 1748.]

[2] This means a meeting of the persons composing the Regency during the King's absence in Hanover.—D.

[3] General Wall, the Spanish ambassador.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 25, 1748.

I SHALL write you a very short letter, for I don't know what business we have to be corresponding when we might be together. I really wish to see you, for you know I am convinced of what you say to me. It is few people I ask to come hither, and if possible, still fewer that I wish to see here. The disinterestedness of your friendship for me has always appeared, and is the only sort that for the future I will ever accept, and consequently I never expect any more friends. As to trying to make any by obligations, I have had such woful success, that, for fear of thinking still worse than I do of the world, I will never try more. But you are abominable to reproach me with not letting you go to Houghton: have not I offered a thousand times to carry you there? I mean, since it was my brother's: I did not expect to prevail with you before; for you are so unaccountable, that you not only will never do a dirty thing, but you won't even venture the appearance of it. I have often applied to you in my own mind a very pretty passage that I remember in a letter of Chillingworth; "you would not do that for preferment that you would not do but for preferment." You oblige me much in what you say about my nephews, and make me happy in the character you have heard of Lord Malpas;[1] I am extremely inclined to believe he deserves it. I am as sorry to hear what a companion Lord Walpole has got: there has been a good deal of noise about him, but I had laughed at it, having traced the worst reports to his gracious mother, who is now sacrificing the character of her son to her aversion for her husband. If we lived under the Jewish dispensation, how I should tremble at my brother's leaving no children by her, and its coming to my turn to raise him up issue!

Since I gave you the account of the Duchess of Ireland's piked horns among the tombs of the Veres, I have found a

[1] Eldest son of George, third Earl of Cholmondeley, and grandson of Sir Robert Walpole.

long account in Bayle of the friar, who, as I remember to have read somewhere, preached so vehemently against that fashion: it was called *Hennin*, and the monk's name was Thomas Conecte. He was afterwards burnt at Rome for censuring the lives of the clergy. As our histories say that Anne of Bohemia introduced the fashion here, it is probable that the French learnt it from us, and were either long before they caught it, or long in retaining the mode; for the Duke of Ireland died in 1389, and Conecte was burnt at Rome in 1434. There were, indeed, several years between his preaching down *Hennins* and his death, but probably not near five-and-forty years, and half that term was a long duration for so outrageous a fashion. But I have found a still more entertaining fashion in another place in Bayle, which was, the women wearing looking-glasses upon their bellies: I don't conceive for what use. Adieu! don't write any more, but come.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 6, 1748.

DEAR HARRY,

I AM sorry our wishes clash so much. Besides that I have no natural inclination for the Parliament, it will particularly disturb me now in the middle of all my planting; for which reason I have never inquired when it will meet, and cannot help you to guess—but I should think not hastily—for I believe the peace, at least the evacuations, are not in so prosperous a way as to be ready to make any figure in the King's speech. But I speak from a distance; it may all be very toward: our ministers enjoy the consciousness of their wisdom, as the good do of their virtue, and take no pains to make it shine before men. In the mean time, we have several collateral emoluments from the pacification: all our milliners, tailors, tavern-keepers, and young gentlemen are tiding to France for our improvement in luxury; and as I foresee we shall be told on their return that we have lived in a total state of blindness for these six years, and gone

absolutely retrograde to all true taste in every particular, I have already begun to practise walking on my head, and doing every thing the wrong way. Then Charles Frederick has turned all his virtù into fireworks, and, by his influence at the ordnance, has prepared such a spectacle for the proclamation of the peace as is to surpass all its predecessors of bouncing memory. It is to open with a concert of fifteen hundred hands, and conclude with so many hundred thousand crackers all set to music, that all the men killed in the war are to be wakened with the crash, as if it was the day of judgment, and fall a dancing, like the troops in the Rehearsal. I wish you could see him making squibs of his papillotes, and bronzed over with a patina of gunpowder, and talking himself still hoarser on the superiority that his firework will have over the Roman naumachia.

I am going to dinner with Lady Sophia Thomas[1] at Hampton Court, where I was to meet the Cardigans; but I this minute receive a message that the Duchess of Montagu[2] is extremely ill, which I am much concerned for on Lady Cardigan's[3] account, whom I grow every day more in love with; you may imagine, not her person, which is far from improved lately; but, since I have been here, I have lived much with them, and, as George Montagu says, *in all my practice* I never met a better understanding, nor more really estimable qualities: such a dignity in her way of thinking; so little idea of anything mean or ridiculous, and such proper contempt for both! Adieu! I must go dress for dinner, and you perceive that I wish I had, but have nothing to tell you.

[1] Daughter of the first Earl of Albemarle, and wife of General Thomas.—E.

[2] She was mother to Lady Cardigan, and daughter to the great Duke of Marlborough.

[3] Lady Mary Montagu, third daughter of John, Duke of Montagu, and wife of George Brudenell, Earl of Cardigan, afterwards created Duke of Montagu.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 20, 1748.

You are very formal to send me a ceremonious letter of thanks; you see I am less punctilious, for having nothing to tell you, I did not answer your letter. I have been in the empty town for a day: Mrs. Muscovy and I cannot devise where you have planted jasmine; I am all plantation, and sprout away like any chaste nymph in the Metamorphosis.

They say the old Monarch at Hanover has got a new mistress; I fear he ought to have got * * * * * Now I talk of getting, Mr. Fox has got the ten thousand pound prize; and the Violette, as it is said, Coventry for a husband. It is certain that at the fine masquerade he was following her, as she was under the Countess's arm, who, pulling off her glove, moved her wedding-ring up and down her finger, which it seems was to signify that no other terms would be accepted. It is the year for contraband marriages, though I do not find Fanny Murray's is certain. I liked her spirit in an instance I heard t'other night: she was complaining of want of money; Sir Robert Atkins immediately gave her a twenty pound note; she said, "D—n your twenty pound! what does it signify?" clapped it between two pieces of bread and butter, and ate it. Adieu! nothing should make me leave off so shortly but that my gardener waits for me, and you must allow that he is to be preferred to all the world.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 24, 1748.

I have laughed heartily at your adventure of Milord Richard Onslow;[1] it is an admirable adventure! I am not

[1] One Daniel Bets, a Dutchman or Fleming, who called himself my Lord Richard Onslow, and pretended to be the Speaker's son, having forged letters of credit and drawn money from several bankers, came to Florence, and was received as an Englishman of quality by Marquis Ric-

sure that Riccardi's absurdity was not the best part of it. Where were the Rinuncinis, the Panciaticis, and Pandolfinis? were they as ignorant too? What a brave topic it would have been for Niccolini, if he had been returned, to display all his knowledge of England!

Your brothers are just returned from Houghton, where they found my brother extremely recovered: my uncle too, I hear, is better; but I think that an impossible recovery.[1] Lord Walpole is setting out on his travels; I shall be impatient to have him at Florence; I flatter myself you will like him: I, who am not troubled with partiality to my family, admire him much. Your brother has got the two books of Houghton, and will send them by the first opportunity: I am by no means satisfied with them; they are full of faults, and the two portraits wretchedly unlike.

The peace is signed between us, France, and Holland, but does not give the least joy; the stocks do not rise, and the merchants are unsatisfied; they say France will sacrifice us to Spain, which has not yet signed: in short, there has not been the least symptom of public rejoicing; but the government is to give a magnificent firework.

I believe there are no news, but I am here all alone, planting. The Parliament does not meet till the 29th of next month: I shall go to town but two or three days before that. The Bishop of Salisbury,[2] who refused Canterbury, accepts London, upon a near prospect of some fat fines. Old Tom Walker[3] is dead, and has left vast wealth and good places; but I have not heard where either are to go. Adieu! I am very paragraphical, and you see have nothing to say.

cardi, who could not be convinced by Mr. Mann of the imposture till the adventurer ran away on foot to Rome in the night.

[1] Yet he did in great measure recover by the use of soap and lime-water.

[2] Dr. Sherlock.

[3] He was surveyor of the roads; had been a kind of toad-eater to Sir Robert Walpole and Lord Godolphin; was a great frequenter of Newmarket, and a notorious usurer. [His reputed wealth is stated, in the Gentleman's Magazine, at three hundred thousand pounds.]

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Dec. 2, 1748.

Our King is returned and our Parliament met: we expected nothing but harmony and tranquillity, and love of the peace; but the very first day opened with a black cloud, that threatens a stormy session. To the great surprise of the ministry, the Tories appear in intimate league with the Prince's party, and both agreed in warm and passionate expressions on the treaty: we shall not have the discussion till after Christmas. My uncle, who is extremely mended by soap, and the hopes of a peerage, is come up, and the very first day broke out in a volley of treaties: though he is altered, you would be astonished at his spirits.

We talk much of the Chancellor's[1] resigning the seals, from weariness of the fatigue, and being made president of the council, with other consequent changes, which I will write you if they happen; but as this has already been a discourse of six months, I don't give it you for certain.

Mr. Chute, to whom alone I communicated Niccolini's banishment, though it is now talked of from the Duke of Bedford's office, says "he is sorry the Abbé is banished for the only thing which he ever saw to commend in him,—his abusing the Tuscan ministry." I must tell you another admirable *bon mot* of Mr. Chute, now I am mentioning him. Passing by the door of Mrs. Edwards, who died of drams, he saw the motto which the undertakers had placed to her escutcheon, *Mors janua vitæ*, he said "it ought to have been *Mors aqua vitæ*."

The burlettas are begun; I think, not decisively liked or condemned yet: their success is certainly not rapid, though Pertici is excessively admired. Garrick says he is the best comedian he ever saw: but the women are execrable, not a pleasing note amongst them. Lord Middlesex has stood a trial with Monticelli for arrears of salary, in Westminster-

[1] Lord Hardwicke.—D.

hall, and even let his own hand-writing be proved against him! You may imagine he was cast. Hume Campbell, Lord Marchmont's brother, a favourite advocate, and whom the ministry have pensioned out of the Opposition into silence, was his council, and protested, striking his breast, that he had never set his foot but once into an opera-house in his life. This affectation of British patriotism is excellently ridiculous in a man so known: I have often heard my father say, that of all the men he ever knew, Lord Marchmont and Hume Campbell were the most abandoned in their professions to him on their coming into the world: he was hindered from accepting their services by the present Duke of Argyll, of whose faction they were not. They then flung themselves into the Opposition, where they both have made great figures, till the elder was shut out of Parliament by his father's death, and the younger, being very foolishly dismissed from being solicitor to the Prince, in favour of Mr. Bathurst, accepted a pension from the court, and seldom comes into the House, and has lately taken to live on roots and to study astronomy.[1] Lord Marchmont, you know, was one of Pope's heroes, had a place in Scotland on Lord Chesterfield's coming into the ministry, though he had not power to bring him into the sixteen; and was very near losing his place last winter, on being supposed the author of the famous apology for Lord Chesterfield's resignation. This is the history of these Scotch brothers, which I have told you for want of news.

Two Oxford scholars are condemned to two years' im-

[1] In the preceding March, Lord Marchmont had married a second wife, Miss Crampton. The circumstances attending this marriage are thus related by David Hume, in a letter to Mr. Oswald, dated January 29, 1748:—"Lord Marchmont has had the most extraordinary adventure in the world. About three weeks ago he was at the play, when he espied in one of the boxes a fair virgin, whose looks, airs, and manners had such a wonderful effect upon him, as was visible by every bystander. His raptures were so undisguised, his looks so expressive of passion, his inquiries so earnest, that every person took notice of it. He soon was told, that her name was Crampton, a linendraper's daughter, who had been bankrupt last year. He wrote next morning to her father, desiring to visit his daughter on honourable terms, and in a few days she will be the Countess of Marchmont. Could you ever suspect the ambitious, the severe, the bustling, the impetuous, the violent Marchmont of becoming so tender and gentle a swain — an Orondates!"— E.

prisonment for treason;[1] and their vice-chancellor, for winking at it, is soon to be tried. What do you say to the young Pretender persisting to stay in France? It will not be easy to persuade me that it is without the approbation of that court. Adieu!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Dec. 15, 1748.

I CONCLUDE your Italy talks of nothing but the young Pretender's imprisonment at Vincennes. I don't know whether he be a Stuart, but I am sure by his extravagance he has proved himself of English extraction! What a mercy that we had not him here! with a temper so impetuous and obstinate, as to provoke a French government when in their power, what would he have done with an English government in his power?[2] An account came yesterday that he, with his Sheridan and a Mr. Stafford (who was a creature of my Lord Bath), are transmitted to Pont de Beauvoisin, under a solemn promise never to return into France (I suppose, unless they send for him). It is said that a Mr. Dun, who married

[1] In drinking the Pretender's health, and using seditious expressions against the King. They were also sentenced "to walk round Westminster-hall with a label affixed to their foreheads, denoting their crime and sentence, and to ask pardon of the several courts;" which they accordingly performed.—E.

[2] "At the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle the French court proposed to establish Prince Charles at Fribourg in Switzerland, with the title of Prince of Wales, a company of guards, and a sufficient pension; but he placed a romantic point of honour in braving 'the orders from Hanover,' as he called them, and positively refused to depart from Paris. Threats, entreaties, arguments, were tried on him in vain. He withstood even a letter obtained from his father at Rome, and commanding his departure. He still, perhaps, nourished some secret expectation, that King Louis would not venture to use force against a kinsman; but he found himself deceived. As he went to the Opera on the evening of the 11th of December, his coach was stopped by a party of French guards, himself seized, bound hand and foot, and conveyed, with a single attendant, to the state-prison of Vincennes, where he was thrust into a dungeon seven feet wide and eight long. After this public insult, and a few days' confinement, he was carried to Pont de Beauvoisin, on the frontier of Savoy, and there restored to his wandering and desolate freedom." Lord Mahon, vol. iii. p. 552.—E.

Alderman Parsons's eldest daughter, is in the Bastile for having struck the officer when the young man was arrested.

Old Somerset[1] is at last dead, and the Duke of Newcastle Chancellor of Cambridge, to his heart's content. Somerset tendered his pride even beyond his hate; for he has left the present Duke all the furniture of his palaces, and forbore to charge the estate, according to a power he had, with five-and-thirty thousand pounds. To his Duchess,[2] who has endured such a long slavery with him, he has left nothing but one thousand pounds and a small farm, besides her jointure; giving the whole of his unsettled estate, which is about six thousand pounds a-year, equally between his two daughters, and leaving it absolutely in their own powers now, though neither are of age; and to Lady Frances, the eldest, he has additionally given the fine house built by Inigo Jones, in Lincoln's-inn-fields, (which he had bought of the Duke of Ancaster for the Duchess,) hoping that his daughter will let her mother live with her. To Sir Thomas Bootle he has given half a borough, and a whole one[3] to his grandson Sir Charles Windham,[4] with an estate that cost him fourteen thousand pounds. To Mr. Obrien,[5] Sir Charles Windham's brother, a single thousand; and to Miss Windham an hundred a-year, which he gave her annually at Christmas, and is just such a legacy as you would give to a housekeeper to prevent her from going to service again. She is to be married immediately to the second Grenville;[6] they have waited for a larger legacy. The famous settlement[7] is found,

[1] The proud Duke of Somerset.—D.

[2] Charlotte Finch, sister of the Earl of Winchilsea and Nottingham, second wife of Charles Seymour, Duke of Somerset; by whom she had two daughters, Lady Frances, married to the Marquis of Granby, and Lady Charlotte to Lord Guernsey, eldest son of the Earl of Aylesford.

[3] Midhurst, in Sussex.—D. [4] Afterwards Earl of Egremont.—D.

[5] Afterwards created Earl of Thomond in Ireland.—D.

[6] George Grenville. The issue of this marriage were the late Marquis of Buckingham, the Right Honourable Thomas Grenville, and Lord Grenville; besides several daughters.—D.

[7] The Duke's first wife was the heiress of the house of Northumberland: she made a settlement of her estate, in case her sons died without heirs-male, on the children of her daughters. Her eldest daughter, Catherine, married Sir William Windham, whose son, Sir Charles, by

which gives Sir Charles Windham about twelve thousand pounds a-year of the Percy estate after the present Duke's death; the other five, with the barony of Percy, must go to Lady Betty Smithson.[1] I don't know whether you ever heard that, in Lord Granville's administration, he had prevailed with the King to grant the earldom of Northumberland to Sir Charles; Lord Hertford represented against it; at last the King said he would give it to whoever they would make it appear was to have the Percy estate; but old Somerset refused to let anybody see his writings, and so the affair dropped, everybody believing there was no such settlement.

John Stanhope of the admiralty is dead, and Lord Chesterfield gets thirty thousand pounds for his life: I hear Mr. Villiers is most likely to succeed to that board. You know all the Stanhopes are a family *aux bon-mots:* I must tell you one of this John. He was sitting by an old Mr. Curzon, a nasty wretch, and very covetous: his nose wanted blowing, and continued to want it: at last Mr. Stanhope, with the greatest good-breeding, said, "Indeed, Sir, if you don't wipe your nose, you will lose that drop."

I am extremely pleased with Monsieur de Mirepoix's[2] being named for this embassy; and I beg you will desire Princesse Craon to recommend me to Madame, for I would be particularly acquainted with her as she is their daughter. Hogarth has run a great risk since the peace; he went to France, and was so imprudent as to be taking a sketch of the drawbridge at Calais. He was seized and carried to the governor, where he was forced to prove his vocation by producing several *caricaturas* of the French; particularly a scene[3]

the death of Lord Beauchamp, only son of Algernon, Earl of Hertford, and afterwards Duke of Somerset, succeeded to the greatest part of the Percy estate, preferably to Elizabeth, daughter of the same Algernon, who was married to Sir Hugh Smithson.

[1] Elizabeth, daughter of Algernon, last Duke of Somerset of the younger branch. She was married to Sir Hugh Smithson, Bart. who became successively Earl and Duke of Northumberland.—D.

[2] The Marquis de Mirepoix, marshal of France, and ambassador to England. His wife was a woman of ability, and was long in great favour with Louis the Fifteenth and his successive mistresses.—D.

[3] He engraved and published it on his return.

of the shore, with an immense piece of beef landing for the Lion-d'argent, the English inn at Calais, and several hungry friars following it.[1] They were much diverted with his drawings, and dismissed him.

Mr. Chute lives at the Heralds' office in your service, and yesterday got particularly acquainted with your great-great-grandmother. He says, by her character, she would be extremely shocked at your wet-brown-paperness, and that she was particularly famous for breaking her own pads. Adieu!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, Dec. 26, 1748.

Did you ever know a more absolute country-gentleman? Here am I come down to what you call keep my Christmas! indeed it is not in all the forms; I have stuck no laurel and holly in my windows, I eat no turkey and chine, I have no tenants to invite, I have not brought a single soul with me. The weather is excessively stormy, but has been so warm, and so entirely free from frosts the whole winter, that not only several of my honeysuckles are come out, but I have literally a blossom upon a nectarine-tree, which I believe was never seen in this climate before on the 26th of December. I am extremely busy here planting; I have got four more acres, which makes my territory prodigious in a situation where land is so scarce, and villas as abundant as formerly at Tivoli and Baiæ. I have now about fourteen acres, and am making a terrace the whole breadth of my garden on the brow of a natural hill, with meadows at the foot, and commanding the river, the village, Richmond-hill, and the park, and part of Kingston — but I hope never to show it you. What you hint at in your last, increase of character, I should be extremely against your stirring in now: the whole system of embassies is

[1] Hogarth's well-known print, entitled "The Roast Beef of Old England." The original picture is in the possession of the Earl of Charlemont, in Dublin.—D.

in confusion, and more candidates than employments. I would have yours pass, as it is, for settled. If you were to be talked of, especially for a higher character at Florence, one don't know whom the additional dignity might tempt. Hereafter, perhaps, it might be practicable for you, but I would by no means advise your soliciting it at present. Sir Charles Williams is the great obstacle to all arrangement: Mr. Fox makes a point of his going to Turin; the ministry, who do not love him, are not for his going anywhere. Mr. Villiers is talked of for Vienna, though just made a lord of the admiralty. There were so many competitors, that at last Mr. Pelham said he would carry in two names to the King, and he should choose (a great indulgence!) Sir Peter Warren and Villiers were carried in; the King chose the latter. I believe there is a little of Lord Granville in this, and in a Mr. Hooper, who was turned out with the last ministry, and is now made a commissioner of the customs: the pretence is, to vacate a seat in Parliament for Sir Thomas Robinson, who is made a lord of trade; a scurvy reward after making the peace. Mr. Villiers, you know, has been much *gazetted*, and had his letters to the King of Prussia printed; but he is a very silly fellow. I met him the other day at Lord Granville's, where, on the subject of a new play, he began to give the Earl an account of Coriolanus, with reflections on his history. Lord Granville at last grew impatient, and said, "Well! well! it is an old story; it may not be true." As we went out together, I said, "I like the approach to this house."[1] — "Yes," said Villiers, "and I love to be in it; for I never come here but I hear something I did not know before." Last year, I asked him to attend a controverted election in which I was interested; he told me he would with all his heart, but that he had resolved not to vote in elections for the first session, for that he owned he could not understand them — not understand them!

[1] Lord Granville's house in Arlington Street was the lowest in the street on the side of the Green-park.—D.

Lord St. John[1] is dead; he had a place in the custom-house of 1200*l.* a year, which his father had bought of the Duchess of Kendal for two lives, for 4000*l.* Mr. Pelham has got it for Lord Lincoln and his child.

I told you in my last a great deal about old Somerset's will: they have since found 150,000*l.* which goes, too, between the two daughters. It had been feared that he would leave nothing to the youngest; two or three years ago, he waked after dinner and found himself upon the floor; she used to watch him, had left him, and he had fallen from his couch. He forbade every body to speak to her, but yet to treat her with respect as his daughter. She went about the house for a year, without anybody daring openly to utter a syllable to her; and it was never known that he had forgiven her. His whole stupid life was a series of pride and tyranny.

There have been great contests in the Privy Council about the trial of the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford: the Duke of Bedford and Lord Gower pressed it extremely. The latter asked the Attorney-General[2] his opinion, who told him the evidence did not appear strong enough: Lord Gower said, "Mr. Attorney, you seem to be very lukewarm for your party." He replied, "My lord, I never was lukewarm for my party, *nor ever was but of one party.*" There is a scheme for vesting in the King the nomination of the Chancellor of that University,[3] who has much power—and much noise it would make! The Lord Chancellor is to be High Steward of Cambridge, in succession to the Duke of Newcastle.

The families of Devonshire and Chesterfield have received

[1] John, second Viscount St. John, the only surviving son of Henry, first Viscount St. John, by his second wife, Angelica Magdalene, daughter of George Pillesary, treasurer-general of the marines in France. He was half-brother of the celebrated Henry, Viscount Bolingbroke, who was the only son of the said Henry, first Viscount St. John, by his first wife Mary, second daughter of Robert Rich, Earl of Warwick. John, second Viscount St. John, was the direct ancestor of the present Viscount Bolingbroke and St. John.—D.

[2] Sir Dudley Ryder.

[3] In consequence of the University's always electing Jacobites to that office.—D.

a great blow at Derby, where, on the death of John Stanhope, they set up another of the name. One Mr. Rivett, the Duke's chief friend and manager, stood himself, and carried it by a majority of seventy-one. Lord Chesterfield had sent down credit for ten thousand pounds. The Cavendish's, however, are very happy, for Lady Hartington[1] has produced a son.[2]

I asked a very intelligent person if there could be any foundation for the story of Niccolini's banishment taking its rise from complaints of our court: he answered very sensibly, that even if our court had complained, which was most unlikely, it was not at all probable that the court of Vienna would have paid any regard to it. There is another paragraph in your same letter in which I must set you right: you talk of the sudden change of my opinion about Lord Walpole:[3] I never had but one opinion about him, and that was always most favourable: nor can I imagine what occasioned your mistake, unless my calling him *a wild boy*, where I talked of the consequences of his father's death. I meant nothing in the world by *wild*, but the thoughtlessness of a boy of nineteen, who comes to the possession of a peerage and an estate. My partiality, I am sure, could never let me say anything else of him.

Mr. Chute's sister is dead. When I came from town Mr. Whithed had heard nothing of her will: she had about four thousand pounds. The brother is so capricious a monster, that we almost hope she has not given the whole to our friend.

You will be diverted with a story I am going to tell you; it is very long, and so is my letter already; but you perceive I am in the country and have nothing to hurry me. There is about town a Sir William Burdett,[4] a man of a very good family, but most infamous character. He formerly was at

[1] Lady Charlotte Boyle, second daughter of Richard, Earl of Burlington and Cork, and wife of William, Marquis of Hartington.

[2] William Cavendish, afterwards fifth Duke of Devonshire, and Knight of the Garter. He died in 1811.—D.

[3] George, third Earl of Orford.—D.

[4] Sir William Vigors Burdett, of Dunmore, in the county of Carlow.—E.

Paris with a Mrs. Penn, a Quaker's wife, whom he there bequeathed to the public, and was afterwards a sharper at Brussels, and lately came to England to discover a plot for poisoning the Prince of Orange, in which I believe he was poisoner, poison, and informer all himself. In short, to give you his character at once, there is a wager entered in the bet-book at White's (a MS. of which I may one day or other give you an account), that the first baronet that will be hanged is this Sir William Burdett. About two months ago he met at St. James's a Lord Castledurrow,[1] a young Irishman, and no genius as you will find, and entered into conversation with him: the Lord, seeing a gentleman, fine, polite, and acquainted with everybody, invited him to dinner for next day, and a Captain Rodney,[2] a young seaman, who has made a fortune by very gallant behaviour during the war. At dinner it came out, that neither the Lord nor the Captain had ever been at any Pelham-levees. "Good God!" said Sir William, "that must not be so any longer; I beg I may carry you to both the Duke and Mr. Pelham: I flatter myself I am very well with both." The appointment was made for the next Wednesday and Friday: in the mean time, he invited the two young men to dine with him the next day. When they came, he presented them to a lady, dressed foreign, as a princess of the house of Brandenburg: she had a toad-eater, and there was another man, who gave himself for a count. After dinner Sir William looked at his watch, and said, "J—s! it is not so late as I thought by an hour; Princess, will your Highness say how we shall divert ourselves till it is time to go to the play!" "Oh!" said she, "for my part you know I abominate everything but pharoah."

[1] Henry Flower, Lord Castledurrow, and afterwards created Viscount Ashbrook.

[2] George Brydges Rodney. He had distinguished himself in Lord Hawke's victory. In 1761 he took the French island of Martinique. In 1779 he met and defeated the Spanish fleet commanded by Don Juan de Langara, and relieved the garrison of Gibraltar, which was closely besieged; and in 1782, he obtained his celebrated victory over the French fleet commanded by Count de Grasse. For this latter service he was created a peer, by the title of Baron Rodney, of Rodney Stoke in the county of Somerset. He died May 24, 1792.—D.

"I am very sorry, Madam," replied he, very gravely, "but I don't know whom your Highness will get to tally to you; you know I am ruined by dealing." "Oh!" says she, "the Count will deal to us." "I would with all my soul," said the Count, "but I protest I have no money about me." She insisted: at last the Count said, "Since your Highness commands us peremptorily, I believe Sir William has four or five hundred pounds of mine, that I am to pay away in the city to-morrow; if he will be so good as to step to his bureau for that sum, I will make a bank of it." Mr. Rodney owns he was a little astonished at seeing the Count shuffle with the faces of the cards upwards; but concluding that Sir William Burdett, at whose house he was, was a relation or particular friend of Lord Castledurrow, he was unwilling to affront my lord. In short, my lord and he lost about a hundred and fifty a-piece, and it was settled that they should meet for payment the next morning at breakfast at Ranelagh. In the mean time Lord C. had the curiosity to inquire a little into the character of his new friend the Baronet; and being *au fait*, he went up to him at Ranelagh and apostrophized him; "Sir William, here is the sum I think I lost last night; since that I have heard that you are a professed pickpocket, and therefore desire to have no farther acquaintance with you." Sir William bowed, took the money and no notice; but as they were going away, he followed Lord Castledurrow and said, "Good God, my lord, my equipage is not come; will you be so good as to set me down at Buckingham-gate?" and without staying for an answer, whipped into the chariot, and came to town with him. If you don't admire the coolness of this impudence, I shall wonder. Adieu! I have written till I can scarce write my name.[1]

[1] The letter which immediately followed this miscarried.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, March 4, 1749.

I HAVE been so shut up in the House of Commons for this last fortnight or three weeks, that I have not had time to write you a line: we have not had such a session since the famous beginning of last Parliament. I am come hither for a day or two of rest and air, and find the additional pleasure of great beauty in my improvements: I could talk to you through the whole sheet, and with much more satisfaction, upon this head; but I shall postpone my own amusement to yours, for I am sure you want much more to know what has been doing in Parliament than at Strawberry Hill. You will conclude that we have been fighting over the peace; but we have not. It is laid before Parliament, but will not be taken up; the Opposition foresee that a vote of approbation would pass, and therefore will not begin upon it, as they wish to reserve it for censure in the next reign—or perhaps the next reign does not care to censure now what he must hereafter maintain—and the ministry do not seem to think their treaty so perfect as not to be liable to blame, should it come to be canvassed. We have been then upon several other matters: but first I should tell you, that from the utmost tranquillity and impotence of a minority, there is at once started up so formidable an Opposition as to divide 137 against 203.[1] The minority is headed by the Prince, who has continued opposing, though very unsuccessfully, ever since the removal of Lord Granville, and the desertion of the patriots. He stayed till the Pelhams had bought off every man of parts in his train, and then began to form his party. Lord Granville has never come into it, for fear of breaking with the King; and seems now to be patching up again with his old enemies. If Lord Bath has dealt with the Prince, it has been underhand. His ministry has had at the head of it poor Lord Baltimore, a very

[1] Upon the last clause of the Mutiny-bill, an amendment to render half-pay officers subject to the act, only in case of actual war, insurrection, rebellion, or invasion, was rejected by 203 to 137.—E.

good-natured, weak, honest man; and Dr. Lee, a civilian, who was of Lord Granville's admiralty, and is still much attached to him. He is a grave man, and a good speaker, but of no very bright parts, and, from his way of life and profession, much ignorant of, and unfit for, a ministry. You will wonder what new resources the Prince has discovered—why, he has found them all in Lord Egmont, whom you have heard of under the name of Lord Perceval; but his father, an Irish Earl, is lately dead. As he is likely to make a very considerable figure in our history, I shall give you a more particular account of him. He has always earnestly studied our history and constitution and antiquities, with very ambitious views; and practised speaking early in the Irish Parliament. Indeed, this turn is his whole fund, for though he is between thirty and forty, he knows nothing of the world, and is always unpleasantly dragging the conversation to political dissertations. When very young, as he has told me himself, he dabbled in writing Craftsmen and party-papers; but the first event that made him known, was his carrying the Westminster election at the end of my father's ministry, which he amply described in the history of his own family, a genealogical work called "The History of the House of Yvery,"[1] a work which cost him three thousand pounds, as the heralds informed Mr. Chute and me, when we went to their office on your business; and which was so ridiculous, that he has since tried to suppress all the copies. It concluded with the description of the Westminster election, in these or some such words, "And here let us leave this young nobleman struggling for the dying liberties of his country!" When the change in the ministry happened, and Lord Bath was so abused by the remnant of the patriots, Lord Egmont published his celebrated pamphlet, called "Faction Detected,"

[1] Compiled principally for Lord Egmont by Anderson, the genealogist. It was printed, but not published, in 1742. "Some," says Boswell, in his Life of Johnson, "have affected to laugh at the History of the House of Yvery: it would be well if many others would transmit their pedigrees to posterity, with the same accuracy and generous zeal with which the noble Lord who compiled that work has honoured and perpetuated his ancestry. Family histories, like the *imagines majorum* of the ancients, excite to virtue." Vol. viii. p. 188.—E.

a work which the Pitts and Lytteltons have never forgiven him; and which, though he continued voting and sometimes speaking with the Pelhams, made him quite unpopular during all the last Parliament. When the new elections approached, he stood on his own bottom at Weobly in Herefordshire; but his election being contested, he applied for Mr. Pelham's support, who carried it for him in the House of Commons. This will always be a material blot in his life; for he had no sooner secured his seat, than he openly attached himself to the Prince, and has since been made a lord of his bedchamber. At the opening of this session, he published an extreme good pamphlet, which has made infinite noise, called "An Examination of the Principles and Conduct of the two Brothers," (the Pelhams,) and as Dr. Lee has been laid up with the gout, Egmont has taken the lead in the Opposition, and has made as great a figure as perhaps was ever made in so short a time. He is very bold and resolved, master of vast knowledge, and speaks at once with fire and method. His words are not picked and chosen like Pitt's, but his language is useful, clear, and strong. He has already by his parts and resolution mastered his great unpopularity, so far as to be heard with the utmost attention, though I believe nobody had ever more various difficulties to combat. All the old corps hate him on my father and Mr. Pelham's account; the new part of the ministry on their own. The Tories have not quite forgiven his having left them in the last Parliament: besides that, they are now governed by one Prowse, a cold, plausible fellow, and a great well-wisher to Mr. Pelham. Lord Strange,[1] a busy Lord of a party by himself, yet voting generally with the Tories, continually clashes with Lord Egmont; and besides all this, there is a faction in the Prince's family, headed by Nugent, who are for moderate measures.

Nugent is most affectedly an humble servant of Mr. Pel-

[1] James, Lord Strange, eldest son of Edward Stanley, eleventh Earl of Derby. In 1762 he was made Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and died, during his father's life-time, in 1771. He always called himself Lord Strange; though the title, which was a barony in fee, had in fact descended to the Duke of Atholl, as heir-general of James, seventh Earl of Derby.—D.

ham, and seems only to have attached himself to the Prince, in order to make the better bargain with the ministry: he has great parts, but they never know how to disentangle themselves from bombast and absurdities. Besides these, there are two young men who make some figure in the rising Opposition, Bathurst,[1] attorney to the Prince; and Potter, whom I believe you have had mentioned in my letters of last year; but he has a bad constitution, and is seldom able to be in town. Neither of these are in the scale of moderation.

The Opposition set out this winter with trying to call for several negotiations during the war; but the great storm which has so much employed us of late, was stirred up by Colonel Lyttelton;[2] who, having been ill-treated by the Duke, has been dealing with the Prince. He discovered to the House some innovations in the Mutiny-bill, of which, though he could not make much, the Opposition have, and fought the bill for a whole fortnight; during the course of which the world has got much light into many very arbitrary proceedings of the *Commander*-in-chief,[3] which have been the more believed too by the defection of my Lord Townshend's[4] eldest son, who is one of his aide-de-camps. Though the ministry, by the weight of numbers, have carried their point in a great measure, yet you may be sure great heats have been raised; and those have been still more inflamed by a correspondent practice in a new Navy-bill, brought in by the direction of Lord Sandwich and Lord Anson, but vehemently opposed by half the fleet, headed by Sir Peter Warren, the conqueror of

[1] The Hon. Henry Bathurst, second son of Allen, first Lord Bathurst. He became heir to the title upon the death, without issue, of his elder brother, the Hon. Benjamin Bathurst, in 1761. In 1746 he was appointed Attorney-General to Frederick, Prince of Wales; in 1754, one of the puisne judges of the court of Common Pleas, and in 1771, Lord Chancellor. He was, upon this occasion, created a peer, by the title of Lord Apsley. He succeeded his father as second Earl Bathurst in 1775, and died in 1794.—D.

[2] Richard, third son of Sir Thomas, and brother of Sir George Lyttelton: he married the Duchess-dowager of Bridgewater, and was afterwards made a knight of the Bath.

[3] William, Duke of Cumberland. He was "Captain-general of the Forces," having been so created in 1745.—D.

[4] George Townshend, afterwards the first Marquis of that name and title.—D.

Cape Breton, richer than Anson, and absurd as Vernon. The bill has even been petitioned against, and the mutinous were likely to go great lengths, if the admiralty had not bought off some by money, and others by relaxing in the material points. We began upon it yesterday, and are still likely to have a long affair of it—so much for politics; and as for any thing else, I scarce know any thing else. My Lady Huntingdon,[1] the Queen of the Methodists, has got her daughter named for lady of the bedchamber to the Princesses; but it is all off again, as she will not let her play at cards on Sundays. It is equally absurd on both sides, to refuse it, or to insist upon it.

Pray tell Dr. Cocchi that I shall be extremely ready to do him any service in his intended edition of the old Physicians,[2] but that I fear it is a kind of work that will lie very little within my sphere to promote. Learning is confined to very narrow bounds at present, and those seldom within the circle in which I necessarily live; but my regard for him and for you would make me take any pains. You see, I believe, that I do take pains for you—I have not writ such a letter to any body these three years. Adieu!

P. S. I am very sorry for your sake that the Prince and Princess[3] are leaving Florence: if ever I return thither, as I always flatter myself I shall, I should miss them extremely. Lord Albemarle goes ambassador to Paris.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, March 23, 1749.

Our debates on the two military bills, the naval one of which is not yet finished, have been so tedious, that they have rather whittled down the Opposition than increased it.

[1] Selina, daughter of Washington, Earl Ferrers, and widow of Theophilus, Earl of Huntingdon.

[2] In 1754, Dr. Cocchi published his "Chirurgici Veteres," a very curious work, containing numerous valuable extracts from the Greek physicians.—E.

[3] Craon.

In the Lords, the Mutiny-bill passed pretty easily, there happening a quarrel between Lord Bathurst and Lord Bath on the method of their measures; so there never divided above sixteen in the minority, and those scarce any of the Prince's Lords. Duke William was there and voted, which was too indecent in a rigorous bill calculated for his own power. There is great disunion among the ministers on the Naval bill: Mr. Pelham and Pitt (the latter out of hatred and jealousy of Lord Sandwich) gave up the admiralty in a material point, but the paramount little Duke of Bedford has sworn that they shall recant on the report—what a figure they will make! This bill was chiefly of Anson's projecting, who grows every day into new unpopularity.[1] He has lately had a sea-piece drawn of the victory for which he was lorded, in which his own ship in a cloud of cannon was boarding the French Admiral. This circumstance, which was as true as if Mademoiselle Scudery had written his life (for he was scarce in sight when the Frenchman struck to Boscawen[2]), has been so ridiculed by the whole tar-hood, that the romantic part has been forced to be cancelled, and one only gun remains firing at Anson's ship. The two Secretaries of State[3] grow every day nearer to a breach; the King's going abroad is to decide the contest. Newcastle, who Hanoverizes more and more every day, pushes on the journey, as he is to be the attendant minister: his lamentable brother is the constant sacrifice of all these embroils.

At Leicester-house the jars are as great: Doddington, who has just resigned the treasuryship of the navy, in hopes of

[1] It was entitled, A bill for amending, explaining, and reducing into one act, the laws relating to the Navy. "It was," says Sir John Barrow, "a most desirable and highly useful measure. The principal and, indeed, the only novelties attempted to be introduced, were, first, that of subjecting half-pay officers to courts-martial, which after much opposition was thrown out; the second was the administration of an oath of secrecy to the members, which was carried, and continues to the present time." See Life of Lord Anson, p. 218.—E.

[2] The Hon. Edward Boscawen, third son of Hugh, first Viscount Falmouth. He was a distinguished naval commander, and had had a large share in the success of Lord Anson's engagement with the French fleet off Cape Finisterre in 1747. He died in 1761.—D.

[3] The Dukes of Bedford and Newcastle.—D.

once more governing that court (and there is no court where he has not once or twice tried the same scheme!) does not succeed: Sir Francis Dashwood and Lord Talbot are strongly for him—could one conceive that he could still find a dupe? Mr. Fox had a mind to succeed him, but both King and Duke have so earnestly pressed him to remain secretary at war, that he could not refuse. The King would not hear of any of the newer court; and Legge, who of the old was next oars, has managed the Prussian business so clumsily, that the King would not bear him in his closet: but he has got the navy-office, which Lyttelton would have had, but could not be rechosen at his borough, which he had stolen by surprise from his old friend and brother Tom Pitt. The treasury is to be filled up with that toad-eater and spy to all parties, Harry Vane:[1] there is no enumerating all the circumstances that make his nomination scandalous and ridiculous!—but such is our world! General Charles Howard and a Mr. Saville are named to the red riband.

My friend the Duke of Modena is again coming hither, which astonishes me, considering how little reason he had to be satisfied with his first visit; and sure he will have less now! I believe I told you that King Theodore[2] is here: I am to drink coffee with him to-morrow at Lady Schaub's. I have curiosity to see him, though I am not commonly fond of sights, but content myself with the oil-cloth-picture of them that is hung out, and to which they seldom come up. There are two black Princes of Anamaboe here, who are in fashion at all the assemblies, of whom I scarce know any particulars, though their story[3] is very like Oroonoko's: all

[1] Eldest son of Lord Barnard, and afterwards first Earl of Darlington. He died in 1758.—E.

[2] Theodore, King of Corsica.—D.

[3] Their story is briefly this: A Moorish king, who had entertained with great hospitality a British captain trafficking on the coast of Africa, reposed such confidence in him, as to intrust him with his son, about eighteen years of age, and another sprightly youth, to be brought to England and educated in the European manners. The captain received them, and basely sold them for slaves. He shortly after died; and, the ship coming to England, the officers related the whole affair: upon which the government sent to pay their ransom, and they were

the women know it—and ten times more than belongs to it. *Apropos* to Indian histories, half our thoughts are taken up—that is, my Lord Halifax's are—with colonizing in Nova Scotia: my friend Colonel Cornwallis is going thither commander-in-chief. The Methodists will scarce follow him as they did Oglethorpe; since the period of his expedition[1] their lot is fallen in a better land. Methodism is more fashionable than anything but brag; the women play very deep at both—as deep, it is much suspected, as the matrons of Rome did at the mysteries of the Bona Dea. If gracious Anne was alive, she would make an admirable defendress of the new faith, and build fifty more churches for female proselytes.

If I had more paper or time, I could tell you an excellent long history of my brother Ned's[2] envy, which was always up at highwater-mark, but since the publication of my book of Houghton (one should have thought a very harmless performance), has overflowed on a thousand ridiculous occasions. Another great object of his jealousy is my friendship with Mr. Fox: my brother made him a formal visit at nine o'clock the other morning, and in a set speech of three quarters of an hour, begged his pardon for not attending the last day of the Mutiny-bill, which, he said, was so particularly brought in by him, though Mr. Fox assured him that he had no farther hand in it than from his office. Another instance: when my brother went to live at Frogmore, Mr. Fox desired him to employ his tradesmen at Windsor, by way of support-

brought to England, and put under the care of the Earl of Halifax, then at the head of the board of trade, who had them clothed and educated in a suitable manner. They were afterwards received in the higher circles, and introduced to the King. On the 1st of February in this year, they appeared at Covent-Garden theatre, to see the tragedy of Oroonoko; where they were received with a loud clap of applause, which they returned with a genteel bow. The tender interview between Imoinda and Oroonoko so affected the Prince, that he was obliged to retire at the end of the fourth act. His companion remained, but wept all the time so bitterly, that it affected the audience more than the play.—E.

[1] General Oglethorpe was the great promoter of the colony of Georgia. See vol. i. p. 334.—E.

[2] Sir Edward Walpole, K.B.—D.

ing his interest in that borough. My brother immediate y went to the Duke of St. Albans, to whom he had never spoke, (nor indeed was his acquaintance with Mr. Fox much greater,) and notified to him, that if seven years hence his grace should have any contest with Mr. Fox about that borough, he should certainly espouse the latter. Guess how the Duke stared at so strange and unnecessary a declaration!

Pigwiggin's Princess has mis-piged, to the great—joy, I believe, of that family, for you know a child must have eaten. Adieu!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, May 3, 1749.

I AM come hither for a few days, to repose myself after a torrent of diversions, and am writing to you in my charming bow-window with a tranquillity and satisfaction which, I fear, I am grown old enough to prefer to the hurry of amusements, in which the whole world has lived for this last week. We have at last celebrated the peace, and that as much in extremes as we generally do everything, whether we have reason to be glad or sorry, pleased or angry. Last Tuesday it was proclaimed: the King did not go to St. Paul's, but at night the whole town was illuminated. The next day was what was called "a jubilee-masquerade in the Venetian manner" at Ranelagh: it had nothing Venetian in it, but was by far the best understood and the prettiest spectacle I ever saw: nothing in a fairy tale ever surpassed it. One of the proprietors, who is a German, and belongs to court, had got my Lady Yarmouth to persuade the King to order it. It began at three o'clock, and, about five, people of fashion began to go. When you entered, you found the whole garden filled with masks and spread with tents, which remained all night *very commodely*. In one quarter was a May-pole dressed with garlands, and people dancing round it to a tabor and pipe and rustic music, all masqued, as were all the various bands of music that were disposed in different parts of the garden; some like huntsmen with French-horns, some like peasants,

and a troop of harlequins and scaramouches in the little open temple on the mount. On the canal was a sort of gondola, adorned with flags and streamers, and filled with music, rowing about. All round the outside of the amphitheatre were shops, filled with Dresden china, japan, &c. and all the shopkeepers in mask. The amphitheatre was illuminated; and in the middle was a circular bower, composed of all kinds of firs in tubs, from twenty to thirty feet high: under them orange-trees, with small lamps in each orange, and below them all sorts of the finest auriculas in pots; and festoons of natural flowers hanging from tree to tree. Between the arches too were firs, and smaller ones in the balconies above. There were booths for tea and wine, gaming-tables and dancing, and about two thousand persons. In short, it pleased me more than anything I ever saw. It is to be once more, and probably finer as to dresses, as there has since been a subscription-masquerade, and people will go in their rich habits. The next day were the fireworks, which by no means answered the expense, the length of preparation, and the expectation that had been raised: indeed, for a week before, the town was like a country fair, the streets filled from morning to night, scaffolds building wherever you could or could not see, and coaches arriving from every corner of the kingdom. This hurry and lively scene, with the sight of the immense crowd in the Park and on every house, the guards, and the machine itself, which was very beautiful, was all that was worth seeing. The rockets, and whatever was thrown up into the air, succeeded mighty well; but the wheels, and all that was to compose the principal part, were pitiful and ill-conducted, with no changes of coloured fires and shapes: the illumination was mean, and lighted so slowly that scarce anybody had patience to wait the finishing; and then, what contributed to the awkwardness of the whole, was the right pavilion catching fire, and being burnt down in the middle of the show. The King, the Duke, and Princess Emily saw it from the library,[1] with their courts: the Prince and Prin-

[1] Probably the old brick building near the bottom of the Green Park,

cess, with their children, from Lady Middlesex's; no place being provided for them, nor any invitation given to the library. The Lords and Commons had galleries built for them and the chief citizens along the rails of the mall: the Lords had four tickets a-piece, and each Commoner, at first, but two, till the Speaker bounced and obtained a third. Very little mischief was done, and but two persons killed: at Paris, there were forty killed and near three hundred wounded, by a dispute between the French and Italians in the management, who, quarrelling for precedence in lighting the fires, both lighted at once and blew up the whole. Our mob was extremely tranquil, and very unlike those I remember in my father's time, when it was a measure in the Opposition to work up everything to mischief, the excise and the French players, the convention and the gin-act. We are as much now in the opposite extreme, and in general so pleased with the peace, that I could not help being struck with a passage I read lately in Pasquier, an old French author, who says, "that in the time of Francis I. the French used to call their creditors "Des Anglois," from the facility with which the English gave credit to them in all treaties, though they had broken so many. On Saturday we had a serenata at the Opera-house, called Peace in Europe, but it was a wretched performance. On Monday there was a subscription-masquerade, much fuller than that of last year, but not so agreeable or so various in dresses. The King was well disguised in an old-fashioned English habit, and much pleased with somebody who desired him to hold their cup as they were drinking tea. The Duke had a dress of the same kind, but was so immensely corpulent that he looked like Cacofogo, the drunken captain, in Rule a Wife and Have a Wife. The Duchess of Richmond was a lady mayoress in the time of James I; and Lord Delawarr,[1] Queen Elizabeth's porter, from a picture in the guard-chamber at Kensington: they were ad-

which was called "the Queen's Library," and which was pulled down by the late Duke of York when he built his new house in the Stable-yard, St. James's.—D.

[1] John West, seventh Lord Delawarr, created Earl Delawarr in 1761.—D.

mirable masks. Lady Rochford, Miss Evelyn, Miss Bishop, Lady Stafford,[1] and Mrs. Pitt,[2] were in vast beauty; particularly the last, who had a red veil, which made her look gloriously handsome. I forgot Lady Kildare. Mr. Conway was the Duke in Don Quixote, and the finest figure I ever saw. Miss Chudleigh[3] was Iphigenia, but so naked that you would have taken her for Andromeda; and Lady Betty Smithson had such a pyramid of baubles upon her head, that she was exactly the Princess of Babylon in Grammont.

You will conclude that, after all these diversions, people begin to think of going out of town — no such matter: the Parliament continues sitting, and will till the middle of June; Lord Egmont told us we should sit till Michaelmas. There are many private bills, no public ones of any fame. We were to have had some chastisement for Oxford, where, besides the late riots, the famous Dr. King,[4] the Pretender's great agent, made a most violent speech at the opening of the Ratcliffe library. The ministry denounced judgment, but, in their old style, have grown frightened, and dropped it. However, this menace gave occasion to a meeting and union between the Prince's party and the Jacobites, which Lord Egmont has been labouring all the winter. They met at the St. Alban's tavern, near Pall-mall, last Monday morning, an hundred and twelve Lords and Commoners. The Duke of Beaufort[5] opened the assembly with a panegyric on the stand that had been made this winter against so corrupt an administration, and hoped it would continue, and desired harmony. Lord Egmont seconded this strongly, and begged they would come up to Parliament early next winter. Lord Oxford[6]

[1] Henrietta Cantillon, wife of Matthias Howard, third Earl of Stafford.—D.

[2] Penelope Atkyns, a celebrated beauty, wife of George Pitt, Esq. of Strathfieldsaye, in Hants, created in 1776 Lord Rivers.—D.

[3] Afterwards Duchess of Kingston.—D.

[4] The last conspicuous Jacobite at Oxford. He was public orator of that University and principal of St. Mary Hall.—D.

[5] Lord Noel Somerset, who, in 1746, succeeded his brother in the dukedom.

[6] Edward Harley, of Eywood, in the county of Hereford, to whom, pursuant to the limitations of the patent, the earldoms of Oxford and

spoke next; and then Potter with great humour, and to the great abashment of the Jacobites, said he was very glad to see this union, and from thence hoped, that if another attack like the last rebellion should be made on the Royal Family, they would all stand by them. No reply was made to this. Then Sir Watkyn Williams spoke, Sir Francis Dashwood, and Tom Pitt,[1] and the meeting broke up. I don't know what this coalition may produce; it will require time with no better heads than compose it at present, though the great Mr. Doddington had carried to the conference the assistance of his. In France a very favourable event has happened for us, the disgrace of Maurepas,[2] one of our bitterest enemies, and the greatest promoter of their marine. Just at the beginning of the war, in a very critical period, he had obtained a very large sum for that service, but which one of the other factions, lest he should gain glory and credit by it, got to be suddenly given away to the King of Prussia.

Sir Charles Williams is appointed envoy to this last King: here is an epigram which he has just sent over on Lord Egmont's opposition to the Mutiny-bill:

> "Why has Lord Egmont 'gainst this bill
> So much declamatory skill
> So tediously exerted?
> The reason 's plain: but t'other day
> He mutinied himself for pay,
> And he has twice deserted."

I must tell you a *bon-mot* that was made the other night at the serenata of "Peace in Europe" by Wall,[3] who is much in fashion, and a kind of Gondomar. Grossatesta, the Moden-

Mortimer descended, upon the death, without male issue, of the Lord Treasurer's only son, Edward, the second Earl. Lord Oxford was of the Jacobite party. He died in 1755.—D.

[1] Thomas Pitt, Esq. of Boconnock, in Cornwall, warden of the Stannaries. He married the sister of George, Lord Lyttelton, and was the father of the first Lord Camelford.—D.

[2] Phelypeaux, Count de Maurepas, son of the Chancellor de Pontchartrain. He was disgraced in consequence of some quarrel with the King's mistress. He returned to office, unhappily for France, in the commencement of the reign of Louis the Sixteenth.—D.

[3] General Wall, the Spanish ambassador. Gondomar was the able Spanish ambassador in England in the reign of James the First.—D.

ese minister, a very low fellow, with all the jackpuddinghood of an Italian, asked, "Mais qui est ce qui représente mon maître?" Wall replied, "Mais, mon Dieu! L'abbé, ne sçavez vous pas que ce n'est pas un opéra boufon?" And here is another *bon-mot* of my Lady Townshend: we were talking of the Methodists; somebody said, "Pray, Madam, is it true that Whitfield has *recanted?*" "No, Sir, he has only *canted.*"

If you ever think of returning to England, as I hope it will be long first, you must prepare yourself with Methodism. I really believe that by that time it will be necessary: this sect increases as fast as almost ever any religious nonsense did. Lady Fanny Shirley has chosen this way of bestowing the dregs of her beauty; and Mr. Lyttelton is very near making the same sacrifice of the dregs of all those various characters that he has worn. The Methodists love your big sinners, as proper subjects to work upon—and indeed they have a plentiful harvest—I think what you call flagrancy was never more in fashion. Drinking is at the highest wine-mark; and gaming joined with it so violent, that at the last Newmarket meeting, in the rapidity of both, a bank-bill was thrown down, and nobody immediately claiming it, they agreed to give it to a man that was standing by.

I must tell you of Stosch's letter, which he had the impertinence to give you without telling the contents. It was to solicit the arrears of his pension, which I beg you will tell him I have no manner of interest to procure; and to tell me of a Galla Placidia, a gold medal lately found. It is not for myself, but I wish you would ask him the price for a friend of mine who would like to buy it.

Adieu! my dear child; I have been long in arrears to you, but I trust you will take this huge letter as an acquittal. You see my villa makes me a good correspondent; how happy I should be to show it you, if I could, with no mixture of disagreeable circumstances to you. I have made a vast plantation! Lord Leicester told me the other day that he heard I would not buy some old china, because I was laying out all my money in trees: "Yes," said I, "my lord, I used to love blue trees, but now I like green ones."

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, May 17, 1749.

We have not yet done diverting ourselves: the night before last the Duke of Richmond gave a firework; a codicil to the peace. He bought the rockets and wheels that remained in the pavilion which miscarried, and took the pretence of the Duke of Modena being here to give a charming entertainment. The garden[1] lies with a slope down to the Thames, on which were lighters, from whence were thrown up, after a concert of water-music, a great number of rockets. Then from boats on every side were discharged water-rockets and fires of that kind; and then the wheels which were ranged along the rails of the terrace were played off; and the whole concluded with the illumination of a pavilion on the top of the slope, of two pyramids on each side, and of the whole length of the balustrade to the water. You can't conceive a prettier sight; the garden filled with every body of fashion, the Duke, the Duke of Modena, and the two black Princes. The King and Princess Emily were in their barge under the terrace; the river was covered with boats, and the shores and adjacent houses with crowds. The Duke of Modena played afterwards at brag, and there was a fine supper for him and the foreigners, of whom there are numbers here; it is grown as much the fashion to travel hither as to France or Italy. Last week there was a vast assembly and music at Bedford-house for this Modenese; and to-day he is set out to receive his doctor's degree at the two Universities. His appearance is rather better than it used to be, for, instead of wearing his wig down to his nose to hide the humour in his face, he has taken to paint his forehead white, which, however, with the large quantity of red that he always wears on the rest of his face, makes him ridiculous enough. I cannot say his manner is more polished: Princess Emily asked him if he did not find the Duke much fatter than when he was here before? He replied, "En verité il n'est pas si effroiable qu'on m'avoit

[1] At Whitehall.

dit." She commended his diamonds; he said, "Les vôtres sont bien petits." As I had been so graciously received at his court, I went into his box the first night at the Opera: the first thing he did was to fall asleep; but as I did not choose to sit waiting his *reveil* in the face of the whole theatre, I waked him, and would discourse him: but here I was very unlucky, for of the only two persons I could recollect at his court to inquire after, one has been dead these four years, and the other, he could not remember any such man. However, Sabbatini, his secretary of state, flattered me extremely; told me he found me *beaucoup mieux*, and that I was grown very fat—I fear, I fear it was flattery! Eight years don't improve one,—and for my corpulence, if I am grown fat, what must I have been in my Modenese days!

I told you we were to have another jubilee masquerade: there was one by the King's command for Miss Chudleigh, the maid of honour, with whom our gracious monarch has a mind to believe himself in love,—so much in love, that at one of the booths he gave her a fairing for her watch, which cost him five-and-thirty guineas,—actually disbursed out of his privy purse, and not charged on the civil list. Whatever you may think of it, this is a more magnificent present than the cabinet which the late King of Poland sent to the fair Countess Konismark, replete with all kinds of baubles and ornaments, and ten thousand ducats in one of the drawers. I hope some future Hollinshed or Stowe will acquaint posterity "that five-and-thirty guineas were an immense sum in those days!"

You are going to see one of our court-beauties in Italy, my Lady Rochford:[1] they are setting out on their embassy to Turin. She is large, but very handsome, with great delicacy and address. All the Royals have been in love with her; but the Duke was so in all the forms, till she was a little too much pleased with her conquest of his brother-in-law the Prince of Hesse. You will not find much in the correspondence of her husband: his person is good, and he will figure

[1] Daughter of Edward Young, Esq. and wife of William, Earl of Rochford. She had been maid of honour to the Princess of Wales.

well enough as an ambassador; better as a husband where cicisbés don't expect to be molested. The Duke is not likely to be so happy with his new passion, Mrs. Pitt,[1] who, besides being in love with her husband, whom you remember (Lady Mary Wortley's George Pitt), is going to Italy with him. I think you will find her one of the most glorious beauties you ever saw. You are to have another pair of our beauties, the Princess Borghese's Mr. Greville[2] and his wife, who was the pretty Fanny M'Cartney.

Now I am talking scandal to you, and court-scandal, I must tell you that Lord Conway's sister, Miss Jenny, is dead suddenly with eating lemonade at the last subscription masquerade.[3] It is not quite unlucky for her: she had outlived the Prince's love and her own face, and nothing remained but her love and her person, which was exceedingly bad.

The graver part of the world, who have not been quite so much given up to rockets and masquing, are amused with a book of Lord Bolinbroke's, just published, but written long ago. It is composed of three letters, the first to Lord Cornbury on the Spirit of Patriotism; and two others to Mr. Lyttelton, (but with neither of their names,) on the Idea of a patriot King, and the State of Parties on the late King's accession. Mr. Lyttelton had sent him word, that he begged nothing might be inscribed to him that was to reflect on Lord Orford, for that he was now leagued with all Lord Orford's friends: a message as abandoned as the book itself: but indeed there is no describing the impudence with which that set of people unsay what they have been saying all their lives,—I beg their pardons, I mean the honesty with which they recant! Pitt told me coolly, that he had read this book formerly, when he admired Lord Bolinbroke more than he

[1] Penelope, sister of Sir Richard Atkyns.

[2] Fulke Greville, Esq. son of the Hon. Algernon Greville, second son of Fulke, fifth Lord Brooke. His wife was the authoress of the pretty poem entitled an "Ode to Indifference."—D.

[3] This event was commemorated in the following doggrel lines:—

"Poor Jenny Conway
She drank lemonade,
At a masquerade,
So now she's dead and gone away."—D.

does now. The book by no means answered my expectation: the style, which is his *fort*, is very fine: the deduction and impossibility of drawing a consequence from what he is saying, as bad and obscure as in his famous Dissertation on Parties: you must know the man, to guess his meaning. Not to mention the absurdity and impracticability of this kind of system, there is a long speculative dissertation on the origin of government, and even that greatly stolen from other writers, and that all on a sudden dropped, while he hurries into his own times, and then preaches (he, of all men!) on the duty of preserving decency! The last treatise would not impose upon an historian of five years old: he tells Mr. Lyttelton, that he may take it from him, that there was no settled scheme at the end of the Queen's reign to introduce the Pretender; and he gives this excellent reason; because, if there had been, he must have known it; and another reason as ridiculous, that no traces of such a scheme have since come to light. What, no traces in all the cases of himself, Atterbury, the Duke of Ormond, Sir William Windham, and others! and is it not known that the moment the Queen was expired, Atterbury proposed to go in his lawn sleeves and proclaim the Pretender at Charing-cross, but Bolinbroke's heart failing him, Atterbury swore, "There was the best cause in Europe lost for want of spirit!" He imputes Jacobitism singly to Lord Oxford, whom he exceedingly abuses; and who, so far from being suspected, was thought to have fallen into disgrace with that faction for refusing to concur with them. On my father he is much less severe than I expected; and in general, so obliquely, that hereafter he will not be perceived to aim at him, though at this time one knows so much what was at his heart, that it directs one to his meaning.

But there is a preface to this famous book, which makes much more noise than the work itself. It seems, Lord Bolinbroke had originally trusted Pope with the copy, to have half-a-dozen printed for particular friends. Pope, who loved money infinitely beyond any friend, got fifteen hundred copies[1]

[1] Lord Bolingbroke discovered what Pope had done during his lifetime, and never forgave him for it. He obliged him to give up the copies, and

printed privately, intending to outlive Bolinbroke, and make great advantage of them: and not only did this, but altered the copy at his pleasure, and even made different alterations in different copies. Where Lord Bolinbroke had strongly flattered their common friend Lyttelton, Pope suppressed the panegyric: where, in compliment to Pope, he had softened the satire on Pope's great friend, Lord Oxford, Pope reinstated the abuse. The first part of this transaction is recorded in the preface; the two latter facts are reported by Lord Chesterfield and Lyttelton, the latter of whom went to Bolinbroke to ask how he had forfeited his good opinion. In short, it is comfortable to us people of moderate virtue to hear these demigods, and patriots, and philosophers, inform the world of each other's villainies.[1] What seems to make Lord Bolinbroke most angry, and I suppose does, is Pope's having presumed to correct his work. As to his printing so many copies, it certainly was a compliment, and the more profit (which however could not be immense,) he expected to make, the greater opinion he must have conceived of the merit of the work: if one had a mind to defend Pope, should not one ask[2] if any body ever blamed Virgil's executors for not burning the Æneid, as he ordered them? Warburton, I hear, does design

they were burned on the terrace of Lord Bolingbroke's house at Battersea, in the presence of Lord B. and Pope.—D.

[1] In reference to this publication, Lord Bolingbroke himself, in a letter to Lord Marchmont, written on the 7th of June, says, "The book you mention has brought no trouble upon me, though it has given occasion to many libels upon me. They are of the lowest form, and seem to be held in the contempt they deserve. There I shall leave them, nor suffer a nest of hornets to disturb the quiet of my retreat. If these letters of mine come to your hands, your lordship will find that I have left out all that was said of our friend Lord Lyttelton in one of them. He desired that it might be so; and I had at once the double mortification of concealing the good I had said of one friend, and of revealing the turpitude of another. I hope you will never have the same treatment that I have met with; neither will you. I am single in my circumstances—a species apart in the political society; and they, who dare to attack no one else, may attack me. Chesterfield says, I have made a coalition of Whig, Tory, Trimmer, and Jacobite against myself. Be it so. I have Truth, that is stronger than all of them, on my side; and, in her company, and avowed by her, I have more satisfaction than their applause and their favour could give me." Marchmont Papers.—E.

[2] This thought was borrowed by Mr. Spence, in a pamphlet published on this occasion in defence of Pope.

to defend Pope; and my uncle Horace to answer the book: his style, which is the worst in the world, must be curious, in opposition to the other. But here comes full as bad a part of the story as any: Lord Bolinbroke, to buy himself out of the abuse in the Duke of Marlborough's life, or to buy himself into the supervisal of it, gave these letters to Mallet, who is writing this life for a legacy in the old Duchess's will, (and which, with much humour, she gave, desiring it might not be written in verse,) and Mallet sold them to the bookseller for a hundred and fifty pounds. Mallet had many obligations to Pope, no disobligations to him, and was one of his grossest flatterers; witness the sonnet on his supposed death, printed in the notes to the Dunciad. I was this morning told an anecdote from the Dorset family that is no bad collateral evidence of the Jacobitism of the Queen's four last years. They wanted to get Dover Castle into their hands, and sent down Prior to the present Duke of Dorset, who loved him, and probably was his brother,[1] to persuade him to give it up. He sent Prior back with great anger, and in three weeks was turned out of the government himself—but it is idle to produce proofs; as idle as to deny the scheme.

I have just been with your brother Gal. who has been laid up these two days with the gout in his ankle; an absolute professed gout in all the forms, and with much pain. Mr. Chute is out of town; when he returns, I shall set him upon your brother to reduce him to abstinence and health. Adieu!

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, May 18, 1749.

DEAR GEORGE,

WHATEVER you hear of the Richmond fireworks, that is short of the prettiest entertainment in the world, don't believe

[1] Burnet relates, that the Earl of Dorset, celebrated for patronage of genius, found Prior by chance reading Horace, and was so well pleased with his proficiency, that he undertook the care and cost of his academical education.—E.

it; I really never passed a more agreeable evening. Every thing succeeded; all the wheels played in time; Frederick was fortunate, and all the world in good humour. Then for royalty—Mr. Anstis himself would have been glutted; there were all the Fitzes upon earth, the whole court of St. Germain's, the Duke,[1] the Duke of Modena, and two Anamaboes. The King and Princess Emily bestowed themselves upon the mob on the river; and as soon as they were gone, the Duke had the music into the garden, and himself, with my Lady Lincoln, Mrs. Pitt, Peggy Banks, and Lord Holderness, entertained the good subjects with singing God save the King to them over the rails of the terrace. The Duke of Modena supped there, and the Duke was asked, but he answered, it was impossible: in short, he could not adjust his dignity to a mortal banquet. There was an admirable scene: Lady Burlington brought the Violette, and the Richmonds had asked Garrick, who stood ogling and sighing the whole time, while my lady kept a most fierce look-out. Sabbatini, one of the Duke of Modena's court, was asking me who all the people were? and who is that? "C'est miladi Hartington, la belle fille du Duc de Devonshire." "Et qui est cette autre dame?" It was a distressing question; after a little hesitation, I replied, "Mais c'est Mademoiselle Violette?" "Et comment Mademoiselle Violette! j'ai connu une Mademoiselle Violette par exemple."[2]—I begged him to look at Miss Bishop.

In the middle of all these principalities and powers was the Duchess of Queensbury, in her forlorn trim, a white apron and white hood, and would make the Duke swallow all her undress. T'other day she drove post to Lady Sophia Thomas, at Parsons-green, and told her that she was come to tell her something of importance. "What is it?"—"Why, take a couple of beef-steaks, clap them together as if they were for a dumpling, and eat them with pepper and salt; it is the best thing you ever tasted: I could not help coming to tell you

[1] The Duke of Cumberland.

[2] Garrick's marriage with Mademoiselle Eva Maria Violette took place four days after the date of this letter.—E.

this:" and away she drove back to town. Don't a course of folly for forty years make one very sick?

The weather is so hot, and the roads so dusty, that I can't get to Strawberry; but I shall begin negociating with you now about your coming. You must not expect to find it in beauty. I hope to get my bill finished in ten days; I have scrambled it through the Lords; but altogether, with the many difficulties and plagues, I am a good deal out of humour; my purchases hitch, and new proprietors start out of the ground, like the crop of soldiers in the Metamorphosis. I expect but an unpleasant summer; my indolence and inattention are not made to wade through leases and deeds. Mrs. Chenevix brought me one yesterday to sign, and her sister Bertrand, the toy-woman of Bath, for a witness. I showed them my cabinet of enamels instead of treating them with white wine. The Bertrand said, "Sir, I hope you don't trust all sorts of ladies with this cabinet!" What an entertaining assumption of dignity! I must tell you an anecdote that I found t'other day in an old French author, which is a great drawback on beaux sentiments and romantic ideas. Pasquier, in his "Recherches de la France," is giving an account of the Queen of Scots' execution; he says, the night before, knowing her body must be stripped for her shroud, she would have her feet washed, because she used ointment to one of them which was sore. I believe I have told you, that in a very old trial of her, which I bought from Lord Oxford's collection, it is said that she was a large lame woman. Take sentiments out of their pantoufles, and reduce them to the infirmities of mortality, what a falling off there is! I could not help laughing in myself t'other day, as I went through Holborn in a very hot day, at the dignity of human nature; all those foul old-clothes women panting without handkerchiefs, and mopping themselves all the way down within their loose jumps. Rigby gave me as strong a picture of nature: he and Peter Bathurst t'other night carried a servant of the latter's, who had attempted to shoot him, before Fielding; who, to all his other vocations, has, by the grace of Mr. Lyttelton, added that of Middlesex justice. He sent them word he was at supper,

that they must come next morning. They did not understand that freedom, and ran up, where they found him banqueting with a blind man,[1] a whore, and three Irishmen, on some cold mutton and a bone of ham, both in one dish, and the dirtiest cloth. He never stirred nor asked them to sit. Rigby, who had seen him so often come to beg a guinea of Sir C. Williams, and Bathurst, at whose father's he had lived for victuals, understood that dignity as little, and pulled themselves chairs; on which he civilized.[2]

Millar the bookseller has done very generously by him: finding Tom Jones, for which he had given him six hundred pounds, sell so greatly, he has since given him another hundred.[3] Now I talk to you of authors, Lord Cobham's West[4]

[1] Sir Walter Scott suggests, that this blind man was probably Fielding's brother.—E.

[2] "Allen, the friend of Pope," says Sir Walter Scott, "was also one of his benefactors, but unnamed at his own desire; thus confirming the truth of the poet's beautiful couplet,

'Let humble Allen, with an awkward shame,
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.'

It is said that this munificent and modest patron made Fielding a present of two hundred pounds at one time, and that even before he was personally acquainted with him."—E.

[3] "This," observes Sir Walter Scott, in his biographical notice of Fielding, "is a humiliating anecdote, even after we have made allowance for the aristocratic exaggeration of Walpole: yet it is consoling to observe that Fielding's principles remained unshaken, though the circumstances attending his official situation tended to increase the careless disrespectability of his private habits. His own account of his conduct respecting the dues of the office on which he depended for subsistence, has never been denied or doubted: 'I confess,' says he, 'that my private affairs at the beginning of the winter had but a gloomy aspect; for I had not plundered the public or the poor of those sums which men, who are always ready to plunder both as much as they can, have been pleased to suspect me of taking: on the contrary, by composing, instead of inflaming, the quarrels of porters and beggars, and by refusing to take a shilling from a man who most undoubtedly would not have had another left, I had reduced an income of about five hundred a year, of the dirtiest money upon earth, to little more than three hundred; a considerable portion of which remained with my clerk.'"—E.

[4] West's mother was sister to Sir Richard Temple, afterwards Lord Cobham. Of his translation of Pindar, Dr. Johnson states, that he found his expectations surpassed, both by its elegance and its exactness. For his "Observations on the Resurrection," the University of Oxford, in March 1748, created him a Doctor of Laws by diploma. At his residence at Wickham, where he was often visited by Lyttelton and Pitt, there is a walk designed by the latter; while the former received at this place that conviction which produced his "Dissertation on St. Paul."—E.

has published his translation of Pindar; the poetry is very stiff, but prefixed to it there is a very entertaining account of the Olympic games, and that preceded by an affected inscription to Pitt and Lyttelton. The latter has declared his future match with Miss Rich. George Grenville has been married these two days to Miss Windham. Your friend Lord North is, I suppose you know, on the brink with the Countess of Rockingham;[1] and I think your cousin Rice is much inclined to double the family alliance with her sister Furnese. It went on very currently for two or three days, but last night at Vauxhall his minionette face seemed to be sent to languish with Lord R. Berties's.

Was not you sorry for poor Cucumber? I do assure you I was; it was shocking to be hurried away so suddenly, and in so much torment. You have heard I suppose of Lord Harry Beauclerc's resignation, on his not being able to obtain a respite till November, though the lowest officer in his regiment has got much longer leave. It is incredible how Nolkejumskoi has persecuted this poor man for these four years, since he could not be persuaded to alter his vote at a court-martial for the acquittal of a man whom the Duke would have had condemned. Lord Ossulston, too, has resigned his commission.

I must tell you a good story of Charles Townshend: you know his political propensity and importance; his brother George was at supper at the King's Arms with some more young men. The conversation somehow or other rambled into politics, and it was started that the national debt was a benefit. "I am sure it is not," said Mr. Townshend; "I can't tell why, but my brother Charles can, and I will send to him for arguments." Charles was at supper at another tavern, but so much the dupe of this message, that he literally called for ink and paper, wrote four long sides of arguments, and sent word that when his company broke up, he would come and give them more, which he did at one o'clock in the morning. I don't think you will laugh much less at what happened to me: I wanted a print out of a booth, which I did not care to buy

[1] Daughter of Sir Robert Furnese, and widow of Lewis, Earl of Rockingham.

at Osborn's shop: the next day he sent me the print, and begged that when I had any thing to publish, I would employ him.

I will now tell you, and finish this long letter, how I shocked Mr. Mackenzie inadvertently at Vauxhall: we had supped there a great party, and coming out, Mrs. More, who waits at the gate, said, "Gentlemen and ladies, will you walk in and hear the surprising alteration of voice?" I forgetting Mackenzie's connexions, and that he was formerly of the band, replied, "No, I have seen patriots enough."

I intend this letter shall last you till you come to Strawberry Hill; one might have rolled it out into half-a-dozen. My best compliments to your sisters.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, June 4, 1749.

As summerly as June and Strawberry Hill may sound, I assure you I am writing to you by the fire-side: English weather will give vent to its temper, and whenever it is out of humour it will blow east and north and all kinds of cold. Your brothers Ned and Gal. dined with me to-day, and I carried the latter back to Richmond: as I passed over the green, I saw Lord Bath, Lord Lonsdale,[1] and half-a-dozen more of the White's club sauntering at the door of a house which they have taken there, and come to every Saturday and Sunday to play at whist. You will naturally ask why they can't play at whist in London on those two days as well as on the other five; indeed I can't tell you, except that it is so established a fashion to go out of town at the end of the week, that people do go, though it be only into another town. It made me smile to see Lord Bath sitting there, like a citizen that has left off trade!

[1] Henry Lowther, third Viscount Lonsdale, of the first creation. He was the second son of John, the first Viscount, and succeeded his elder brother Richard in the title in 1713. He was a lord of the bedchamber, and at one period of his life was privy seal.—D.

Your brother Ned has not seen Strawberry Hill since my great improvements; he was astonished: it is pretty: you never saw so tranquil a scene, without the least air of melancholy: I should hate it, if it was dashed with that. I forgot to ask Gal. what is become of the books of Houghton which I gave him six months ago for you and Dr. Cocchi. You perceive I have got your letter of May 23rd, and with it Prince Craon's simple epistle to his daughter:[1] I have no mind to deliver it: it would be a proper recommendation of a staring boy on his travels, and is consequently very suitable to my colleague, Master St. Leger; but one hates to be coupled with a romping greyhound puppy, "qui est moins prudent que Monsieur Valpol!" I did not want to be introduced to Madame de Mirepoix's assemblies, but to be acquainted with her, as I like her family: I concluded, simple as he is, that an old Frenchman knew how to make these distinctions. By thrusting St. Leger into the letter with me, and talking of my prudence, I shall not wonder if she takes me for his bear-leader, his travelling governor!

Mr. Chute, who went from hence this morning, and is always thinking of blazoning your pedigree[2] in the noblest colours, has turned over all my library, till he has tapped a new and very great family for you: in short, by your mother it is very clear that you are descended from Hubert de Burgh, Grand Justiciary to Richard the Second: indeed I think he was hanged; but that is a misfortune that will attend very illustrious genealogies; it is as common to them as to the pedigrees about Paddington and Blackheath. I have had at least a dozen great-great-grandfathers that came to untimely ends. All your virtuosos in heraldry are content to know that they had ancestors who lived five hundred years ago, no matter how they died. A match with a low woman corrupts

[1] Madame de Mirepoix, French ambassadress in England, to whom her father, Prince Craon, had written a letter of introduction for Horace Walpole.—D.

[2] Count Richcourt, and some Florentines, his creatures, had been very impertinent about Mr. Mann's family, which was very good, and which made it necessary to have his pedigree drawn out, and sent over to Florence.

a stream of blood as long as the Danube,—tyranny, villainy, and executions are mere fleabites, and leave no stain. The good Lord of Bath, whom I saw on Richmond-green this evening, did intend, I believe, to ennoble my genealogy with another execution: how low is he sunk now from those views! and how entertaining to have lived to see all those virtuous patriots proclaiming their mutual iniquities! Your friend Mr. Doddington, it seems, is so reduced as to be relapsing into virtue. In my last I told you some curious anecdotes of another part of the band, of Pope and Bolinbroke. The friends of the former have published twenty pamphlets against the latter; I say against the latter, for, as there is no defending Pope, they are reduced to satirize Bolinbroke. One of them tells him how little he would be known himself from his own writings, if he were not immortalized in Pope's; and still more justly, that if he destroys Pope's moral character, what will become of his own, which has been retrieved and sanctified by the embalming art of his friend? However, there are still new discoveries made every day of Pope's dirty selfishness. Not content with the great profits which he proposed to make of the work in question, he could not bear that the interest of his money should be lost till Bolinbroke's death; and therefore told him that it would cost very near as much to have the press set for half-a-dozen copies as it would for a complete edition, and by this means made Lord Bolinbroke pay very near the whole expense of the fifteen hundred. Another story I have been told on this occasion, was of a gentleman who, making a visit to Bishop Atterbury in France, thought to make his court by commending Pope. The Bishop replied not: the gentleman doubled the dose: at last the Bishop shook his head, and said, "Mens curva in corpore curvo!" The world will now think justly of these men: that Pope was the greatest poet, but not the most disinterested man in the world; and that Bolinbroke had not all those virtues and not all those talents which the other so proclaimed; and that he did not even deserve the friendship which lent him so much merit; and for the mere loan of which he dissembled attachment to Pope, to whom in his

heart he was as perfidious and as false as he has been to the rest of the world.

The Duke of Devonshire has at last resigned, for the unaccountable and unenvied pleasure of shutting himself up at Chatsworth with his ugly mad Duchess;[1] the more extraordinary sacrifice, as he turned her head, rather than give up a favourite match for his son. She has consented to live with him there, and has even been with him in town for a few days, but did not see either her son or Lady Harrington. On his resignation he asked and obtained an English barony for Lord Besborough, whose son Lord Duncannon, you know, married the Duke's eldest daughter. I believe this is a great disappointment to my uncle, who hoped he would ask the peerage for him or Pigwiggin. The Duke of Marlborough succeeds as lord steward. Adieu!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, June 25, 1749.

Don't flatter yourself with your approaching year of jubilee; its pomps and vanities will be nothing to the shows and triumphs we have had, and are having. I talk like an Englishman: here you know we imagine that a jubilee is a season of pageants, not of devotion; but our Sabbath has really been all tilt and tournament. There have been, I think, no less than eight masquerades, the fire-works, and a public act at Oxford: to-morrow is an installation of six Knights of the Bath, and in August of as many Garters: Saturday, Sunday, and Monday next, are the banquets[2] at

[1] Coxe, in his Memoirs of Lord Walpole, vol. ii. p. 264, says that the Duke of Devonshire resigned, because he was disgusted with the feuds in the cabinet, and perplexed with the jealous disposition of Newcastle, and the desponding spirit of Pelham. He adds, "that the Duke was a man of sound judgment and unbiassed integrity, and that Sir Robert Walpole used to declare, that, on a subject which required mature deliberation, he would prefer his sentiments to those of any other person in the kingdom."—E.

[2] Gray, in giving an account of the installation to his friend Wharton, says, "Every one, while it lasted, was very gay and very busy in the

Cambridge, for the instalment of the Duke of Newcastle as chancellor. The whole world goes to it: he has invited, summoned, pressed the entire body of nobility and gentry from all parts of England. His cooks have been there these ten days, distilling essences of every living creature, and massacring and confounding all the species that Noah and Moses took such pains to preserve and distinguish. It would be pleasant to see pedants and professors searching for etymologies of strange dishes, and tracing more wonderful transformations than any in the Metamorphoses. How miserably Horace's *unde et quo Catius* will be hacked about in clumsy quotations! I have seen some that will be very unwilling performers at the creation of this ridiculous *Mamamouchi*.[1] I have set my heart on their giving a doctor's degree to the Duchess of Newcastle's favourite—this favourite is at present neither a lover nor an apothecary, but a common pig, that she brought from Hanover: I am serious; and Harry Vane, the new lord of the treasury, is entirely employed, when he is not at the Board, in opening and shutting the door for it. Tell me, don't you very often throw away my letters in a passion, and believe that I invent the absurdities I relate!—Were not we as mad when you was in England?

The King, who has never dined out of his own palaces, has just determined to dine at Claremont to-morrow—all the cooks are at Cambridge—imagine the distress!

Last Thursday, the Monarch of my last paragraph gave away the six vacant ribands: one to a Margrave of Anspach, a near relation of the late Queen; others to the Dukes of Leeds[2] and Bedford, Lords Albemarle and Granville: the last, you may imagine, gives some uneasiness. The Duke

morning, and very owlish and very tipsy at night. I make no exceptions, from the Chancellor to Blewcoat. Mason's Ode was the only entertainment that had any tolerable elegance, and for my own part, I think it (with some little abatements) uncommonly well on such an occasion. Works, vol. iii. p. 67.—E.

[1] See Molière's Bourgeois Gentilhomme; in which the *nouveau riche* is persuaded that the Grand Seignor has made him a mamamouchi, a knight of an imaginary order, and goes through the ceremony of a mock installation.—E.

[2] Thomas Osborne, fourth Duke of Leeds.—D.

of Bedford has always been unwilling to take one, having tied himself up in the days of his patriotism to forfeit great sums if ever he did. The King told him one day this winter, that he would give none away but to him and to Anspach. This distinction struck him: he could not refuse the honour; but he has endeavoured to waive it, as one imagines, by a scruple he raised against the oath, which obliges the knights, whenever they are within two miles of Windsor, to go and offer. The King would not abolish the oath, but has given a general dispensation for all breaches of it, past, present, and to come. Lord Lincoln and Lord Harrington are very unhappy at not being in the list. The sixth riband is at last given to Prince George: the ministry could not prevail for it till within half an hour of the ceremony; then the Bishop of Salisbury was sent to notify the gracious intention. The Prince was at Kew, so the message was delivered to Prince George[1] himself. The child, with great good sense, desired the Bishop to give his duty and thanks, and to assure the King that he should always obey him; but that, as his father was out of town, he could send no other answer. Was not it clever? The design of not giving one riband to the Prince's children had made great noise: there was a Remembrancer[2] on that subject ready for the press. This is the Craftsman of the present age, and is generally levelled at the Duke,[3] and filled with very circumstantial cases of his arbitrary behaviour. It has absolutely written down Hawley, his favourite general and executioner, who was to have been upon the staff.

Garrick is married to the famous Violette, first at a Protestant, and then at a Roman Catholic chapel. The chapter of this history is a little obscure and uncertain as to the consent of the protecting Countess,[4] and whether she gives her a fortune or not.

[1] Afterwards George the Third.—D.

[2] A weekly paper edited by Ralph. It was undertaken a short time previous to the rebellion, to serve the purposes of Bubb Dodington; in whose Diary Ralph is frequently mentioned with especial approbation. —E.

[3] The Duke of Cumberland.—D.

[4] Dorothy, Countess of Burlington. The Violette was a German

Adieu! I believe I tell you strange rhapsodies; but you must consider that our follies are not only very extraordinary, but are our business and employment: they enter into our politics, nay, I think they are our politics[1]—and I don't know which are the simplest. They are Tully's description of poetry, "hæc studia juventutem alunt, senectutem oblectant; pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur:" so, if you will that I write to you, you must be content with a detail of absurdities. I could tell you of Lord Mountford's[2] making cricket-matches, and fetching up parsons by express from different parts of England to play matches on Richmond-green; of his keeping aide-de-camps to ride to all parts to lay bets *for him* at horse-races, and of twenty other peculiarities; but I fancy you are tired: in short, you, who know me, will comprehend all best when I tell you that I live in such a scene of folly as makes me even think myself a creature of common sense.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Mistley, July 5, 1749.

DEAR GEORGE,

I HAVE this moment received your letter, and it makes me very unhappy. You will think me a brute for not having

dancer, first at the Opera, and then at the playhouse; and in such favour at Burlington-house, that the tickets for her benefits were designed by Kent, and engraved by Vertue. [In the Gentleman's Magazine, the lady is stated to have brought Garrick a fortune of ten thousand pounds.]

[1] This was frequently the case while the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Pelham were ministers: it was so true, that in the case of the Violette just mentioned, one night that she had advertised three dances and danced but two, Lord Bury and some young men of fashion began a riot, and would have had her sent for from Burlington-house. It being feared that she would be hissed on her next appearance, and Lord Hartington, the cherished of Mr. Pelham, being son-in-law of Lady Burlington, the ministry were in great agitation to secure a good reception for the Violette from the audience, and the Duke was even desired to order Lord Bury (one of his lords) not to hiss.

[2] Henry Bromley, first Lord Montfort, so created in 1741. He died in 1755.—D.

immediately told you how glad I should be to see you and your sisters; but I trust that you will have seen Mrs. Boscawen, by whom I sent you a message to invite you to Strawberry Hill, when we should be returned from Roel and Mistley. I own my message had rather a cross air; but as you have retrieved all your crimes with me by your letter, I have nothing to do but to make myself as well with you as you are with me. Indeed I am extremely unlucky, but I flatter myself that Messrs. Montagus will not drop their kind intention, as it is not in my power to receive it now: they will give me infinite pleasure by a visit. I stay there till Monday se'nnight; will that be too late to see you before your journey to Roel? You must all promise, at least, to be engaged to me at my return. If the least impediment happens afterwards, I shall conclude my brother has got you from me: you know jealousy is the mark of my family.

Mr. Rigby makes you a thousand compliments, and wishes you would ever think his Roel worth your seeing: you cannot imagine how he has improved it! You have always heard me extravagant in the praises of the situation. He has demolished all his paternal intrenchments of walls and square gardens, opened lawns, swelled out a bow-window, erected a portico, planted groves, stifled ponds, and flounced himself with flowering shrubs and Kent fences. You may imagine that I have a little hand in all this. Since I came hither, I have projected a colonade to join his mansion to the offices, have been the death of a tree that intercepted the view of a bridge, for which, too, I have drawn a white rail, and shall be an absolute travelling Jupiter at Baucis and Philemon's; for I have persuaded him to transform a cottage into a church, by exalting a spire upon the end of it, as Talbot has done. By the way, I have dined at the Vineyard.[1] I dare not trust you with what I think, but I was a little disappointed. To-morrow we go to the ruins of the Abbey of St. Osyth; it is the seat of the Rochfords, but I never chose to go there while they were there. You will pro-

[1] Mr. Chute's.

bably hear from Mr. Lyttelton (if in any pause of love he rests) that I am going to be first minister to the Prince: in short, I have occasioned great speculation, and diverted myself with the important mysteries that have been alembicked out of a trifle. In short, he had seen my *Ædes Walpolianæ* at Sir Luke Schaub's, and sent by him to desire one. I sent him one bound quite in coronation robes, and went last Sunday to thank him for the honour. There were all the new knights of the garter. After the Prince had whispered through every curl of Lord Granville's periwig, he turned to me, and said such a crowd of civil things that I did not know what to answer; commended the style and the quotations; said I had sent him back to his Livy; in short, that there were but two things he disliked — one, that I had not given it to him of my own accord, and the other, that I had abused his friend Andrea del Sarto; and that he insisted, when I came to town again, I should come and see two very fine ones that he has lately bought of that master. This drew on a very long conversation on painting, every word of which I suppose will be reported at the other court as a plan of opposition for the winter. Prince George was not there: when he went to receive the riband, the Prince carried him to the closet door, where the Duke of Dorset received and carried him. Ayscough,[1] or Nugent, or some of the genius's, had taught him a speech; the child began it, the Prince cried "No, no!" When the boy had a little recovered his fright, he began again; but the same tremendous sounds were repeated, and the oration still-born.

I believe that soon I shall have a pleasanter tale to tell you; it is said my Lady Anson, not content with the profusion of absurdities she utters, (by the way, one of her sayings, and extremely in the style of Mr. Lyttelton's making love, was, as she sat down to play at brag at the corner of a square table: Lady Fitzwalter said she was sorry she had not better room; "Oh! Madam," said my Lady Anson, "I can sit like a nightingale, with my breast against a

[1] Francis Ayscough, Dean of Bristol, tutor to Prince George.—E.

thorn:") in short, that, not content with so much wit, she proposes to entertain the town to the tune of Doctors' Commons. She does not mince her disappointments: here is an epigram that has been made on the subject:—

As Anson his voyage to my lady was reading,
And recounting his dangers — thank God she 's not breeding!
He came to the passage, where, like the old Roman,
He stoutly withstood the temptation of woman:
The Baroness smiled; when continuing, he said,
" Think what terror must there fill the poor lover's head."
" Alack!" quoth my lady, " he had nothing to fear,
Were that Scipio as harmless as you are, my dear."

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, July 20, 1749.

I AM returned to my Strawberry, and find it in such beauty, that I shall be impatient till I see you and your sisters here. They must excuse me if I don't marry for their reception; for it is said the Drax's have impeached fifteen more damsels, and till all the juries of matrons have finished their inquest, one shall not care to make one's choice: I was going to say, " throw one's handkerchief," but at present that term would be a little equivocal.

As I came to town I was extremely entertained with some excursions I made out of the road in search of antiquities. At Layer Marney is a noble old remnant of the palace of the Lords of Marney, with three very good tombs in the church well preserved. At Messing I saw an extreme fine window of painted glass in the church; it is the duties prescribed in the Gospel of visiting the sick and prisoners, &c. I mistook, and called it the seven deadly sins. There is a very old tomb of Sir Robert Messing, that built the church. The hall-place is a fragment of an old house belonging to Lord Grimston;[1] Lady Luckyn his mother, of fourscore and six,

[1] Sir Samuel Grimston, Bart. left an heiress, who married Sir Capel

lives in it with an old son and daughter. The servant who showed it told us much history of another brother that had been parson there: this history was entirely composed of the anecdotes of the doctor's drinking, who, as the man told us, had been *a blood*. There are some Scotch arms taken from the rebels in the '15, and many old coats of arms on glass brought from Newhall, which now belongs to Olmius. Mr. Conyers bought a window[1] there for only a hundred pounds, on which was painted Harry the Eighth and one of his queens at full length: he has put it up at Copt-hall, a seat which he has bought that belonged to Lord North and Grey. You see I persevere in my heraldry. T'other day the parson of Rigby's parish dined with us; he has conceived as high an opinion of my skill in genealogies, as if I could say the first chapter of Matthew by heart. Rigby drank my health to him, and that I might come to be garter king at arms: the poor man replied with great zeal, "I wish he may with all my heart." Certainly, I am born to preferment; I gave an old woman a penny once, who prayed that I might live to be lord mayor of London! What pleased me most in my travels was Dr. Sayer's parsonage at Witham, which, with Southcote's help, whose old Roman Catholic father lives just by him, he has made one of the most charming villas in England. There are sweet meadows falling down a hill, and rising again on t'other side of the prettiest little winding stream you ever saw.

You did not at all surprise me with the relation of the keeper's brutality to your family, or of his master's to the dowager's handmaid. His savage temper increases every day. George Boscawen is in a scrape with him by a court-martial, of which he is one; it was appointed on a young poor soldier, who to see his friends had counterfeited a furlough only for a day. They ordered him two hundred lashes; but Nolkejumskoi, who loves blood like a leech, insisted it was not enough—has made them sit three times (though every one

Luckyn, Bart. Their son changed his name to Grimston, and was created a baron and a viscount.

[1] This window is now in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster.

adheres to the first sentence), and swears they shall sit these six months till they increase the punishment. The fair Mrs. Pitt has been mobbed in the Park, and with difficulty rescued by some gentlemen, only because this bashaw is in love with her. You heard, I suppose, of his other amour with the Savoyard girl. He sent her to Windsor and offered her a hundred pounds, which she refused because he was a heretic; he sent her back on foot. Inclosed is a new print on this subject, which I think has more humour than I almost ever saw in one of that sort.

Should I not condole with you upon the death of the head of the Cues?[1] If you have not heard his will, I will tell you. The settled estate of eight thousand a year is to go between the two daughters, out of which is a jointure of three thousand a year to the Duchess-dowager, and to that he has added a thousand more out of the unsettled estate, which is nine thousand. He gives, together with his blessing, four thousand per annum rent-charge to the Duchess of Manchester in present, provided she will contest nothing with her sister, who is to have all the rest, and the reversion of the whole after Lady Cardigan and her children; but in case she disputes, Lady Hinchinbrooke and hers are in the entail next to the Cardigans, who are to take the Montagu name and livery. I don't know what Mr. Hussey will think of the blessing, but they say his Duchess will be inclined to mind it; she always wanted to be well with her father, but hated her mother. There are two codicils, one in favour of his servants, and the other of his dogs, cats, and creatures; which was a little unnecessary, for Lady Cardigan has exactly his turn for saving every thing's life. As he was making the codicil, one of his cats jumped on his knee; "What," says he, "have you a mind to be a witness too! You can't, for you are a party concerned." Lord Stafford is going to send his poor wife with one maid and one horse to a farm-house in Shropshire for ever. The Mirepoix's are come; but I have not yet seen them. A thousand compliments to your sisters.

[1] John, Duke of Montagu.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, July 24, 1749.

You and Dr. Cocchi have made me ashamed with the civilities you showed to my book—I hope it blushed!

You have seen the death of the Duke of Montagu[1] in all the papers. His loss will be extremely felt! he paid no less than 2700*l.* a year in private pensions, which ought to be known, to balance the immense history of his places; of which he was perpetually obtaining new, and making the utmost of all: he had quartered on the great wardrobe no less than thirty nominal tailors and arras-workers. This employment is to be dropped; his others are not yet given away. My father had a great opinion of his understanding, and at the beginning of the war was most desirous of persuading him to be Generalissimo; but the Duke was very diffident of himself, and, having seen little service, would not accept it. In short, with some foibles, he was a most amiable man, and one of the most feeling I ever knew. His estate is 17,000*l.* a year; the Duchess of Manchester must have four of it; all the rest he has given, after four thousand a year to the Duchess-dowager shall fall in, to his other daughter Lady Cardigan. Lord Vere Beauclerc[2] has thrown his into the list of vacant employments: he resigned his lordship of the admiralty on Anson's being preferred to him for vice-admiral of England; but what heightened the disgust, was Lord Vere's going a party to visit the docks with Sandwich and Anson, after this was done, and yet they never mentioned it to him. It was not possible to converse with them upon good terms every day afterwards. You perceive our powers and places are in a very fluctuating situation: the Prince will have a catalogue of discontented ready to fill the whole civil list. My Lord

[1] John, the last Duke of Montagu, was knight of the garter, great master of the order of the Bath, master of the great wardrobe, Colonel of the Blues, &c. &c.

[2] Lord Vere Beauclerc, brother of the Duke of St. Albans, afterwards created Lord Vere of Hanworth.

Chancellor was terrified the other day with a vision of such a revolution; he saw Lord Bath kiss hands, and had like to have dropped the seals with the agony of not knowing what it was for—it was only for his going to Spa. However, as this is an event which the Chancellor has never thought an impossible one, he is daily making Christian preparation against it. He has just married his other daughter to Sir John Heathcote's son;[1] a Prince little inferior to Pigwiggin in person; and procreated in a greater bed of money and avarice than Pigwiggin himself: they say, there is a peerage already promised to him by the title of Lord Normanton. The King has consented to give two earldoms to replace the great families of Somerset and Northumberland in their descendants; Lady Betty Smithson is to have the latter title after the Duke of Somerset's death, and Sir Charles Windham any other appellation he shall choose. You know Lord Granville had got a grant of Northumberland for him, but it was stopped. These two hang a little, by the Duke of Somerset's wanting to have the earldom for his son-in-law,[2] instead of his daughter.[3]

You ask me about the principles of the Methodists: I have tried to learn them, and have read one of their books. The *visible* part seems to be nothing but stricter practice than that of our Church, clothed in the old exploded cant of mystical devotion. For example, you take a metaphor; we will say our passions are *weeds;* you immediately drop every description of the passions, and adopt everything peculiar to weeds: in five minutes a true Methodist will talk with the greatest compunction of *hoeing*—this catches women of fashion and shopkeepers.

I have now a request to make to you: Mrs. Gibberne is

[1] Sir John Heathcote, Bart. of Normanton Park, in Rutlandshire. He was the son of Sir Gilbert Heathcote, Lord Mayor of London, who acquired a vast fortune, and was created a baronet in 1733. Sir John's son, Sir Gilbert, the third baronet, married to his first wife, Margaret, youngest daughter of the Lord Chancellor Hardwicke.—D.

[2] Sir Hugh Smithson

[3] The Duke of Somerset was eventually created Earl of Northumberland with remainder to Sir Hugh Smithson, and Earl of Egremont with remainder to Sir Charles Wyndham.—D.

extremely desirous of having her son come to England for a short time. There is a small estate left to the family, I think by the uncle; his presence is absolutely necessary: however, the poor woman is so happy in his situation with you, that she talks of giving up everything rather than disoblige you by fetching him to England. She has been so unfortunate as to lose a favourite daughter, that was just married greatly to a Lisbon merchant: the girl was so divided in her affections, that she had a mind not to have followed her husband to Portugal. Mrs. Leneve, to comfort the poor woman, told her what a distress this would have been either way: she was so struck with this position, that she said, "Dear Madam, it is very lucky she died!"—and since that, she has never cried, but for joy! Though it is impossible not to smile at these awkward sensations of unrefined nature, yet I am sure your good-nature will agree with me in giving the poor creature this satisfaction; and therefore I beg it. Adieu!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 17, 1749.

I HEAR of nothing but your obliging civilities to the Barrets:[1] I don't wonder you are attentive to please; my amazement is, when I find it well distributed: you have all your life been making Florence agreeable to everybody that came there, who have almost all forgot it—or worse. But Mr. and Mrs. Barret do you justice, and as they are very sensible and agreeable, I am persuaded you will always find that they know how to esteem such goodness as yours. Mr. Chute has this morning received here a letter from Mr. Barret, and will answer it very soon. Mr. Montagu is here too, and happy to hear he is so well, and recommends several compliments to your conveyance. Your brother mentions your

[1] Thomas Barrett-Lennard, afterwards Lord Dacre of the South, and his wife, Anne, daughter of Lord Chief Justice Pratt, afterwards Lord Camden.

being prevented writing to me, by the toothache; I hate you should have any pain.

You always let us draw upon you for such weight of civilities to anybody we recommend, that if I did not desire to show my attention, and the regard I have for Count Lorenzi,[1] yet it would be burning ingratitude not to repay you. I have accordingly been trying to be very civil to the Chevalier; I did see him once at Florence. To-morrow I am to fetch him hither to dinner, from Putney, where the Mirepoix's have got a house. I gave Madame her father's simple letter, of which she took no more notice than it deserved; but Prince Beauvau[2] has written her a very particular one about me, and is to come over himself in the winter to make me a visit: this has warmed their *politesse*. I should have known the Ambassadress anywhere by the likeness to her family. He is cold and stately, and not much tasted here. She is very sensible; but neither of them satisfy me in one point; I wanted to see something that was the quintessence of the newest *bon ton*, that had the last *bel air*, and spoke the freshest jargon. These people have scarce ever lived at Paris, are reasonable, and little amusing with follies. They have brought a cousin of his, a Monsieur de Levi, who has a *tantino* of what I wanted to see. You know they pique themselves much upon their Jewish name, and call cousins with the Virgin Mary. They have a picture in the family, where she is made to say to the founder of the house, "Couvrez vous, mon cousin." He replies, "Non pas, ma très sainte cousine, je sçai trop bien le respect que je vous dois."[3]

There is nothing like news: Kensington Palace had like to have made an article the other night; it was on fire: my Lady Yarmouth has an ague, and is forced to keep a constant

[1] The French minister at Florence.

[2] The brother of Madame de Mirepoix, afterwards a marshal of France.—D.

[3] There is said to have been another equally absurd picture in the same family, in which Noah is represented going into the ark, carrying under his arm a small trunk, on which was written "Papiers de la maison de Levis."—D.

fire in her room against the damps. When my Lady Suffolk lived in that apartment, the floor produced a constant crop of mushrooms. Though there are so many vacant chambers, the King hoards all he can, and has locked up half the palace since the Queen's death: so he does at St. James's, and I believe would put the rooms out to interest, if he could get a closet a year for them! Somebody told my Lady Yarmouth they wondered she would live in that unwholesome apartment, when there are so many other rooms: she replied, "Mais pas pour moy."

The scagliola tables are arrived, and only one has suffered a little on the edge: the pattern is perfectly pretty. It would oblige me much if you could make the Friar make a couple more for me, and with a little more expedition.

Don't be so humble about your pedigree: there is not a pipe of good blood in the kingdom but we will tap for you: Mr. Chute has it now in painting; and you may depend on having it with the most satisfactory proofs, as soon as it can possibly be finished. He has taken great pains, and fathomed half the genealogies in England for you.

You have been extremely misinformed about my father's writing his own history: I often pressed it, but he never once threw a thought that way. He neither loved reading nor writing; and at last, the only time he had leisure, was not well enough. He used to say, "that but few men should ever be ministers, for it let them see too much of the badness of mankind." Your story, I imagine, was inoculated on this speech. Adieu!

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, August 26, 1749.

DEAR GEORGE,

I FLATTER myself that you are quite recovered of your disorder, and that your sisters will not look with an evil eye on Strawberry Hill. Mr. Chute and I are returned from our expedition miraculously well, considering all our distresses.

If you love good roads, conveniences, good inns, plenty of postilions and horses, be so kind as never to go into Sussex. We thought ourselves in the northest part of England; the whole country has a Saxon air, and the inhabitants are savage, as if King George the Second was the first monarch of the East Angles. Coaches grow there no more than balm and spices; we were forced to drop our post-chaise, that resembled nothing so much as harlequin's calash, which was occasionally a chaise or a baker's cart. We journeyed over Alpine mountains, drenched in clouds, and thought of harlequin again, when he was driving the chariot of the sun through the morning clouds, and so was glad to hear the *aqua vitæ* man crying a dram. At last we got to Arundel Castle, which was visibly built for defence in an impracticable country. It is now only a heap of ruins, with a new indifferent apartment clapt up for the Norfolks, when they reside there for a week or a fortnight. Their priest showed us about. There are the walls of a round tower where a garrison held out against Cromwell; he planted a battery on the top of the church, and reduced them. There is a gloomy gateway and dungeons, in one of which I conclude is kept the old woman who, in the time of the late rebellion, offered to show Lord Robert Sutton[1] where arms were hidden at Worksop.[2] The Duchess complimented him into dining before his search, and in the mean time the woman was spirited away, and adieu the arms. There are fine monuments of the old Fitzalans, Earls of Arundel, in the church. Mr. Chute, whom I have created *Strawberry king at arms*, has had brave sport *à la chasse aux armes*.

We were charmed with the magnificence of the park at Petworth,[3] which is Percy to the back-bone; but the house and garden did not please our antiquarian spirit. The house is entirely new-fronted in the style of the Tuilleries, and furnished exactly like Hampton Court. There is one room gloriously flounced all round whole-length pictures, with much

[1] Lord Robert Sutton, third son of the Duke of Rutland.
[2] A seat of the Duke of Norfolk in Nottinghamshire.
[3] A seat of Sir Charles Wyndham, who succeeded to the title of Earl of Egremont on the death of his uncle Algernon, Duke of Somerset.

the finest carving of Gibbins that ever my eyes beheld. There are birds absolutely feathered; and two antique vases with bas relieves, as perfect and beautiful as if they were carved by a Grecian master. There is a noble Claude Lorrain, a very curious picture of the haughty Anne Stanhope, the Protector's wife,[1] pretty, but not giving one an idea of her character, and many old portraits; but the housekeeper was at London, and we did not learn half. The chapel is grand and proper. At the inn we entertained ourselves with the landlord, whom my Lord Harvey had cabineted when he went to woo one of the Lady Seymours.

Our greatest pleasure was seeing Cowdry, which is repairing; Lord Montacute[2] will at last live in it. We thought of old Margaret of Clarence, who lived there; one of her accusations was built on the bulls found there. It was the palace of her great uncle, the Marquis Montacute. I was charmed with the front, and the court, and the fountain; but the room called Holbein's, except the curiosity of it, is wretchedly painted, and infinitely inferior to those delightful stories of Harry the Eighth in the private apartment at Windsor. I was much pleased with a whole-length picture of Sir Anthony Brown in the very dress in which he wedded Anne of Cleves by proxy. He is in blue and white, only his right leg is entirely white, which was certainly robed for the act of putting into bed to her; but when the King came to marry her, he only put his leg into bed to kick her out of it.

I have set up my staff, and finished my pilgrimages for this year. Sussex is a great damper of curiosity. Adieu! my compliments to your sisters.

[1] Second wife of Edward, Duke of Somerset, Protector in the reign of his nephew, Edward VI.—E.

[2] Anthony, the sixth Viscount Montagu, descended from Anthony Brown, created Viscount Montagu in 1554, being descended from John Neville, Marquis of Montagu.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 12, 1749.

I HAVE your two letters to answer of August 15th and 26th, and, as far as I see before me, have a great deal of paper, which I don't know how to fill. The town is notoriously empty; at Kensington they have scarce company enough to pay for lighting the candles. The Duke has been for a week with the Duke of Bedford at Woburn: Princess Emily remains, saying *civil things;* for example, the second time she saw Madame de Mirepoix, she cried out, "Ah! Madame, vous n'avez pas tant de rouge aujourd'hui: la première fois que vous êtes venue ici, vous aviez une quantité horrible." This the Mirepoix herself repeated to me; you may imagine her astonishment,—I mean, as far as your duty will give you leave. I like her extremely; she has a great deal of quiet sense. They try much to be English, and whip into frocks without measure, and fancy they are doing the fashion. Then she has heard so much of that villainous custom of giving money to the servants of other people, that there is no convincing her that women of fashion never give; she distributes with both hands. The Chevalier Lorenzi has dined with me here: I gave him venison, and, as he was determined to like it, he protested it was "as good as beef." You will be delighted with what happened to him: he was impatient to make his brother's compliments to Mr. Chute, and hearing somebody at Kensington call *Mr. Schutz*, he easily mistook the sound, and went up to him, and asked him if he had not been at Florence! Schutz with the utmost Hanoverian gravity replied, "Oui, oui, j'ai été à Florence, oui, oui:—mais où est-il, ce Florence?"

The Richcourts[1] are arrived, and have brought with them a strapping lad of your Count; sure, is it the boy that my Lady O. used to bring up by hand? he is pretty picking for her now. The woman is handsome, but clumsy to a degree,

[1] Count Richcourt, brother of the minister at Florence, and envoy from the Emperor: his wife was a Piedmontese.

and as much too masculine as her lover Rice is too little so. Sir Charles Williams too is arrived, and tells me how much he has heard in your praise in Germany. Villettes is here, but I have had no dealings with him. I think I talk nothing but foreign ministers to-day, as if I were just landed from the Diet of Ratisbon. But I shall have done on this chapter, and I think on all others, for you say such extravagant things of my letters, which are nothing but gossiping gazettes, that I cannot bear it. Then you have undone yourself with me, for you compare them to Madame Sevigné's; absolute treason! Do you know, there is scarce a book in the world I love so much as her letters?

How infinitely humane you are about Gibberne! Shall I amuse you with the truth of that history, which I have discovered? The poor silly woman, his mother, has pressed his coming for a very private reason — only to make him one of the most considerable men in this country! — and by what wonderful means do you think this mighty business is to be effected? only by the beauties of his person! As I remember, he was as little like an Adonis as could be: you must keep this inviolably; but depend upon the truth of it — I mean, that his mother really has this idea. She showed his picture to — why, to the Duchess of Cleveland, to the Duchess of Portsmouth, to Madame Pompadour; in short, to one of them, I don't know which, I only know it was *not* to my Lady Suffolk, the King's *former* mistress. "Mon Dieu! Madame, est-il frai que fotre fils est si sholi que ce bortrait? il faut que je le garte; je feux apsolument l'afoir." The woman protested nothing ever was so handsome as her lad, and that the nasty picture did not do him half justice. In short, she flatters herself that the Countess[1] will do him whole justice: I don't think it impossible but, out of charity, she may make him groom of the chambers. I don't know, indeed, how the article of beauty may answer; but if you should lose your Gibberne, it is good to have a friend at court.

Lord Granby is going to be married to the eldest of the

[1] Lady Yarmouth.

Lady Seymours; she has above a hundred and thirty thousand pounds. The Duke of Rutland will take none of it, but gives at present six thousand a-year.

That I may keep my promise to myself of having nothing to tell you, I shall bid you good night; but I really do know no more. Don't whisper my anecdote even to Gibberne, if he is not yet set out; nor to the Barrets. I wish you a merry, merry baths of Pisa, as the link-boys say at Vauxhall. Adieu!

TO JOHN CHUTE, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 22, 1749.

MY DEAR SIR,

I EXPECT Sir Charles Williams to scold me excessively. He wrote me a letter, in which he desired that I would send you word by last night's post, that he expected to meet you here by Michaelmas, according to your promise. I was unfortunately at London; the letter was directed hither from Lord Ilchester's, where he is; and so I did not receive it till this morning. I hope, however, this will be time enough to put you in mind of your appointment; but while I am so much afraid of Sir Charles's anger, I seem to forget the pleasure I shall have in seeing you myself; I hope you know that: but he is still more pressing, as he will stay so little time in England. Adieu!

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 28, 1749.

I AM much obliged to you, dear Sir, and agree with your opinion about the painting of Prince Edward, that it cannot be original and authentic, and consequently not worth copying. Lord Cholmondeley is, indeed, an original; but who are the wise people that build for him? Sir Philip Harvey seems to be the only person likely to be benefited by this new extravagance. I have just seen a collection of tombs like

those you describe—the house of Russel robed in alabaster and painted. There are seven monuments in all; one is immense, in marble, cherubim'd and seraphim'd, crusted with bas-reliefs and titles, for the first Duke of Bedford and his Duchess.[1] All these are in a chapel of the church at Cheneys, the seat of the first Earls. There are but piteous fragments of the house remaining, now a farm, built round three sides of a court. It is dropping down, in several places without a roof, but in half the windows are beautiful arms in painted glass. As these are so totally neglected, I propose making a push, and begging them of the Duke of Bedford. They would be magnificent for Strawberry-castle. Did I tell you that I have found a text in Deuteronomy to authorize my future battlements? "When thou buildest a new house, then shalt thou make a battlement for thy roof, that thou bring not blood upon thy house, if any man fall from thence."

I saw Cheneys at a visit I have been making to Harry Conway at Latimers. This house, which they have hired, is large, and bad, and old, but of a bad age; finely situated on a hill in a beech wood, with a river at the bottom, and a range of hills and woods on the opposite side belonging to the Duke of Bedford. They are fond of it; the view is melancholy. In the church at Cheneys Mr. Conway put on an old helmet we found there: you cannot imagine how it suited him, how antique and handsome he looked; you would have taken him for Rinaldo. Now I have dipped you so deep in heraldry and genealogies, I shall beg you to step into the church of Stoke; I know it is not asking you to do a disagreeable thing to call there; I want an account of the tomb of the first Earl of Huntingdon, an ancestor of mine, who lies there. I asked Gray, but he could tell me little about it. You know how out of humour Gray has been about our diverting ourselves with pedigrees, which is at least as wise as making a serious point of haranguing against the study. I believe neither Mr. Chute nor I ever contracted a moment's

[1] Anne, daughter of Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset.

vanity from any of our discoveries, or ever preferred them to any thing but brag and whist. Well, Gray has set himself to compute, and has found out that there must go a million of ancestors in twenty generations to everybody's composition.

I dig and plant till it is dark; all my works are revived and proceeding. When will you come and assist? You know I have an absolute promise, and shall now every day expect you. My compliments to your sisters.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, October 27, 1749.

You never was more conveniently in fault in your life: I have been going to make you excuses these ten days for not writing; and while I was inventing them, your humble letter of Oct. 10th arrives. I am so glad to find it is you that are to blame, not I. Well, well, I am all good-nature, I forgive you; I can overlook such little negligences.

Mr. Chute is indefatigable in your service, but Anstis[1] has been very troublesome; he makes as many difficulties in signing a certificate about folks that are dead as if they were claiming an estate. I am sorry you are so pressed, for poor Mr. Chute is taken off from this pursuit: he was fetched from hence this day se'nnight to his infernal brother's, where a Mrs. Mildmay, whom you must have heard him mention, is dead suddenly: this may turn out a very great misfortune to our friend.

Your friend, Mr. Doddington, has not quite stuck to the letter of the declaration he sent you: he is first minister at Carlton-house, and is to lead the Opposition; but the misfortune is, nobody will be led by him. That whole court is in disorder by this event: everybody else laughs.

I am glad the Barrets please you, and that I have pleased Count Lorenzi. I must tell you a speech of the Chevalier,

[1] Garter King at Arms. (It was to him Lord Chesterfield said, "You foolish man, you do not know your own foolish business."—D.)

which you will reconnoitre for Florentine; one would think he had seen no more of the world than his brother.[1] He was visiting Lady Yarmouth with Mirepoix: he drew a person into a window, and whispered him; "Dites moi un peu en ami, je vous en prie; qu'est ce que c'est que Miledi Yarmouth."—"Eh! bien, vous ne sçavez pas?"—"Non, ma foi: nous sçavons ce que c'est que Miledi Middlesex."

Gibberne is arrived. I don't tell you this *apropos* to the foregoing paragraph: he has wanted to come hither, but I have waived his visit till I am in town.

I announce to you the old absurd Countess — not of Orford, but Pomfret. Bistino will have enough to do: there is Lady Juliana,[2] who is very like, but not so handsome as Lady Granville; and Lady Granville's little child. They are actually in France; I don't doubt but you will have them. I shall pity you under a second edition of her follies. Adieu! Pray ask my pardon for my writing you so short a letter.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Nov. 17, 1749.

At last I have seen *le beau* Gibberne: I was extremely glad to see him, after I had done contemplating his person, which surely was never designed to figure in a romance. I never saw a creature so grateful! It is impossible not to be touched with the attachment he has for you. He talks of returning; and, indeed, I would advise it for his sake: he is quite spoiled for living in England, and had entirely forgot what Visigoths his countrymen are. But I must drop him to thank you for the charming intaglio which you have stolen upon me by his means: it is admired as much as it deserves; but with me it has all the additional merit of coming from you. Gibberne says you will be frightened at a lamentable history[3] that you will read of me in the

[1] Who had never been out of Tuscany.

[2] In 1751 married to Thomas Penn, Esq. of Stoke Pogies. See *antè*, p. 13.—E.

[3] Mr. Walpole had been robbed the week before in Hyde Park, and

newspapers; but pray don't be frightened: the danger, great as it was, was over before I had any notion of it; and the hurt did not deserve mentioning. The relation is so near the truth, that I need not repeat it; and, indeed, the frequent repetition has been much worse than the robbery. I have at last been relieved by the riots[1] at the new French theatre, and by Lord Coke's lawsuit.[2] The first has been opened twice; the latter to-day. The young men of fashion, who espouse the French players, have hitherto triumphed: the old ladies, who countenance Lady Mary Coke, are likely to have their grey beards brought with sorrow to the grave. It will be a new æra, (or, as my Lord Baltimore calls it, a new *area*,) in English history, to have the mob and the Scotch beat out of two points that they have endeavoured to make national. I dare say the Chevalier Lorenzi will write ample accounts to Florence of these and all our English phænomena. I think, if possible, we brutalize more and more: the only difference is, that though everything is anarchy, there seems to be less general party than ever. The humours abound, but there wants some notable physician to bring them to a head.

The Parliament met yesterday: we had opposition, but no division on the address.

Now the Barrets have left you, Mr. Chute and I will venture to open our minds to you a little; that is, to comfort you for the loss of your friends: we will abuse them — that is enough in the way of the world. Mr. Chute had no kind of acquaintance with Mr. Barret till just before he set out: I, who have known him all my life, must tell you that all those nerves are imaginary, and that as long as there are distempers in the world, he will have one or two constantly upon

narrowly escaped being killed by the accidental going off of the highwayman's pistol, which did stun him, and took off the skin of his cheek-bone.

[1] The mob was determined not to suffer French players; and Lord Trentham's engaging in their defence was made great use of against him at the ensuing election for Westminster; where he was to be re-chosen, on being appointed a lord of the admiralty.

[2] Lady Mary Coke swore the peace against her husband.

his list. I don't know her; I never heard much of her understanding, but I had rather take your opinion; or at least, if I am not absolutely so complaisant, I will believe that you was determined to like them on Mr. Chute's account. I would not speak so plainly to you (and have not I been very severe?) if I were not sure that your good-nature would not relax any offices of friendship to them. You will scold me black and blue; but you know I always tell you when the goodness of your heart makes you borrow a little from that of other people to lend to their heads. Good night!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Jan. 10, 1750.

I DON'T at all know what to say to you, for not having writ to you since the middle of November: I only know that nothing has happened, and so I have omitted telling you nothing. I have had two from you in the interim, one of Nov. 28th, and one without a date, in which you are extremely kind about my robbery, of which in my last I assured you there were no consequences: thank you a thousand times for having felt so much on my account. Gibberne has been with me again to-day, as his mother was a fortnight ago: she talked me to death, and three times after telling me her whole history, she said, "Well then, Sir, upon the whole," and began it all again. *Upon the whole*, I think she has a mind to keep her son in England; and he has a mind to be kept, though in my opinion he is very unfit for living in England—he is too polished! For trade, she says, he is in a cold sweat if she mentions it; and so they propose, by the acquaintance, he says, his mother has among the quality, to get him that nothing called something. I assured them, you had too much friendship for him to desire his return, if it would be a prejudice to his interest—did not I say right? He seems a good creature; too good to make his way here.

I beg you will not omit sending me every tittle that happens to compose my Lady Pomfret's second volume. We see

perpetual articles of the sale of the furniture in the Great Duke's villas: is there any truth in it? You would know me again, if you saw me playing at pharaoh on one side of Madame de Mirepoix, as I used to do by her mother: I like her extremely, though she likes nothing but gaming. His pleasure is dancing: don't you envy anybody that can have spirits to be so simple as to like themselves in a minuet after fifty? Don't tell his brother, but the Chevalier Lorenzi is the object of the family's entertainment. With all the Italian thirst for English knowledge, he vents as many absurdities as if he had a passion for Ireland too. He saw some of the Florentine Gesses at Lord Lincoln's; he showed them to the Ambassadress with great transport, and assured her that the Great Duke had the originals, and that there never had been made any copies of them. He told her the other day that he had seen a sapphire of the size of her diamond ring, and worth more: she said that could not be. "Oh!" said he, "I mean, supposing your diamond were a sapphire."

I want to know Dr. Cocchi's and your opinion of two new French books, if you have seen them. One is Montesquieu's "Esprit des Loix;" which I think the best book that ever was written — at least I never learned half so much from all I ever read. There is as much wit as useful knowledge. He is said to have hurt his reputation by it in France, which I can conceive, for it is almost the interest of everybody there that can understand it to decry it. The other, far inferior, but entertaining, is Hainault's "Abregé Chronologique de l'Histoire de France." It is very amusing, though very full of Frenchisms; and though an abridgment, often so minute as to tell you when the Quinzevingts first wore flower-de-luces on their shoulders: but there are several little circumstances that give one an idea of the manners of old time, like Dr. Cocchi's treatise on the old rate of expenses.

There has been nothing particular in Parliament: all our conversation has turned on the Westminster election, on which, after a vast struggle, Lord Trentham had the majority. Then came on the scrutiny: after a week's squabbling on the right of election, the High-bailiff declared what he would

take to be the right. They are now proceeding to disqualify votes on that foot; but as his decision could not possibly please both sides, I fear it will come to us at last.

Lord Pembroke[1] died last night: he had been at the Bridge Committee[2] in the morning, where, according to custom, he fell into an outrageous passion; as my Lord Chesterfield told him, that ever since the pier sunk he has constantly been *damming and sinking*. The watermen say to-day, that now the great *pier* (*peer*) is quite gone. Charles Stanhope carried him home in his chariot; he desired the coachman to drive gently, for he could not avoid those passions; and afterwards, between shame and his asthma, he always felt daggers, and should certainly one day or other die in one of those fits. Arundel,[3] his great friend and relation, came to him soon after: he repeated the conversation, and said, he did not know but he might die by night. "God bless you! If I see you no more, take this as my last farewell!" He died in his chair at seven o'clock. He certainly is a public loss; for he was public-spirited and inflexibly honest, though prejudice and passion were so predominant in him that honesty had not fair play, whenever he had been set upon any point that had been given him for right. In his lawsuit with my Lady Portland he was scurrilously indecent, though to a woman; and so blasphemous at tennis, that the present primate of Ireland[4] was forced to leave off playing with him. Last year he went near to destroy post-chaises, on a quarrel with the postmaster at Hounslow, who, as he told the Bishop of Chichester, had an hundred devils and Jesuits in his belly. In short, he was one of the lucky English madmen who get people to say, that whatever extravagance they commit, "Oh, it is his way." He began his life with boxing, and ended it with living upon vegetables,

[1] Henry Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, and groom of the stole. For Walpole's character of him, see *antè*, p. 103.—E.

[2] The committee under whose superintendence Westminster Bridge had been built.—D.

[3] Richard Arundel, treasurer of the chambers: his mother, the Dowager Lady Arundel, was second wife of Thomas, Earl of Pembroke, father of Earl Henry.

[4] Dr. George Stone.

into which system avarice a little entered. At the beginning of the present war, he very honourably would resign his regiment, though the King pressed him to keep it, because his rupture hindered his serving abroad. My father, with whom he was always well, would at any time have given him the blue riband; but he piqued himself on its being offered to him without asking it: the truth was, he did not care for the expense of the instalment. His great excellence was architecture: the bridge at Wilton is more beautiful than any thing of Lord Burlington or Kent. He has left an only son, a fine boy about sixteen.[1] Last week, Lord Crawford[2] died too, as is supposed, by taking a large quantity of laudanum, under impatience at the badness of his circumstances, and at the seventeenth opening of the wound which he got in Hungary, in a battle with the Turks. I must tell you a story *apropos* of two noble instances of fidelity and generosity. His servant, a French papist, saw him fall; watched, and carried him off into a ditch. Lord Crawford told him the Turks would certainly find them, and that, as he could not live himself, it was in vain for him to risk his life too, and insisted on the man making his escape. After a long contest, the servant retired, found a priest, confessed himself, came back, and told his lord that he was now prepared to die, and would never leave him. The enemy did not return, and both were saved. After Lord Crawford's death, this story was related to old Charles Stanhope, Lord Harrington's brother, whom I mentioned just now: he sent for the fellow, told him he could not take him himself, but, as from his lord's affairs he concluded he had not been able to provide for him, he would give him fifty pounds, and did.

To make up for my long silence, and to make up a long letter, I will string another old story, which I have just heard, to this. General Wade was at a low gaming-house, and had a very fine snuff-box, which on a sudden he missed. Every-

[1] Henry, tenth Earl of Pembroke, and seventh Earl of Montgomery. He died in 1794.—D.

[2] John Lindsay, Earl of Crawford, premier Earl of Scotland. His life, which indeed had little remarkable in it, was published afterwards, in a large quarto.

body denied having taken it: he insisted on searching the company. He did: there remained only one man, who had stood behind him, but refused to be searched, unless the General would go into another room alone with him: there the man told him, that he was born a gentleman, was reduced, and lived by what little bets he could pick up there, and by fragments which the waiters sometimes gave him. "At this moment I have half a fowl in my pocket; I was afraid of being exposed; here it is! Now, Sir, you may search me." Wade was so struck, that he gave the man a hundred pounds; and immediately the genius of generosity, whose province is almost a sinecure, was very glad of the opportunity of making him find his own snuff-box, or another very like it, in his own pocket again.

Lord Marchmont is to succeed Lord Crawford as one of the sixteen: the House of Lords is so inactive that at last the ministry have ventured to let him in there. His brother Hume Campbell, who has been in a state of neutrality, begins to frequent the House again.

It is plain I am no monied man; as I have forgot, till I came to my last paragraph, what a ferment the money-changers are in! Mr. Pelham, who has flung himself entirely into Sir John Barnard's[1] hands, has just miscarried in a scheme for the reduction of interest, by the intrigues of the three great companies and other usurers. They all detest Barnard, who, to honesty and abilities, joins the most intolerable pride. By my next, I suppose, you will find that Mr. Pelham is grown afraid of somebody else, of some director, and is governed by him. Adieu!—Sure I am out of debt now!

P.S. My dear Sir, I must trouble you with a commission, which I don't know whether you can execute. I am going to build a little gothic castle at Strawberry Hill. If you can pick me up any fragments of old painted glass, arms, or anything, I shall be excessively obliged to you. I can't say I

[1] An eminent citizen, and long member of Parliament for the city of London. He at length accomplished his plan for the reduction of the interest of the National Debt.—D.

remember any such things in Italy; but out of old chateaus, I imagine, one might get it cheap, if there is any.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Jan. 31, 1750.

You will hear little news from England, but of robberies;[1] the numbers of disbanded soldiers and sailors have all taken to the road, or rather to the street: people are almost afraid of stirring after it is dark. My Lady Albemarle[2] was robbed the other night in Great Russell Street, by nine men: the King gave her a gold watch and chain the next day. She says, "the manner was all"—and indeed so it was, for I never saw a more frippery present; especially considering how great a favourite she is, and my Lady Yarmouth's friend. The monarch is never less generous than when he has a mind to be so: the only present he ever made my father was a large diamond, cracked quite through. Once or twice, in his younger and gallant days, he has brought out a handful of maimed topazes and amethysts, and given them to be raffled for by the maids of honour. I told my Lady Yarmouth it had been a great loss to me that there was no Queen, for then I suppose I should have had a watch too when I was robbed.

We have had nothing remarkable in Parliament, but a sort of secession the other day on the Mutiny-bill, when Lord Egmont and the Opposition walked out of the House, because the ministry would go upon the Report, when they did not like it. It is a measure of the Prince's court to lie by, and let the ministry demolish one another, which they

[1] On the preceding day, in consequence of the number of persons of distinction who had recently been robbed in the streets, a proclamation appeared in the London Gazette, offering a reward of one hundred pounds for the apprehension of any robber.—E.

[2] Lady Anne Lenox, sister of the Duke of Richmond, wife of William Anne Keppel, Earl of Albemarle, ambassador at Paris, and lady of the bedchamber to Queen Caroline.

are hurrying to do. The two secretaries[1] are on the brink of declaring war: the occasion is likely to be given by a Turnpike-bill, contested between the counties of Bedford and Northampton; and it grows almost as vehement a contest as the famous one between Aylesbury and Buckingham. The Westminster election is still hanging in scrutiny: the Duke of Bedford paid the election,[2] which he owns to have cost seven thousand pounds; and Lord Gower pays the scrutiny, which will be at least as much. This bustling little Duke has just had another miscarriage in Cornwall, where he attacked a family-borough of the Morrices. The Duke[3] espouses the Bedford; and Lord Sandwich is espoused by both. He goes once or twice a-week to hunt with the Duke; and as the latter has taken a turn of gaming, Sandwich, to make his court—and fortune—carries a box and dice in his pocket; and so they throw a main, whenever the hounds are at a fault, "upon every green hill, and under every green tree."

But we have one shocking piece of news, the dreadful account of the hurricane in the East Indies: you will see the particulars in the papers; but we reckon that we don't yet know the worst. Poor Admiral Boscawen[4] has been most unfortunate during his whole expedition; and what increases the horror is, that I have been assured by a very intelligent person, that Lord Anson projected this business on purpose to ruin Boscawen, who, when they came together from the victory off Cape Finisterre, complained loudly of Anson's behaviour. To silence and to hurt him, Anson dispatched him to Pondicherry, upon slight intelligence and upon improbable views.

Lord Coke's suit is still in suspense; he has been dying; she was to have died, but has recovered wonderfully on his taking the lead. Mr. Chute diverted me excessively with a confidence that Chevalier Lorenzi made him the other night

[1] The Dukes of Newcastle and Bedford.
[2] The Duke of Bedford's second wife was sister of Lord Trentham, the candidate.
[3] Of Cumberland.
[4] Edward, next brother of Lord Falmouth.

—I have told you the style of his *bon mots!* He said he should certainly return to England again, and that whenever he did, he would land at Bristol, because baths are the best places to make acquaintance,—just as if Mr. Chute, after living seven years in Italy, and keeping the best company, should return thither, and land at Leghorn, in order to make Italian acquaintance at Pisa!

Among the robberies, I might have told you of the eldest Miss Pelham leaving a pair of diamond earrings, which she had borrowed for the birth-day, in a hackney chair; she had put them under the seat for fear of being attacked, and forgot them. The chairmen have sunk them. The next morning, when they were missed, the damsel began to cry: Lady Catherine[1] grew frightened, lest her infanta should vex herself sick, and summoned a jury of matrons to consult whether she should give her hartshorn or lavender drops? Mrs. Selwyn,[2] who was on the panel, grew very peevish, and said, "Pho! give her brilliant drops." Such are the present anecdotes of the court of England! Adieu!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, Feb. 25, 1750.

I AM come hither for a little repose and air. The fatigue of a London winter, between Parliaments and rakery, is a little too much without interruption for an elderly personage, that verges towards—I won't say what. This accounts easily for my wanting quiet—but air in February will make you smile—yet it is strictly true, that the weather is unnaturally hot: we have had eight months of warmth beyond what was ever known *in any other country;* Italy is quite north with respect to us!—You know we have had an earthquake. Mr. Chute's Francesco says, that a few evenings

[1] Lady Catherine Manners, sister of John, Duke of Rutland, and wife of Henry Pelham, chancellor of the exchequer.

[2] Mary Farenden, wife of John Selwyn, treasurer to Queen Caroline, and woman of the bedchamber.

before it there was a bright cloud, which the mob called *the bloody cloud;* that he had been told there never were earthquakes in England, or else he should have known by that symptom that there would be one within a week. I am told that Sir Isaac Newton foretold a great alteration in our climate in the year '50, and that he wished he could live to see it. Jupiter, I think, has jogged us three degrees nearer to the sun.

The Bedford Turnpike, which I announced to you in my last, is thrown out by a majority of fifty-two against the Duke of Bedford. The Pelhams, who lent their own persons to him, had set up the Duke of Grafton, to list their own dependents under against their rival. When the Chamberlain would head a party, you may be sure the opposite power is in the wane. The Newcastle is at open war, and has left off waiting on the Duke, who espouses the Bedfords. Mr. Pelham tries to patch it up, and is getting the Ordnance for the Duke; but there are scarce any terms kept. Lord Sandwich, who governs the little Duke through the Duchess, is the chief object of the Newcastle's hatred. Indeed there never was such a composition! he is as capable of all little knavery, as if he was not practising all great knavery. During the turnpike contest, in which he laboured night and day against his friend Halifax, he tried the grossest tricks to break agreements, when the opposite side were gone away on the security of a suspension of action: and in the very middle of that I came to the knowledge of a cruel piece of flattery which he paid to his protector. He had made interest for these two years for one Parry, a poor clergyman, schoolfellow and friend of his, to be fellow of Eton, and had secured a majority for him. A Fellow died: another wrote to Sandwich to know if he was not to vote for Parry according to his engagement,—" No, he must vote for one who had been tutor to the Duke of Bedford," who by that means has carried it. My Lady Lincoln was not suffered to go to a ball which Sandwich made the other night for the Duke, who tumbled down in the middle of a country dance; they imagined he had beat his nose flat, but he lay

like a tortoise on the topshell, his face could not reach the ground by some feet. My Lady Anson was there, who insisted on dancing minuets, though against the rule of the night, with as much eagerness as you remember in my Lady Granville. Then she proposed herself for a Louvre; all the men vowed they had never heard of such a dance, upon which she dragged out Lady Betty Leveson,[1] and made her dance one with her.

At the last ball at the same house, a great dispute of precedence, which the Duchess of Norfolk had set on foot but has dropped, came to a trial. Lord Sandwich *contrived* to be on the outside of the door to hand down to supper whatever lady came out first. Madame de Mirepoix and the Duchess of Bedford were the rival queens; the latter made a faint offer to the ambassadress to go first; she returned it, and the other briskly accepted it; upon which the ambassadress, with great cleverness, made all the other women go before her, and then asked the Duke of Bedford if he would not go too. However, though they continue to visit, the wound is incurable: you don't imagine that a widow[2] of the House of Lorraine, and a daughter of Princess Craon, can digest such an affront. It certainly was very absurd, as she is not only an ambassadress but a stranger; and consequently all English women, as being at home, should give her place. King George the Second and I don't agree in our explication of this text of ceremony; he approves the Duchess—so he does Miss Chudleigh, in a point where ceremony is out of the question. He opened the trenches before her a fortnight ago, at the masquerade—but at the last she had the gout, and could not come; he went away *fort* cross. His son is not so fickle. My Lady Middlesex has been miscarrying; he attends as incessantly as Mrs. Cannon.[3] The other morning the Princess came to call him to go to Kew; he made her wait in her coach above half an hour at the door. You will be delighted with a *bon-mot* of a

[1] Daughter of John, second Lord Gower. Married in 1751 to the Hon. John Waldegrave.—D.

[2] Madame de Mirepoix, eldest daughter of Prince Craon, and widow of the Prince of Lixin.

[3] The midwife.

chair-maker, whom he has discarded for voting for Lord Trentham; one of his black-caps was sent to tell this Vaughan that the Prince would employ him no more: "I am going to bid another person make his Royal Highness a chair."—"With all my heart," said the chair-maker; "I don't care what they make him, so they don't make him a throne."

The Westminster election, which is still scrutinizing, produced us a parliamentary event this week, and was very near producing something much bigger. Mr. Fox and Mr. Pitt moved to send for the High-bailiff to inquire into the delay. The Opposition took it up very high, and on its being carried against them, the Court of Requests was filled next day with mob, and the House crowded, and big with expectation. Nugent had flamed and abused Lord Sandwich violently, as author of this outrageous measure. When the Bailiff appeared, the pacific spirit of the other part of the administration had operated so much, that he was dismissed with honour; and only instructed to abridge all delays by authority of the House—in short, "we spit in his hat on Thursday, and wiped it off on Friday." This is a new fashionable proverb, which I must construe to you. About ten days ago, at the new Lady Cobham's[1] assembly, Lord Hervey[2] was leaning over a chair, talking to some women, and holding his hat in his hand. Lord Cobham came up and spit in it—yes, spit in it!—and then, with a loud laugh, turned to Nugent, and said, "Pay me my wager." In short, he had laid a guinea that he committed this absurd brutality, and that it was not resented. Lord Hervey, with great temper and sensibility, asked if he had any farther occasion for his hat?—"Oh! I see you are angry!"—"Not very well pleased." Lord Cobham took the fatal hat, and wiped it, made a thousand foolish apologies, and wanted to pass it for a joke. Next morning he rose with the sun, and went to visit Lord Hervey; so did Nugent: he would not see them, but wrote to the

[1] Anna Chamber, wife of Richard Temple, Lord Cobham, afterwards Earl Temple.

[2] George, eldest son of John, late Lord Hervey, son of the Earl of Bristol; whom this George succeeded in the title.

Spitter, (or, as he is now called, Lord Gob'em,) to say, that he had affronted him very grossly before company, but having involved Nugent in it, he desired to know to which he was to address himself for satisfaction. Lord Cobham wrote him a most submissive answer, and begged pardon both in his own and Nugent's name. Here it rested for a few days; till getting wind, Lord Hervey wrote again to insist on an explicit apology under Lord Cobham's own hand, with a rehearsal of the excuses that had been made to him, This too was complied with, and the *fair conqueror*[1] shows all the letters.[2] Nugent's disgraces have not ended here: the night of his having declaimed so furiously against Lord Sandwich, he was standing by Lady Catherine Pelham, at the masquerade, without his mask: she was telling him a history of a mad dog, (which I believe she had bit herself,) young Leveson, the Duchess of Bedford's brother, came up, without his mask too, and looking at Nugent, said, "I have seen a mad dog to-day, and a silly dog too."—"I suppose, Mr. Leveson,[3] you have been looking in the glass."—"No, I see him now." Upon which they walked off together, but were prevented from fighting, (if Nugent would have fought,) and were reconciled at the side-board. You perceive by this that our factions are ripening. The Argyll[4] carried all the Scotch against the turnpike: they were willing to be carried, for the Duke of Bedford, in case it should have come into the Lords, had writ to the sixteen Peers to solicit their votes; but with so little deference, that he enclosed all the letters under one cover, directed to the British Coffee-house!

The new Duke of Somerset[5] is dead: that title is at last

[1] George, Lord Hervey was a very effeminate-looking man; which probably encouraged Lord Temple to risk this disgusting act of incivility.—D.

[2] Wraxall, in his Historical Memoirs, vol. i. p. 139, relates the same story, with a few trifling alterations.—E.

[3] The Hon. Richard Leveson Gower, second son of John, second Lord Gower, member for Lichfield. Born 1726; died 1753.—D.

[4] Archibald Campbell, third Duke of Argyll, during the lifetime of his elder brother, Duke John, Earl of Islay. He died in 1765.—D.

[5] Algernon, last Duke of Somerset, of the younger branch.—D.

restored to Sir Edward Seymour, after his branch had been most unjustly deprived of it for about one hundred and fifty years. Sir Hugh Smithson and Sir Charles Windham are Earls of Northumberland and Egremont, with vast estates; the former title, revived for the blood of Percy, has the misfortune of being coupled with the blood of a man that either let or drove coaches—such was Sir Hugh's grandfather! This peerage vacates his seat for Middlesex, and has opened a contest for the county, before even that for Westminster is decided. The Duchess of Richmond takes care that house shall not be extinguished: she again lies in, after having been with child seven-and-twenty times: but even this is not so extraordinary as the Duke's fondness for her, or as the vigour of her beauty: her complexion is as fair and blooming as when she was a bride.

We expect some chagrin on the new Regency, at the head of which is to be the Duke; "An Augustum fessâ ætate totiens in Germaniam commeare potuisse," say the mutineers in Tacitus—*Augustus* goes in April. He has notified to my Lord Orford his having given the reversion of New Park to his daughter Emily; and has given him leave to keep it in the best repair. One of the German women, Madame Munchausen, his minister's wife, contributes very kindly to the entertainment of the town. She is ugly, devout, and with that sort of coquetry which proceeds from a virtue that knows its own weakness so much as to be alarmed, even when nothing is meant to its prejudice.[1] At a great dinner which they gave last week, somebody observed that all the sugar-figures in the dessert were girls: the Baron replied, "Sa est frai; ordinairement les petits cupitons sont des garsons; mais ma femme s'est amusée toute la matinée à en ôter tout sà par motestie." This improvement of hers is a curious refinement, though all the geniuses of the age are employed in

[1] Dodington, in his Diary of the 25th of February, says, "I met the Prince and Princess by order at Lady Middlesex's, where came Madame de Munchausen: we went to a fortune-teller's, who was young Des Noyers, disguised and instructed to surprise Madame de Munchausen, which he effectually did."—E.

designing new plans for desserts. The Duke of Newcastle's last was a baby Vauxhall, illuminated with a million of little lamps of various colours.

We have been sitting this fortnight on the African Company: *we*, the British Senate, that temple of liberty, and bulwark of Protestant Christianity, have this fortnight been pondering methods to make more effectual that horrid traffic of selling negroes. It has appeared to us that six-and-forty thousand of these wretches are sold every year to our plantations alone!—it chills one's blood. I would not have to say that I voted in it for the continent of America![1] The destruction of the miserable inhabitants by the Spaniards was but a momentary misfortune, that flowed from the discovery of the New World, compared to this lasting havoc which it brought upon Africa. We reproach Spain, and yet do not even pretend the nonsense of butchering these poor creatures for the good of their souls!

I have just received your long letter of Feb. 13th, and am pleased that I had writ this volume to return it. I don't know how almost to avoid wishing poor Prince Craon dead, to see the Princess end upon a throne.[2] I am sure she would invert Mr. Vaughan's wish, and compound to have nothing else made for her, provided a throne were.

I despise your literati enormously for their opinion of Montesquieu's book. Bid them read that glorious chapter on the subject I have been mentioning, the selling of African slaves. Where did he borrow that? In what book in the world is there half so much wit, sentiment, delicacy, humanity?

I shall speak much more gently to you, my dear child,

[1] This sentiment is highly creditable to Walpole's humanity. It will remind the reader of a passage in Cowper's Task, written thirty years after:—

> "And what man seeing this,
> And having human feelings, does not blush,
> And hang his head, to think himself a man!
> I would not have a slave to till my ground,
> To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
> And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
> That sinews bought and sold have ever earn'd."—E.

[2] There was a notion that King Stanislaus, who lived in Lorraine, was in love with her.

though you don't like Gothic architecture. The Grecian is only proper for magnificent and public buildings. Columns and all their beautiful ornaments look ridiculous when crowded into a closet or a cheesecake-house. The variety is little, and admits no charming irregularities. I am almost as fond of the *Sharawaggi*, or Chinese want of symmetry, in buildings, as in grounds or gardens. I am sure, whenever you come to England, you will be pleased with the liberty of taste into which we are struck, and of which you can have no idea! Adieu!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, March 11, 1750.

"Portents and prodigies are grown so frequent,
That they have lost their name."[1]

My text is not literally true; but as far as earthquakes go towards lowering the price of wonderful commodities, to be sure we are overstocked. We have had a second, much more violent than the first; and you must not be surprised if by next post you hear of a burning mountain sprung up in Smithfield. In the night between Wednesday and Thursday last, (exactly a month since the first shock,) the earth had a shivering fit between one and two; but so slight that, if no more had followed, I don't believe it would have been noticed. I had been awake, and had scarce dozed again—on a sudden I felt my bolster lift up my head; I thought somebody was getting from under my bed, but soon found it was a strong earthquake, that lasted near half a minute, with a violent vibration and great roaring. I rang my bell; my servant came in, frightened out of his senses: in an instant we heard all the windows in the neighbourhood flung up. I got up and found people running into the streets, but saw no mischief done: there has been some; two old houses flung down, several chimneys, and much china-ware. The bells rung in several houses. Admiral Knowles, who has lived long in Jamaica,

[1] Dryden's "All for Love."

and felt seven there, says this was more violent than any of them: Francesco prefers it to the dreadful one at Leghorn. The wise say, that if we have not rain soon, we shall certainly have more. Several people are going out of town, for it has nowhere reached above ten miles from London: they say, they are not frightened, but that it is such fine weather, "Lord! one can't help going into the country!" The only visible effect it has had, was on the Ridotto, at which, being the following night, there were but four hundred people. A parson, who came into White's the morning of earthquake the first, and heard bets laid on whether it was an earthquake or the blowing up of powder-mills, went away exceedingly scandalized, and said, "I protest, they are such an impious set of people, that I believe if the last trumpet was to sound, they would bet puppet-show against Judgment." If we get any nearer still to the torrid zone, I shall pique myself on sending you a present of cedrati and orange-flower water: I am already planning a *terreno* for Strawberry Hill.

The Middlesex election is carried against the court: the Prince, in a green frock, (and I won't swear, but in a Scotch plaid waistcoat,) sat under the park-wall in his chair, and hallooed the voters on to Brentford. The Jacobites are so transported, that they are opening subscriptions for all boroughs that shall be vacant—this is wise! They will spend their money to carry a few more seats in a Parliament where they will never have the majority, and so have none to carry the general elections. The omen, however, is bad for Westminster; the High-bailiff went to vote for the Opposition.

I now jump to another topic; I find all this letter will be detached scraps; I can't at all contrive to hide the seams: but I don't care. I began my letter merely to tell you of the earthquake, and I don't pique myself upon doing any more than telling you what you would be glad to have told you. I told you too how pleased I was with the triumphs of another old beauty, our friend the Princess.[1] Do you know, I have

[1] The Princess Craon, who, it had been reported, was to marry Stanislaus Leczinsky, Duke of Lorraine and ex-King of Poland, whose daughter Maria Leczinska was married to Louis the Fifteenth, King of France.—D.

found a history that has great resemblance to hers; that is, that will be very like hers, if hers is but like it. I will tell it you in as few words as I can. Madame la Marechale de l'Hôpital was the daughter of a sempstress;[1] a young gentleman fell in love with her, and was going to be married to her, but the match was broken off. An old fermier-general, who had retired into the province where this happened, hearing the story, had a curiosity to see the victim; he liked her, married her, died, and left her enough not to care for her inconstant. She came to Paris, where the Marechal de l'Hôpital married her for her riches. After the Marechal's death, Casimir, the abdicated King of Poland, who was retired into France, fell in love with the Marechale, and privately married her. If the event ever happens, I shall certainly travel to Nancy, to hear her talk of *ma belle fille la Reine de France.* What pains my Lady Pomfret would take to prove[2] that an abdicated King's wife did not take place of an English countess; and how the Princess herself would grow still fonder of the Pretender[3] for the similitude of his fortune with that of *le Roi mon mari!* Her daughter, Mirepoix, was frightened the other night, with Mrs. Nugent's calling out, *un voleur! un voleur!* The ambassadress had heard so much of robbing, that she did not doubt but *dans ce pais cy,* they robbed in the middle of an assembly. It turned out to be a *thief in the candle!* Good night!

[1] This is the story of a woman named Mary Mignot. She was near marrying a young man of the name of La Gardie, who afterwards entered the Swedish service, and became a field-marshal in that country. Her first husband was, if I mistake not, a *Procureur* of Grenoble; her second was the Marshal de l'Hôpital; and her third is supposed to have been Casimir, the ex-King of Poland, who had retired, after his abdication, to the monastery of St. Germain des Près. It does not, however, appear certain whether Casimir actually married her or not.—D.

[2] Lady Pomfret and Princess Craon did not visit at Florence, upon a dispute of precedence.

[3] The Pretender, when in Lorraine, lived in Prince Craon's house.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, April 2, 1750.

You will not wonder so much at our earthquakes as at the effects they have had. All the women in town have taken them up upon the foot of *Judgments;* and the clergy, who have had no windfalls of a long season, have driven horse and foot into this opinion. There has been a shower of sermons and exhortations: Secker, the jesuitical Bishop of Oxford, began the mode. He heard the women were all going out of town to avoid the next shock; and so, for fear of losing his Easter offerings, he set himself to advise them to await God's good pleasure in fear and trembling. But what is more astonishing, Sherlock,[1] who has much better sense, and much less of the Popish confessor, has been running a race with him for the old ladies, and has written a pastoral letter, of which ten thousand were sold in two days; and fifty thousand have been subscribed for, since the two first editions.

I told you the women talked of going out of town: several families are literally gone, and many more going to-day and to-morrow; for what adds to the absurdity, is, that the second shock having happened exactly a month after the former, it prevails that there will be a third on Thursday next, another month, which is to swallow up London. I am almost ready to burn my letter now I have begun it, lest you should think I am laughing at you: but it is so true, that Arthur of White's told me last night, that he should put off the last ridotto, which was to be on Thursday, because he hears nobody would come to it. I have advised several who are going to keep their next earthquake in the country, to take the bark for it, as it is so periodic.[2] Dick Leveson and Mr.

[1] Thomas Sherlock, Master of the Temple; first, Bishop of Salisbury, and afterwards of London.

[2] "I remember," says Addison, in the 240th Tatler, "when our whole island was shaken with an earthquake some years ago, that there was an impudent mountebank who sold pills, which, as he told the country people, were 'very good against an earthquake.'"—E.

Rigby, who had supped and stayed late at Bedford House the other night, knocked at several doors, and in a watchman's voice cried, "Past four o'clock, and a dreadful earthquake!" But I have done with this ridiculous panic: two pages were too much to talk of it.

We have had nothing in Parliament but trade-bills, on one of which the Speaker humbled the arrogance of Sir John Barnard, who had reflected upon the proceedings of the House. It is to break up on Thursday se'nnight, and the King goes this day fortnight. He has made Lord Vere Beauclerc a baron,[1] at the solicitation of the Pelhams, as this Lord had resigned upon a pique with Lord Sandwich. Lord Anson, who is treading in the same path, and leaving the Bedfords to follow his father-in-law, the Chancellor, is made a privy councillor, with Sir Thomas Robinson and Lord Hyndford. Lord Conway is to be an earl,[2] and Sir John Rawdon[3] (whose follies you remember, and whose boasted loyalty of having been kicked down-stairs for not drinking the Pretender's health, though even that was false, is at last rewarded,) and Sir John Vesey are to be Irish lords; and a Sir William Beauchamp Proctor, and a Mr. Loyd, Knights of the Bath.

I was entertained the other night at the house of much such a creature as Sir John Rawdon, and one whom you remember too, Naylor. He has a wife who keeps the most indecent house of all those that are called decent: every *Sunday* she has a contraband assembly: I had had a card for *Monday* a fortnight before. As the day was new, I expected a great assembly, but found scarce six persons. I asked where the company was — I was answered, "Oh! they are not come yet: they will be here presently; they all supped here last night, stayed till morning, and I suppose are not up yet."

My Lord Bolingbroke has lost his wife. When she was dying, he acted grief; flung himself upon her bed, and asked

[1] Lord Vere of Hanworth, in Middlesex.—D.

[2] Lord Conway was made Earl of Hertford.—D.

[3] Sir John Rawdon was created in this year Baron Rawdon, and in 1761 Earl of Moira, in Ireland. Sir John Vesey was created Lord Knapton; and his son was made Viscount de Vesci in Ireland, in 1766. —D.

her if she could forgive him. I never saw her, but have heard her wit and parts excessively commended.[1] Dr. Middleton told me a compliment she made him two years ago, which I thought pretty. She said she was persuaded that he was a very great writer, for she understood his works better than any other English book, and that she had observed that the best writers were always the most intelligible.

Wednesday.

I had not time to finish my letter on Monday. I return to the earthquake, which I had mistaken; it is to be to-day. This frantic terror prevails so much, that within these three days seven hundred and thirty coaches have been counted passing Hyde Park corner, with whole parties removing into the country. Here is a good advertisement which I cut out of the papers to-day;

"On Monday next will be published (price 6d.) A true and exact List of all the Nobility and Gentry who have left, or shall leave, this place through fear of another Earthquake."

Several women have made earthquake gowns; that is, warm gowns to sit out of doors all to-night. These are of the more courageous. One woman, still more heroic, is come to town on purpose: she says, all her friends are in London, and she will not survive them. But what will you think of Lady Catherine Pelham, Lady Frances Arundel,[2] and Lord

[1] She was a Frenchwoman, of considerable fortune and accomplishments, the widow of the Marquis de Villette, and niece to Madame de Maintenon. She died on the 18th of March. From the following passage in a letter written by Bolingbroke to Lord Marchmont a few days before her death, it is difficult to believe that he "acted grief" upon this occasion:—"You are very good to take any share in that affliction which has lain upon me so long, and which still continues, with the fear of being increased by a catastrophe I am little able to bear. Resignation is a principal duty in my system of religion: reason shows that it ought to be willing, if not cheerful; but there are passions and habitudes in human nature which reason cannot entirely subdue. I should be ashamed not to feel them in the present case."—E.

[2] Lady Frances Arundell was the daughter of John Manners, second Duke of Rutland, and was married to the Hon. Richard Arundell, second son of John, Lord Arundell of Trerice, and a lord of the treasury. Lady Frances was sister of Lady Catherine Pelham, the wife of the minister.—D.

and Lady Galway,[1] who go this evening to an inn ten miles out of town, where they are to play at brag till five in the morning, and then come back — I suppose, to look for the bones of their husbands and families under the rubbish.[2] The prophet of all this (next to the Bishop of London) is a trooper of Lord Delawar's, who was yesterday sent to Bedlam. His *colonel* sent to the man's wife, and asked her if her husband had ever been disordered before. She cried, "Oh dear! my lord, he is not mad now; if your *lordship* would but get any *sensible* man to examine him, you would find he is quite in his right mind."

I shall now tell you something more serious: Lord Dalkeith[3] is dead of the small-pox in three days. It is so dreadfully fatal in his family, that besides several uncles and aunts, his eldest boy died of it last year; and his only brother, who was ill but two days, putrefied so fast that his limbs fell off as they lifted the body into the coffin. Lady Dalkeith is five months gone with child; she was hurrying to him, but was stopped on the road by the physician, who told her that it was a miliary fever. They were remarkably happy.

The King goes on Monday se'nnight;[4] it is looked upon as a great event that the Duke of Newcastle has prevailed on him to speak to Mr. Pitt, who has detached himself from the Bedfords. The Monarch, who had kept up his Hanoverian resentments, though he had made him paymaster, is now beat out of the dignity of his silence: he was to pretend not to know Pitt, and was to be directed to him by the lord in waiting. Pitt's jealousy is of Lord Sandwich, who knows his own interest and unpopularity so well, that he will

[1] John Monckton, first Viscount Galway in Ireland. The Lady Galway mentioned here was his second wife, Jane, daughter of Henry Westenra, Esq. of Dublin. His first wife, who died in 1730, was Lady Elizabeth Manners, the sister of Lady Catherine Pelham and Lady Frances Arundell.—D.

[2] "Incredible numbers of people left their houses, and walked in the fields or lay in boats all night: many persons of fashion in the neighbouring villages sat in their coaches till daybreak; others went to a greater distance, so that the roads were never more thronged." Gentleman's Magazine.—E.

[3] Francis Scott, eldest son of the Duke of Buccleugh.

[4] To Hanover.

prevent any breach, and thereby what you fear, which yet I think you would have no reason to fear. I could not say enough of my anger to your father, but I shall take care to say nothing, as I have not forgot how my zeal for you made me provoke him once before.

Your genealogical affair is in great train, and will be quite finished in a week or two. Mr. Chute has laboured at it indefatigably: General Guise has been attesting the authenticity of it to-day before a justice of peace. You will find yourself mixed with every drop of blood in England that is worth bottling up: the Duchess of Norfolk and you grow on the same bough of the tree. I must tell you a very curious anecdote that Strawberry King-at-Arms[1] has discovered by the way, as he was tumbling over the mighty dead in the Heralds' Office. You have heard me speak of the great injustice that the Protector Somerset did to the children of his first wife, in favour of those by his second; so much, that he not only had the dukedom settled on the younger brood, but, to deprive the eldest of the title of Lord Beauchamp, which he wore by inheritance, he caused himself to be anew created *Viscount* Beauchamp. Well, in Vincent's Baronage, a book of great authority, speaking of the Protector's wives, are these remarkable words: "Katherina, filia et una Coh. Gul: Fillol de Fillol's hall in Essex, uxor prima; repudiata, quia Pater ejus post nuptias eam cognovit." The Speaker has since referred me to our journals, where are some notes of a trial in the reign of James the First, between Edward, the second son of Katherine the *dutiful*, and the Earl of Hertford, son of Anne Stanhope, which in some measure confirms our MS.; for it says, the Earl of Hertford objected, that John, the eldest son of all, was begotten while the Duke was in France. This title, which now comes back at last to Sir Edward Seymour, is disputed: my Lord Chancellor has refused him the writ, but referred his case to the Attorney General,[2] the present great Opinion of England, who, they say, is clear for Sir Edward's succession.[3]

[1] Mr. Chute. [2] Sir Dudley Ryder.

[3] Sir Edward Seymour, when he became Duke of Somerset, did not inherit the title of Beauchamp.—D.

I shall now go and show you Mr. Chute in a different light from heraldry, and in one in which I believe you never saw him. He will shine as usual; but, as a little more severely than his good-nature is accustomed to, I must tell you that he was provoked by the most impertinent usage. It is an epigram on Lady Caroline Petersham, whose present fame, by the way, is coupled with young Harry Vane.

WHO IS THIS?

Her face has beauty, we must all confess,
But beauty on the brink of ugliness:
Her mouth 's a rabbit feeding on a rose;
With eyes — ten times too good for such a nose!
Her blooming cheeks — what paint could ever draw 'em?
That paint, for which no mortal ever saw 'em.
Air without shape — of royal race divine —
'Tis Emily — oh! fie! — 'tis Caroline.

Do but think of my beginning a third sheet! but as the Parliament is rising, and I shall probably not write you a tolerably long letter again these eight months, I will lay in a stock of merit with you to last me so long. Mr. Chute has set me too upon making epigrams; but as I have not his art, mine is almost a copy of verses: the story he told me, and is literally true, of an old Lady Bingley:[1]

Celia now had completed some thirty campaigns,
And for new generations was hammering chains;
When whetting those terrible weapons, her eyes,
To Jenny, her handmaid, in anger she cries,
" Careless creature! did mortal e'er see such a glass!
Who that saw me in this, could e'er guess what I was!
Much you mind what I say! pray how oft have I bid you
Provide me a new one? how oft have I chid you?"
" Lord, Madam!" cried Jane, " you 're so hard to be pleased!
I am sure every glassman in town I have teased:
I have hunted each shop from Pall-mall to Cheapside:
Both Miss Carpenter's[2] man and Miss Banks's[3] I 've tried."

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[1] Lady Elizabeth Finch, eldest daughter of Heneage, Earl of Aylesford, and widow of Robert Benson, Lord Bingley.

[2] Countess of Egremont.

[3] Miss Margaret Banks, a celebrated beauty.

" Don't tell me of those girls! — all I know, to my cost,
Is, the looking-glass art must be certainly lost!
One used to have mirrors so smooth and so bright,
They did one's eyes justice, they heighten'd one's white,
And fresh roses diffused o'er one's bloom — but, alas!
In the glasses made now, one detests one's own face;
They pucker one's cheeks up and furrow one's brow,
And one's skin looks as yellow as that of Miss[1] Howe!"[2]

After an epigram that seems to have found out the longitude, I shall tell you but one more, and that wondrous short. It is said to be made by a cow. You must not wonder; we tell as many strange stories as Baker and Livy:

A warm winter, a dry spring,
A hot summer, a new King.

Though the sting is very epigrammatic, the whole of the distich has more of the truth than becomes prophecy; that is, it is false, for the spring is wet and cold.

There is come from France a Madame Bocage, who has translated Milton: my Lord Chesterfield prefers the copy to the original; but that is not uncommon for him to do, who is the patron of bad authors and bad actors. She has written a play too, which was damned, and worthy my lord's approbation.[3] You would be more diverted with a Mrs. Holman, whose passion is keeping an assembly, and inviting literally everybody to it. She goes to the drawing-room to watch for sneezes; whips out a curtsey, and then sends next morning to know how your cold does, and to desire your company next Thursday.

Mr. Whithed has taken my Lord Pembroke's house at

[1] Charlotte, sister of Lord Howe, and wife of Mr. Fettiplace.

[2] These lines are published in Walpole's Works.—D.

[3] Madame du Boccage published a poem in imitation of Milton, and another founded on Gesner's Death of Abel. She also translated Pope's Temple of Fame; but her principal work was "La Columbiade." It was at the house of this lady, at Paris, in 1775, that Johnson was annoyed at her footman's taking the sugar in his fingers and throwing it into his coffee. "I was going," says the Doctor, "to put it aside, but hearing it was made on purpose for me, I e'en tasted Tom's fingers." She died in 1802.—E.

Whitehall; a glorious situation, but as madly built as my lord himself was. He has bought some delightful pictures too, of Claude, Gaspar and good masters, to the amount of four hundred pounds.

Good night! I have nothing more to tell you, but that I have lately seen a Sir William Boothby, who saw you about a year ago, and adores you, as all the English you receive ought to do. He is much in my favour.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, May 15, 1750.

THE High-bailiff, after commending himself and his own impartiality for an hour this morning, not unlike your cousin Pelham, has declared Lord Trentham. The mob declare they will pull his house down to show their impartiality. The Princess has luckily produced another boy; so Sir George Vandeput may be recompensed with being godfather. I stand to-morrow, not for a member, but for godfather to my sister's girl, with Mrs. Selwyn and old Dunch: were ever three such dowagers? when shall three such meet again? If the babe has not a most sentimentally yellow complexion after such sureties, I will burn my books, and never answer for another skin.

You have heard, I suppose, that Nugent must answer a little more seriously for Lady Lymington's child. Why, she was as ugly as Mrs. Nugent, had had more children, and was not so young. The pleasure of wronging a woman, who had bought him so dear, could be the only temptation.

Adieu! I have told you all I know, and as much is scandal, very possibly more than is true. I go to Strawberry on Saturday, and so shall not know even scandal.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, May 19, 1750.

I DID not doubt but you would be diverted with the detail of absurdities that were committed after the earthquake: I could have filled more paper with such relations, if I had not feared tiring you. We have swarmed with sermons, essays, relations, poems, and exhortations on that subject. One Stukely, a parson, has accounted for it, and I think prettily, by electricity — but that is the fashionable cause, and every thing is resolved into electrical appearances, as formerly every thing was accounted for by Descartes's vortices, and Sir Isaac's gravitation. But they all take care, after accounting for the earthquake systematically, to assure you that still it was nothing less than a judgment. Dr. Barton, the rector of St. Andrews, was the only sensible, or at least honest divine, upon the occasion. When some women would have had him pray to them in his parish church against the intended shock, he excused himself on having a great cold. "And besides," said he, "you may go to St. James's church; the Bishop of Oxford is to preach there all night about earthquakes." Turner, a great china-man, at the corner of next street, had a jar cracked by the shock: he originally asked ten guineas for the pair; he now asks twenty, "because it is the only jar in Europe that has been cracked by an earthquake." But I have quite done with this topic. The Princess of Wales is lowering the price of princes, as the earthquake has raised old china; she has produced a fifth boy. In a few years we shall have Dukes of York and Lancaster popping out of bagnios and taverns as frequently as Duke Hamilton.[1] George Selwyn said a good thing the other day on another cheap dignity: he was asked who was playing at tennis? He replied, "Nobody but three markers and a *Regent*," your friend Lord Sandwich. While we are undervaluing all principalities and powers, you are making a

[1] Jones, sixth Duke of Hamilton, the husband of the beautiful Miss Gunning. He died in 1758.—D.

rout with them, for which I shall scold you. We had been diverted with the pompous accounts of the reception of the Margrave of Baden Dourlach at Rome; and now you tell me he has been put upon the same foot at Florence! I never heard his name when he was here, but on his being mob'd as he was going to Wanstead, and the people's calling him the Prince of Bad-door-lock. He was still less noticed than he of Modena.

Lord Bath is as well received at Paris as a German Margrave in Italy. Everybody goes to Paris: Lord Mountford was introduced to the King, who only said brutally enough, "*Ma foi! il est bien nourri!*" Lord Albemarle keeps an immense table there, with sixteen people in his kitchen; his aide-de-camps invite everybody, but he seldom graces the banquet himself, living retired out of the town with his old Columbine.[1] What an extraordinary man! with no fortune at all, and with slight parts, he has seventeen thousand a year from the government, which he squanders away, though he has great debts, and four or five numerous broods of children of one sort or other!

The famous Westminster election is at last determined, and Lord Trentham returned: the mob were outrageous, and pelted Colonel Waldegrave, whom they took for Mr. Leveson, from Covent-garden to the Park, and knocked down Mr. Offley, who was with him. Lord Harrington[2] was scarce better treated when he went on board a ship from Dublin. There are great commotions there about one Lucas, an apothecary, and favourite of the mob. The Lord Lieutenant bought off a Sir Richard Cox, a patriot, by a place in the revenue, though with great opposition from that silly mock-virtuoso, Billy Bristow, and that sillier Frederick Frankland, two oafs, whom you have seen in Italy, and who are commissioners there. Here are great disputes in the Regency, where Lord Harrington finds there is not spirit enough to discard these puppet-show heroes!

[1] Mademoiselle Gauchet.
[2] William Stanhope, Earl of Harrington, Lord Lieutenant.

We have got a second volume of Bower's[1] History of the Popes, but it is tiresome and pert, and running into a warmth and partiality that he had much avoided in his first volume. He has taken such pains to disprove the Pope's supremacy being acknowledged pretty early, that he has convinced me it was acknowledged. Not that you and I care whether it were or not. He is much admired here; but I am not good Christian enough to rejoice over him, because turned Protestant; nor honour his confessorship, when he ran away with the materials that were trusted to him to write for the papacy, and makes use of them to write against it. You know how impartial I am; I can love him for being shocked at a system of cruelty supporting nonsense; I can be pleased with the truths he tells; I can and do admire his style, and his genius in recovering a language that he forgot by six years old, so well as to excel in writing it, and yet I wish that all this had happened without any breach of trust!

Stosch has grievously offended me; but that he will little regard, as I can be of no use to him: he has sold or given his charming intaglio of the Gladiator to Lord Duncannon. I must reprove you a little who sent it; you know how much I pressed you to buy it for me, and how much I offered. I still think it one of the finest rings[2] I ever saw, and am mortified at not having it.

[1] Archibald Bower, a man of disreputable character, who was born in Scotland, of a Roman Catholic family, was educated at Douay and Rome, and became a Jesuit. Having been detected, as it is said, in an intrigue with a nun, he was forced to fly from Perugia, where he resided: and after a series of strange and not very creditable adventures, he arrived in England. Here he declared himself a Protestant; but, after some years, wishing to swindle the English Jesuits out of an annuity, he again returned to their order. Having got all he could from them, he *again returned* to Protestantism, and wrote his "History of the Popes," which was his principal literary work.—D. [Gibbon, speaking of Bower, in his Extraits de mon Journal for 1764, says, "He is a rogue unmasked, who enjoyed, for twenty years, the favour of the public, because he had quitted a sect to which he still secretly adhered; and because he had been a counsellor of the inquisition in the town of Macerata, where an inquisition never existed." Bower died in Bond Street, in September 1766, in his eighty-first year, and was buried in Mary-le-bone churchyard, where there is a monument to his memory.]

[2] It is engraved in Stosch's book: it is a Gladiator standing, with a vase by him on a table, on an exceedingly fine garnet.

Apropos to Bower; Miss Pelham had heard that he had foretold the return of the earthquake-fit: her father sent for him, to convince her that Bower was too sensible; but had the precaution to talk to him first: he replied gravely, that a fire was kindled under the earth, and he could not tell when it would blaze out. You may be sure he was not carried to the girl! Adieu!

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, June 23, 1750.

DEAR GEORGE,

As I am not Vanneck'd,[1] I have been in no hurry to thank you for your congratulation, and to assure you that I never knew what solid happiness was till I was married. Your Trevors and Rices dined with me last week at Strawberry Hill, and would have had me answer you upon the matrimonial tone, but I thought I should imitate cheerfulness in that style as ill as if I were really married. I have had another of your friends with me here some time, whom I adore, Mr. Bentley; he has more sense, judgment, and wit, more taste, and more misfortunes, than sure ever met in any man. I have heard that Dr. Bentley, regretting his want of taste for all such learning as his, which is the very want of taste, used to sigh and say, "Tully had his Marcus." If the sons resembled as much as the fathers did, at least in vanity, I would be the modest agreeable Marcus. Mr. Bentley tells me that you press him much to visit you at Hawkhurst. I advise him, and assure him he will make his fortune under you there; that you are an agent from the board of trade to the smugglers, and wallow in contraband wine, tea, and silk handkerchiefs. I found an old newspaper t'other day, with a list of outlawed smugglers; there were John Price, alias Miss Marjoram, Bob Plunder, Bricklayer Tom, and Robin Cursemother, all of

[1] Alluding to the projected marriages, which soon after took place, between two of the sons of his uncle, Lord Walpole; who each of them married a daughter of Sir Joshua Vanneck.—E.

Hawkhurst, in Kent. When Miss Harriet is thoroughly hardened at Buxton, as I hear she is by lying in a public room with the whole Wells, from drinking waters, I conclude she will come to sip nothing but new brandy.

As jolly and as abominable a life as she may have been leading, I defy all her enormities to equal a party of pleasure that I had t'other night. I shall relate it to you to show you the manners of the age, which are always as entertaining to a person fifty miles off, as to one born an hundred and fifty years after the time. I had a card from Lady Caroline Petersham to go with her to Vauxhall. I went accordingly to her house, and found her and the little Ashe,[1] or the Pollard Ashe, as they call her; they had just finished their last layer of red, and looked as handsome as crimson could make them. On the cabinet-door stood a pair of Dresden candlesticks, a present from the virgin hands of Sir John Bland: the branches of each formed a little bower over a cock and hen * * *. We issued into the mall to assemble our company, which was all the town, if we could get it; for just so many had been summoned, except Harry Vane,[2] whom we met by chance. We mustered the Duke of Kingston, whom Lady Caroline says she has been trying for these seven years; but alas! his beauty is at the fall of the leaf; Lord March,[3] Mr. Whithead, a pretty Miss Beauclerc, and a very foolish Miss Sparre. These two damsels were trusted by their mothers for the first time of their lives to the matronly care of Lady Caroline. As we sailed up the mall with all our colours flying, Lord Petersham,[4] with his hose and legs twisted to every point of crossness, strode by us on the outside, and repassed again on the return. At the end of the mall she called to him; he would not answer: she gave a familiar spring, and, between laugh and confusion, ran up to him, "My lord, my lord!

[1] Miss Ashe was said to have been of very high parentage. She married Mr. Falconer, an officer in the navy.—E.

[2] Eldest son of Lord Barnard, created Earl of Darlington in 1754.—E.

[3] Upon the death of Charles, Duke of Queensbury and Dover, he succeeded, in 1778, to the title of Queensbury, and died unmarried in 1810.—E.

[4] Afterwards Earl of Harrington. His gait was so singular, that he was generally known by the nick-name of Peter Shamble.—E.

why, you don't see us!" We advanced at a little distance, not a little awkward in expectation how all this would end, for my lord never stirred his hat, or took the least notice of anybody; she said, "Do you go with us, or are *you going anywhere else?*"—"I don't go with you, I am going *somewhere else;*" and away he stalked, as sulky as a ghost that nobody will speak to first. We got into the best order we could, and marched to our barge, with a boat of French horns attending, and little Ashe singing. We paraded some time up the river, and at last debarked at Vauxhall: there, if we had so pleased, we might have had the vivacity of our party increased by a quarrel; for a Mrs. Loyd,[1] who is supposed to be married to Lord Haddington, seeing the two girls following Lady Petersham and Miss Ashe, said aloud, "Poor girls, I am sorry to see them in such bad company!" Miss Sparre, who desired nothing so much as the fun of seeing a duel,—a thing which, though she is fifteen, she has never been so lucky to see,—took due pains to make Lord March resent this; but he, who is very lively and agreeable, laughed her out of this charming frolic with a great deal of humour. Here we picked up Lord Granby, arrived very drunk from Jenny's Whim;[2] where, instead of going to old Strafford's[3] catacombs to make honourable love, he had dined with Lady Fanny,[4] and left her and eight other women and four other men playing at brag. He would fain have made over his honourable love upon any terms to poor Miss Beauclerc, who is very modest, and did not know at all what to do with his whispers or his hands. He then addressed himself to the Sparre, who was very well disposed to receive both; but the tide of champagne turned, he hiccupped at the reflection of his marriage (of which he is wondrous sick), and only proposed to the girl to shut themselves up and

[1] She was afterwards married to Lord Haddington.—E.

[2] A tavern at the end of the wooden bridge at Chelsea, at that period much frequented by his lordship and other men of rank.—E.

[3] Anne, daughter and heiress of Sir Henry Johnson, widow of Thomas Lord Raby, created Earl of Strafford in 1711.—E.

[4] Lady Frances Seymour, eldest daughter of Charles, Duke of Somerset (known by the name of the Proud Duke), by his second Duchess, Lady Charlotte Finch. She was married in the following September to the Marquis of Granby.—E.

rail at the world for three weeks. If all the adventures don't conclude as you expect in the beginning of a paragraph, you must not wonder, for I am not making a history, but relating one strictly as it happened, and I think with full entertainment enough to content you. At last, we assembled in our booth, Lady Caroline in the front, with the vizor of her hat erect, and looking gloriously jolly and handsome. She had fetched my brother Orford from the next box, where he was enjoying himself with his *petite partie*, to help us to mince chickens. We minced seven chickens into a china dish, which Lady Caroline stewed over a lamp with three pats of butter and a flagon of water, stirring, and rattling, and laughing, and we every minute expecting to have the dish fly about our ears. She had brought Betty, the fruit-girl, with hampers of strawberries and cherries from Rogers's, and made her wait upon us, and then made her sup by us at a little table. The conversation was no less lively than the whole transaction. There was a Mr. O'Brien arrived from Ireland, who would get the Duchess of Manchester from Mr. Hussey, if she were still at liberty. I took up the biggest hautboy in the dish, and said to Lady Caroline, "Madam, Miss Ashe desires you would eat this O'Brien strawberry:" she replied immediately, "I won't, you hussey." You may imagine the laugh this reply occasioned. After the tempest was a little calmed, the Pollard said, "Now, how anybody would spoil this story that was to repeat it, and say, I won't, you jade!" In short, the whole air of our party was sufficient, as you will easily imagine, to take up the whole attention of the garden; so much so, that from eleven o'clock till half an hour after one we had the whole concourse round our booth: at last, they came into the little gardens of each booth on the sides of ours, till Harry Vane took up a bumper, and drank their healths, and was proceeding to treat them with still greater freedom. It was three o'clock before we got home. I think I have told you the chief passages. Lord Granby's temper had been a little ruffled the night before: the Prince had invited him and Dick Lyttelton to Kew, where he won eleven hundred pounds of the latter, and eight of the former, then cut, and told them he

would play with them no longer, for he saw they played so idly, that they were capable of " losing more than they would like."

Adieu! I expect in return for this long tale that you will tell me some of your frolics with Robin Cursemother, and some of Miss Marjoram's *bon-mots.*

P.S. Dr. Middleton called on me yesterday: he is come to town to consult his physician for a jaundice and swelled legs, symptoms which, the doctor tells him, and which he believes, can be easily cured; I think him visibly broke, and near his end.[1] He lately advised me to marry, on the sense of his own happiness; but if anybody had advised him to the contrary, at his time of life,[2] I believe he would not have broke so soon.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, July 25, 1750.

I TOLD you my idle season was coming on, and that I should have great intervals between my letters; have not I kept my word? For anything I have to tell you, I might have kept it a month longer. I came out of Essex last night, and find the town quite depopulated: I leave it to-morrow, and go to Mr. Conway's,[3] in Buckinghamshire, with only giving a transient glance on Strawberry Hill. Don't imagine I am grown fickle; I thrust all my visits into a heap, and then am quiet for the rest of the season. It is so much

[1] Warburton, in a letter to Hurd, of the 11th of July, says, " I hear Dr. Middleton has been lately in London, (I suppose, to consult Dr. Heberden about his health,) and is returned in an extreme bad condition. The scribblers against him will say they have killed him; but, by what Mr. Yorke told me, his bricklayer will dispute the honour of his death with them."—E.

[2] The Doctor had recently taken a third wife, the relict of a Bristol merchant. On making her a matrimonial visit, Bishop Gooch told Mrs. Middleton that " he was glad she did not dislike the *Ancients* so much as her husband did." She replied, " that she hoped his lordship did not reckon her husband among the Ancients yet." The Bishop answered, " You, Madam, are the best judge of that." Nichols's Literary Anecdotes, vol. v. p. 422.—E.

[3] Mr. Conway had hired Latimers, in Buckinghamshire, for three years.

the way in England to jaunt about, that one can't avoid it; but it convinces me that people are more tired of themselves and the country than they care to own.

Has your brother told you that my Lord Chesterfield has bought the Houghton lantern? the famous lantern, that produced so much patriot wit;[1] and very likely some of his lordship's? My brother had bought a much handsomer at Lord Cholmondeley's sale; for, with all the immensity of the celebrated one, it was ugly, and too little for the hall. He would have given it to my Lord Chesterfield rather than he should not have had it.

You tell us nothing of your big events, of the quarrel of the Pope and the Venetians, on the Patriarchate of Aquileia. We look upon it as so decisive that I should not wonder if Mr. Lyttelton, or Whitfield the Methodist, were to set out for Venice, to make them a tender of some of our religions.

Is it true too what we hear, that the Emperor has turned the tables on her Cæsarean jealousy,[2] and discarded Metastasio the poet, and that the latter is gone mad upon it, instead of hugging himself on coming off so much better than his predecessor in royal love and music, David Rizzio? I believe I told you that one of your sovereigns, and an intimate friend of yours, King Theodore, is in the King's Bench prison. I have so little to say, that I don't care if I do tell you the same thing twice. He lived in a privileged place; his creditors seized him by making him believe Lord Granville wanted him on business of importance; he bit at it, and concluded they were both to be re-instated at once. I have desired Hogarth to go and steal his picture for me; though I suppose one might easily buy a sitting of him. The King of Portugal (and when I have told you this, I have done

[1] In one pamphlet, the noise on this lantern was so exaggerated, that the author said, on a journey to Houghton, he was carried first into a glass-room, which he supposed was the porter's lodge, but proved to be the lantern. [This lantern, which hung from the ceiling of the hall, was for eighteen candles, and of copper gilt. It was the Craftsman which made so much noise about it.]

[2] The Empress Maria Theresa, who was very jealous, and with reason, of her husband, the Emperor Francis.—D.

with kings) has bought a handsome house here[1] for the residence of his ministers.

I believe you have often heard me mention a Mr. Ashton,[2] a clergyman, who, in one word, has great preferments, and owes everything upon earth to me. I have long had reason to complain of his behaviour; in short, my father is dead, and I can make no bishops. He has at last quite thrown off the mask, and in the most direct manner, against my will, has written against my friend Dr. Middleton,[3] taking for his motto these lines,

> " Nullius addictus jurare in verba Magistri,
> Quid verum atque decens curo et rogo, et omnis in hoc sum."

I have forbid him my house, and wrote this paraphrase upon his picture,

> " Nullius addictus munus meminisse Patroni,
> Quid vacat et qui dat, curo et rogo, et omnis in hoc sum."

I own it was pleasant to me the other day, on meeting Mr. Tonson, his bookseller, at the Speaker's, and asking him if he had sold many of Mr. Ashton's books, to be told, " Very few indeed, Sir!"

I beg you will thank Dr. Cocchi much for his book; I will thank him much more when I have received and read it. His friend, Dr. Mead, is undone; his fine collection is going to be sold: he owes about five-and-twenty thousand pounds. All the world thought him immensely rich; but, besides the expense of his collection, he kept a table, for which alone he is said to have allowed seventy pounds a-week.

[1] In South Audley Street. (It continued to be the residence of the Portuguese ambassadors till the year 1831.—D.)

[2] Thomas Ashton, fellow of Eton College, and rector of St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate. [See vol. i. p. 10.]

[3] Dr. Conyers Middleton, author of the Life of Cicero. [The Doctor died three days after the date of this letter, in his sixty-seventh year.]

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 2, 1750.

I HAD just sent my letter to the Secretary's office the other day, when I received yours: it would have prevented my reproving you for not mentioning the quarrel between the Pope and the Venetians; and I should have had time to tell you that Dr. Mead's bankruptcy is contradicted. I don't love to send you falsities, so I tell you this is contradicted, though it is by no means clear that he is not undone —he is scarce worth making an article in two letters.

I don't wonder that Marquis Acciaudi's villa did not answer to you: by what I saw in Tuscany and by the prints, their villas are strangely out of taste, and laboured by their unnatural regularity and art to destroy the romanticness of the situations. I wish you could see the villas and seats here! the country wears a new face; everybody is improving their places, and as they don't fortify their plantations with intrenchments of walls and high hedges, one has the benefit of them even in passing by. The dispersed buildings, I mean, temples, bridges, &c. are generally Gothic or Chinese, and give a whimsical air of novelty that is very pleasing. You would like a drawing-room in the latter style that I fancied and have been executing at Mr. Rigby's, in Essex; it has large and very fine Indian landscapes, with a black fret round them, and round the whole entablature of the room, and all the ground or hanging is of pink paper. While I was there, we had eight of the hottest days that ever were felt; they say, some degrees beyond the hottest in the East Indies, and that the Thames was more so than the hot well at Bristol. The guards died on their posts at Versailles; and here a Captain Halyburton, brother-in-law of Lord Morton, went mad with the excess of it.

Your brother Gal. will, I suppose, be soon making improvements like the rest of the world: he has bought an estate in Kent, called Bocton Malherbe, famous enough for having belonged to two men who, in my opinion, have very

little title to fame, Sir Harry Wotton and my Lord Chesterfield. I must have the pleasure of being the first to tell you that your pedigree is finished at last; a most magnificent performance, and that will make a pompous figure in a future great hall at Bocton Malherbe, when your great-nephews or great-grandchildren shall be Earls, &c. My cousin Lord Conway is made Earl of Hertford, as a branch of the Somersets: Sir Edward Seymour gave his approbation handsomely. He has not yet got the dukedom himself, as there is started up a Dr. Seymour who claims it, but will be able to make nothing out.

Dr. Middleton is dead—not killed by Mr. Ashton—but of a decay that came upon him at once. The Bishop of London[1] will perhaps make a jubilee[2] for his death, and then we shall draw off some of your crowds of travellers. Tacitus Gordon[3] died the same day; he married the widow of Trenchard,[4] (with whom he wrote Cato's letters,) at the same time that Dr. Middleton married her companion. The Bishop of Durham (Chandler),[5] another great writer of controversy, is dead too, immensely rich; he is succeeded by Butler[6] of Bris-

[1] Thomas Sherlock, translated from the see of Salisbury in 1748. He died in 1761.—D.

[2] This alludes to the supposed want of orthodoxy shown by Dr. Middleton in some of his theological writings.—D.

[3] Thomas Gordon, the translator of Sallust and Tacitus; and also a political writer of his day of considerable notoriety. His death happening at the same time as that of Dr. Middleton, Lord Bolingbroke said to Dr. Heberden, "then there is the best writer in England gone, and the worst."—E.

[4] John Trenchard, son of Sir John Trenchard, secretary of state to King William the Third, was born in 1669. He wrote various political pamphlets of a democratic cast. In 1720 he published, in conjunction with Thomas Gordon, a series of political letters, under the signature of "Cato." They appeared at first in the "London Journal," and afterwards in the "British Journal," two newspapers of the day. They obtained great celebrity, as well from the merit of their composition, as from the boldness of the principles they advocated. These consisted in an uncompromising hostility to the Government and to the Church. Trenchard was member of parliament for Taunton, and died in 1723. —D.

[5] Edward Chandler, a learned prelate, and author of various polemical works. He had been raised to the see of Durham in 1730, as it was then said, by simoniacal means.—D.

[6] Joseph Butler, the learned and able author of "The Analogy of Religion, Natural and Revealed, to the Constitution and Cause of Nature.'

tol, a metaphysic author, much patronized by the late Queen; she never could make my father read his book, and which she certainly did not understand herself: he told her his religion was fixed, and that he did not want to change or improve it. A report is come of the death of the King of Portugal, and of the young Pretender; but that I don't believe.

I have been in town for a day or two, and heard no conversation but about M'Lean, a fashionable highwayman, who is just taken, and who robbed me among others; as Lord Eglinton, Sir Thomas Robinson of Vienna, Mrs. Talbot, &c. He took an odd booty from the Scotch Earl, a blunderbuss, which lies very formidably upon the justice's table. He was taken by selling a laced waistcoat to a pawnbroker, who happened to carry it to the very man who had just sold the lace. His history is very particular, for he confesses every thing, and is so little of a hero, that he cries and begs, and I believe, if Lord Eglinton had been in any luck, might have been robbed of his own blunderbuss. His father was an Irish Dean; his brother is a Calvinist minister in great esteem at the Hague. He himself was a grocer, but losing a wife that he loved extremely about two years ago, and by whom he has one little girl, he quitted his business with two hundred pounds in his pocket, which he soon spent, and then took to the road with only one companion, Plunket, a journeyman apothecary, my other friend, whom he has impeached, but who is not taken. M'Lean had a lodging in St. James's Street, over against White's, and another at Chelsea; Plunket one in Jermyn Street; and their faces are as known about St. James's as any gentleman's who lives in that quarter, and who perhaps goes upon the road too. M'Lean had a quarrel at Putney bowling-green two months ago with an officer, whom he challenged for disputing his rank; but the captain declined, till M'Lean should produce a certificate of his nobility, which he has just received. If he had escaped a month longer, he might have heard of Mr. Chute's genealogic ex-

This is the "Book," here alluded to, of which Queen Caroline was so fond, that she made the fortune of its author. Bishop Butler died much regretted in 1752.—D.

pertness, and come hither to the College of Arms for a certificate. There was a wardrobe of clothes, three-and-twenty purses, and the celebrated blunderbuss found at his lodgings, besides a famous kept mistress. As I conclude he will suffer, and wish him no ill, I don't care to have his idea, and am almost single in not having been to see him. Lord Mountford, at the head of half White's, went the first day: his aunt was crying over him: as soon as they were withdrawn, she said to him, knowing they were of White's, "My dear, what did the lords say to you? have you ever been concerned with any of them?"—Was not it admirable? what a favourable idea people must have of White's!—and what if White's should not deserve a much better! But the chief personages who have been to comfort and weep over this fallen hero are Lady Caroline Petersham and Miss Ashe: I call them Polly and Lucy, and asked them if he did not sing

"Thus I stand like the Turk with his doxies around."[1]

Another celebrated Polly has been arrested for thirty pounds, even the old Cuzzoni.[2] The Prince of Wales bailed her—who will do as much for him?

I am much obliged to you for your intended civilities to my liking Madame Capello; but as I never liked any thing of her, but her prettiness, for she is an idiot, I beg you will dispense with them on my account: I should even be against your renewing your garden assemblies: you would be too good to pardon the impertinence of the Florentines, and would very likely expose yourself to more: besides, the absurdities which English travelling boys are capable of, and likely to act or conceive, always gave me apprehensions of your meeting with disagreeable scenes—and then there is another animal still more absurd than Florentine men or English boys, and that is, travelling governors, who are mischievous into the bargain, and whose pride is always hurt because they are sure of its never being indulged. They will not learn the world, because they are sent to teach it, and as

[1] The last song in the Beggar's Opera.
[2] A celebrated Italian singer.—D.

they come forth more ignorant of it than their pupils, take care to return with more prejudices, and as much care to instill all theirs into their pupils. Don't assemble them!

Since I began my letter, the King of Portugal's death is contradicted: for the future, I will be as circumspect as one of your Tuscan residents was, who being here in Oliver's time, wrote to his court, "Some say the Protector is dead; others that he is not: for my part, I believe neither one nor t'other."

Will you send me some excellent melon seeds? I have a neighbour who shines in fruit, and have promised to get him some: Zatteè, I think he says, is a particular sort. I don't know the best season for sending them, but you do, and will oblige me by some of the best sorts.

I suppose you know all that execrable history that occasioned an insurrection lately at Paris, where they were taking up young children to try to people one of their colonies, in which grown persons could never live. You have seen too, to be sure, in the papers the bustle that has been all this winter about purloining some of our manufacturers to Spain. I was told to-day that the informations, if they had had rope given them, would have reached to General Wall.[1] Can you wonder? Why should Spain prefer a native of England[2] to her own subjects, but because he could and would do us more hurt than a Spaniard could? a grandee is a more harmless animal by far than an Irish Papist. We stifled this evidence: we are in their power; we forgot at the last peace to renew the most material treaty! Adieu! *You* would not forget a material treaty.

[1] The Spanish ambassador to the court of London.—E.

[2] General Richard Wall was of Irish parents, but I believe not born in these dominions. [He came to England in 1747, on a secret mission from Ferdinand, and continued as ambassador at the British court till 1754, when he was recalled, to fill the high office of minister for foreign affairs.]

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Sept. 1, 1750.

HERE, my dear child, I have two letters of yours to answer. I will go answer them; and then, if I have anything to tell you, I will. I accept very thankfully all the civilities you showed to Madame Capello on my account, but don't accept her on my account: I don't know who has told you that I liked her, but you may believe me, I never did. For the Damers,[1] they have lived much in the same world that I do. He is moderately sensible, immoderately proud, self-sufficient, and whimsical. She is very sensible, has even humour, if the excessive reserve and silence that she draws from both father and mother would let her, I may almost say, ever show it. You say, "What people do we send you!" I reply, "What people we do not send you!" Those that travel are reasonable, compared with those who can never prevail on themselves to stir beyond the atmosphere of their own whims. I am convinced that the opinions I give you about several people must appear very misanthropic; but yet, you see, you are generally forced to own at last that I did not speak from prejudice: but I won't triumph, since you own that I was in the right about the Barrets. I was a little peevish with you in your last, when I came to the paragraph where you begin to say "I have made use of all the interest I have with Mr. Pelham."[2] I concluded you was proceeding to say, "to procure your arrears;" instead of that, it was, to make him serve Mr. Milbank — will you never have done obliging people? do begin to think of being obliged. I dare say Mr. Milbank is a very pretty sort of man, very sensible of your attentions, and who will never forget them — till he is past the Giogo.[3] You recommend him to me: to show you that I have not naturally an inclination

[1] Joseph Damer, afterwards created Baron Milton in Ireland, married Lady Caroline Sackville, daughter of Lionel, Duke of Dorset.

[2] Thomas Pelham, of Stanmer; a young gentleman who travelled with Mr. Milbank.

[3] The highest part of the Apennine between Florence and Bologna.

to hate people, I am determined not to be acquainted with him, that I may not hate him for forgetting you. Mr. Pelham will be a little surprised at not finding his sister[1] at Hanover. That was all a pretence of his wise relations here, who grew uneasy that he was happy in a way that they had not laid out for him: Mrs. Temple is in Sussex. They looked upon the pleasure of an amour of choice as a transient affair; so, to make his satisfaction permanent, they propose to *marry* him, and to a girl[2] he scarce ever saw!

I suppose you have heard all the exorbitant demands of the heralds for your pedigree! I have seen one this morning, infinitely richer and better done, which will not cost more: it is for my Lady Pomfret. You would be entertained with all her imagination in it. She and my lord both descend from Edward the First, by his two Queens. The pedigree is painted in a book: instead of a vulgar genealogical tree, she has devised a pine-apple plant, sprouting out of a basket, on which is King Edward's head; on the leaves are all the intermediate arms: the fruit is sliced open, and discovers the busts of the Earl and Countess, from whence issue their issue! I have had the old Vere pedigree lately in my hands, which derives that house from Lucius Verus; but I am now grown to bear no descent but my Lord Chesterfield's, who has placed among the portraits of his ancestors two old heads, inscribed *Adam de Stanhope* and *Eve de Stanhope;* the ridicule is admirable. Old Peter Leneve, the herald, who thought ridicule consisted in not being of an old family, made this epitaph, and it was a good one, for young Craggs, whose father had been a footman, "Here lies the last who died before the first of his family!" Pray mind, how I string old stories to-day! This old Craggs,[3] who was

[1] Mrs. Temple, widow of Lord Palmerston's son: she was afterwards married to Lord Abergavenny.

[2] Frances, second daughter of Henry Pelham, chancellor of the exchequer. Mr. Thomas Pelham married Miss Frankland.

[3] The two Craggs, father and son, were successively members of the administration during the reign of George the First, in the post of secretary of state. The father died in 1718, and the son in 1720; and Pope consecrated a beautiful epitaph to the memory of the latter. They are

angry with Arthur More, who had worn a livery too, and who was getting into a coach with him, turned about and said, "Why, Arthur, I am always going to get up behind; are not you?" I told this story the other day to George Selwyn, whose passion is to see coffins and corpses, and executions: he replied, "that Arthur More had had his coffin chained to that of his mistress."—"Lord!" said I, "how do you know?"—"Why, I saw them the other day in a vault at St. Giles's." He was walking this week in Westminster Abbey with Lord Abergavenny, and met the man who shows the tombs, "Oh! your servant, Mr. Selwyn; I expected to have seen you here the other day, when the old Duke of Richmond's body was taken up." Shall I tell you another story of George Selwyn before I tap the chapter of Richmond, which you see opens here very *apropos?* With this strange and dismal turn, he has infinite fun and humour in him. He went lately on a party of pleasure to see places with Lord Abergavenny and a pretty Mrs. Frere, who love one another a little. At Cornbury there are portraits of all the royalists and regicides, and illustrious headless.[1] Mrs. Frere ran about, looked at nothing, let him look at nothing, screamed about Indian paper, and hurried over all the rest. George grew peevish, called her back, told her it was monstrous,

both supposed to have been deeply implicated in the iniquities of the South Sea bubble.—D.

[1] This was the celebrated collection of portraits, principally by Vandyck, which Lord Dartmouth, in his notes on Burnet, distinctly accuses the Lord Chancellor Clarendon of having obtained by rapacious and corrupt means; that is, as bribes from the "old rebels," who had plundered them from the houses of the royalists, and who, at the restoration, found it necessary to make fair weather with the ruling powers. The extensive and miscellaneous nature of the collection (now divided between Bothwell Castle, in Scotland, and The Grove, in Hertfordshire) very strongly confirms this accusation. An additional confirmation is to be found in a letter of Walpole, addressed to Richard Bentley, Esq. and dated Sept. 1753, in which he says, "At Burford I saw the house of Mr. Lenthal, the descendant of the Speaker. The front is good; and a chapel, connected by two or three arches, which let the garden appear through, has a pretty effect; but the inside of the mansion is bad, and ill-furnished. Except a famous picture of Sir Thomas More's family, the portraits are rubbish, though celebrated. I am told that the Speaker, who really had a fine collection, made his peace by presenting them to Cornbury, where they were well known, till the Duke of Marlborough bought that seat."—D.

when he had come so far with her, to let him see nothing; "And you are a fool, you don't know what you missed in the other room."—"Why, what?"—"Why, my Lord Holland's[1] picture."—"Well! what is my Lord Holland to me?"—"Why, do you know," said he, "that my Lord Holland's body lies in the same vault in Kensington church with my Lord Abergavenny's mother?" Lord! she was so obliged, and thanked him a thousand times.

The Duke of Richmond is dead, vastly lamented: the Duchess is left in great circumstances. Lord Albemarle, Lord Lincoln, the Duke of Marlborough, Duke of Leeds, and the Duke of Rutland, are talked of for master of the horse. The first is likeliest to succeed; the Pelhams wish most to have the last: you know he is Lady Catherine's brother, and at present attached to the Prince. His son Lord Granby's match, which is at last to be finished to-morrow, has been a mighty topic of conversation lately. The bride is one of the great heiresses of old proud Somerset. Lord Winchilsea, who is her uncle, and who has married the other sister very loosely to his own relation, Lord Guernsey, has tied up Lord Granby so rigorously that the Duke of Rutland has endeavoured to break the match. She has four thousand pounds a-year: he is said to have the same in present, but not to touch hers. He is in debt ten thousand pounds. She was to give him ten, which now Lord Winchilsea refuses. Upon the strength of her fortune, Lord Granby proposed to treat her with presents of twelve thousand pounds; but desired her to buy them. She, who never saw nor knew the value of ten shillings while her father lived, and has had no time to learn it, bespoke away so roundly, that for one article of the plate she ordered ten sauceboats: besides this, she and her sister have squandered seven thousand pounds a-piece in all kind of baubles and frippery; so her four thousand pounds a-year is to be set apart for two years to pay her debts. Don't you like this English management? two of the greatest fortunes meeting and setting out with

[1] Henry Rich, Earl of Holland, the favourite of Queen Henrietta Maria.—D.

poverty and want! Sir Thomas Bootle, the Prince's chancellor, who is one of the guardians, wanted to have her tradesmen's bills taxed; but in the mean time he has wanted to marry her Duchess-mother: his love-letter has been copied and dispersed everywhere. To give you a sufficient instance of his absurdity, the first time he went with the Prince of Wales to Cliefden, he made a night-gown, cap, and slippers of gold brocade, in which he came down to breakfast the next morning.

My friend M'Lean is still the fashion: have not I reason to call him my friend? He says, if the pistol had shot me, he had another for himself. Can I do less than say I will be hanged if he is? They have made a print, a very dull one, of what I think I said to Lady Caroline Petersham about him,

"Thus I stand like the Turk with his doxies around!"

You have seen in the papers a Hanoverian duel, but may be you don't know that it was an affair of jealousy. Swiegel, the slain, was here two years ago, and paid his court so assiduously to the Countess,[1] that it was intimated to him to return; and the summer *we* went thither afterwards, he was advised to stay at his villa. Since that, he has grown more discreet and a favourite. Freychappel came hither lately, was proclaimed a beauty by the monarch, and to return the compliment, made a tender of all his charms where Swiegel had. The latter recollected his own passion, jostled Freychappel, fought, and was killed. I am glad he never heard what poor Gibberne was intended for.

They have put in the papers a good story made on White's: a man dropped down dead at the door, was carried in; the club immediately made bets whether he was dead or not, and when they were going to bleed him, the wagerers for his death interposed, and said it would affect the fairness of the bet.

Mr. Whithed has been so unlucky as to have a large part of his seat,[2] which he had just repaired, burnt down: it is a great disappointment to me too, who was going thither

[1] Lady Yarmouth.

[2] Southwick, in Hampshire.

gothicizing. I want an act of parliament to make master-builders liable to pay for any damage occasioned by fire before their workmen have quitted it. Adieu! This I call a very gossiping letter; I wish you don't call it worse.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 10, 1750.

You must not pretend to be concerned at having missed one here, when I had repeatedly begged you to let me know what day you would call; and even after you had learnt that I was to come the next day, you paraded by my house with all your matrimonial streamers flying, without even saluting the future castle. To punish this slight, I shall accept your offer of a visit on the return of your progress; I shall be here, and Mrs. Leneve will not.

I feel for the poor Handasyde.[1] If I wanted examples for to deter one from making all the world happy, from obliging, from being always in good-humour and spirits, she should be my memento. You find long wise faces every day, that tell you riches cannot make one happy. No, can't they? What pleasantry is that poor woman fallen from! and what a joyous feel must Vanneck[2] have expired in, who could call and think the two Schutzes his friends, and leave five hundred pounds a-piece to their friendship: nay, riches made him so happy, that, in the overflowing of his satisfaction, he has bequeathed a hundred pounds a-piece to eighteen fellows, whom he calls his good friends, that favoured him with their company on Fridays. He took it mighty kind that Captain James de Normandie, and twenty such names, that came out of the Minories, would constrain themselves to live upon him once a week.

I should like to visit the castles and groves of your old Welsh ancestors with you: by the draughts I have seen, I

[1] The widow of Brigadier-General Handasyde.—E.

[2] The legacies bequeathed by Gerard Vanneck amounted altogether to more than a hundred thousand pounds. The residue of his property he left to his brother, Joshua Vanneck, ancestor of Lord Huntingfield.—E.

have always imagined that Wales preserved the greatest remains of ancient days, and have often wished to visit Picton Castle, the seat of my Philipps-progenitors.

Make my best compliments to your sisters, and with their leave make haste to this side of the world; you will be extremely welcome hither as soon and for as long as you like: I can promise you nothing very agreeable, but that I will try to get our favourite Mr. Bentley to meet you. Adieu!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Sept. 20, 1750.

I ONLY write you a line or two to answer some of your questions, and to tell you that I can't answer others. I have inquired much about Dr. Mead, but can't tell you any thing determinately: his family positively deny the foundation of the reports, but everybody does not believe their evidence. Your brother is positive that there is much of truth in his being undone, and even that there will be a sale of his collection[1] when the town comes to town. I wish for Dr. Cocchi's sake it may be false. I have given your brother Middleton's last piece to send you. Another fellow of Eton[2] has popped out a sermon against the Doctor since his death, with a note to one of the pages, that is the true sublime of ecclesiastic absurdity. He is speaking against the custom of dividing the Bible into chapters and verses, and says it often encumbers the sense. This note, though long, I must transcribe, for it would wrong the author to paraphrase his nonsense:—"It is to be wished, therefore, I think, that a fair edition were set forth of the original Scriptures, *for the use of learned men in their closets*, in which there should be no notice, either in the text or margin, of chapter, or verse, or paragraph, or any such arbitrary distinctions, (now mind,) and I might go so far as to say even *any pointings or stops*. It could not but be matter of much satisfaction, and much

[1] His collection was not sold till after his death, in the years 1754 and 1755.

[2] William Cooke.

use, to have it in our power to recur occasionally to such an edition, where the understanding might have full range, free from any external influence from the eye, and the continual danger of being either confined or misguided by it." Well, Dr. Cocchi, do English divines yield to the Romish for refinements in absurdity! did one ever hear of a better way of making sense of any writing than by reading it without stops! Most of the parsons that read the first and second lessons practise Mr. Cooke's method of making them intelligible, for they seldom observe any stops. George Selwyn proposes to send the man his own sermon, and desire him to scratch out the stops, in order to help it to some sense.

For the questions in Florentine politics, and who are to be your governors, I am totally ignorant: you must ask Sir Charles Williams; he is the present ruling star of our negotiations. His letters are as much admired as ever his verses were. He has met the ministers of the two angry Empresses, and pacified Russian savageness and Austrian haughtiness. He is to teach the monarch of Prussia to fetch and carry, unless they happen to treat in iambics, or begin to settle the limits of Parnassus instead of those of Silesia. As he is so good a pacificator, I don't know but we may want his assistance at home before the end of the winter:

> With secretaries, secretaries jar,
> And rival bureaus threat approaching war.

Those that deal in elections look still higher, and snuff a new parliament; but I don't believe the King ill, for the Prince is building baby-houses at Kew; and the Bishop of Oxford has laid aside his post-obit views on Canterbury, and is come roundly back to St. James's for the deanery of St. Paul's.[1] I could not help being diverted the other day with the life of another Bishop of Oxford, one Parker, who, like Secker, set out a Presbyterian, and died King James the Second's arbitrary master of Maudlin college.[2]

M'Lean is condemned, and will hang. I am honourably mentioned in a Grub-street ballad for not having contributed

[1] Dr. Secker. In November he was appointed to the said deanery.—E.
[2] There is the following entry in Evelyn's Diary for March 23, 1687-8:

to his sentence. There are as many prints and pamphlets about him as about the earthquake. His profession grows no joke: I was sitting in my own dining-room on Sunday night, the clock had not struck eleven, when I heard a loud cry of "Stop thief!" a highwayman had attacked a post-chaise in Piccadilly, within fifty yards of this house: the fellow was pursued, rode over the watchman, almost killed him, and escaped. I expect to be robbed some night in my own garden at Strawberry; I have a pond of gold fish, that to be sure they will steal to burn like old lace; and they may very easily, for the springs are so much sunk with this hot summer that I am forced to water my pond once a-week! The season is still so fine, that I yesterday, in Kensington town, saw a horse-chesnut tree in second bloom.

As I am in town, and not within the circle of Pope's walks, I may tell you a story without fearing he should haunt me with the ghost of a satire. I went the other day to see little Spence,[1] who fondles an old mother in imitation of Pope. The good old woman was mighty civil to me, and, among other chat, said she supposed I had a good neighbour in Mr. Pope. "Lord! Madam, he has been dead these seven years!"—"Alas! ay, Sir, I had forgot." When the poor old soul dies, how Pope will set his mother's spectre upon her for daring to be ignorant "if Dennis be alive or dead!"[2]

"Dr. Parker, Bishop of Oxford, who so lately published his extraordinary treatise about transubstantiation, and for abrogating the test and penal laws, died. He was esteemed a violent, passionate, haughty man; but yet being pressed to declare for the church of Rome, he utterly refused it. A remarkable end."—E.

[1] The Rev. Joseph Spence, author of an Essay on Pope's Odyssey, Polymetis, &c. [See vol. i. pp. 27, 65. He was always strongly attached to his mother. When on his travels, in 1739, he thus wrote to her: — "I am for happiness in my own way; and according to my notions of it, I might as well, and better, have it in living with you, at our cottage at Birch-anger, than in any palace. As my affairs stand at present, 'tis likely that we shall have enough to live quite at our ease: when I desire more than that, may I lose what I have!"—E.]

[2] "I was not born for courts or great affairs;
I pay my debts, believe, and say my prayers;
Can sleep without a poem in my head,
Nor know if Dennis be alive or dead."

Pope, Prologue to Satires.—E.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Oct. 18, 1750.

I HAD determined so seriously to write Dr. Cocchi a letter myself to thank him for his Baths of Pisa, that it was impossible not to break my resolution. It was to be in Italian, because I thought their superlative *issimos* would most easily express how much I like it, and I had already gathered a tolerable quantity together, of *entertaining*, *charming*, *useful*, *agreeable*, and had cut and turned them into the best sounding Tuscan adjectives I could find in my memory or my Crusca: but, alack! when I came to range them, they did not fadge at all; they neither expressed what I would say, nor half what I would say, and so I gave it all up, and am reduced to beg you would say it all for me; and make as many excuses and as many thanks for me as you can, between your receiving this, and your next going to bully Richcourt, or whisper Count Lorenzi. I laughed vastly at your idea of the latter's *hopping into matrimony;* and I like as much Stainville's jumping into Richcourt's place. If your pedigree, which is on its journey, arrives before his fall, he will not dare to exclude you from the *libro d'oro*—why, child, you will find yourself as sumptuously descended as

——"All the blood of all the Howards,"

or as the best-bred Arabian mare, that ever neighed beneath Abou-âl-eb-saba-bedin-lolo-ab-alnin! But pray now, how does *cet homme là*, as the Princess used to call him, dare to tap the chapter of birth? I thought he had not had a grandfather since the creation, that was not born within these twenty years!—But come, I must tell you news, big news! the treaty of commerce with Spain is arrived *signed*. Nobody expected it would ever come, which I believe is the reason it is reckoned so good; for *autrement* one should not make the most favourable conjectures, as they don't tell us how good it is. In general, they say, the South Sea Com-

pany is to have one hundred thousand pounds in lieu of their annual ship; which, if it is not over and above the ninety-five thousand pounds that was allowed to be due to them, it appears to me only as if there were some halfpence remaining when the bill was paid, and the King of Spain had given them to the Company to drink his health. What does look well for the treaty is, that stocks rise to high-water mark; and what is to me as clear, is, that the exploded *Don Benjamin*[1] has repaired what the *patriot* Lord Sandwich had forgot, or not known to do at Aix-la-Chapelle. I conclude Keene will now come over and enjoy the Sabbath of his toils. He and Sir Charles are the plenipotentiaries in fashion. Pray, brush up your *Minyhood*, and figure too: blow the coals between the Pope and the Venetians, till the Inquisition burns the latter, and they the Inquisition. If you should happen to receive instructions on this head, don't wait for *St. George's day* before you present your memorial to the Senate, as they say Sir Harry Wotton was forced to do for St. James's, when those aquatic republicans had quarrelled with Paul the Fifth, and James the First thought the best way in the world to broach a schism was by beginning it with a quibble. I have had some *Protestant* hopes too of a civil war in France, between the King and his clergy: but it is a dull age, and people don't set about cutting one another's throats with any spirit! Robbing is the only thing that goes on with any vivacity, though my friend Mr. M'Lean is hanged. The first Sunday after his condemnation, three thousand people went to see him; he fainted away twice with the heat of his cell. You can't conceive the ridiculous rage there is of going to Newgate; and the prints that are published of the malefactors, and the memoirs of their lives

[1] Benjamin Keene, afterwards knight of the bath, ambassador at Madrid, was exceedingly abused by the Opposition in Sir Robert Walpole's time, under the name of Don Benjamin, for having made the convention in 1739. [Mr. Pelham, in a letter to Mr. Pitt of the 12th of October 1750, announcing the signing of the treaty with Spain, says, "I hope and believe, when you see it and consider the whole, you will be of opinion, that my friend Keene has acted ably, honestly, and bravely; but, poor man! he is so sore with old bruises, that he still feels the smart, and fears another thrashing." See Chatham Correspondence, vol. i. p. 50.]

and deaths set forth with as much parade as — as — Marshal Turenne's — we have no Generals worth making a parallel.

The pasquinade was a very good one.[1] When I was desiring you to make speeches for me to Dr. Cocchi, I might as well have drawn a bill upon you too in Mr. Chute's name; for I am sure he will never write himself. Indeed, at present he is in his brother's purgatory, and then you will not wonder if he does nothing but pray to get out of it. I am glad you are getting into a villa: my castle will, I believe, begin to rear its battlements next spring. I have got an immense cargo of painted glass from Flanders: indeed, several of the pieces are Flemish arms; but I call them the achievements of the old Counts of Strawberry. Adieu!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Nov. 19, 1750.

I STAYED to write to you, till I could tell you that I had seen Mr. Pelham and Mr. Milbank, and could give you some history of a new administration — but I found it was too long to wait for either. I pleaded with your brother as I did with you against visiting your friends, especially when, to encourage me, he told me that you had given them a very advantageous opinion of me. That is the very reason, says I, why I don't choose to see them: they will be extremely civil to me at first; and then they will be told I have horns and hoofs, and they will shun me, which I should not like. I know how unpopular I am with the people with whom they must necessarily live; and, not desiring to be otherwise, I must either seek your friends where I would most avoid them, or have them very soon grow to avoid me. However, I went and left my name for Mr. Pelham, where your brother told me he lodged, eight days ago; he was to come but that night to

[1] It alluded to the quarrel between the Pope and the Venetians. Marforio asked Pasquin, "Perche si triste?"—"Perche non avremo più Commedia, *Pantalone* è partito."—D.

his lodgings, and by his telling your brother he believed I had not been, I concluded he would not accept that for a visit; so last Thursday, I left my name for both—to-day is Monday, and I have heard nothing of them—very likely I shall before you receive this—I only mention it to show you that you was in the wrong and I in the right, to think that there would be no *empressement* for an acquaintance. Indeed, I would not mention it, as you will dislike being disappointed by any odd behaviour of your friends, if it were not to justify myself, and convince you of my attention in complying with whatever you desire of me. The King, I hear, commends Mr. Pelham's dancing; and he must like Mr. Milbank, as he distinguished himself much in a tournament of bears at Hanover.

For the Ministry, it is all in shatters: the Duke of Newcastle is returned more averse to the Bedfords than ever: he smothered that Duke with embraces at their first meeting, and has never borne to be in the room with him since. I saw the meeting of Octavia and Cleopatra;[1] the Newcastle was all haughtiness and coldness. Mr. Pelham, who foresaw the storm, had prudently prepared himself for the breach by all kind of invectives against the house of Leveson. The ground of all, besides Newcastle's natural fickleness and jealousy, is, that the Bedford and Sandwich have got the Duke. A crash has been expected, but people now seem to think that they will rub on a little longer, though all the world seems indifferent whether they will or not. Mankind is so sick of all the late follies and changes, that nobody inquires or cares whether the Duke of Newcastle is prime minister, or whom he will associate with him. The Bedfords have few attachments, and Lord Sandwich is universally hated. The only difficulty is, who shall succeed them; and it is even a question whether some of the old discarded must not cross over and figure in again. I mean, it has even been said, that Lord Granville[2] will once more be brought upon the stage:—if he should, and should push too forward, could they again

[1] The Duchesses of Newcastle and Bedford.

[2] "So anxious was the Duke of Newcastle to remove his colleague,

persuade people to resign with them? The other nominees for the secretaryship are, Pitt, the Vienna Sir Thomas Robinson, and even that formal piece of dullness at the Hague, Lord Holderness. The talk of the Chancellor's being president, in order to make room, by the promotion of the Attorney to the seals, for his second son[1] to be solicitor, as I believe I once mentioned to you, is revived; though he told Mr. Pelham, that if ever he retired, it should be to Wimple.[2] In the mean time, the Master of the Horse, the Groom of the Stole, the Presidentship, (vacant by the nomination of Dorset to Ireland in the room of Lord Harrington, who is certainly to be given up to his master's dislike,) and the Blues, are still vacant. Indeed, yesterday I heard that Honeywood[3] was to have the latter. Such is the Interregnum of our politics! The Prince's faction lie still, to wait the event, and the disclosing of the new treaty. Your friend Lord Fane[4] some time ago had a mind to go to Spain: the Duke of Bedford, who I really believe is an honest man, said very bluntly, "Oh! my lord, nobody can do there but Keene." Lord North is made governor to Prince George with a thousand a-year, and an earl's patent in his pocket; but as the passing of the patent is in the pocket of time, it would not sell for much. There is a new preceptor, one Scott,[5] recommended by Lord Bolingbroke. You may add that recommendation to the chapter of our wonderful politics.

I have received your letter from Fiesoli Hill; poor Strawberry blushes to have you compare it with such a prospect as yours. I say nothing to the abrupt sentences about Mr. B.

that he actually proposed, either to open a negotiation with Earl Granville for settling a new administration, or to conciliate the Duke of Cumberland, without the interposition of Mr. Pelham, by agreeing to substitute Lord Sandwich in the room of the Duke of Bedford." Coxe's Pelham, vol. ii. p. 137.—E.

[1] Charles Yorke.—D.

[2] Wimpole; the Chancellor's seat in Cambridgeshire.

[3] Sir Philip Honeywood, knight of the bath.

[4] Charles, Lord Viscount Fane, formerly minister at Florence.

[5] Coxe states, that Mr. Scott was recommended to the Prince of Wales by Lord Bathurst, at the suggestion of Lord Bolingbroke, and that he was favoured by the Princess.—E.

I have long seen his humour—and a little of your partiality to his wife.

We are alarmed with the distemper being got among the horses: few have died yet, but a farrier who attended General Ligonier's dropped down dead in the stable. Adieu!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Dec. 19, 1750.

WELL! you may be easy; your friends have been to see me at last, but it has so happened that we have never once met, nor have I even seen their persons. They live at Newcastle-house; and though I give you my word my politics are exceedingly neutral, I happen to be often at the court of Bedford. The Interministerium still subsists; no place is filled up but the Lieutenancy of Ireland; the Duke of Dorset was too impatient to wait. Lord Harringtom remains a melancholy sacrifice to the famous general Resignation,[1] which he led up, and of which he is the only victim. Overtures have been made to Lord Chesterfield to be president; but he has declined it; for he says he cannot hear causes, as he is grown deaf. I don't think the proposal was imprudent, for if they should happen, as they have now and then happened, to want to get rid of him again, they might without consequence; that is, I suppose nobody would follow him out, any more than they did when he resigned voluntarily. For these two days everybody has expected to see Lord Granville president, and his friend the Duke of Bolton, colonel of the Blues; two nominations that would not be very agreeable, nor probably calculated to be so to the Duke, who favours the Bedford faction. His old governor Mr. Poyntz[2] is just dead, ruined in his circumstances by a devout brother, whom he trusted, and by a simple wife, who had a devotion of marrying dozens of her poor cousins at his expense: you know she was the Fair

[1] In the year 1746.

[2] Stephen Poyntz, formerly British minister in Sweden, after being tutor to Lord Townshend's sons.

Circassian.[1] Mr. Poyntz was called a very great man, but few knew anything of his talents, for he was timorous to childishness. The Duke has done greatly for his family, and secured his places for his children, and sends his two sons abroad, allowing them eight hundred pounds a-year. The little Marquis of Rockingham has drowned himself in claret; and old Lord Dartmouth is dead of age.[2] When Lord Bolingbroke's last work was published, on the State of Parties at the late King's accession, Lord Dartmouth said, he supposed Lord Bolingbroke believed that everybody was dead who had lived at that period.

There has been a droll cause in Westminster Hall: a man laid another a wager that he produced a person who should weigh as much again as the Duke. When they had betted, they recollected not knowing how to desire the Duke to step into a scale. They agreed to establish his weight at twenty stone, which, however, is supposed to be two more than he weighs. One Bright was then produced, who is since dead, and who actually weighed forty-two stone and a-half.[3] As soon as he was dead, the person who had lost objected that he had been weighed in his clothes, and though it was impossible to suppose that his clothes could weigh above two stone, they went to law. There were the Duke's twenty stone bawled over a thousand times, — but the righteous law decided against the man who had won!

Poor Lord Lempster[4] is more Cerberus[5] than ever; (you

[1] Anna Maria Mordaunt, maid of honour to Queen Caroline. A young gentleman at Oxford wrote the "Fair Circassian" on her, and died for love of her. [The "Fair Circassian," a dramatic performance which appeared in 1720, has been generally attributed to the Rev. Dr. Samuel Croxall, author of "Fables of Æsop and others, translated into English, with instructive applications," who died in 1752, at an advanced age.]

[2] William, first Earl of Dartmouth, secretary of state to Queen Anne. He died on the 15th of December, in his seventy-ninth year.—E.

[3] Edward Bright died at Malden in Essex, on the 10th of November, at the age of thirty. He was an active man till a year or two before that event; when his corpulency so overpowered his strength, that his life was a burthen to him.—E.

[4] Eldest son of Thomas Fermor, Earl of Pomfret, whom, in 1753, he succeeded in the title.

[5] When he was on his travels, and run much in debt, his parents paid his debts: some more came out afterwards; he wrote to his mother, that

remember his *bon-mot* that proved such a blunder;) he has lost twelve thousand pounds at hazard to an ensign of the Guards — but what will you think of the folly of a young Sir Ralph Gore,[1] who took it into his head that he would not be waited on by drawers in brown frocks and blue aprons, and has literally given all the waiters at the King's Arms rich embroideries and laced clothes!

The town is still empty: the parties for the two playhouses are the only parties that retain any spirit. I will tell you one or two *bon-mots* of Quin the actor. Barry would have had him play the ghost in Hamlet, a part much beneath the dignity of Quin, who would give no other answer but, "I won't catch cold behind." I don't know whether you remember that the ghost is always ridiculously dressed, with a morsel of armour before, and only a black waistcoat and breech behind. The other is an old one, but admirable. When Lord Tweedale was *nominal* secretary of state for Scotland, Mitchell,[2] his secretary, was supping with Quin, who wanted him to stay another bottle; but he pleaded *my lord's business.* "Then," said Quin, "only stay till I have told you a story. A vessel was becalmed: the master looked up and called to one of the cabin-boys on the top of the mast, 'Jack, what are you doing?' 'Nothing, Sir.' He called to another, a little below the first, 'Will, what are you doing?' 'Helping Jack, Sir.'" Adieu!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, Dec. 22, 1750.

As I am idling away some Christmas days here, I begin a letter to you, that perhaps will not set out till next year.

he could only compare himself to Cerberus, who, when one head was cut off, had another spring up in its room.

[1] In 1747, when only a captain, Sir Ralph distinguished himself at the battle of Laffeldt In 1764, he was created Baron Gore, and in 1771, Earl of Ross: in 1788, he was appointed commander-in-chief in Ireland, and died in 1802.—E.

[2] Andrew Mitchell, afterwards commissary at Antwerp. [And, for many years, envoy from England to the court of Prussia. In 1765 he was created a knight of the bath, and died at Berlin in 1771. His va-

Any changes in the ministry will certainly be postponed till that date: it is even believed that no alteration will be made till after the session; they will get the money raised and the new treaty ratified in Parliament before they break and part. The German ministers are more alarmed, and seem to apprehend themselves in as tottering a situation as some of the English: not that any secretary of state is jealous of them—their Countess[1] is on the wane. The housekeeper[2] at Windsor, an old monster that Verrio painted for one of the Furies, is dead. The revenue is large, and has been largely solicited. Two days ago, at the drawing-room, the gallant Orondates strode up to Miss Chudleigh, and told her he was glad to have an opportunity of obeying her commands, that he appointed her mother housekeeper at Windsor, and hoped she would not think a kiss too great a reward—against all precedent he kissed her in the circle. He has had a hankering these two years. Her life, which is now of thirty years' standing, has been a little historic.[3] Why should not experience and a charming face on her side, and near seventy years on his, produce a title?

Madame de Mirepoix is returned: she gives a lamentable account of another old mistress,[4] her mother. She had not seen her since the Princess went to Florence, which she it seems has left with great regret; with greater than her beauty, whose ruins she has not discovered: but with few teeth, few hairs, sore eyes, and wrinkles, goes bare-necked and crowned with jewels! Madame Mirepoix told me a reply of Lord Cornbury, that pleased me extremely. They have revived at Paris old Fontenelle's opera of Peleus and Thetis; he complained of being dragged upon the stage again for one of his

luable collection of letters, forming sixty-eight volumes, was purchased in 1810, by the trustees of the British Museum.—E.

[1] Lady Yarmouth. The new amour did not proceed.

[2] Mrs. Marriot.

[3] She was, though maid of honour, privately married to Augustus, second son of the late Lord Hervey, by whom she had two children; but disagreeing, the match was not owned. She afterwards, still maid of honour, lived very publicly with the Duke of Kingston, and at last married him—during Mr. Hervey's life.

[4] Princess Craon, formerly mistress of Leopold, Duke of Lorraine.

juvenile performances, and said he could not bear to be hissed now: Lord Cornbury immediately replied to him out of the very opera,—

" Jupiter en courroux
Ne peut rien contre vous,
Vous êtes immortel."

Our old laureat has been dying: when he thought himself at the extremity, he wrote this lively, good-natured letter to the Duke of Grafton:—

" MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,

" I KNOW no nearer way of repaying your favours for these last twenty years than by recommending the bearer, Mr. Henry Jones, for the vacant laurel: Lord Chesterfield will tell you more of him. I don't know the day of my death, but while I live, I shall not cease to be, your Grace's, &c.

" COLLEY CIBBER."

I asked my Lord Chesterfield who this Jones[1] is; he told me a better poet would not take the post, and a worse ought not to have it. There are two new *bon-mots* of his lordship much repeated, better than his ordinary. He says, " he would not be president,[2] because he would not be between two fires;" and that " the two brothers are like Arbuthnot's Lindamira and Indamora;[3] the latter was a peaceable, tractable gentlewoman, but her sister was always quarrelling and kicking, and as they grew together, there was no parting them."

You will think my letters are absolute jest-and-story books, unless you will be so good as to dignify them with the title of

[1] I think he was an Irish bricklayer; he wrote an " Earl of Essex." [" Having a natural inclination for the Muses," says his biographer, " he pursued his devotions to them even during the labours of his mere mechanical avocations, and composing a line of brick and a line of verse alternately, his walls and poems rose in growth together." His tragedy of the " Earl of Essex" came out at Covent Garden in 1753, and met with considerable success. He died in great want, in 1770.—E.]

[2] Meaning President of the Council. The two fires were the Pelham brothers; between whom all private intercourse was at this time suspended.—E.

[3] See the Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus in Swift's Works; Indamora alludes to Mr. Pelham, Lindamira to the Duke of Newcastle.

Walpoliana. Under that hope, I will tell you a very odd new story. A citizen had advertised a reward for the discovery of a person who had stolen sixty guineas out of his scrutoire. He received a message from a condemned criminal in Newgate, with the offer of revealing the thief. Being a cautious grave personage, he took two friends along with him. The convict told him that he was the robber; and when he doubted, the fellow began with these circumstances: "You came home such a night, and put the money into your bureau: I was under your bed: you undressed, and then went to the foot of the garret stairs, and cried, 'Mary, come to bed to me—'" "Hold, hold," said the citizen, "I am convinced." "Nay," said the fellow, "you shall hear all, for your intrigue saved your life. Mary replied, 'If any body wants me, they may come up to me:' you went: I robbed your bureau in the mean time, but should have cut your throat, if you had gone into your own bed instead of Mary's."

The conclusion of my letter will be a more serious story, but very proper for the Walpoliana. I have given you scraps of Ashton's history. To perfect his ingratitude, he has struck up an intimacy with my second brother, and done his utmost to make a new quarrel between us, on the merit of having broke with me on the affair of Dr. Middleton. I don't know whether I ever told you that my brother hated Middleton, who was ill with a Dr. Thirlby,[1] a creature of his. He carried this and his jealousy of me so far, that once when Lord Mountford brought Middleton for one night only to Houghton, my brother wrote my father a most outrageous letter, telling him that he knew I had fetched Middleton to Houghton to write my father's life, and how much more capable Thirlby was of that task. Can one help admiring in these instances the dignity of human nature? Poor Mrs. Middleton is alarmed with a scheme that I think she very justly suspects as a plot of the clergy to get at and suppress her husband's papers. He died in a lawsuit with a builder, who has since got a monition from the *Commons* for her to produce all the

[1] For a notice of the Doctor, see *antè*, p. 34.—E.

Doctor's effects and *papers*. The whole debt is but eight *hundred* pounds. She offered ten *thousand* pounds security, and the fellow will not take it. Is there clergy in it, or no? Adieu!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Feb. 9, 1751.

You will wonder that I, who am pretty punctual, even when I have little to say, should have been so silent at the beginning of a session: I will tell you some reasons why; what I had to tell you was not finished; I wished to give you an entire account: besides, we have had so vigorous an attendance, that with that, and the fatigue, it was impossible to write. Before the Parliament met, there was a dead tranquillity, and no symptoms of party spirit. What is more extraordinary, though the Opposition set out vehemently the very first day, there has appeared ten times greater spirit on the court side, a Whig vehemence that has rushed on heartily. I have been much entertained—what should I have been, if I had lived in the times of the Exclusion-bill, and the end of Queen Anne's reign, when votes and debates really tended to something! Now they tend but to the alteration of a dozen places, perhaps, more or less—but come, I'll tell you, and you shall judge for yourself. The morning the Houses met, there was universally dispersed, by the penny post, and by being dropped into the areas of houses, a paper called *Constitutional Queries*, a little equivocal, for it is not clear whether they were levelled at the *Family*, or by *Part* of the *Family* at the Duke.[1] The Address was warmly opposed, and occasioned a remarkable speech of Pitt, in recantation of his former orations on the Spanish war, and in panegyric on the Duke of Newcastle, with whom he is pushing himself, and by

[1] The object of the paper was to expose the Duke of Cumberland to popular odium, by comparing him with Richard the Third, and exciting a suspicion that he would employ his military power to violate the birthright of his brother, and usurp the throne.—E.

whom he is pushed at all rates, in opposition to Lord Sandwich and the Bedfords. Two or three days afterwards there were motions in both Houses to have the queries publicly burnt. That too occasioned a debate with us, and a fine speech of Lord Egmont, artfully condemning the paper, though a little suspected of it, and yet supporting some of the reasonings in it. There was no division on the resolution; but two days afterwards we had a very extraordinary and unforeseen one. Mr. Pelham had determined to have but 8000 seamen this year, instead of 10,000. Pitt and his cousins, without any notice given, declared with the Opposition for the greater number. The key to this you will find in his whole behaviour; whenever he wanted new advancement, he used to go off. He has openly met with great discouragement now; though he and we know Mr. Pelham so well, that it will not be surprising if, though baffled, he still carries his point of secretary of state. However, the old corps resented this violently, and rubbed up their old anger: Mr. Pelham was inclined to give way, but Lord Hartington, at the head of the young Whigs, divided the House, and Pitt had the mortification of being followed into the minority by only fifteen persons. The King has been highly pleased with this event; and has never named the Pitts and Grenvilles to the Duke of Newcastle, but to abuse them, and to commend the spirit of the young people. It has not weakened the Bedford faction, who have got more strength too by the clumsy politics of another set of their enemies. There has all the summer been a Westminster petition in agitation, driven on by the independent electors, headed by Lord Elibank, Murray his brother, and one or two gentlemen. Sir John Cotton, and Cooke the member for Middlesex, discouraged it all they could, and even stifled the first drawn, which was absolutely treason. However, Cooke at last presented one from the inhabitants, and Lord Egmont another from Sir George Vandeput; and Cooke even made a strong invective against the High-bailiff; on which Lord Trentham produced and read a letter written by Cooke to the High-bailiff, when he was in their interest, and stuffed with flattery to him. Lord Trentham's friends

then called in the High-bailiff, who accused some persons of hindering and threatening him on the scrutiny, and, after some contention, named Crowle, counsel for Sir George Vandeput, Gibson, an upholsterer and independent, and Mr. Murray.[1] These three were ordered to attend on the following Thursday to defend themselves. Before that day came, we had the report on the eight thousand seamen, when Pitt and his associates made speeches of lamentation on their disagreement with Pelham, whom they flattered inordinately. This ended in a burlesque quarrel between Pitt and Hampden,[2] a buffoon Whig, who hates the cousinhood, and thinks his name should entitle him to Pitt's office. We had a very long day on Crowle's defence, who had called the power of the House *brutum fulmen:* he was very submissive, and was dismissed with a reprimand on his knees. Lord Egmont was so severely handled by Fox, that he has not recovered his spirits since. He used to cry up Fox against Mr. Pelham, but since the former has seemed rather attached to the Duke and the Duke of Bedford, the party affect to heap incense on Pelham and Pitt—and it is returned.

The day that Murray came to the bar, he behaved with great confidence, but at last desired counsel, which was granted: in the mean time we sent Gibson to Newgate.

Last Wednesday was the day of trial: the accusation was plentifully proved against Murray, and it was voted to send him close prisoner to Newgate. His party still struggling against the term *close*, the Whigs grew provoked, and resolved he should receive his sentence on his knees at the bar. To this he refused to submit. The Speaker stormed, and the House and its honour grew outrageous at the dilemma they were got into, and indeed out of which we are not got yet. If he gets the better, he will indeed be a meritorious martyr

[1] The Hon. Alexander Murray, fourth son of Alexander, fourth Lord Elibank. This family was for the most part Jacobite in its principles. —D.

[2] John Hampden, Esq. the last descendant in the male line of the celebrated Hampden. On his death in 1754, he left his estates to the Hon. Robert Trevor, son of Lord Trevor, who was descended from Ruth, the daughter of the Patriot.—D.

for the cause: *en attendant*, he is strictly shut up in Newgate.[1]

By these anecdotes you will be able to judge a little of the news you mention in your last, of January 29th, and will perceive that our ministerial vacancies and successions are not likely to be determined soon. Niccolini's account of the aversion to Lord Sandwich is well grounded, though as to inflexible resentments, there cannot easily be any such thing, where parties and factions are so fluctuating as in this country. I was to have dined the other day at Madame de Mirepoix's with my Lord Bolinbroke, but he was ill. She said, she had repented asking me, as she did not know if I should like it. "Oh! Madam, I have gone through too many of those things, to make any objection to the only one that remains!"

I grieve much for the return of pains in your head and breast; I flattered myself that you had quite mastered them.

I have seen your Pelham and Milbank, not much, but I like the latter; I have some notion, from thinking that he resembles you in his manner. The other seems very good-humoured, but he is nothing but complexion. Damer is returned; he looks ill; but I like him better than I used to do, for he commends you. My Lord Pomfret is made ranger of the parks, and by consequence my Lady is queen of the Duck Island.[2] Our greatest miracle is Lady Mary Wortley's son,[3] whose adventures have made so much noise: his parts

[1] Mr. Murray's health appearing to be in danger, the House, upon the report of his physician, offered to remove him from Newgate into the custody of the sergeant-at-arms: but he had the resolution to reject the offer, and to continue in Newgate till the end of the session; when he made a kind of triumphal procession to his own house, attended by the sheriffs of London, a large train of coaches, and the acclamations of the populace.—E.

[2] Duck Island was a spot in St. James's Park, near the Bird-cage Walk; and was so called, because Charles the Second had established a decoy of ducks upon it. It was destroyed when the improvements and alterations took place in this park about the year 1770.—D.

[3] Edward Wortley Montague, whose singular adventures and eccentricities are so well known. In 1747, he was chosen member for the county of Huntingdon; but in his senatorial capacity he did not distin-

are not proportionate, but his expense is incredible. His father scarce allows him any thing: yet he plays, dresses, diamonds himself, even to distinct shoe-buckles for a frock, and has more snuff-boxes than would suffice a Chinese idol with an hundred noses. But the most curious part of his dress, which he has brought from Paris, is an iron wig; you literally would not know it from hair—I believe it is on this account that the Royal Society have just chosen him of their body. This may surprise you: what I am now going to tell you, will not, for you have long known her follies: the Duchess of Queensberry told Lady Di. Egerton,[1] a pretty daughter of the Duchess of Bridgewater, that she was going to make a ball for her: she did, but did not invite her: the girl was mortified, and Mr. Lyttelton, her father-in-law, sent the mad Grace a hint of it. She sent back this card: "The advertisement came to hand; it was very pretty and very ingenious; but every thing that is pretty and ingenious does not always succeed: the Duchess of Q. piques herself on her house being unlike Socrates's; his was small and held all his friends; hers is large, but will not hold half of hers: postponed, but not forgot: unalterable." Adieu!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, March 13, 1751.

You will be expecting the conclusion of Mr. Murray's history, but as he is too great a hero to submit, and not hero enough to terminate his prison in a more summary, or more English way, you must have patience, as we shall have, till the end of the session. His relations, who had leave to visit him, are excluded again: rougher methods with him are not the style of the age: in the mean time he is quite forgot.

guish himself. His expenses greatly exceeding his income, towards the end of this year he quitted the kingdom, and went to Paris. See *antè*, p. 207.—E.

[1] Daughter of Scroop, Duke of Bridgewater, by the Lady Rachel Russel, sister of the Duke of Bedford. Lady Diana Egerton was afterwards married to Lord Baltimore.

General Anstruther is now the object in fashion, or made so by a Sir Harry Erskine, a very fashionable figure in the world of politics, who has just come into Parliament, and has been laying a foundation for the next reign by attacking the Mutiny-bill, and occasionally General Anstruther, who treated him hardly ten years ago in Minorca. Anstruther has mutually persecuted and been persecuted by the Scotch ever since Porteous's affair, when, of all that nation, he alone voted for demolishing part of Edinburgh. This affair would be a trifle, if it had not opened the long-smothered rivalship between Fox and Pitt: for these ten days they have been civilly at war together; and Mr. Pelham is bruised between both. However, this impetuosity of Pitt has almost overset the total engrossment that the Duke of Newcastle had made of all power, and if they do not, as it is suspected, league with the Prince, you will not so soon hear of the fall of the Bedfords, as I had made you expect. With this quantity of factions and infinite quantity of speakers, we have had a most fatiguing session, and seldom rise before nine or ten at night.

There have been two events, not political, equal to any absurdities or follies of former years. My Lady Vane[1] has literally published the memoirs of her own life, only suppressing part of her lovers, no part of the success of the others with her: a degree of profligacy not to be accounted for; she does not want money, none of her lovers will raise her credit; and the number, all she had to brag of, concealed! The other is a play that has been acted by people of some fashion at Drury Lane, hired on purpose. They really acted so well, that it is astonishing they should not have had sense enough not to act at all. You would know none of their names, should I tell you; but the chief were a family of Delavals, the eldest of which was married by one Foote, a player, to Lady Nassau

[1] Anne, second daughter of Mr. Hawes, the wife of William, Lord Viscount Vane. The history of her intrigues, communicated by herself, had just been published in Smollett's Adventures of Peregrine Pickle. See vol. i. p. 200. Gray, in a letter to Walpole of the 3rd of March, writes, "Has that miracle of *tenderness and sensibility* (as she calls it), Lady Vane, given you any amusement? Peregrine, whom she uses as a vehicle, is very poor indeed, with a few exceptions."—E.

Poulett,[1] who had kept the latter. The rage was so great to see this performance, that the House of Commons literally adjourned at three o'clock on purpose: the footman's gallery was strung with blue ribands. What a wise people! what an august Senate! yet my Lord Granville once told the Prince, I forget on occasion of what folly, "Sir, indeed your Royal Highness is in the wrong to act thus; the English are a grave nation."

The King has been much out of order, but he is quite well again, and they say, not above sixty-seven! Adieu!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, March 21, 1751.

WHAT, another letter, when I wrote to you but last week! — Yes — and with an event too big to be kept for a regular interval. You will imagine from the conclusion of my last letter that our King is dead — or, before you receive this, you will probably have heard by flying couriers that it is only our King that was to be. In short, the Prince died last night between nine and ten. If I don't tell you ample details, it is because you must content yourself with hearing nothing but what I know true. He had had a pleurisy, and was recovered. Last Tuesday was se'nnight he went to attend the King's passing some bills in the House of Lords; from thence to Carlton House, very hot, where he unrobed, put on a light unaired frock and waistcoat, went to Kew, walked in a bitter day, came home tired, and lay down for three hours, upon a couch in a very cold room at Carlton House, that opens into the garden. Lord Egmont told him how dangerous it was, but the Prince did not mind him. My father once said to this King, when he was ill and royally untractable, "Sir, do you know what your father died of? of thinking he could not die." In short, the Prince relapsed that night, has had three

[1] Isabella, youngest daughter and co-heiress of Thomas Tufton, Earl of Thanet, and widow of Lord Nassau Poulett, youngest brother of the Duke of Bolton. She was mad.

physicians ever since, and has never been supposed out of danger till yesterday: a thrush had appeared, and for the two or three last evenings he had dangerous suppressions of breath. However, his family thought him so well yesterday, that there were cards in his outward room. Between nine and ten he was seized with a violent fit of coughing. Wilmot, and Hawkins the surgeon, were present: the former said, "Sir, have you brought up all the phlegm? I hope this will be over in a quarter of an hour, and that your Royal Highness will have a good night." Hawkins had occasion to go out of the room, and said, "Here is something I don't like." The cough continued; the Prince laid his hand upon his stomach, and said, "*Je sens la mort.*" The page who held him up, felt him shiver, and cried out, "The Prince is going!" The Princess was at the feet of the bed; she catched up a candle and ran to him, but before she got to the head of the bed, he was dead.[1]

Lord North was immediately sent to the King, who was looking over a table, where Princess Emily, the Duchess of Dorset, and Duke of Grafton were playing. He was extremely surprised, and said, "Why, they told me he was better!" He bid Lord North tell the Princess, he would do everything she could desire; and has this morning sent her a very kind message in writing. He is extremely shocked —but no pity is too much for the Princess; she has eight children, and is seven months gone with another. She bears her affliction with great courage and sense. They asked her if the body was to be opened; she replied, what the King pleased.

This is all I know yet; you shall have fresh and fresh intelligence—for reflections on minorities, Regencies, Jacobitism, Oppositions, factions, I need not help you to them.

[1] Frederick, Prince of Wales, was a man in no way estimable, though his understanding and disposition were cried up by those who were in opposition to his father's government. Walpole says of him, "His best quality was generosity; his worst, insincerity and indifference to truth, which appeared so early, that Earl Stanhope wrote to Lord Sunderland from Hanover, 'He has his father's head, and his mother's heart.'" His death was undoubtedly a deliverance for those who, had he lived, would have become his subjects.—D.

You will make as many as anybody, but those who reflect on their own disappointments. The creditors are no inconsiderable part of the moralists. They talk of fourteen hundred thousand pounds on post-obits. This I am sure I don't vouch; I only know that I never am concerned to see the tables of the money-changers overturned and cast out of the temple.[1]

I much fear, that by another post I shall be forced to tell you news that will have much worse effects for my own family. My Lord Orford has got such another violent boil as he had two years ago—and a thrush has appeared too along with it. We are in the utmost apprehensions about him, the more, because there is no possibility of giving him any about himself. He has not only taken an invincible aversion to physicians, but to the bark, and we have no hopes from any thing else. It will be a fatal event for me, for your brother, and for his own son. Princess Emily,[2] Mr. Pelham,[3] and my Lady Orford, are not among the most frightened.

Your brother, who dines here with Mr. Chute and Gray,[4] has just brought me your letter of March 12th. The libel you ask about was called "Constitutional Queries:" have not you received mine of February 9th? there was some account of our present history. Adieu! I have not time to write any longer to you; but you may well expect our correspondence will thicken.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, April 1, 1751.

How shall I begin a letter that will—that must—give you as much pain as I feel myself? I must interrupt the

[1] Frederick, Prince of Wales's debts were never paid.—D.
[2] Princess Emily had the reversion of New-park.
[3] The auditor of the exchequer was in the gift of Mr. Pelham, as chancellor of the exchequer, and first lord of the treasury.
[4] Thomas Gray, author of the Elegy in a Churchyard, and other poems.

story of the Prince's death, to tell you of *two* more, much more important, God knows! to you and me! One I had prepared you for—but how will you be shocked to hear that our poor Mr. Whithed is dead[1] as well as my brother! Whithed had had a bad cough for two months; he was going out of town to the Winchester assizes; I persuaded and sent him home from hence one morning to be blooded. However, he went, in extreme bad weather. His youngest brother, the clergyman, who is the greatest brute in the world, except the elder brother, the layman, dragged him out every morning to hunt, as eagerly as if it had been to hunt heretics. One day they were overturned in a water, and then the parson made him ride forty miles: in short, he arrived at the Vine half dead, and soon grew delirious. Poor Mr. Chute was sent for to him last Wednesday, and sent back for two more physicians, but in vain; he expired on Friday night! Mr. Chute is come back half distracted, and scarce to be known again. You may easily believe that my own distress does not prevent my doing all in my power to alleviate his. Whithed, that best of hearts, had forgiven all his elder brother's beastliness, and has left him the Norton estate, the better half; the rest to the clergyman, with an annuity of one hundred and twenty pounds a year to his Florentine mistress, and six hundred pounds to their child. He has left Mr. Chute one thousand pounds, which, if forty times the sum, would not comfort him, and, little as it is, does not in the least affect or alter his concern. Indeed, he not only loses an intimate friend, but in a manner an only child; he had formed him to be one of the prettiest gentlemen in England, and had brought about a match for him, that was soon to be concluded with a Miss Nicholl, an immense fortune; and I am persuaded had fixed his heart on making him his own heir, if he himself outlived his brother. With such a fortune, and with such expectations, how hard to die!—or,

[1] Francis Thistlethwaite, who took the name of Whithed for his uncle's estate, and, as heir to him, recovered Mr. Norton's estate, which he had left to the Parliament for the use of the poor, &c.; but the will was set aside for insanity. [See *antè*, p. 159.]

perhaps, how lucky, before he had tasted misfortune and mortification.

I now must mention my own misfortune. Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday mornings, the physicians and *all the family of painful death*,[1] (to alter Gray's phrase,) were persuaded and persuaded me, that the bark, which took great place, would save my brother's life—but he relapsed at three o'clock on Thursday, and died last night. He ordered to be drawn and executed his will with the greatest tranquillity and satisfaction on Saturday morning. His spoils are prodigious—not to his own family! indeed I think his son the most ruined young man in England. My loss, I fear, may be considerable, which is not the only motive of my concern, though, as you know, I had much to forgive, before I could regret: but indeed I do regret. It is no small addition to my concern, to fear or foresee that Houghton and all the remains of my father's glory will be pulled to pieces! The widow-Countess immediately marries—not Richcourt, but Shirley, and triumphs in advancing her son's ruin by enjoying her own estate, and tearing away great part of his.

Now I will divert your private grief by talking to you of what is called the public. The King and Princess are grown as fond as if they had never been of different parties, or rather as people who always had been of different. She discountenances all opposition, and he *all ambition*. Prince George, who, with his two eldest brothers, is to be lodged at St. James's, is speedily to be created Prince of Wales. Ayscough, his tutor, is to be removed, with her entire inclination as well as with everybody's approbation. They talk of a Regency to be established (in case of a minority) by authority of Parliament, even this session, with the Princess at the head of it. She and Dr. Lee, the only one she consults of the late cabal, very sensibly burned the late Prince's papers the moment he was dead. Lord Egmont, by seven o'clock the next morning, summoned (not very decently) the faction to his house: all was whisper! at last he hinted some-

[1] Vide Gray's Ode on a distant prospect of Eton College.

thing of taking the Princess and her children under their protection, and something of the necessity of harmony. No answer was made to the former proposal. Somebody said, it was very likely indeed they should agree now, when the Prince could never bring it about; and so everybody went away to take care of himself. The imposthumation is supposed to have proceeded, not from his fall last year, but from a blow with a tennis-ball some years ago. The grief for the dead brother is affectedly great; the aversion to the living one as affectedly displayed. They cried about an elegy,[1] and added, "Oh, that it were but his brother!" On 'Change they said, "Oh, that it were but the butcher!"[2]

The Houses sit, but no business will be done till after the holidays. Anstruther's affair will go on, but not with much spirit. One wants to see faces about again! Dick Lyttelton, one of the patriot officers, had collected depositions on oath against the Duke for his behaviour in Scotland, but I suppose he will now throw his papers into Hamlet's grave?

Prince George, who has a most amiable countenance, behaved excessively well on his father's death. When they told him of it, he turned pale, and laid his hand on his breast. Ayscough said, "I am afraid, Sir, you are not

[1] Walpole, in his Memoires, vol. i. p. 504, says, "The following, which is the elegy alluded to, was probably the effusion of some Jacobite royalist. That faction could not forgive the Duke of Cumberland his excesses or successes in Scotland; and, not contented with branding the parliamentary government of the country as usurpation, indulged in frequent unfeeling and scurrilous personalities on every branch of the reigning family:

Here lies Fred,
Who was alive and is dead:
Had it been his father,
I had much rather;
Had it been his brother,
Still better than another;
Had it been his sister,
No one would have missed her;
Had it been the whole generation,
Still better for the nation:
But since 'tis only Fred,
Who was alive and is dead—
There is no more to be said."—E.

[2] The Duke of Cumberland, by his friends styled the Hero of Culloden, by his opponents nicknamed Billy the Butcher.—E.

well!"—he replied, "I feel something here, just as I did when I saw the two workmen fall from the scaffold at Kew." Prince Edward is a very plain boy, with strange loose eyes, but was much the favourite. He is a sayer of things! Two men were heard lamenting the death in Leicester-fields: one said, "He has left a great many small children!"—"Ay," replied the other, "and what is worse, they belong to our parish!" But the most extraordinary reflections on his death were set forth in a sermon at Mayfair chapel. "He had no great parts, (pray mind, this was the parson said so, not I,) but he had great virtues; indeed, they degenerated into vices: he was very generous, but I hear his generosity has ruined a great many people: and then his condescension was such, that he kept very bad company."

Adieu! my dear child; I have tried, you see, to blend so much public history with our private griefs, as may help to interrupt your too great attention to the calamities in the former part of my letter. You will, with the properest good-nature in the world, break the news to the poor girl, whom I pity, though I never saw. Miss Nicholl is, I am told, extremely to be pitied too; but so is everybody that knew Whithed! Bear it yourself as well as you can!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, April 22, 1751.

I COULD not help, my dear child, being struck with the conclusion of your letter of the 2nd of this month, which I have just received; it mentions the gracious assurances you had received from the dead Prince — indeed, I hope you will not want them. The person[1] who conveyed them was so ridiculous as to tell your brother that himself was the most disappointed of all men, he and the Prince having settled *his* first ministry in such a manner that nothing could have de-

[1] George Bubb Dodington.

feated the plan.[1] An admirable scheme for power in England, founded only on two persons! Some people say he was to be a duke and secretary of state. I would have him drawn like Edward V. with the coronet hanging over his head. You will be entertained with a story of Bootle: his *washerwoman* came to a friend of hers in great perplexity, and said, "I don't know what to do, pray advise me; my master is gone the circuit, and left me particular orders to send him an express if the King died: but here's the Prince dead, and he said nothing about him." You would easily believe this story, if you knew what a mere law-pedant it is!

The Lord[2] you hint at certainly did not write the Queries, nor ever anything so well: he is one of the few discarded; for almost all have offered their services, and been accepted. The King asked the Princess if she had a mind for a master of the horse; that it must be a nobleman, and that he had objections to a particular one, Lord Middlesex. I believe she had no objection to his objections, and desired none. Bloodworth is at the head of her stables; of her ministry, Dr. Lee; all knees bow to him. The Duke of Newcastle is so charmed with him, and so sorry he never knew him before, and can't live without him! He is a grave, worthy man; as a civilian, not much versed in the world of this end of the town, but much a gentleman. He made me a visit the other day on my brother's death, and talked much of the great and good part the King had taken, (who, by the way, has been taught by the Princess to talk as much of him,) and that the Prince's servants could no longer oppose, if they meant to be *consistent*. I told this to Mr. Chute, who replied

[1] The following is Dodington's own account of this plan:—"March 21. When this unfortunate event happened, I had set on foot a project for a union between the independent Whigs and Tories, by a writing, renouncing all tincture of Jacobitism, and affirming short constitutional Revolution principles. These parties, so united, were to lay this paper, containing these principles, before the Prince; offering to appear as his party now, and upon those principles to undertake the administration when he was King, in the subordination and rank among themselves that he should please to appoint. Father of mercy! thy hand that wounds alone can save!" Diary, p. 88.—E.

[2] Lord Middlesex.

instantly, "Pho! he meant *subsistent*." You will not be surprised, though you will be charmed, with a new instance of our friend's disinterested generosity: so far from resenting Whithed's neglect of him, he and your brother, on finding the brute-brothers making difficulties about the child's fortune, have taken upon them to act as trustees for her, and to stand all risks. Did not Mr. Whithed know that Mr. Chute would act just so?

Prince George is created Prince of Wales, and his household is settled. Lord Harcourt is his governor, in the room of Lord North, to whom there was no objection but his having a glimpse of parts more than the new one, who is a creature of the Pelhams, and very fit to cipher where Stone is to figure. This latter is sub-governor, with the Bishop of Norwich[1] preceptor, and Scott sub-preceptor. The Bishop is a sensible, good-humoured gentleman, and believed to be a natural son of the old Archbishop of York.[2] Lord Waldegrave, long a personal favourite of the King, who has now got a little interest at his own court, is warden of the stannaries, in the room of Tom Pitt; old Selwyn, treasurer; Lord Sussex,[3] Lord Downe,[4] and Lord Robert Bertie,[5] lords of the bedchamber; Peachy, a young Schutz, and Digby, grooms: but those of the House of Commons have not kissed

[1] Thomas Hayter, Bishop of Norwich.

[2] Dr. Lancelot Blackburne. [See vol. i. p. 267. The Quarterly Reviewer of Walpole's Memoires, alluding to a similar statement made in that work, says,—"As to the accusations of bastardy and profligacy brought against the Bishop and Archbishop, they were, probably, either the creatures of Walpole's own anxiety to draw striking characters, or the echoes of some of those slanderous murmurs which always accompany persons who rise from inferior stations to eminence. He tells us without any hesitation, that Bishop Hayter was a natural son of Archbishop Blackburne's. Now we have before us extracts from the registers of the parish of Chagford, in Devonshire, which prove that the Bishop Thomas Hayter was 'the son of George Hayter, rector of this parish, and of Grace his wife,' and that Thomas was one of a family of not fewer, we believe, than ten children." Vol. xxvii. p. 186.—E.]

[3] George Augustus Yelverton, second Earl of Sussex, died 1758.—D.

[4] Henry Pleydell Dawnay, third Viscount Downe in Ireland. He distinguished himself greatly in the command of a regiment at the battle of Minden; and died Dec. 9th, 1760, of the wounds he had received at the battle of Campen, Oct. 16th of that year.—D.

[5] The third son of Robert, first Duke of Ancaster and Kesteven. He died in 1782.—D.

hands yet, a difficulty being started, whether, as they are now nominated by the King, it will not vacate their seats.[1] Potter has resigned secretary to the Princess, and is succeeded by one Cressett, his predecessor, her chief favourite, and allied to the house of Hanover by a Duchess of Zell,[2] who was of a French family — not of that of Bourbon. I was going on to talk to you of the Regency; but as that measure is not complete, I shall not send away my letter till the end of next week.

My private satisfaction in my nephew of Orford is very great indeed: he has an equal temper of reason and goodness that is most engaging. His mother professes to like him as much as everybody else does, but is so much a woman that she will not hurt him at all the less. So far from contributing to retrieve his affairs, she talks to him of nothing but mob stories of his grandfather's having laid up — the Lord knows where! — three hundred thousand pounds for him; and of carrying him with her to *Italy*, that he may converse with *sensible* people! In looking over her husband's papers, among many of her intercepted *billets-doux*, I was much entertained with one, which was curious for the whole orthography, and signed *Stitara:* if Mr. Shirley was to answer it in the same romantic tone, I am persuaded he would subscribe himself *the dying Hornadatus.* The other learned Italian Countess[3] is disposing of her fourth daughter, the fair Lady Juliana, to Penn, the wealthy sovereign of Pennsylvania;[4] but the nuptials are adjourned till he recovers of a wound in his thigh, which he got by his pistol going off as he was overturned in his post-chaise. Lady Caroline Fox has a legacy of five thousand pounds from Lord Shelburne,[5] a distant relation,

[1] "May 3.—Sense of the House taken, if the young Prince of Wales's new servants should be re-elected: it was agreed not. The act was read; but those who seemed to favour a re-election forgot to call for the warrants that appointed them servants to the Prince: by whom are they signed? if by the King, the case would not have admitted a word of dispute." Dodington, p. 104.—E.

[2] Mademoiselle d'Olbreuse. It is this *mésalliance* which prevents our Royal Family from being what is called *chapitrale* in Germany. Mademoiselle d'Olbreuse was the mother of George the First's unhappy wife. — D. [3] Lady Pomfret. [4] See *antè*, p. 13.—E.

[5] Henry Petty, Earl of Shelburne in Ireland, the last of the male

who never saw her but once, and that three weeks before his death. Two years ago Mr. Fox got the ten thousand pound prize.

May 1, 1751.

I find I must send away my letter this week, and reserve the history of the Regency for another post. The bill was to have been brought into the House of Lords to-day, but Sherlock, the Bishop of London, has raised difficulties against the limitation of the future Regent's authority, which he asserts to be repugnant to the spirit of our constitution. Lord Talbot had already determined to oppose it; and the Pitts and Lyttletons, who are grown very mutinous on the Newcastle's not choosing Pitt for his colleague, have talked loudly against it without doors. The preparatory steps to this great event I will tell you. The old Monarch grandchildizes exceedingly: the Princess, who is certainly a wise woman, and who, in a course of very difficult situations, has never made an enemy nor had a detractor, has got great sway there. The Pelhams, taking advantage of this new partiality, of the universal dread of the Duke, and of the necessity of his being administrator of Hanover, prevailed to have the Princess Regent, but with a council of nine of the chief great officers, to be continued in their posts till the majority, which is fixed for eighteen; nothing to be transacted without the assent of the greater number; and the Parliament that shall find itself existing at the King's death to subsist till the minority ceases: such restrictions must be almost as unwelcome to the Princess as the whole regulation is to the Duke. Judge of his resentment: he does not conceal it. The divisions in the ministry are neither closed nor come to a decision. Lord Holderness arrived yesterday, exceedingly mortified at not finding himself immediate secretary of state, for which purpose he was sent for; but Lord Halifax would not submit to have this cipher preferred to him. An expedient was proposed of flinging the American province into the Board of

descendants of Sir William Petty. Upon his death his titles extinguished; but his estates devolved on his nephew, the Hon. John Fitz Maurice, in whose favour the title of Shelburne was revived.— D.

Trade, but, somehow or other, that has miscarried, and all is at a stand. It is known that Lord Granville is designed for president — and for what more don't you think? — he has the inclination of the King — would they be able again to persuade people to resign unless he is removed? — and will not all those who did resign with that intention endeavour to expiate that insult?

Amid all this new clash of politics Murray has had an opportunity for one or two days of making himself talked of. A month ago his brother[1] obtained leave, on pretence of his health, to remove him into the custody of the serjeant-at-arms; but he refused to go thither, and abused his brother for meanness in making such submissive application. On this his confinement was straitened. Last week, my worthy cousin, Sir John Philips, moved the King's Bench for a rule to bring him thither, in order to his having his habeas corpus. He was produced there the next day; but the three Judges, on hearing he was committed by the House of Commons, acknowledged the authority, and remanded him back. There was a disposition to commit Sir John, but we have liked to be pleased with this acknowledgment of our majesty.

Stitara[2] has declared to her son that she is marrying Shirley, but ties him up strictly. I am ready to begin again with the panegyric of my nephew, but I will rather answer a melancholy letter I have just received from you. His affairs are putting into the best situation we can, and we are agitating a vast match for him, which, if it can be brought to bear, will even save your brother, whose great tenderness to mine has left him exposed to greater risks than any of the creditors. For myself, I think I shall escape tolerably, as my demands are from my father, whose debts are likely to be satisfied. My uncle Horace is indefatigable in adjusting all this confusion. Do but figure him at seventy-four, looking, not merely well for his age, but plump, ruddy, and without a wrinkle or complaint; doing everybody's business, full of politics as ever, from morning till night, and then

[1] Lord Elibank. [2] Lady Orford. She did marry Mr. Shirley.

roaming the town to conclude with a party at whist! I have no apprehensions for your demands on Doddington; but your brother, who sees him, will be best able to satisfy you on that head.

Madame de Mirepoix's brother-in-law was not Duke, but Chevalier, de Boufflers. — Here is my uncle come to drop me a bit of marriage-settlements on his road to his rubbers, so I must finish—you will not be sorry; at least I have given you some light to live upon. Adieu!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, May 30, 1751.

In your last of May 14th, you seem uneasy at not having heard from me in two posts. I have writ you so exactly all the details that I knew you would wish to hear, that I think my letters must have miscarried. I will mention all the dates of this year; Feb. 9th, March 14th and 21st, April 1st, and May 1st; tell me if you have received all these. I don't pretend to say anything to alleviate your concern for the late misfortunes, but will only recommend to you to harden yourself against every accident, as I endeavour to do. The mortifications and disappointments I have experienced have taught me the philosophy that dwells not merely in speculation. I choose to think about the world, as I have always found, when I most wanted its comfort, it thought about me, that is, not at all. It is a disagreeable dream which must end for everybody else as well as for oneself. Some try to supply the emptiness and vanity of present life by something still more empty, fame. I choose to comfort myself, by considering that even while I am lamenting any present uneasiness it is actually passing away. I cannot feel the comfort of folly, because I am not a fool, and I scarce know any other being that it is worth one's while to wish to be. All this looks as if it proceeded from a train of melancholy ideas—it does so; but misfortunes have that good in them that they teach one indifference.

If I could be mortified anew, I should be with a new disap-

pointment. The immense and uncommon friendship of Mr. Chute had found a method of saving both my family and yours. In short, in the height of his affliction for Whithed, whom he still laments immoderately, he undertook to get Miss Nicholl, the vast fortune, a fortune of above 150,000*l.* whom Whithed was to have had, for Lord Orford. He actually persuaded her to run away from her guardians, who used her inhumanly, and are her next heirs. How clearly he is justified, you will see, when I tell you that the man, who had eleven hundred a-year for her maintenance, with which he stopped the demands of his own creditors, instead of employing it for her maintenance and education, is since gone into the Fleet. After such fair success, Lord Orford has refused to marry her; why, nobody can guess. Thus had I placed him in a greater situation than even his grandfather hoped to bequeath to him, had retrieved all the oversights of my family, had saved Houghton and all our glory! — Now, all must go! — and what shocks me infinitely more, Mr. Chute, by excess of treachery, (a story too long for a letter,) is embroiled with his own brother — the story, with many others, I believe I shall tell you in person; for I do not doubt but the disagreeable scenes which I have still to go through, will at last drive me to where I have long proposed to seek some peace. — But enough of these melancholy ideas!

The Regency-bill has passed with more ease than could have been expected from so extraordinary a measure, and from the warmth with which it was taken up one day in the House of Commons. In the Lords there were but 12 to 106, and the former, the most inconsiderable men in that House. Lord Bath and Lord Grenville spoke vehemently for it: the former in as wild a speech, with much parts, as ever he made in his patriot days; and with as little modesty he lamented the scrambles that he had seen for power! In our House, Mr. Pelham had four signal mortifications: the Speaker, in a most pathetic and fine speech, Sir John Barnard, and Lord Cobham,[1] speaking against it, and Mr. Fox, though voting for it,

[1] Richard Grenville, eldest son of Richard Grenville, of Wotton, Esq. and of Esther Temple, Countess Temple and Viscountess Cobham, in her

tearing it to pieces. Almost all the late Prince's people spoke or voted for it; most, pretending deference to the Princess, though her power is so much abridged by it. However, the consolation that resides in great majorities balanced the disagreeableness of particular oppositions. We sit, and shall sit, till towards the end of June, though with little business of importance. If there happens any ministerial struggle, which seems a little asleep at present, it will scarce happen till after the prorogation.

Adieu! my dear child; I have nothing else worth telling you at present—at least, the same things don't strike me that used to do; or what perhaps is more true, when things of consequence take one up, one can't attend to mere trifling. When I say this, you will ask me, where is my philosophy! Even where the best is: I think as coolly as I can, I don't exaggerate what is disagreeable, and I endeavour to lessen it, by undervaluing what I am inclined to think would be a happier state.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, May 30, 1751.

Mrs. Boscawen says I ought to write to you. I don't think so: you desired I would, if I had anything new to tell you; I have not. Lady Caroline and Miss Ashe had quarrelled about reputations before you went out of town. I suppose you would not give a straw to know all the circumstances of a Mr. Paul killing a Mr. Dalton, though the town, who talks of anything, talks of nothing else. Mrs. French and her Jeffery are parted again. Lady Orford and Shirley married: they say she was much frightened; it could not be for fear of what other brides dread happening, but for fear it should not happen.

My evening yesterday was employed, how wisely do you think? in trying to procure for the Duchess of Portland a

own right. Lord Cobham became well-known in the political world as Earl Temple; which title he succeeded to on the decease of his mother in 1752.—D.

scarlet spider from Admiral Boscawen. I had just seen her collection, which is indeed magnificent, chiefly composed of the spoils of her father's, and the Arundel collections. The gems of all sorts are glorious. I was diverted with two relics of St. Charles the Martyr; one, the pearl you see in his pictures, taken out of his ear after his foolish head was off; the other, the cup out of which he took his last sacrament. They should be given to that nursery of nonsense and bigotry, Oxford.

I condole with you on your journey, am glad Miss Montagu is in better health, and am yours sincerely.

TO THE REV. JOSEPH SPENCE.[1]

Arlington Street, June 3, 1751.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE translated the lines, and send them to you; but the expressive conciseness and beauty of the original, and my disuse of turning verses, made it so difficult, that I beg they may be of no other use than that of showing you how readily I complied with your request.

> Illam, quicquid agit, quoquo vestigia vertit,
> Componit furtim subsequiturque decor.
>
> If she but moves or looks, her step, her face,
> By stealth adopt unmeditated grace.

There are twenty little literal variations that may be made, and are of no consequence, as *move* or *look; air* instead of *step*, and *adopts* instead of *adopt:* I don't know even whether I would not read *steal and adopt*, instead of *by stealth adopt*. But none of these changes will make the copy half so pretty as the original. But what signifies that? I am not obliged to be a poet because Tibullus was one; nor is it just now that I have discovered I am not. Adieu!

[1] Now first collected. See Singer's edition of Spence's Anecdotes. p. 439.—E.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, June 13, 1751.

You have told me that it is charity to write you news into Kent; but what if my news should shock you! Won't it rather be an act of cruelty to tell you, your relation, Sandwich,[1] is immediately to be removed; and that the Duke of Bedford and all the Gowers will resign to attend him? Not quite all the Gowers, for the Earl himself keeps the privy seal and plays on at brag with Lady Catherine Pelham, to the great satisfaction of the Staffordshire Jacobites, who desire, at least expect, no better diversion than a division in that house. Lord Trentham does resign. Lord Hartington is to be master of the horse, and called up to the House of Peers. Lord Granville is to be president; if he should resent any former resignations and insist on victims, will Lord Hartington assure the menaced that they shall not be sacrificed?

I hear your friend Lord North is wedded: somebody said it is very hot weather to marry so fat a bride; George Selwyn replied, "Oh! she was kept in ice for three days before."

The first volume of Spenser is published with prints, designed by Kent; but the most execrable performance you ever beheld. The graving not worse than the drawing; awkward knights, scrambling Unas, hills tumbling down themselves, no variety of prospect, and three or four perpetual spruce firs.

Our charming Mr. Bentley is doing Gray as much more honour as he deserves than Spenser. He is drawing vignettes for his Odes; what a valuable MS. I shall have! Warburton publishes his edition of Pope next week, with the famous piece of prose on Lord Hervey,[2] which he formerly suppressed at my uncle's desire; who had got an abbey from Cardinal Fleury for one Southcote, a friend of Pope's.[3] My Lord Hervey

[1] John Montagu, fourth Earl of Sandwich.

[2] Entitled "A Letter to a Noble Lord, on occasion of some libels written and propagated at court, in the year 1732-3."—E.

[3] According to Spence, the application was made by Pope to Sir Robert Walpole; but Dr. Warton states, that, "in gratitude for the favour

pretended not to thank him. I am told the edition has waited, because Warburton has cancelled above a hundred sheets (in which he had inserted notes) since the publication of the Canons of Criticism.[1] The new history of Christina is a most wretched piece of trumpery, stuffed with foolish letters and confutations of Mademoiselle de Montpensier and Madame de Motteville. Adieu! Yours ever.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, June 18, 1751.

I SEND my letter as usual from the secretary's office, but of what secretary I don't know. Lord Sandwich last week received his dismission, on which the Duke of Bedford resigned the next day, and Lord Trentham with him, both breaking with old Gower, who is entirely in the hands of the Pelhams, and made to declare his quarrel with Lord Sandwich (who gave away his daughter to Colonel Waldegrave) the foundation of detaching himself from the Bedfords. Your friend Lord Fane[2] comforts Lord Sandwich with an annuity of a thousand a-year—scarcely for his handsome behaviour to his sister! Lord Hartington is to be master of the horse, and Lord Albemarle groom of the stole; Lord Granville is actually lord president, and, by all outward and visible signs, something more—in short, if he don't overshoot himself, the Pelhams have; the King's favour to him is visible, and so much credited, that all the incense is offered to him. It is believed that Impresario Holderness will succeed the Bedford

conferred on his friend, Pope presented to Horatio Walpole, afterwards Lord Walpole, a set of his works in quarto, richly bound; which are now in the library at Wolterton."—E.

[1] Edwards's "Canons of Criticism;" a series of notes on Warburton's edition of Shakspeare. Johnson thought well of it; but upon some one endeavouring to put the author upon a level with Warburton, "Nay," said the Doctor, "he has given him some smart hits, but the two men must not be named together: a fly, Sir, may sting a stately horse, and make him wince; but one is but an insect, and the other is a horse still."—E.

[2] Lord Sandwich married Dorothy, sister of Charles, Lord Viscount Fane.

in the foreign seals, and Lord Halifax in those for the plantations. If the former does, you will have ample instructions to negotiate for singers and dancers! Here is an epigram made upon his directorship:

"That secrecy will now prevail
In politics, is certain;
Since Holderness, who gets the seals,
Was bred behind the curtain."

The Admirals Rowley and Boscawen are brought into the admiralty under Lord Anson, who is advanced to the head of the board. Seamen are tractable fishes! especially it will be Boscawen's case, whose name in Cornish signifies obstinacy, and who brings along with him a good quantity of resentment to Anson. In short, the whole present system is equally formed for duration!

Since I began my letter, Lord Holderness has kissed hands for the seals. It is said that Lord Halifax is to be made easy, by the plantations being put under the Board of Trade. Lord Granville comes into power as boisterously as ever, and dashes at everything. His lieutenants already beat up for volunteers; but he disclaims all connexions with Lord Bath, who, he says, forced him upon the famous ministry of twenty-four hours, and by which he says he paid all his debts to him. This will soon grow a turbulent scene—it is not unpleasant to sit upon the beach and see it; but few people have the curiosity to step out to the sight. You, who knew England in other times, will find it difficult to conceive what an indifference reigns with regard to ministers and their squabbles. The two Miss Gunnings,[1] and a late extravagant dinner at White's, are twenty times more the subject of conversation than the two brothers and Lord Granville. These are two Irish girls, of no fortune, who are declared the handsomest women alive. I think their being two so handsome and both such perfect figures is their chief excellence, for singly I have seen much handsomer women than either; however, they can't

[1] Afterwards Countess of Coventry, and Duchess of Hamilton and Argyll.—D.

walk in the park, or go to Vauxhall, but such mobs follow them that they are generally driven away. The dinner was a folly of seven young men, who bespoke it to the utmost extent of expense: one article was a tart made of duke cherries from a hot-house; and another, that they tasted but one glass out of each bottle of champagne. The bill of fare is got into print, and with good people has produced the apprehension of another earthquake. Your friend St. Leger was at the head of these luxurious heroes—he is the hero of all fashion. I never saw more dashing vivacity and absurdity, with some flashes of parts. He had a cause the other day for ducking a sharper, and was going to swear: the judge said to him, "I see, Sir, you are very ready to take an oath." "Yes, my lord," replied St. Leger, "my father was a judge."

We have been overwhelmed with lamentable Cambridge and Oxford dirges on the Prince's death: there is but one tolerable copy; it is by a young Lord Stormont,[1] a nephew of Murray, who is much commended. You may imagine what incense is offered to Stone by the people of Christchurch: they have hooked in, too, poor Lord Harcourt, and call him *Harcourt the Wise!* his wisdom has already disgusted the young Prince; "Sir, pray hold up your head. Sir, for God's sake, turn out your toes!" Such are Mentor's precepts!

I am glad you receive my letters; as I knew I had been punctual, it mortified me that you should think me remiss. Thank you for the transcript from *Bubb de tristibus!*[2] I will

[1] David Murray, seventh Viscount Stormont, ambassador at Vienna and Paris, and president of the council. He died in 1796.—D.

[2] A letter to Mr. Mann from Bubb Doddington on the Prince's death. It is dated June 4, and contains the following bombastic and absurd passage: which, however, proves how great were the expectations of Doddington, if the Prince had lived to succeed his father: "We have lost the delight and ornament of the age he lived in, the expectations of the public—in this light I have lost more than any subject in England, but this is light; public advantages confined to myself do not, ought not, to weigh with me. But we have lost the refuge of private distress, the balm of the afflicted heart, the shelter of the miserable against the fang of private calamity; the arts, the graces, the anguish, the misfortunes of society have lost their patron and their remedy. I have lost my protector, my companion, my friend that loved me, that condescended to hear, to communicate, and to share in all the pleasures and pains of the human heart, where the social affections and emotions of the mind only presided, without regard to the infinite disproportion of our rank and con-

keep your secret, though I am persuaded that a man who had composed such a funeral oration on his master and himself fully intended that its flowers should not bloom and wither in obscurity.

We have already begun to sell the pictures that had not found place at Houghton: the sale gives no great encouragement to proceed; (though I fear it must come to that!) the large pictures were thrown away; the whole-length Vandykes went for a song! I am mortified now at having printed the catalogue. Gideon the Jew, and Blakiston[1] the independent grocer, have been the chief purchasers of the pictures sold already—there, if you love moralising!

Adieu! I have no more articles to-day for my literary gazette.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, July 16, 1751.

I SHALL do little more to-day than answer your last letter of the 2nd of this month; there is no kind of news. My chief reason for writing to you is to notify a visit that you will have at Florence this summer from Mr. Conway, who is forced to go to his regiment at Minorca, but is determined to reckon Italy within his quarters. You know how particularly he is my friend; I need not recommend him to you; but you will see something very different from the staring boys that come in flocks to you new, once a-year, like woodcocks. Mr. Conway is deservedly reckoned one of the first and most rising young men in England. He has distinguished himself in the greatest style both in the army and in Parliament. This is for you: for the Florentine ladies, there is still the

dition. This is a wound that cannot, ought not, to heal—if I pretended to fortitude here I should be infamous, a monster of ingratitude; and unworthy of all consolation, if I was not inconsolable."—D.

[1] Blakiston had been caught in smuggling, and pardoned by Sir Robert Walpole; but continuing the practice, and being again detected, was fined five thousand pounds; on which he grew a violent party man, and a ringleader of the Westminster independent electors, and died an alderman of London.

finest person and the handsomest face I ever saw—no, I cannot say that all this will be quite for them; he will not think any of them so handsome as my Lady Aylesbury.

It is impossible to answer you why my Lord Orford would not marry Miss Nicholl. I don't believe there was any particular reason or attachment anywhere else; but, unfortunately for himself and for us, he is totally insensible to his situation, and talks of selling Houghton with a coolness that wants nothing but being intended for philosophy to be the greatest that ever was. Mind, it is a virtue that I envy more than I honour.

I am going into Warwickshire to Lord Hertford, and set out this evening, and have so many things to do that you must excuse me, for I neither know what I write, nor have time to write more. Adieu!

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Daventry, July 22, 1751.

You will wonder in what part of the county of Twicks lies this Daventry. It happens to be in Northamptonshire. My letter will scarce set out till I get to London, but I choose to give it its present date lest you should admire, that Mr. Usher of the exchequer, the lord treasurer of pen, ink, and paper, should write with such coarse materials. I am on my way from Ragley,[1] and if ever the waters subside and my ark rests upon dry land again, I think of stepping over to Tonghes: but your journey has filled my postchaise's head with such terrible ideas of your roads, that I think I shall let it have done raining for a month or six weeks, which it has not done for as much time past, before I begin to grease my wheels again, and lay in a provision of French books, and tea, and blunderbusses, for my journey.

Before I tell you a word of Ragley, you must hear how busy I have been upon Grammont. You know I have long had a purpose of a new edition, with notes, and cuts of the principal

[1] The seat of the Earl of Hertford, in Warwickshire.

beauties and heroes, if I could meet with their portraits. I have made out all the people at all remarkable except *my Lord Janet*, whom I cannot divine unless he be *Thanet*. Well, but what will entertain you is, that I have discovered the *philosophe Whitnell;* and what do you think his real name was? Only Whetenhall! Pray do you call cousins?[1] Look in Collins's Baronets, and under the article *Bedingfield* you will find that he was an *ingenious gentleman*, and *la blanche* Whitnell, *though one of the greatest beauties of the age, an excellent wife*. I am persuaded the Bedingfields crowded in these characters to take off the ridicule in Grammont; they have succeeded to a miracle. Madame de Mirepoix told me t'other day, that she had known a daughter of the Countess de Grammont, an Abbess in Lorrain, who, to the ambassadress's great scandal, was ten times more vain of the blood of Hamilton than of an equal quantity of that of Grammont. She had told her much of her sister my Lady Stafford,[2] whom I remember to have seen when I was a child. She used to live at Twickenham when Lady Mary Wortley[3] and the Duke of Wharton lived there; she had more wit than both of them. What would I give to have had Strawberry Hill twenty years ago! I think any thing but twenty years. Lady Stafford used to say to her sister, "Well, child, I have come without my wit to-day;" that is, she had not taken her opium, which she was forced to do if she had any appointment, to be in particular spirits. This rage of Grammont carried me a little while ago to old Marlborough's[4] at Wimbledon, where I had heard there was a picture of Lady Denham;[5] it is a charming one. The house you know stands in a hole, or, as the whimsical old lady

[1] A sister of Mr. Montagu's was married to Nathaniel Whetenhall, Esq.

[2] Claude Charlotte, Countess of Stafford, wife of Henry, Earl of Stafford, and daughter of Philibert, Count of Grammont, and Elizabeth Hamilton, his wife.

[3] Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

[4] Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough.

[5] Miss Brooke, one of the beauties of the court of Charles II, second wife of Sir John Denham the poet. This second marriage brought upon him so much disquiet, as for a time to disorder his understanding, and Butler lampooned him for his lunacy. In Grammont's Memoirs many circumstances are related, both of his marriage and his frenzy, very little favourable to his character.—E.

said, seems to be making a curtsey. She had directed my Lord Pembroke not to make her go up any steps; "I won't go up steps;"—and so he dug a saucer to put it in, and levelled the first floor with the ground. There is a bust of Admiral Vernon, erected I suppose by Jack Spencer, with as many lies upon it as if it was a tombstone; and a very curious old picture up-stairs that I take to be Louis Sforza the Moor, with his nephew Galeazzo. There are other good pictures in the house, but perhaps you have seen them. As I have formerly seen Oxford and Blenheim, I did not stop till I came to Stratford-upon-Avon, the wretchedest old town I ever saw, which I intended for Shakspeare's sake to find snug, and pretty, and antique, not old. His tomb, and his wife's, and John à Combes', are in an agreeable church, with several other monuments; as one of the Earl of Totness,[1] and another of Sir Edward Walker, the memoirs writer. There are quantities of Cloptons, too; but the bountiful corporation have exceedingly bepainted Shakspeare and the principal personages.

I was much struck with Ragley; the situation is magnificent; the house far beyond any thing I have seen of that bad age: for it was begun, as I found by an old letter in the library from Lord Ranelagh to Earl Conway, in the year 1680. By the way, I have had, and am to have, the rummaging of three chests of pedigrees and letters to that secretary Conway, which I have interceded for and saved from the flames. The prospect is as fine as one destitute of a navigated river can be, and hitherto totally unimproved; so is the house, which is but just covered in, after so many years. They have begun to inhabit the naked walls of the attic story; the great one is unfloored and unceiled; the hall is magnificent, sixty by forty, and thirty-eight high. I am going to pump Mr. Bentley for designs. The other apartments are very lofty, and in quantity, though I had suspected that this leviathan hall must have devoured half the other chambers.

[1] George Carew, Earl of Totness, died without heirs male in 1629, leaving an only daughter, married to Sir Allen Apsley.—E.

The Hertfords carried me to dine at Lord Archer's,[1] an odious place. On my return, I saw Warwick, a pretty old town, small, and thinly inhabited, in the form of a cross. The castle is enchanting; the view pleased me more than I can express; the river Avon tumbles down a cascade at the foot of it. It is well laid out by one Brown,[2] who has set up on a few ideas of Kent and Mr. Southcote. One sees what the prevalence of taste does; little Brooke, who would have chuckled to have been born in an age of clipt hedges and cockle-shell avenues, has submitted to let his garden and park be natural. Where he has attempted gothic in the castle, he has failed; and has indulged himself in a new apartment, that is paltry. The chapel is very pretty, and smugged up with tiny pews, that look like *étuis* for the Earl and his diminutive Countess. I shall tell you nothing of the glorious chapel of the Beauchamps in St. Mary's church, for you know it is in Dugdale; nor how ill the fierce bears and ragged staves are succeeded by puppets and corals. As I came back another road, I saw Lord Pomfret's,[3] by Towcester, where there are a few good pictures, and many masked statues; there is an exceeding fine Cicero, which has no fault, but the head being modern. I saw a pretty lodge, just built by the Duke of Grafton, in Whittleberry-forest; the design is Kent's, but, as was his manner, too heavy. I ran through the gardens at Stowe, which I have seen before, and had only time to be charmed with the variety of scenes. I do like that Albano glut of buildings, let them be ever so much condemned.

[1] Umberslade, near Stratford-upon-Avon.

[2] Lancelot Brown, generally called "Capability Brown," from his frequent use of that word. He rose by his merit, from a low condition, to be head gardener at Stowe; and was afterwards appointed, by George the Second, to the same situation at Hampton Court. Lord Chatham, who had a great regard for him, thus speaks of him, in a letter to Lady Stanhope:—"The chapter of my friend's dignity must not be omitted. He writes Lancelot Brown, Esquire, *en titre d'office:* please to consider, he shares the private hours of Majesty, dines familiarly with his neighbour of Sion, and sits down to the tables of all the House of Lords, &c. To be serious, he is deserving of the regard shown to him; for I know him, upon very long acquaintance, to be an honest man, and of sentiments much above his birth." See Chatham Correspondence, vol. iv. p. 430.—E.

[3] Easton Neston.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Mistley, Aug. 31, 1751.

I AM going to answer two of your letters, without having the fear of Genoa[1] before my eyes. Your brother sent to me about this embassy the night before I came out of town, and I had not time nor opportunity to make any inquiry about it. Indeed, I am persuaded it is all a fable, some political nonsense of Richcourt. How should his brother know anything of it? or, to speak plainly, what can we bring about by a sudden negociation with the Genoese? Do but put these two things together, that we can do nothing, and the Richcourts can know nothing, and you will laugh at this pretended communication of a secret that relates to yourself from one who is ignorant of what relates to you, and who would not tell you if he did know. I have had a note from your brother since I came hither, which confirms my opinion; and I find Mr. Chute is of the same. Be at peace, my dear child: I should not be so if I thought you in the least danger.

I imagined you would have seen Mr. Conway before this time; I have already told you how different you will find him from the raw animals that you generally see. As you talk of our Beauties, I shall tell you a new story of the Gunnings, who make more noise than any of their predecessors since the days of Helen, though neither of them, nor anything about them, have yet been *teterrima belli causa.* They went the other day to see Hampton Court; as they were going into the Beauty-room, another company arrived; the housekeeper said, "This way, ladies; here are the Beauties." The Gunnings flew into a passion, and asked her what she meant; that they came to see the palace, not to be showed as a sight themselves.

I am charmed with your behaviour to the Count on the

[1] Count Richcourt pretended that he had received intelligence from his brother, then minister in London, that Mr. Mann was to be sent on a secret commission to Genoa.

affair of the Leghorn allegiance; I don't wonder he is willing to transport you to Genoa! Your priest's epigram is strong; I suppose he had a dispensation for making a false quantity in *secunda*.

Pray tell me if you know anything of Lady Mary Wortley: we have an obscure history here of her being in durance in the Brescian, or the Bergamasco: that a young fellow whom she set out with keeping has taken it into his head to keep her close prisoner, not permitting her to write or receive any letters but what he sees: he seems determined, if her husband should die, not to lose her, as the Count lost my Lady Orford.[1]

Lord Rockingham told me himself of his Guercino, and seemed obliged for the trouble you had given yourself in executing the commission. I can tell you nothing farther of the pictures at Houghton; Lord Orford has been ill and given over, and is gone to Cheltenham. The affair of Miss Nicholl is blown up by the treachery of my uncle Horace and some lawyers, that I had employed at his recommendation. I have been forced to write a narrative of the whole transaction, and was with difficulty kept from publishing it. You shall see it whenever I have an opportunity. Mr. Chute, who has been still worse used than I have been, is, however, in better spirits than he was, since he got rid of all this embroil. I have brought about a reconciliation with his

[1] Lord Wharncliffe, in his edition of Lady Mary's Works, vol. iii. p. 435, makes the following observations on this passage:—"Among Lady Mary's papers there is a long paper, written in Italian, not by herself, giving an account of her having been detained for some time against her will in a country-house belonging to an Italian Count, and inhabited by him and his mother. This paper seems to have been submitted to a lawyer for his opinion, or to be produced in a court of law. There is nothing else to be found in Lady Mary's papers referring in the least degree to this circumstance. It would appear, however, that some such forcible detention as is alluded to did take place, probably for some pecuniary or interested object: but, like many of Horace Walpole's stories, he took care not to let this lose anything that might give it zest, and he therefore makes the person by whom Lady Mary was detained 'a young fellow whom she set out with keeping.' Now, at the time of this transaction, Lady Mary was sixty-one years old. The reader, therefore, may judge for himself, how far such an imputation upon her is likely to be founded in truth."—E.

brother, which makes me less regard the other disappointments.

I must bid you good night, for I am at too great a distance to know any news, even if there were any in season. I shall be in town next week, and will not fail you in inquiries, though I am persuaded you will before that have found that all this Genoese mystery was without foundation. Adieu!

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, Oct. 8, 1751.

So you have totally forgot that I sent you the pedigree of the Crouches, as long ago as the middle of last August, and that you promised to come to Strawberry Hill in October. I shall be there some time in next week, but as my motions neither depend on resolutions nor almanacs, let me know beforehand when you intend me a visit; for though keeping an appointment is not just the thing you ever do, I suppose you know you dislike being disappointed yourself, as much as if you were the most punctual person in the world to engagements.

I came yesterday from Woburn, where I have been a week. The house is in building, and three sides of the quadrangle finished. The park is very fine, the woods glorious, and the plantations of evergreens sumptuous; but upon the whole, it is rather what I admire than like—I fear that is what I am a little apt to do at the finest places in the world where there is not a navigable river. You would be charmed, as I was, with an old gallery, that is not yet destroyed. It is a bad room, powdered with little gold stars, and covered with millions of old portraits. There are all the successions of Earls and Countesses of Bedford, and all their progenies. One countess is a whole-length drawing in the drollest dress you ever saw; and another picture of the same woman leaning on her hand, I believe by Cornelius Johnson, is as fine a head as ever I saw. There are many of Queen Elizabeth's worthies, the Leicesters, Essex's, and Philip Sidneys, and a very curious

portrait of the last Courtney, Earl of Devonshire, who died at Padua. Have not I read somewhere that he was in love with Queen Elizabeth, and Queen Mary with him? He is quite in the style of the former's lovers, red-bearded, and not comely. There is Essex's friend, the Earl of Southampton; his son the Lord Treasurer; and Madame l'Empoisonneuse,[1] that married Carr,[2] Earl of Somerset—she is pretty. Have not you seen a copy Vertue has made of Philip and Mary? That is in this gallery too, but more curious than good. They showed me two heads, who, according to the tradition of the family, were the originals of Castalio and Polydore. They were sons to the second Earl of Bedford; and the eldest, if not both, died before their father. The eldest has vipers in his hand, and in the distant landscape appears in a maze, with these words, *Fata viam invenient.* The other has a woman behind him, sitting near the sea, with strange monsters surrounding her. I don't pretend to decipher this, nor to describe half the entertaining morsels I found here; but I can't omit, as you know I am Grammont-mad, that I found "le vieux Roussel, qui étoit le plus fier danseur d'Angleterre." The portrait is young, but has all the promise of his latter character. I am going to send them a head of a Countess of Cumberland,[3] sister to Castalio and Polydore, and mother of a famous Countess of Dorset,[4] who afterwards married the Earl of Pembroke,[5] of Charles the First's time. She was an authoress, and immensely rich. After the restoration, Sir

[1] Lady Frances Howard, daughter of the Earl of Suffolk, and married to the Earl of Essex, from whom she was divorced. She then married her lover, the Earl of Somerset. She poisoned Sir Thomas Overbury, because he had endeavoured to dissuade his friend the Earl of Somerset from this alliance. She was tried and condemned, but was pardoned by King James.

[2] Robert Carr, a favourite of King James the First, who created him Viscount Rochester and Earl of Somerset. He was tried and condemned, but was pardoned by James the First.

[3] Margaret, Countess of Cumberland, daughter of Francis Russell, second Earl of Bedford, and married to George Clifford, third Earl of Cumberland.

[4] Ann Clifford, daughter of George, Earl of Cumberland, first married to Richard Sackville, Earl of Dorset, and afterwards to Philip, Earl of Pembroke.

[5] Philip, Earl of Pembroke, son of Henry, second Earl of Pembroke. He was chamberlain to Charles the First.

Joseph Williamson, the secretary of state, wrote to her to choose a courtier at Appleby: she sent him this answer: "I have been bullied by an usurper, I have been ill-treated by a court, but I won't be dictated to by a subject; your man shall not stand. Ann Dorset, Pembroke and Montgomery." Adieu! If you love news a hundred years old, I think you can't have a better correspondent. For anything that passes now, I shall not think it worth knowing these fifty years.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 14, 1751.

It is above six weeks since I wrote to you, and I was going on to be longer, as I stayed for something to tell you; but an express that arrived yesterday brought a great event, which, though you will hear long before my letter can arrive, serves for a topic to renew our correspondence. The Prince of Orange is dead; killed by the waters of Aix-la-Chapelle. This is all I yet know. I shall go to town to-morrow for a day or two, and if I pick up any particulars before the post goes away, you shall know them. The Princess Royal[1] was established Regent some time ago; but as her husband's authority seemed extremely tottering, it is not likely that she will be able to maintain hers. Her health is extremely bad, and her temper neither ingratiating nor bending. It is become the peculiarity of the House of Orange to have minorities.

Your last letter to me of Sept. 24th, and all I have seen since your first fright, make me easy about your Genoese journey. I take no honour from the completion of my prophecy; it was sufficient to know circumstances and the trifling

[1] Anne, eldest daughter of George the Second. Walpole, in his Memoires, vol. i. p. 179, describes her as being immoderately jealous and fond of her husband: "Yet," adds he, "this Mars, who was locked in the arms of this Venus, was a monster so deformed, that when the King had chosen him for his son-in-law, he could not help, in the honesty of his heart and the coarseness of his expression, telling the Princess how hideous a bridegroom she was to expect; and even gave her permission to refuse him: she replied, she would marry him if he was a baboon; 'Well, then,' said the King, 'there is baboon enough for you!'"—E.

falsehood of Richcourt, to confirm me in my belief that that embassy was never intended. We dispose of Corsica! Alas! I believe there is but one island that we shall ever have power to give away; and that is Great Britain—and I don't know but we may exert our power.

You are exceedingly kind about Mr. Conway—but when are not you so to me and my friends? I have just received a miserable letter from him on his disappointment: he had waited for a man-of-war to embark for Leghorn; it came in the night, left its name upon a card, and was gone before he was awake in the morning, and had any notice of it. He still talks of seeing you; as the Parliament is to meet so soon, I should think he will scarce have time, though I don't hear that he is sent for, or that they will have occasion to send for anybody, unless they want to make an Opposition.

We were going to have festivals and masquerades for the birth of the Duke of Burgundy, but I suppose both they and the observance of the King's birthday will be laid aside or postponed, on the death of our son-in-law. Madame de Mirepoix would not stay to preside at her own banquets, but is slipped away to retake possession of the tabouret. When the King wished her husband joy, my Lady Pembroke[1] was standing near him; she was a favourite, but has disgraced herself by marrying a Captain Barnard. Mirepoix said, as he had no children he was indifferent to the honour of a duchy for himself, but was glad it would restore Madame to the honour she had lost by marrying him. "Oh!" replied the King, "you are of so great a family, the rank was nothing; but I can't bear when women of quality marry one don't know whom!"

Did you ever receive the questions I asked you about Lady Mary Wortley's being confined by a lover that she keeps somewhere in the Brescian? I long to know the particulars. I have lately been at Woburn, where the Duchess of Bedford

[1] Mary, daughter of the Viscount Fitzwilliam, formerly maid of honour to the Queen, and widow of Henry Herbert, Earl of Pembroke. [In the preceding month, Lady Pembroke had married North Ludlow Barnard, a major of dragoons. She died in 1769.]

borrowed for me from a niece of Lady Mary above fifty letters of the latter. They are charming! have more spirit and vivacity than you can conceive, and as much of the spirit of debauchery in them as you will conceive in her writing. They were written to her sister, the unfortunate Lady Mar, whom she treated so hardly while out of her senses, which she has not entirely recovered, though delivered and tended with the greatest tenderness and affection by her daughter, Lady Margaret Erskine: they live in a house lent to them by the Duke of Bedford; the Duchess is Lady Mary's niece.[1] Ten of the letters, indeed, are dismal lamentations and frights on a scene of villainy of Lady Mary, who, having persuaded one Ruremonde, a Frenchman and her lover, to entrust her with a large sum of money to buy stock for him, frightened him out of England, by persuading him that Mr. Wortley had discovered the intrigue, and would murder him; and then would have sunk the trust. That not succeeding, and he threatening to print her letters, she endeavoured to make Lord Mar or Lord Stair cut his throat. Pope hints at these anecdotes of her history in that line,

"Who starves a sister or denies a debt."[2]

In one of her letters she says, "We all partake of father Adam's folly and knavery, who first eat the apple like a sot, and then turned informer like a scoundrel." This is character, at least, if not very delicate; but in most of them, the wit and style are superior to any letters I ever read but Madame Sevigné's. It is very remarkable, how much better women write than men. I have now before me a volume of

[1] Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Lady Mar, and the first wife of John, Lord Gower, were daughters of Evelyn Pierpoint, Duke of Kingston.

[2] Upon this passage Lord Wharncliffe observes, that "nothing whatever has been found to throw light upon the ill-treatment of Lady Mar by Lady Mary, and that accusation is supposed, by those who would probably have heard of it if true, to be without foundation." Nine out of the ten letters spoken of by Walpole, are given in his lordship's edition of Lady Mary's Works; and, in the opinion of the Quarterly Reviewer, "they confirm, in a very extraordinary way, Horace Walpole's impressions." See vol. lviii. p. 191.—E.

letters written by the widow[1] of the beheaded Lord Russel, which are full of the most moving and expressive eloquence: I want to persuade the Duke of Bedford to let them be printed.[2]

17th.—I have learned nothing but that the Prince of Orange died of an imposthume in his head. Lord Holderness is gone to Holland to-day—I believe rather to learn than to teach. I have received yours of Oct. 8, and don't credit a word of Birtle's[3] information. Adieu!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Nov. 22, 1751.

As the Parliament is met, you will, of course, expect to hear something of it: the only thing to be told of it is, what I believe was never yet to be told of an English Parliament, that it is so unanimous, that we are not likely to have one division this session—nay, I think not a debate.[4] On the Address, Sir John Cotton alone said a few words against a few words of it. Yesterday, on a motion to resume the sentences against Murray, who is fled to France, only two persons objected—in short, we shall not be more a French Parliament, when we are under French government. Indeed, the two nations seem to have crossed over and figured in; one hears of nothing from Paris but gunpowder plots in the Duke of Burgundy's cradle (whom the clergy,

[1] Rachel, daughter of Thomas Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, lord treasurer. One of these letters to Dr. Tillotson, to persuade him to accept the archbishoprick, has been since printed, and a fragment of another of her letters, in Birch's Life of that prelate.

[2] They were published in 1773, and met with such deserved success as to call for a seventh edition of them in 1809. In 1819, appeared a quarto volume, entitled "Some Account of the Life of Rachael Wriothesley, Lady Russell, with Letters from Lady Russell to her husband Lord Russell," by the editor of Madame du Deffand's Letters.—E.

[3] Consul at Genoa: he had heard the report of Mr. Mann's being designed for an embassy to Genoa.

[4] "Nov. 14, Parliament opened. Lord Downe and Sir William Beauchamp Proctor moved and seconded the Address. No opposition to it." Dodington, p. 114. Tindal says that this session "was, perhaps, the most unanimous ever known."—E.

by a *vice versâ*, have converted into a Pretender,) and menaces of assassinations. Have you seen the following verses, that have been stuck up on the Louvre, the Pont-neuf, and other places?

> " Deux Henris immolés par nos braves Ayeux,
> L'un à la Liberté et l'autre à nos Dieux,
> Nous animent, Louis, aux mêmes entreprises:
> Ils revivent en Toi ces anciens Tyrans:
> Crains notre desespoir: La Noblesse a des Guises,
> Paris des Ravaillacs, le Clergé des Clements."

Did you ever see more ecclesiastic fury? Don't you like their avowing the cause of Jacques Clement? and that Henry IV. was sacrificed to a plurality of gods! a frank confession! though drawn from the author by the rhyme, as Cardinal Bembo, to write classic Latin, used to say, *Deos immortales!* But what most offends me is the threat of murder: it attaints the prerogative of chopping off the heads of Kings in a legal way. We here have been still more interested about a private history that has lately happened at Paris. It seems uncertain by your accounts whether Lady Mary Wortley is in voluntary or constrained durance: it is not at all equivocal that her son and a Mr. Taaffe have been in the latter at Fort l'Evesque and the Chatelet.[1] All the letters from Paris have been very cautious of relating the circumstances. The outlines are, that these two *gentlemen*, who were pharaoh-bankers to Madame de Mirepoix, had travelled to France to exercise the same profession, where it is supposed they cheated a Jew, who would afterwards have cheated them of the money he owed, and that, to secure payment, they broke open his lodgings and bureau, and seized jewels and other effects; that he accused them; that they were taken out of their beds at two o'clock in the morning, kept in different prisons, without fire or candle, for six-and-thirty hours; have since been released on excessive bail; are still to be tried, may be sent to the galleys, or dismissed home, where they will be reduced to keep the best company; for

[1] See *antè*.—E.

I suppose nobody else will converse with them. Their separate anecdotes are curious: Wortley, you know, has been a perfect Gil Blas, and, for one of his last adventures, is thought to have added the famous Miss Ashe to the number of his wives. Taaffe is an Irishman, who changed his religion to fight a duel; as you know in Ireland a Catholic may not wear a sword. He is a gamester, usurer, adventurer, and of late has divided his attentions between the Duke of Newcastle and Madame Pompadour; travelling, with turtles and pine-apples, in post-chaises, to the latter, —flying back to the former for Lewes races—and smuggling burgundy at the same time. I shall finish their history with a *bon-mot*. The Speaker was railing at gaming and White's, *apropos* to these two prisoners. Lord Coke, to whom the conversation was addressed, replied, "Sir, all I can say is, that they are both members of the House of Commons, and neither of them of White's." Monsieur de Mirepoix sent a card lately to White's, to invite all the chess-players of both *clamps*. Do but think what a genius a man must have, or, my dear child, do you consider what information you would be capable of sending to your court, if, after passing two years in a country, you had learned but the two first letters of a word, that you heard twenty times every day!

I have a bit of paper left, so I will tell you another story. A certain King, that, whatever airs you may give yourself, you are not at all like, was last week at the play. The Intriguing Chambermaid in the farce[1] says to the old gentleman, "You are villainously old; you are sixty-six; you can't have the impudence to think of living above two years." The old gentleman in the stage-box turned about in a passion, and said, "This is d—d stuff!"

Pray have you got Mr. Conway yet! Adieu!

[1] The Intriguing Chambermaid was performed at Drury-lane on the 6th of November. It was dedicated by Fielding to Mrs. Clive.—E.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Dec. 12, 1751.

I HAVE received yours and Mr. Conway's letters, and am transported that you have met at last, and that you answer so well to one another, as I intended. I expect that you tell me more and more all that you think of him. The inclosed is for him; as he has never received one of my letters since he left England, I have exhausted all my news upon him, and for this post you must only go halves with him, who I trust is still at Florence. In your last, you mentioned Lord Stormont and commend him; pray tell me more about him. He is cried up above all the young men of the time—in truth we want recruits! Lord Bolingbroke is dead, or dying,[1] of a cancer, which was thought cured by a quack plaster; but it is not everybody can be cured at seventy-five, like my monstrous uncle.

What is an *uomo nero?*—neither Mr. Chute nor I can recollect the term. Though you are in the season of the *villegiatura*, believe me, Mr. Conway will not find Florence duller than he would London: our diversions, politics, quarrels, are buried all in our Alphonso's grave![2] The only thing talked of, is a man who draws teeth with a sixpence, and puts them in again for a shilling. I believe it; not that it seems probable, but because I have long been persuaded that the most incredible discoveries will be made, and that, about the time, or a little after, I die, the secret will be found out of how to live for ever—and that secret, I believe, will not be discovered by a physician. Adieu!

P.S. I have tipped Mr. Conway's direction with French, in case it should be necessary to send it after him.

[1] Lord Bolingbroke died on the 15th.—E.

[2] The late Prince of Wales: it alludes to a line in "The Mourning Bride."

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

THE ST. JAMES'S EVENING POST,

Thursday, Jan. 9, 1752.

MONDAY being the Twelfth-day, his Majesty according to annual custom offered myrrh, frankincense, and a small bit of gold; and at night, in commemoration of the three *kings* or *wise men*, the King and Royal Family played at hazard for the benefit of a prince of the blood. There were above eleven thousand pounds upon the table; his most sacred Majesty won three guineas, and his Royal Highness the Duke three thousand four hundred pounds.

On Saturday was landed at the Custom-house a large box of truffles, being a present to the Earl of Lincoln from Theobald Taaffe, Esq. who is shortly expected home from his travels in foreign parts.

To-morrow the new-born son of the Earl of Egremont is to be baptized, when his Majesty, and the Earl of Granville (if he is able to stand), and the Duchess of Somerset, are to be sponsors.

We are assured that on Tuesday last, the surprising strong woman was exhibited at the Countess of Holderness's, before a polite assembly of persons of the first quality: and some time this week, the two dwarfs will play at brag at Madame Holman's. N.B. The strong man, who was to have performed at Mrs. Nugent's, is indisposed.

There is lately arrived at the Lord Carpenter's, a curious male chimpanzee, which had had the honour of being shown before the ugliest princes in Europe, who all expressed their approbation; and we hear that he intends to offer himself a candidate to represent the city of Westminster at the next general election. Note: he wears breeches, and there is a gentlewoman to attend the ladies.

Last night the Hon. and Rev. Mr. James Brudenel was admitted a doctor of opium in the ancient university of White's, being received *ad eundem* by his grace the Rev.

father in chess the Duke of Devonshire, president, and the rest of the senior fellows. At the same time the Lord Robert Bertie and Colonel Barrington were rejected, on account of some deficiency of formality in their testimonials.

Letters from Grosvenor Street mention a dreadful apparition, which has appeared for several nights at the house of the Countess Temple, which has occasioned several of her ladyship's domestics to leave her service, except the coachman, who has drove her sons and nephews for several years, and is not afraid of spectres. The coroner's inquest have brought in their verdict lunacy.

Last week the Lord Downe received at the treasury the sum of a hundred kisses from the Auditor of the Exchequer, being the reward for shooting at a highwayman.

On Tuesday the operation of shaving was happily performed on the upper lip of her grace the Duchess of Newcastle, by a celebrated artist from Paris, sent over on purpose by the Earl of Albemarle. The performance lasted but one minute and three seconds, to the great joy of that noble family; and in consideration of his great care and expedition, his grace has settled four hundred pounds a-year upon him for life. We hear that he is to have the honour of shaving the heads of the Lady Caroline Petersham, the Duchess of Queensberry, and several other persons of quality.

By authority, on Sunday next will be opened the Romish chapel at Norfolk House; no persons will be admitted but such as are known well-wishers to the present happy establishment. Mass will begin exactly when the English liturgy is finished.

At the theatre royal in the House of Lords, the Royal Slave, with Lethe. At the theatre in St. Stephen's chapel, the Fool in Fashion.

The Jews are desired to meet on the 20th inst. at the sign of Fort L'Evêque in Pharaoh Street, to commemorate the noble struggle made by one of their brethren in support of his property.

Deserted—Miss Ashe.

Lost—an Opposition.

To be let—an ambassador's masquerade, the gentleman going abroad.

To be sold—the whole nation.

Lately published, The Analogy of political and private quarrels, or the Art of healing family-differences by widening them; on these words, "Do evil that good may ensue;" a sermon preached before the Right Hon. Henry Pelham, and the rest of the society for propagating Christian charity, by William Levenson, chaplain to her R. H. the Princess Amelia; and now printed at the desire of several of the family.

For capital weaknesses, the Duke of Newcastle's true spirit of crocodiles.

Given gratis at the Turn-stile, the corner of Lincoln's-inn-fields,[1] Anodyne Stars and Garters.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Feb. 2, 1752.

We are much surprised by two letters which my Lady Aylesbury has received from Mr. Conway, to find that he had not yet heard of his new regiment. She, who is extremely reasonable, seems content that he went to Rome before he got the news, as it would have been pity to have missed such an opportunity of seeing it, and she flatters herself that he would have set out immediately for England, if he had received the express at Florence. Now you know him, you will not wonder that she is impatient; you would wonder, if you knew her, if he were not so too.

After all I have lately told you of our dead tranquillity, you will be surprised to hear of an episode of Opposition: it is merely an interlude, for at least till next year we shall have no more: you will rather think it a farce, when I tell you, that that buffoon my old uncle acted a principal part in it. And what made it more ridiculous, the title of the drama was a subsidiary treaty with Saxony.[2] In short, being impatient

[1] The residence of the Duke of Newcastle.—E.

[2] Mr. Pitt was so much pleased with Mr. Horatio Walpole's speech on

with the thought that he should die without having it written on his tomb, "Here lies *Baron Punch*," he spirited up—whom do you think?—only a Grenville! my Lord Cobham, to join with him in speaking against this treaty: both did: the latter retired after his speech; but my uncle concluded his (which was a direct answer to all he has been making all his life,) with declaring, that he should yet vote *for* the treaty! You never heard such a shout and laughter as it caused. This debate was followed by as new a one in the House of Lords, where the Duke of Bedford took the treaty, and in the conclusion of his speech, the ministry, to pieces. His friend Lord Sandwich, by a most inconceivable jumble of cunning, spoke for the treaty, against the ministry; it is supposed, lest the Duke should be thought to have countenanced the Opposition: you never heard a more lamentable performance! there was no division.[1] The next day the Tories in our House moved for a resolution against subsidiary treaties in time of peace: Mr. Pelham, with great agitation, replied to the philippics of the preceding day, and divided 180 to 52.

There has been an odd sort of codicil to these debates: Vernon,[2] a very inoffensive, good-humoured young fellow, who lives in the strongest intimacy with all the fashionable young men, was proposed for the Old Club at White's, into the mysteries of which, before a person is initiated, it is necessary that he should be well with the ruling powers: unluckily, Vernon has lately been at Woburn with the Duke of Bedford. The night of the ballot, of twelve persons present, eight had promised him white balls, being his particular friends—however, there were six black balls!—this made great noise—his friends found it necessary to clear up their faith to him—*ten* of the twelve assured him upon their honour that they had

this occasion, that he requested him to consign it to writing, and gave it as his opinion, that it contained much weighty matter, and from beginning to end breathed the spirit of a man who loved his country. See Chatham Correspondence, vol. i. p. 63.—E.

[1] For an account of this debate, taken by Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, see Parl. Hist. vol. xiv. p. 1175.—E.

[2] Richard Vernon, Esq. He married Lady Evelyn Leveson, widow of the Earl of Upper Ossory, and sister of Gertrude, Duchess of Bedford. —D.

given him white balls. I fear this will not give you too favourable an idea of the honour of the young men of the age!

Your father, who has been dying, and had tasted nothing but water for ten days, the other day called for roast beef, and is well; cured, I suppose, by this abstinence, which convinces me that intemperance had been his illness. Fasting and mortification will restore a good constitution, but not correct a bad one.

Adieu! I write you but short letters, and those, I fear, seldom; but they tell you all that is material: this is not an age to furnish volumes.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Feb. 27, 1752.

GAL. tells me that your eldest brother has written you an account of your affairs, the particulars of which I was most solicitous to learn, and am now most unhappy to find no better.[1] Indeed, Gal. would have most reason to complain, if his strong friendship for you did not prevent him from thinking that nothing is hard that is in your favour: he told me himself that the conditions imposed upon him were inferior to what he always proposed to do, if the misfortune should arrive of your recall. He certainly loves you earnestly; if I were not convinced of it, I should be far from loving him so well as I do.

I write this as a sort of letter of form on the occasion, for there is nothing worth telling you. The event that has made most noise since my last, is the extempore wedding of the youngest of the two Gunnings, who have made so vehement a noise. Lord Coventry,[2] a grave young lord, of the remains of the patriot breed, has long dangled after the eldest, virtuously with regard to her virtue, not very honourably with regard to

[1] Mr. Mann's father was just dead.

[2] George-William, sixth Earl of Coventry. He died in 1809, at the age of eighty-seven.—E.

his own credit. About six weeks ago Duke Hamilton,[1] the very reverse of the Earl, hot, debauched, extravagant, and equally damaged in his fortune and person, fell in love with the youngest at the masquerade, and determined to marry her in the spring. About a fortnight since, at an immense assembly at my Lord Chesterfield's, made to show the house, which is really most magnificent, Duke Hamilton made violent love at one end of the room, while he was playing at pharaoh at the other end; that is, he saw neither the bank nor his own cards, which were of three hundred pounds each: he soon lost a thousand. I own I was so little a professor in love, that I thought all this parade looked ill for the poor girl; and could not conceive, if he was so much engaged with his mistress as to disregard such sums, why he played at all. However, two nights afterwards, being left alone with her while her mother and sister were at Bedford House, he found himself so impatient, that he sent for a parson. The doctor refused to perform the ceremony without licence or ring: the Duke swore he would send for the Archbishop—at last they were married with a ring of the bed-curtain, at half an hour after twelve at night, at Mayfair chapel.[2] The Scotch are enraged; the women mad that so much beauty has had its effect; and what is most silly, my Lord Coventry declares that now he will marry the other.

Poor Lord Lempster has just killed an officer[3] in a duel, about a play-debt, and I fear was in the wrong. There is no end of his misfortunes and wrong-headedness!—Where is Mr. Conway?—Adieu!

[1] James, fourth Duke of Hamilton. He died in 1758.—D.

[2] On the 14th of February.—E.

[3] Captain Gray of the Guards. The duel was fought, with swords, in Marylebone Fields. Lord Lempster took his trial at the Old Bailey in April, and was found guilty of manslaughter.—E.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, March 23, 1752.

Mr. Conway has been arrived this fortnight, a week sooner than we expected him; but my Lady Ailesbury forgives it! He is full of your praises, so you have not sowed your goodness in unthankful ground. By a letter I have just received from you, he finds you have missed some from him with commissions; but he will tell you about them himself. I find him much leaner, and great cracks in his beauty. Your picture is arrived, which he says is extremely like you. Mr. Chute cannot bear it; says it wants your countenance and goodness; that it looks bonny and Irish. I am between both, and should know it: to be sure, there is none of your wet-brown-paperness in it, but it has a look with which I have known you come out from your little room, when Richcourt has raised your ministerial French, and you have writ to England about it till you were half fuddled. *Au reste*, it is gloriously coloured — will Astley promise to continue to do as well? or has he, like all other English painters, only laboured this to get reputation, and then intends to daub away to get money?

The year has not kept the promise of tranquillity that it made you at Christmas; there has been another parliamentary bustle. The Duke of Argyll[1] has drawn the ministry into accommodating him with a notable job, under the notion of buying for the King from the mortgagees the forfeited estates in Scotland, which are to be colonized and civilized. It passed with some inconsiderable hitches through the Commons; but in the Lords last week the Duke of Bedford took it up warmly, and spoke like another Pitt.[2] He attacked the Duke of Argyll on favouring Jacobites, and produced some flagrant instances, which the Scotch Duke neither answered nor endeavoured to excuse, but made a strange, hurt, mys-

[1] Archibald Campbell, Duke of Argyll, formerly Earl of Isla.

[2] For Lord Hardwicke's notes of this speech, see Parl. Hist. vol. xiv. p. 1235.—E.

terious, contemptuous, incoherent speech, neither in defence of the bill nor in reply to the Duke of Bedford, but to my Lord Bath, who had fallen upon the ministry for assuming a dispensing power, in suffering Scotland to pay no taxes for the last five years. This speech, which formerly would have made the House of Commons take up arms, was strangely flat and unanimated, for want of his old chorus. Twelve lords divided against eighty that were for the bill. The Duke, who was present, would not vote; none of his people had attended the bill in the other House, and General Mordaunt (by his orders, as it is imagined) spoke against it. This concludes the session: the King goes to Hanover on Tuesday: he has been scattering ribands of all colours; blue ones on Prince Edward, the young Stadtholder, and the Earls of Lincoln, Winchilsea, and Cardigan;[1] a green one on Lord Dumfries;[2] a red on Lord Onslow.[3]

The world is still mad about the Gunnings: the Duchess of Hamilton was presented on Friday; the crowd was so great, that even the noble mob in the drawing-room clambered upon chairs and tables to look at her. There are mobs at their doors to see them get into their chairs; and people go early to get places at the theatres when it is known they will be there. Dr. Sacheverel never made more noise than these two beauties.

There are two wretched women that just now are as much talked of, a Miss Jefferies and a Miss Blandy; the one condemned for murdering her uncle, the other her father. Both their stories have horrid circumstances; the first, having been debauched by her uncle; the other had so tender a parent, that his whole concern while he was expiring, and knew her for his murderess, was to save her life. It is shocking to think what a shambles this country is grown! Seventeen were executed this morning, after having murdered the turn-

[1] George Brudenell, fourth Earl of Cardigan, created Duke of Montagu in 1776; died in 1790.—D.

[2] William Crichton Dalrymple, fourth Earl of Dumfries in Scotland, in right of his mother. He also became, in 1760, fourth Earl of Stair, and died in 1768.—D.

[3] George, third Lord Onslow; died in 1776.—D.

key on Friday night, and almost forced open Newgate. One is forced to travel, even at noon, as if one was going to battle.

Mr. Chute is as much yours as ever, except in the article of pen and ink. Your brother transacts all he can for the Lucchi, as he has much more weight there[1] than Mr. Chute. Adieu!

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.[2]

Arlington Street, May 5, 1752.

I NOW entirely credit all that my Lord Leicester and his family have said against Lady Mary Coke and her family; and am convinced that it is impossible to marry anything of the blood of Campbell, without having all her relations in arms to procure a separation immediately. Pray, what have I done? have I come home drunk to my wife within these four first days? or have I sat up gaming all night, and not come home at all to her, after her lady-mother had been persuaded that I was the soberest young nobleman in England, and had the greatest aversion to play? Have I kept my bride awake all night with railing at her father, when all the world had allowed him to be one of the bravest officers in Europe? In short, in short, I have a mind to take counsel, even of the wisest lawyer now living in matrimonial cases, my Lord Coke * * * * If, like other Norfolk husbands, I must entertain the town with a formal parting, at least it shall be in my own way: my wife shall neither run to Italy after lovers and books,[3] nor keep a dormitory in her dressing-room at Whitehall for Westminster schoolboys, your Frederick Campbells, and such like;[4] nor yet shall she reside at her mother's house, but shall absolutely set out for Strawberry Hill in two or three days, as soon as her room can

[1] With the late Mr. Whithed's brothers, who scrupled paying a small legacy and annuity to his mistress and child

[2] Now first published.

[3] Alluding to the wife of his eldest brother, Lord Walpole, Margaret Rolle, who had separated herself from her husband, and resided in Italy.—E.

[4] Lady Townshend.—E.

be well aired; for, to give her her due, I don't think her to blame, but flatter myself she is quite contented with the easy footing we live upon; separate beds, dining in her dressing-room when she is out of humour, and a little toad-eater that I had got for her, and whose pockets and bosom I have never examined, to see if she brought any *billets-doux* from Tommy Lyttelton or any of her fellows. I shall follow her myself in less than a fortnight; and if her family don't give me any more trouble,—why, who knows but at your return you may find your daughter with qualms, and in a sack? If you should happen to want to know any more particulars, she is quite well, has walked in the park every morning, or has the chariot, as she chooses; and, in short, one would think that I or she were much older than we really are, for I grow excessively fond of her.[1]

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, May 12, 1752.

You deserve no charity, for you never write but to ask it. When you are tired of yourself and the country, you think over all London, and consider who will be proper to send you an account of it. Take notice, I won't be your gazetteer; nor is my time come for being a dowager, a maker of news, a day-labourer in scandal. If you care for nobody but for what they can tell you, you must provide yourself elsewhere. The town is empty, nothing in it but flabby mackerel, and wooden gooseberry tarts, and a hazy east wind. My sister is gone to Paris; I go to Strawberry Hill in three days for the summer, if summer there will ever be any.

If you want news, you must send to Ireland, where there is almost a civil war, between the Lord Lieutenant and Primate on one side (observe, I don't tell you what *side* that is), and the Speaker on the other, who carries questions by wholesale

[1] All this letter refers to Ann Seymour Conway, then three years old, who had been left with her nurse at Mr. Walpole's, during an absence of her father and mother in Ireland.—E.

in the House of Commons against the Castle; and the *teterrima belli causa* is not the common one.

Reams of scandalous verses and ballads are come over, too bad to send you, if I had them, but I really have not. What is more provoking for the Duke of Dorset, an address is come over directly to the King (not as usual through the channel of the Lord Lieutenant), to assure him of their great loyalty, and apprehensions of being misrepresented. This is all I know, and you see, most imperfectly.

I was t'other night to see what is now grown the fashion, Mother Midnight's Oratory.[1] It appeared the lowest buffoonery in the world even to me, who am used to my uncle Horace. There is a bad oration to ridicule, what it is too like, Orator Henley; all the rest is perverted music: there is a man who plays so nimbly on the kettle-drum, that he has reduced that noisy instrument to an object of sight; for, if you don't see the tricks with his hands, it is no better than ordinary: another plays on a violin and trumpet together: another mimics a bagpipe with a German flute, and makes it full as disagreeable. There is an admired dulcimer, a favourite salt-box, and a really curious jew's-harp. Two or three men intend to persuade you that they play on a broomstick, which is drolly brought in, carefully shrouded in a case, so as to be mistaken for a bassoon or bass-viol; but they succeed in nothing but the action. The last fellow imitates * * * * * curtseying to a French horn. There are twenty medley overtures, and a man who speaks a prologue and epilogue, in which he counterfeits all the actors and singers upon earth: in short, I have long been convinced, that what I used to imagine the most difficult thing in the world, mimicry, is the easiest; for one has seen for these two or three years, at Foote's and the other theatres, that when they lost one

[1] "Among other diversions and amusements which increase upon us, the town," says the Gentleman's Magazine for January 1752, "has been lately entertained with a kind of farcical performance, called 'The Old Woman's Oratory,' conducted by Mrs. Mary Midnight and her family, intended as a banter on Henley's Oratory, and a puff for the Old Woman's Magazine."—E.

mimic, they called "Odd man!" and another came and succeeded just as well.

Adieu! I have told you much more than I intended, and much more than I could conceive I had to say, except how does Miss Montagu?

P.S. Did you hear Captain Hotham's *bon-mot* on Sir Thomas Robinson's making an assembly from the top of his house to the bottom? He said, he wondered so many people would go to Sir Thomas's, as he treated them all *de haut en bas.*

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, May 13, 1752.

By this time you know *my way*, how much my letters grow out of season, as it grows summer. I believe it is six weeks since I wrote to you last; but there is not only the usual deadness of summer to account for my silence; England itself is no longer England. News, madness, parties, whims, and twenty other causes, that used to produce perpetual events, are at an end; Florence itself is not more inactive. Politics,

Like arts and sciences, are travelled west.

They are got into Ireland, where there is as much bustle to carry a question in the House of Commons, as ever it was here in any year forty-one. Not that there is any opposition to the King's measures; out of three hundred members, there has never yet been a division of above twenty-eight against the government: they are much the most zealous subjects the King has. The Duke of Dorset has had the art to make them distinguish between loyalty and aversion to the Lord Lieutenant.

I last night received yours of May 5th; but I cannot deliver your expressions to Mr. Conway, for he and Lady Ailesbury are gone to his regiment in Ireland for four months, which is a little rigorous, not only after an exile in Minorca, but more especially unpleasant now, as they have just bought one of the most charming places in England, Park-place, which belonged

to Lady Archibald Hamilton, and then to the Prince. You have seen enough of Mr. Conway to judge how patiently he submits to his duty. Their little girl is left with me.

The Gunnings are gone to their several castles, and one hears no more of them, except that such crowds flock to see the Duchess Hamilton pass, that seven hundred people sat up all night in and about an inn in Yorkshire to see her get into her post-chaise next morning.

I saw lately at Mr. Barret's a print of Valombrosa, which I should be glad to have, if you please; though I don't think it gives much idea of the beauty of the place: but you know what a passion there is for it in England, as Milton has mentioned it.

Miss Blandy died with a coolness of courage that is astonishing, and denying the fact,[1] which has made a kind of party in her favour; as if a woman who would not stick at parricide, would scruple a lie! We have made a law for immediate execution on conviction of murder: it will appear extraordinary to me if it has any effect;[2] for I can't help believing that the terrible part of death must be the preparation for it.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, June 6, 1752.

I HAVE just been in London for two or three days, to fetch an adventure, and am returned to my hill and my castle. I can't say I lost my labour, as you shall hear. Last Sunday night, being as wet a night as you shall see in a summer's day, about half an hour after twelve, I was just come home from White's, and undressing to step into bed, I heard Harry, who you know lies forwards, roar out, "Stop thief!" and run down stairs. I ran after him. Don't be frightened; I have not lost one enamel, nor bronze, nor have been shot through

[1] Miss Blandy was executed at Oxford, on the 6th of April. "I am perfectly innocent," she exclaimed, "of any intention to destroy or even hurt my dear father; so help me God in these my last moments!"—E.

[2] Smollett, on the contrary, was of opinion that the expedient had been productive of very good effects.—E.

the head again. A gentlewoman, who lives at Governor Pitt's,[1] next door but one to me, and where Mr. Bentley used to live, was going to bed too, and heard people breaking into Mr. Freeman's house, who, like some acquaintance of mine in Albemarle-street, goes out of town, locks up his doors, and leaves the community to watch his furniture. N. B. It was broken open but two years ago, and I and all the chairmen vow they shall steal his house away another time, before we will trouble our heads about it. Well, madam called out "watch;" two men, who were centinels, ran away, and Harry's voice after them. Down came I, and with a posse of chairmen and watchmen found the third fellow in the area of Mr. Freeman's house. Mayhap you have seen all this in the papers, little thinking who commanded the detachment. Harry fetched a blunderbuss to invite the thief up. One of the chairmen, who was drunk, cried, "Give me the blunderbuss, I'll shoot him!" But as the general's head was a little cooler, he prevented military execution, and took the prisoner without bloodshed, intending to make his triumphal entry into the metropolis of Twickenham with his captive tied to the wheels of his post-chaise. I find my style rises so much with the recollection of my victory, that I don't know how to descend to tell you that the enemy was a carpenter, and had a leather apron on. The next step was to share my glory with my friends. I despatched a courier to White's for George Selwyn, who, you know, loves nothing upon earth so well as a criminal, except the execution of him. It happened very luckily, that the drawer, who received my message, has very lately been robbed himself, and had the wound fresh in his memory. He stalked up into the club-room, stopped short, and with a hollow trembling voice said, "Mr. Selwyn! Mr. Walpole's compliments to you, and he has got a house-breaker for you!" A squadron immediately came to reinforce me, and having summoned Moreland with the keys of the fortress, we marched into the house to search for more of the gang. Col. Seabright with his sword drawn went first, and then I, exactly the figure of Robinson

[1] George Morton Pitt, Esq. member for Pontefract.—E.

Crusoe, with a candle and lanthorn in my hand, a carbine upon my shoulder, my hair wet and about my ears, and in a linen night-gown and slippers. We found the kitchen shutters forced, but not finished; and in the area a tremendous bag of tools, a hammer large enough for the hand of a Joel, and six chisels! All which *opima spolia*, as there was no temple of Jupiter Capitolinus in the neighbourhood, I was reduced to offer on the altar of Sir Thomas Clarges.

I am now, as I told you, returned to my plough with as much humility and pride as any of my great predecessors. We lead quite a rural life, have had a sheep-shearing, a hay-making, a syllabub under the cow, and a fishing of three gold fish out of Poyang,[1] for a present to Madam Clive. They breed with me excessively, and are grown to the size of small perch. Everything grows, if tempests would let it; but I have had two of my largest trees broke to-day with the wind, and another last week. I am much obliged to you for the flower you offer me, but by the description it is an Austrian rose, and I have several now in bloom. Mr. Bentley is with me, finishing the drawings for Gray's Odes; there are some mandarin-cats fishing for gold fish, which will delight you; *au reste*, he is just where he was; he has heard something about a journey to Haughton, to the great Cu[2] of Haticuleo, but it don't seem fixed, unless he hears farther. Did he tell you the Prices and your aunt Cosby had dined here from Hampton-court? The mignonette beauty looks mighty well in his grandmother's jointure. The Memoires of last year are quite finished, but I shall add some pages of notes, that will not want anecdotes. Discontents, of the nature of those about Windsor-park, are spreading about Richmond. Lord Brooke, who has taken the late Duchess of Rutland's at Petersham, asked for a key; the answer was, (mind it, for it was tolerably mortifying to an Earl,) "that the Princess had already refused one to my Lord Chancellor."

By the way, you know that reverend head of the law is fre-

[1] Mr. Walpole called his gold-fish pond, Poyang.
[2] The Earl of Halifax.

quently shut up here with my Lady M * * * * * h, who is as rich and as tipsy as Cacafogo in the comedy. What a jumble of avarice, lewdness, dignity,—and claret!

You will be pleased with a story of Lord Bury, that is come from Scotland: he is quartered at Inverness: the magistrates invited him to an entertainment with fire-works, which they intended to give on the morrow for the Duke's birth-day. He thanked them, assured them he would represent their zeal to his Royal Highness; but he did not doubt but it would be more agreeable to him, if they postponed it to the day following, the anniversary of the battle of Culloden. They stared, said they could not promise on their own authority, but would go and consult their body. They returned, told him it was unprecedented, and could not be complied with. Lord Bury replied, he was sorry they had not given a negative at once, for he had mentioned it to his soldiers, who would not bear a disappointment, and was afraid it would provoke them to some outrage upon the town. This did;—they celebrated Culloden. Adieu!

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Twickenham, Thursday.

DEAR GEORGE,

SINCE you give me leave to speak the truth, I must own it is not quite agreeable to me to undertake the commission you give me; nor do I say this to assume any merit in having obeyed you, but to prepare you against my solicitation miscarrying, for I cannot flatter myself with having so much interest with Mr. Fox as you think. However, I have wrote to him as pressingly as I could, and wish most heartily it may have any effect. Your brother I imagine will call upon him again; and Mr. Fox will naturally tell him whether he can do it or not at my request.

I should have been very glad of your company, if it had been convenient. You would have found me an absolute country gentleman: I am in the garden, planting as long as it

is light, and shall not have finished, to be in London, before the middle of next week.

My compliments to your sisters and to the Colonel; and what so poor a man as Hamlet is, may do to express his love and friending to him, God willing, shall not lack. Adieu!

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.[1]

Strawberry Hill, June 23, 1752.

By a letter that I received from my Lady Ailesbury two days ago, I flatter myself I shall not have occasion to write to you any more; yet I shall certainly see you with less pleasure than ever, as our meeting is to be attended with a resignation of my little charge.[2] She is vastly well, and I think you will find her grown fat. I am husband enough to mind her beauty no longer, and perhaps you will say husband enough too, in pretending that my love is converted into friendship; but I shall tell you some stories at Park-place of her understanding, that will please you, I trust, as much as they have done me.

My Lady Ailesbury says I must send her news, and the whole history of Mr. Seymour and Lady Di. Egerton, and their quarrel, and all that is said on both sides. I can easily tell her all that is said on one side, Mr. Seymour's, who says, the only answer he has ever been able to get from the Duchess or Mr. Lyttelton was, *that Di. has her caprices.* The reasons she gives, and gave him, were, the badness of his temper and imperiousness of his letters; that he scolded her for the overfondness of her epistles, and was even so unsentimental as to talk *of desiring to make her happy, instead of being made so by her.* He is gone abroad, in despair, and with an additional circumstance, which would be very uncomfortable to anything but a true lover; his father refuses to resettle the estate on him, the entail of which was cut off by mutual consent, to make way for the settlements on the marriage.

[1] Now first published. [2] Their daughter, Ann Seymour Conway.

The Speaker told me t'other day, that he had received a letter from Lord Hyde, which confirms what Mr. Churchill writes me, the distress and poverty of France and the greatness of their divisions. Yet the King's expenses are incredible; Madame de Pompadour is continually busied in finding out new journeys and diversions, to keep him from falling into the hands of the clergy. The last party of pleasure she made for him, was a stag-hunting; the stag was a man in a skin and horns, worried by twelve men dressed like bloodhounds! I have read of Basilowitz, a Czar of Muscovy, who improved on such a hunt, and had a man in a bearskin worried by real dogs; a more kingly entertainment!

I shall make out a sad journal of other news; yet I will be like any gazette, and scrape together all the births, deaths, and marriages in the parish. Lady Hartington and Lady Rachel Walpole are brought to bed of sons; Lord Burlington and Lord Gower have had new attacks of palsies: Lord Falkland is to marry the Southwark Lady Suffolk;[1] and Mr. Watson, Miss Grace Pelham. Lady Coventry has miscarried of one or two children, and is going on with one or two more, and is gone to France to-day. Lady Townshend and Lady Caroline Petersham have had their anniversary quarrel, and the Duchess of Devonshire has had her secular assembly, which she keeps once in fifty years: she was more delightfully vulgar at it than you can imagine; complained of the wet night, and how the men would dirty the rooms with their shoes; called out at supper to the Duke, "Good God! my lord, don't cut the ham, nobody will eat any!" and relating her private *ménage* to Mr. Obnir, she said, "When there's only my lord and I, besides a pudding, we have always a dish of roast!" I am ashamed to send you such nonsense, or to tell you how the good women at Hampton Court are scandalized at Princess Emily's coming to chapel last Sunday in riding-clothes, with a dog under her arm; but I am bid to send news: what can we do at such a dead time of year? I must conclude, as my Lady Gower did very well

[1] Sarah, Duchess-dowager of Suffolk, daughter of Thomas Inwen, Esq. of Southwark.—E.

t'other day in a letter into the country, "Since the two Misses[1] were hanged, and the two Misses[2] were married, there is nothing at all talked of." Adieu! My best compliments and my wife's to your two ladies.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, July 20, 1752.

You have threatened me with a messenger from the secretary's office to seize my papers; who would ever have taken you for a prophet? If Goody Compton,[3] your colleague, had taken upon her to foretell, there was enough of the witch and prophetess in her person and mysteriousness to have made a superstitious person believe she might be a cousin of Nostradamus, and heiress of some of her visions; but how came you by second sight? Which of the Cues matched in the Highlands? In short, not to keep you in suspense, for I believe you are so far inspired as to be ignorant how your prophecy was to be accomplished, as we were sitting at dinner t'other day, word was brought that one of the King's messengers was at the door. Every drop of ink in my pen ran cold; Algernon Sidney danced before my eyes, and methought I heard my Lord Chief Justice Lee, in a voice as dreadful as Jefferies', mumble out, *Scribere est agere.* How comfortable it was to find that Mr. Amyand, who was at table, had ordered this appanage of his dignity to attend him here for orders! However, I have buried the Memoires under the oak in my garden, where they are to be found a thousand years hence, and taken perhaps for a Runic history in rhyme. I have part of another valuable MS. to dispose of, which I shall beg leave to commit to your care, and desire it may be concealed behind the wainscot in Mr. Bentley's gothic house, whenever you build it. As the great person is living to whom it belonged, it would be highly dangerous to make it public; as soon as

[1] Miss Blandy and Miss Jefferies. [2] The Gunnings.

[3] The Hon. George Compton, son of Lord Northampton, Mr. Montagu's colleague for Northampton.—E.

she is in disgrace, I don't know whether it will not be a good way of making court to her successor, to communicate it to the world, as I propose doing, under the following title: "The Treasury of Art and Nature, or a Collection of inestimable Receipts, stolen out of the Cabinet of Madame de Pompadour, and now first published for the use of his fair Countrywomen, by a true born Englishman and philomystic."

* * * * * *

So the pretty Miss Bishop,[1] instead of being my niece, is to be Mrs. Bob Brudenel. What foolish birds are turtles, when they have scarce a hole to roost in! Adieu!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, July 27, 1752.

WHAT will you say to me after a silence of two months? I should be ashamed, if I were answerable for the whole world, who will do nothing worth repeating. Newspapers have horse-races, and can invent casualties, but I can't have the confidence to stuff a letter with either. The only casualty that is of dignity enough to send you, is a great fire at Lincoln's Inn, which is likely to afford new work for the lawyers, in consequence of the number of deeds and writings it has consumed. The Duke of Kingston has lost many of his: he is unlucky with fires: Thoresby, his seat, was burnt a few years ago, and in it a whole room of valuable letters and manuscripts. There has been a very considerable loss of that kind at this fire: Mr. Yorke, the Chancellor's son, had a great collection of Lord Somers's papers, many relating to the assassination plot; and by which, I am told, it appeared that the Duke of Marlborough was deep in the schemes of St. Germain's.

There are great civil wars in the neighbourhood of Strawberry Hill: Princess Emily, who succeeded my brother in the rangership of Richmond Park, has imitated her brother Wil-

[1] Daughter of Sir Cecil Bishop.

liam's unpopularity, and disobliged the whole country, by refusal of tickets and liberties, that had always been allowed. They are at law with her, and have printed in the Evening Post a strong Memorial, which she had refused to receive.[1] The High Sheriff of Surrey, to whom she had denied a ticket, but on better thought had sent one, refused it, and said he had taken his part. Lord Brook,[2] who had applied for one, was told he could not have one — and to add to the affront, it was signified, that the Princess had refused one to my Lord Chancellor — your old nobility don't understand such comparisons! But the most remarkable event happened to her about three weeks ago. One Mr. Bird, a rich gentleman near the park, was applied to by the late Queen for a piece of ground that lay convenient for a walk she was making: he replied, it was not proper for him to pretend to make a Queen a present; but if she would do what she pleased with the ground, he would be content with the acknowledgment of a key and two bucks a-year. This was religiously observed till the era of her Royal Highness's reign; the bucks were denied, and he himself once shut out, on pretence it was fence-month (the breeding-time, when tickets used to be excluded, keys never). The Princess soon after was going through his grounds to town; she found a padlock on his gate: she ordered it to be broke open: Mr. Shaw, her deputy, begged a respite, till he could go for the key. He found Mr. Bird at home — "Lord, Sir! here is a strange mistake; the Princess is at the gate, and it is padlocked!" "Mistake! no mistake at all: I made the road; the ground is my own property: her Royal Highness has thought fit to break the agreement which her Royal mother made with me: nobody goes through my grounds but those I choose should." Translate this to your Florentines; try if you can make them conceive how pleasant it is to treat blood royal thus!

There are dissensions of more consequence in the same neighbourhood. The tutorhood at Kew is split into factions;

[1] The memorial will be found in the Gentleman's Magazine for this year. In December the park was opened by the King's order.—E.

[2] Francis Greville, Earl Brooke.

the Bishop of Norwich and Lord Harcourt openly at war with Stone and Scott, who are supported by Cresset, and countenanced by the Princess and Murray—so my Lord Bolinbroke dead, will govern, which he never could living! It is believed that the Bishop will be banished into the rich bishopric of Durham, which is just vacant—how pleasant to be punished, after teaching the boys a year, with as much as he could have got if he had taught them twenty! Will they ever expect a peaceable prelate, if untractableness is thus punished?

Your painter Astley is arrived; I have missed seeing him by being constantly at Strawberry Hill, but I intend to serve him to the utmost of my power, as you will easily believe, since he has your recommendation.

Our beauties are travelling Paris-ward: Lady Caroline Petersham and Lady Coventry are just gone thither. It will scarce be possible for the latter to make as much noise there as she and her sister have in England. It is literally true that a shoemaker at Worcester got two guineas and a half by showing a shoe that he was making for the Countess, at a penny a-piece. I can't say her genius is equal to her beauty: she every day says some new *sproposito.* She has taken a turn of vast fondness for her lord: Lord Downe met them at Calais, and offered her a tent-bed, for fear of bugs in the inns. "Oh!" said she, "I had rather be bit to death, than lie one night from my dear Cov.!" I can conceive my Lady Caroline making a good deal of noise even at Paris; her beauty is set off by a genius for the extraordinary, and for strokes that will make a figure in any country. Mr. Churchill and my sister are just arrived from France; you know my passion for the writings of the younger Crébillon:[1] you shall hear how I have been mortified by the discovery of the greatest meanness

[1] Claude Prosper Jolyot de Crébillon, son of the tragic poet of that name, and author of many licentious novels, which are now but little read. He was born in 1707, and died in 1777.—D. ["The taste for his writings," say the Edinburgh Reviewers, "passed away very rapidly and completely in France; and long before his death, the author of the Sopha, and Les Egaremens du Cœur et de l'Esprit, had the mortification to be utterly forgotten by the public." Vol. xxi. p. 284.]

in him; and you will judge how much one must be humbled to have one's favourite author convicted of mere mortal mercenariness! I had desired Lady Mary to lay out thirty guineas for me with Liotard, and wished, if I could, to have the portraits of Crébillon and Marivaux[1] for my cabinet. Mr. Churchill wrote me word that Liotard's[2] price was sixteen guineas; that Marivaux was intimate with him, and would certainly sit, and that he believed he could get Crébillon to sit too. The latter, who is retired into the provinces with an English wife,[3] was just then at Paris for a month: Mr. Churchill went to him, told him that a gentleman in England, who was making a collection of portraits of famous people, would be happy to have his, &c. Crébillon was humble, "unworthy," obliged; and sat: the picture was just finished, when, behold! he sent Mr. Churchill word, that he expected to have a copy of the picture given him—neither more nor less than asking sixteen guineas for sitting! Mr. Churchill answered that he could not tell what he should do, were it his own case, but that this was a limited commission, and he could not possibly lay out double; and was now so near his return, that he could not have time to write to England and receive an answer. Crébillon said, then he would keep the picture himself—it

[1] Pierre Carlet de Chamblain de Marivaux, the author of numerous plays and novels, some of which possess considerable merit. The peculiar affectation of his style occasioned the invention of the word *Marivaudage*, to express the way of writing of him and his imitators. He was born in 1688, and died in 1763.—D.

[2] Walpole, in his Anecdotes of Painting, states Liotard to have been an admirable miniature and enamel painter. At Rome he was taken notice of by the Earl of Sandwich, and by Lord Besborough, then Lord Duncannon. See Museum Florentinum, vol. x.; where the name of the last-mentioned nobleman is spelt Milord D'un Canon.—E.

[3] She was a Miss Strafford. The perusal of Crébillon's works inspired her with such a passion for the author, that she ran away from her friends, went to Paris, married him, and nursed and attended him with exemplary tenderness and affection to his dying day. In reference to this marriage, Lord Byron, in his Observations on Bowles's Strictures upon Pope, makes the following remark:—"For my own part, I am of the opinion of Pausanias, that success in love depends upon fortune. Grimm has an observation of the same kind, on the different destinies of the younger Crébillon and Rousseau. The former writes a licentious novel, and a young English girl of some fortune runs away, and crosses the sea to marry him; while Rousseau, the most tender and passionate of lovers, is obliged to espouse his chambermaid."—E.

was excessively like. I am still *sentimental* enough to flatter myself, that a man who could beg sixteen guineas, will not give them, and so I may still have the picture.

I am going to trouble you with a commission, my dear Sir, that will not subject me to any such humiliations. You may have heard that I am always piddling about ornaments and improvements for Strawberry Hill—I am now doing a great deal to the house—stay, I don't want *Genoa damask!*[1] What I shall trouble you to buy is for the garden: there is a small recess, for which I should be glad to have an antique Roman sepulchral altar, of the kind of the pedestal to my eagle; but as it will stand out of doors, I should not desire to have it a fine one: a moderate one, I imagine, might be picked up easily at Rome at a moderate price: if you could order anybody to buy such an one, I should be much obliged to you.

We have had an article in our papers that the Empress-queen has desired the King of France to let her have Mesdames de *Craon* and de la Calmette, ladies of great *piety* and birth, to form an academy for the young Archduchesses—is there any truth in this? is the Princess to triumph thus at last over Richcourt? I should be glad. What a comical genealogy in education! the mistress and mother of twenty children to Duke Leopold, being the pious tutoress to his grand-daughters! How the old Duchess of Lorrain will shiver in her coffin at the thoughts of it? Who is la Calmette?

Adieu! my dear child! You see my spirit of justice: when I have not writ to you for two months, I punish you with a reparation of six pages!—had not I better write one line every fortnight?

[1] Lord Cholmondeley borrowed great sums of money of various people, under the pretence of a quantity of Genoa damask being arrived for him, and that his banker was out of town, and he must pay for it immediately. Four persons comparing notes, produced four letters from him in a coffee-house, in the very same words.

W. Greenbatch, sc.

[illegible] never return from this holy [illegible] I begin a letter to you. [illegible] what he has buried our [illegible] We have had patients [illegible] [illegible] You shall hear of [illegible]

[illegible] that was our throughout [illegible] at Bromley, we went [illegible] not for the sake of [illegible] because there was [illegible] pot, in which was [illegible] Bishop Sprat. "Tis a [illegible] [illegible] but two pieces of glass [illegible] in Westminster Abbey, with [illegible] and a slip of a [illegible] in the gar[illegible] nd, teeming with good [illegible] I am.

[illegible] Knowle. The park is sweet [illegible] immense sycamore before the [illegible] in love than ever with syca[illegible] so extensive as I expected [illegible] beautiful decent simplicity that [illegible] are many, but not large. The

Bentley, the celebrated divine and classical [illegible] at Trinity College, under his father. Cum[illegible] describes him as a man of [illegible] and con[illegible] possessing a fine genius, great wit, and a [illegible] there was," he adds, "a certain eccentricity [illegible] character, that involved him in distresses, [illegible] incongenial with his feelings, and unpro[illegible] [illegible] encouragement [illegible] talents."—E.

[illegible] July 25, 1674, says, "In my way I visited [illegible] at Knowle, near Sevenoaks, a greate old-

TO RICHARD BENTLEY, ESQ.[1]

Battel, Wednesday, August 5, 1752.

HERE we are, my dear Sir, in the middle of our pilgrimage; and lest we should never return from this holy land of abbeys and Gothic castles, I begin a letter to you, that I hope some charitable monk, when he has buried our bones, will deliver to you. We have had piteous distresses, but then we have seen glorious sights! You shall hear of each in their order.

Monday, Wind S.E.—at least that was our direction.—While they were changing our horses at Bromley, we went to see the Bishop of Rochester's palace; not for the sake of any thing there was to be seen, but because there was a chimney, in which had stood a flower-pot, in which was put the counterfeit plot against Bishop Sprat. 'Tis a paltry parsonage, with nothing of antiquity but two panes of glass, purloined from Islip's chapel in Westminster Abbey, with that abbot's rebus, an eye and a slip of a tree. In the garden there is a clear little pond, teeming with gold fish. The Bishop is more prolific than I am.

From Sevenoaks we went to Knowle. The park is sweet, with much old beech, and an immense sycamore before the great gate, that makes me more in love than ever with sycamores. The house is not near so extensive as I expected:[2] the outward court has a beautiful decent simplicity that charms one. The apartments are many, but not large. The

[1] Only son of Dr. Richard Bentley, the celebrated divine and classical scholar. He was educated at Trinity College, under his father. Cumberland, who was his nephew, describes him as a man of various and considerable accomplishments; possessing a fine genius, great wit, and a brilliant imagination; "but there was," he adds, "a certain eccentricity and want of prudence in his character, that involved him in distresses, and reduced him to situations uncongenial with his feelings, and unpropitious to the cultivation and encouragement of his talents."—E.

[2] Evelyn, in his Diary for July 25, 1673, says, "In my way I visited my Lord of Dorset's house at Knowle, near Sevenoaks, a greate old-fashion'd house."—E.

furniture throughout, ancient magnificence; loads of portraits, not good nor curious; ebony cabinets, embossed silver in vases, dishes, &c. embroidered beds, stiff chairs, and sweet bags lying on velvet tables, richly worked in silk and gold. There are two galleries, one very small; an old hall, and a spacious great drawing-room. There is never a good staircase. The first little room you enter has sundry portraits of the times; but they seem to have been bespoke by the yard, and drawn all by the same painter: one should be happy if they were authentic; for among them there is Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, Gardiner of Winchester, the Earl of Surry the poet, when a boy, and a Thomas, Duke of Norfolk; but I don't know which. The only fine picture is of Lord Goring and Endymion Porter by Vandyke. There is a good head of the Queen of Bohemia, a whole-length of Duc d'Espernon, and another good head of the Clifford, Countess of Dorset, who wrote that admirable haughty letter to Secretary Williamson, when he recommended a person to her for member for Appleby: "I have been bullied by an usurper, I have been neglected by a court, but I won't be dictated to by a subject: your man shan't stand. Ann Dorset, Pembroke and Montgomery." In the chapel is a piece of ancient tapestry: Saint Luke in his first profession is holding an urinal. Below stairs is a chamber of poets and players, which is proper enough in that house; for the first Earl wrote a play,[1] and the last Earl was a poet,[2] and I think married a player.[3] Major Mohun and Betterton are curious among the latter, Cartwright and Flatman among the former. The arcade is newly enclosed, painted in fresco, and with modern glass of all the family matches. In the gallery is a whole-length of the unfortunate Earl of Surry, with his device, a

[1] Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, while a student in the Temple, wrote his tragedy of Gordobuc, which was played before Queen Elizabeth, at Whitehall, in 1561. He was created Earl of Dorset by James the First, in 1604.—E.

[2] Charles Sackville, sixth Earl of Dorset. On the day previous to the naval engagement with the Dutch, in 1665, he is said to have composed his celebrated song, "To all you Ladies now on Land."—E.

[3] On the contrary, he married the Lady Frances, daughter of the Earl of Middlesex, who survived him.—E.

broken column, and the motto *Sat superest.* My father had one of them, but larger, and with more emblems, which the Duke of Norfolk bought at my brother's sale. There is one good head of Henry VIII, and divers of Cranfield, Earl of Middlesex, the citizen who came to be lord treasurer, and was very near coming to be hanged.[1] His Countess, a bouncing kind of lady-mayoress, looks pure awkward amongst so much good company. A visto cut through the wood has a delightful effect from the front; but there are some trumpery fragments of gardens that spoil the view from the state apartments.

We lay that night at Tunbridge town, and were surprised with the ruins of the old castle. The gateway is perfect, and the inclosure formed into a vineyard by a Mr. Hooker, to whom it belongs, and the walls spread with fruit, and the mount on which the keep stood, planted in the same way. The prospect is charming, and a breach in the wall opens below to a pretty Gothic bridge of three arches over the Medway. We honoured the man for his taste—not but that we wished the committee at Strawberry Hill were to sit upon it, and stick cypresses among the hollows — But, alas! he sometimes makes eighteen sour hogsheads, and is going to disrobe "the ivy-mantled tower," because it harbours birds!

Now begins our chapter of woes. The inn was full of farmers and tobacco; and the next morning, when we were bound for Penshurst, the only man in the town who had two horses would not let us have them, because the roads, as he said, were so bad. We were forced to send to the Wells for others, which did not arrive till half the day was spent—we all the while up to the head and ears in a market of sheep and oxen. A mile from the town we climbed up a hill to see Summer Hill,[2] the residence of Grammont's Princess of

[1] Lionel Cranfield, Earl of Middlesex, married two wives: the first was the daughter of a London citizen; the second, the daughter of James Brett, Esq. and half-sister of Mary Beaumont, created Countess of Buckingham. To this last alliance, Lord Middlesex owed his extraordinary advancement.—E.

[2] "May 29, 1652. We went to see the house of my Lord Clanrickard,

Babylon.[1] There is now scarce a road to it: the Paladins of those times were too valorous to fear breaking their necks; and I much apprehend that *la Monsery* and the fair Mademoiselle Hamilton[2] must have mounted their palfreys and rode behind their gentlemen-ushers upon pillions to the Wells. The house is little better than a farm, but has been an excellent one, and is entire, though out of repair. I have drawn the front of it to show you, which you are to draw over again to show me. It stands high, commands a vast landscape beautifully wooded, and has quantities of large old trees to shelter itself, some of which might be well spared to open views.

From Summer Hill we went to Lamberhurst to dine; near which, that is, at the distance of three miles, up and down impracticable hills, in a most retired vale, such as Pope describes in the last Dunciad,

> "Where slumber abbots, purple as their vines,"

we found the ruins of Bayham Abbey, which the Barrets and Hardings bid us visit. There are small but pretty remains, and a neat little Gothic house built near them by their nephew Pratt. They have found a tomb of an abbot, with a crosier, at length on the stone.

Here our woes increase. The roads grew bad beyond all badness, the night dark beyond all darkness, our guide frightened beyond all frightfulness. However, without being at all killed, we got up, or down,—I forget which, it was so dark,—a famous precipice called Silver Hill, and about ten at night arrived at a wretched village called Rotherbridge.

at Summer Hill, near Tunbridge; now given to that villain Bradshaw, who condemned the King. 'Tis situated on an eminent hill, with a park, but has nothing else extraordinary." Evelyn, vol. ii. p. 58.—E.

[1] Lady Margaret Macarthy, daughter and heiress of the Marquis of Clanricarde, wife of Charles, Lord Muskerry.—E.

[2] Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Sir George Hamilton, fourth son of the first Earl of Abercorn, and niece to the first Duke of Ormond, celebrated in the "Mémoires de Grammont" (written by her brother, Count Anthony Hamilton,) for her beauty and accomplishments. She married Philip, Count de Grammont, by whom she had two daughters; the eldest married Henry Howard, created Earl of Stafford, and the youngest took the veil.—E.

We had still six miles hither, but determined to stop, as it would be a pity to break our necks before we had seen all we intended. But, alas! there was only one bed to be had: all the rest were inhabited by smugglers, whom the people of the house called mountebanks; and with one of whom the lady of the den told Mr. Chute he might lie. We did not at all take to this society, but, armed with links and lanthorns, set out again upon this impracticable journey. At two o'clock in the morning we got hither to a still worse inn, and that crammed with excise officers, one of whom had just shot a smuggler. However, as we were neutral powers, we have passed safely through both armies hitherto, and can give you a little farther history of our wandering through these mountains, where the young gentlemen are forced to drive their curricles with a pair of oxen. The only morsel of good road we have found, was what even the natives had assured us was totally impracticable; these were eight miles to Hurst Monceaux.[1] It is seated at the end of a large vale, five miles in a direct line to the sea, with wings of blue hills covered with wood, one of which falls down to the house in a sweep of a hundred acres. The building, for the convenience of water to the moat, sees nothing at all; indeed it is entirely imagined on a plan of defence, with draw-bridges actually in being, round towers, watch-towers mounted on them, and battlements pierced for the passage of arrows from long bows. It was built in the time of Henry VI, and is as perfect as the first day. It does not seem to have been ever quite finished, or at least that age was not arrived at the luxury of white-wash; for almost all the walls, except in the principal chambers, are in their native *brickhood.* It is a square building, each side about two hundred feet in length; a porch and cloister, very like Eton College; and the whole is much in the same taste, the kitchen extremely so, with three vast funnels to the chimneys going up on the inside. There are two or three little courts for offices, but no magnificence of apartments. It is scarcely furnished with a few

[1] The ancient inheritance of Lord Dacre of the South.—E.

necessary beds and chairs: one side has been sashed, and a drawing-room and dining-room and two or three rooms wainscoted by the Earl of Sussex, who married a natural daughter of Charles II. Their arms with delightful carvings by Gibbons, particularly two pheasants, hang over the chimneys. Over the great drawing-room chimney is the coat-armour of the first Leonard, Lord Dacre, with all his alliances. Mr. Chute was transported, and called cousin with ten thousand quarterings.[1] The chapel is small, and mean: the Virgin and seven long lean saints, ill done, remain in the windows. There have been four more, but seem to have been removed for light; and we actually found St. Catherine, and another gentlewoman with a church in her hand, exiled into the buttery. There remain two odd cavities, with very small wooden screens on each side the altar, which seem to have been confessionals. The outside is a mixture of grey brick and stone, that has a very venerable appearance. The drawbridges are romantic to a degree; and there is a dungeon, that gives one a delightful idea of living in the days of soccage and under such goodly tenures. They showed us a dismal chamber which they called *Drummer's*-hall, and suppose that Mr. Addison's comedy is descended from it. In the windows of the gallery over the cloisters, which leads all round to the apartments, is the device of the Fienneses, a wolf holding a baton with a scroll, *Le roy le veut*—an unlucky motto, as I shall tell you presently, to the last peer of that line. The estate is two thousand a year, and so compact as to have but seventeen houses upon it. We walked up a brave old avenue to the church, with ships sailing on our left hand the whole way. Before the altar lies a lank brass knight, hight William Fienis, chevalier, who obiit c.c.c.c.v. that is in 14,05. By the altar is a beautiful tomb, all in our trefoil taste, varied into a thousand little canopies and patterns, and two knights reposing on their backs. These were Thomas, Lord Dacre, and his only son Gregory, who died sans issue. An old grey-headed beadsman of the family

[1] Chaloner Chute, Esq. of the Vine, married Catherine, daughter of Richard, Lord Dacre.—E.

talked to us of a blot in the scutcheon; and we had observed that the field of the arms was green instead of blue, and the lions ramping to the right, contrary to order. This and the man's imperfect narrative let us into the circumstances of the personage before us; for there is no inscription. He went in a Chevy-chase style to hunt in *a Mr. Pelham's*[1] park at Lawton: the keepers opposed, a fray ensued, a man was killed. The haughty baron took the death upon himself, as most secure of pardon; but however, though there was no chancellor of the exchequer in the question, he was condemned to be hanged: *Le roy le vouloist.*

Now you are fully master of Hurst Monceaux, I shall carry you on to Battel — By the way, we bring you a thousand sketches, that you may show us what we have seen. Battel Abbey stands at the end of the town, exactly as Warwick Castle does of Warwick; but the house of Webster have taken due care that it should not resemble it in any thing else. A vast building, which they call the old refectory, but which I believe was the original church, is now barn, coach-house, &c. The situation is noble, above the level of abbeys: what does remain of gateways and towers is beautiful, particularly the flat side of a cloister, which is now the front of the mansion-house. A Miss of the family has clothed a fragment of a portico with cockle-shells! The grounds, and what has been a park, lie in a vile condition. In the church is the tomb of Sir Anthony Browne, master of the horse for life to Harry VIII; from whose descendants the estate was purchased. The head of John Hammond, the last abbot, is still perfect in one of the windows. Mr. Chute says, "What charming things we should have done if Battel Abbey had been to be sold at Mrs. Chevenix's, as Strawberry was!" Good-night!

Tunbridge, Friday.

We are returned hither, where we have established our head-quarters. On our way, we had an opportunity of surveying that formidable mountain, Silver Hill, which we had

[1] At the date of this letter Mr. Pelham was prime minister.

floundered down in the dark: it commands a whole horizon of the richest blue prospect you ever saw. I take it to be the individual spot to which the Duke of Newcastle carries the smugglers, and, showing them Sussex and Kent, says, "All this will I give you, if you will fall down and worship me." Indeed one of them, who exceeded the tempter's warrant, hangs in chains on the very spot where they finished the life of that wretched custom-house officer whom they were two days in murdering.

This morning we have been to Penshurst — but, oh! how fallen![1] The park seems to have never answered its character: at present it is forlorn; and instead of Sacharissa's[2] cypher carved on the beeches, I should sooner have expected to have found the milk-woman's score. Over the gate is an inscription, purporting the manor to have been a boon from Edward VI. to Sir William Sydney. The apartments are the grandest I have seen in any of these old palaces, but furnished in a tawdry modern taste. There are loads of portraits; but most of them seem christened by chance, like children at a foundling hospital. There is a portrait of Languet,[3] the friend of Sir Philip Sydney; and divers of himself

[1] Evelyn, who visited Penshurst exactly a century before Walpole, gives the following brief notice of the place:—"July 9, 1652. We went to see Penshurst, the Earl of Leicester's, famous once for its gardens and excellent fruit, and for the noble conversation which was wont to meet there, celebrated by that illustrious person Sir Philip Sidney, who there composed divers of his pieces. It stands in a park, is finely watered, and was now full of company, on the marriage of my old fellow-collegiate, Mr. Robert Smith, who married my Lady Dorothy Sidney, widow of the Earl of Sunderland."—E.

[2] Lady Dorothy Sidney, daughter of Philip, Earl of Leicester; of whom Waller was the unsuccessful suitor, and to whom he addressed those elegant effusions of poetical gallantry, in which she is celebrated under the name of Sacharissa. Walpole here alludes to the lines written at Penshurst —

> "Go, boy, and carve this passion on the bark
> Of yonder tree, which stands the sacred mark
> Of noble Sydney's birth; when such benign,
> Such more than mortal-making stars did shine,
> That there they cannot but for ever prove
> The monument and pledge of humble love;
> His humble love, whose hope shall ne'er rise higher,
> Than for a pardon that he dares admire."—E.

[3] Hubert Languet, who quitted the service of the Elector of Saxony

and all his great kindred; particularly his sister-in-law, with a vast lute, and Sacharissa, charmingly handsome. But there are really four very great curiosities, I believe as old portraits as any extant in England: they are, Fitzallen, Archbishop of Canterbury; Humphry Stafford, the first Duke of Buckingham; T. Wentworth, and John Foxle; all four with the dates of their commissions as constables of Queenborough Castle, from whence I suppose they were brought. The last is actually receiving his investiture from Edward the Third, and Wentworth is in the dress of Richard the Third's time. They are really not very ill done.[1] There are six more, only heads; and we have found since we came home that Penshurst belonged for a time to that Duke of Buckingham. There are some good tombs in the church, and a very Vandal one, called *Sir Stephen of Penchester.* When we had seen Penshurst, we borrowed saddles, and, bestriding the horses of our post-chaise, set out for Hever,[2] to visit a tomb of Sir Thomas Bullen, Earl of Wiltshire, partly with a view to talk of it in Anna Bullen's walk at Strawberry Hill. But the measure of our woes was not full, we could not find our way, and were forced to return; and again lost ourselves in coming from Penshurst, having been directed to what they call a better road than the execrable one we had gone.

Since dinner, we have been to Lord Westmorland's at Mereworth, which is so perfect in a Palladian taste, that I must own it has recovered me a little from Gothic. It is better situated than I had expected from the bad reputation it bears, and has some prospect, though it is in a moat, and mightily besprinkled with small ponds. The design, you

on account of his religion, and attached himself to the Prince of Orange. He died in 1581.—E.

[1] In Harris's History of Kent, he gives from Philpot a list of the constables of Queenborough Castle, p. 376; the last but one of whom, Sir Edward Hobby, is said to have collected all their portraits, of which number most probably were these ten.

[2] Hever Castle was built in the reign of Edward III, by William de Hevre, and subsequently became the property of the Boleyn family. In this castle Henry VIII. passed the time of his courtship to the unfortunate Anne Boleyn; whose father, Sir Thomas Boleyn, was created Earl of Wiltshire and Ormond, 1529 and 1538.—E.

know, is taken from the Villa del Capra by Vicenza, but on a larger scale; yet, though it has cost an hundred thousand pounds, it is still only a fine villa: the finishing of in and outside has been exceedingly expensive. A wood that runs up a hill behind the house is broke like an Albano landscape, with an octagon temple and a triumphal arch; but then there are some dismal clipt hedges, and a pyramid, which by a most unnatural copulation is at once a grotto and a greenhouse. Does it not put you in mind of the proposal for your drawing a garden-seat, Chinese on one side and Gothic on the other? The chimneys, which are collected to a centre, spoil the dome of the house, and the hall is a dark well. The gallery is eighty-two feet long, hung with green velvet and pictures, among which is a fine Rembrandt and a pretty La Hire. The ceilings are painted, and there is a fine bed of silk and gold tapestry. The attic is good, and the wings extremely pretty, with porticos formed on the style of the house. The Earl has built a new church, with a steeple which seems designed for the latitude of Cheapside, and is so tall that the poor church curtsies under it, like Mary Rich[1] in a vast high-crown hat: it has a round portico, like St. Clement's, with vast Doric pillars supporting a thin shelf. The inside is the most abominable piece of tawdriness that ever was seen, stuffed with pillars painted in imitation of verd antique, as all the sides are like Sienna marble; but the greatest absurdity is a Doric frieze, between the triglyphs of which is the Jehovah, the I. H. S. and the Dove. There is a little chapel with Nevil tombs, particularly of the first Fane, Earl of Westmorland, and of the founder of the old church, and the heart of a knight who was killed *in the wars*. On the Fane tomb is a pedigree of brass in relief, and a genealogy of virtues to answer it. There is an entire window of painted-glass arms, chiefly modern, in the chapel, and another over the high altar. The hospitality of the house was truly Gothic; for they made our postillion drunk, and he overturned us close to a water, and the bank did but just save

[1] Daughter of Sir Robert Rich, and elder sister of Elizabeth Rich, Lady Lyttelton.

us from being in the middle of it. Pray, whenever you travel in Kentish roads, take care of keeping your driver sober.

Rochester, Sunday.

We have finished our progress sadly! Yesterday, after twenty mishaps, we got to Sissinghurst to dinner. There is a park in ruins, and a house in ten times greater ruins, built by Sir John Baker, chancellor of the exchequer to Queen Mary. You go through an arch of the stables to the house, the court of which is perfect and very beautiful. The Duke of Bedford has a house at Cheneys, in Buckinghamshire, which seems to have been very like it, but is more ruined. This has a good apartment, and a fine gallery, a hundred and twenty feet by eighteen, which takes up one side: the wainscot is pretty and entire; the ceiling vaulted, and painted in a light genteel grotesque. The whole is built for show; for the back of the house is nothing but lath and plaster. From thence we went to Bocton-Malherbe, where are remains of a house of the Wottons, and their tombs in the church; but the roads were so exceedingly bad that it was dark before we got thither, and still darker before we got to Maidstone: from thence we passed this morning to Leeds Castle.[1] Never was such disappointment! There are small remains: the moat is the only handsome object, and is quite a lake, supplied by a cascade which tumbles through a bit of a romantic grove. The Fairfaxes have fitted up a pert, bad apartment in the fore-part of the castle, and have left the only tolerable rooms for offices. They had a gleam of Gothic in their eyes, but it soon passed off into some modern windows, and some

[1] A very ancient and magnificent structure, built throughout of stone, at different periods, formerly belonging to the family of Crevequer. In the fifteenth of Edward II. Sir Thomas de Colepeper, who was castellan of the castle, was hanged on the drawbridge for having refused admittance to Isabel, the Queen-consort, in her progress when performing a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket at Canterbury. The manor and castle were forfeited to the crown by his attainder, but restored to his son, Sir Thomas Colepeper. By his Diary of May 8, 1666, it appears to have been hired by Evelyn for a prison. "Here," he says, "I flowed the dry moat, made a new drawbridge, brought spring-water into the court of the castle to an old fountain, and took order for the repairs."—E.

that never were ancient. The only thing that at all recompensed the fatigues we have undergone was the picture of the Duchess of Buckingham,[1] *la Ragotte*, who is mentioned in Grammont — I say us, for I trust that Mr. Chute is as true a bigot to Grammont as I am. Adieu! I hope you will be as weary with reading our history as we have been in travelling it. Yours ever.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 28, 1752.

WILL you never have done jigging at Northampton with that old harlotry Major Compton? Peggy Trevor told me, she had sent you a mandate to go thither. Shall I tell you how I found Peggy, that is, not Peggy, but her sister Muscovy? I went, found a bandage upon the knocker, an old woman and child in the hall, and a black boy at the door. Lord! thinks I, this can't be Mrs. Boscawen's. However, Pompey let me up; above were fires blazing, and a good old gentlewoman, whose occupation easily spoke itself to be midwifery. "Dear Madam, I fancy I should not have come up."—"Las-a-day! Sir, no, I believe not; but I'll step and ask." Immediately out came old Falmouth,[2] looking like an ancient fairy, who had just been uttering a malediction over a new-born prince, and told me, forsooth, that Madame Muscovy was but just brought to bed, which Peggy Trevor soon came and confirmed. I told them I would write you my adventure. I have not thanked you for your travels, and the violent curiosity you have given me to see Welbeck. Mr. Chute and I have been a progress too; but it was in a land you know full well, the county of Kent. I will only tell you that we broke our necks twenty times to your health, and had a distant glimpse of Hawkhurst from that Sierra Morena, Silver Hill.

[1] Mary, Duchess of Buckingham, only daughter of Thomas, Lord Fairfax.—E.

[2] Charlotte, daughter and co-heiress of Colonel Godfrey, married in 1700 to Lord Falmouth.—E.

I have since been with Mr. Conway at Park-place, where I saw the individual Mr. Cooper, a banker, and lord of the manor of Henley, who had those two extraordinary forfeitures from the executions of the Misses Blandy and Jefferies, two fields from the former, and a malthouse from the latter. I had scarce credited the story, and was pleased to hear it confirmed by the very person; though it was not quite so remarkable as it was reported, for both forfeitures were in the same manor.

Mr. Conway has brought Lady Ailesbury from Minorca, but originally from Africa, a *Jeribo.* To be sure you know what that is; if you don't, I will tell you, and then I believe you will scarce know any better. It is a composition of a squirrel, a hare, a rat, and a monkey, which altogether looks very like a bird. In short, it is about the size of the first, with much such a head, except that the tip of the nose seems shaved off, and the remains are like a human hare-lip; the ears and its timidity are like a real hare. It has two short little feet before like a rat, but which it never uses for walking, I believe never but to hold its food. The tail is naked like a monkey's, with a tuft of hair at the end; striped black and white in rings. The two hind-legs are as long as a Granville's, with feet more like a bird than any other animal, and upon these it hops so immensely fast and upright that at a distance you would take it for a large thrush. It lies in cotton, is brisk at night, eats wheat, and never drinks; it would, but drinking is fatal to them. Such is a jeribo!

Have you heard the particulars of the Speaker's quarrel with a young officer, who went to him, on his landlord refusing to give his servant the second best bed in the inn? He is a young man of eighteen hundred a year, and passionately fond of the army. The Speaker produced the Mutiny-bill to him. "Oh Sir," said the lad, "but there is another act of parliament which perhaps you don't know of." The "person of dignity," as the newspapers call him, then was so ingenious as to harangue on the dangers of a standing army. The boy broke out, "Don't tell me of your privileges: what would have become of you and your privileges in the year forty-five, if it

had not been for the army—and pray, why do you fancy I would betray my country? I have as much to lose as you have!" In short, this abominable young Hector treated the Speaker's *oracular decisions* with a familiarity that quite shocks *me* to think of!

The Poemata-Grayo-Bentleiana, or Gray's Odes, better illustrated than ever odes were by a Bentley, are in great forwardness, and I trust will appear this winter. I shall tell you one little anecdote about the authors, and conclude. Gray is in love to distraction with a figure of Melancholy, which Mr. Bentley has drawn for one of the Odes, and told him he must have something of his pencil: Mr. Bentley desired him to choose a subject. He chose Theodore and Honoria!—don't mention this, for we are shocked. It is loving melancholy till it is not strong enough, and he grows to dram with Horror. Good night! my compliments to Miss Montagu; did you receive my recipes?

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 28, N. S. 1752.

I MUST certainly make you a visit, for I have nothing to say to you. Perhaps you will think this an odd reason; but as I cannot let our intimacy drop, and no event happens here for fuel to the correspondence, if we must be silent, it shall be like a matrimonial silence, *tête-à-tête*. Don't look upon this paragraph as a thing in the air, though I dare to say you will, upon my repeating that I have any thoughts of a trip to Florence: indeed, I have never quite given up that intention; and if I can possibly settle my affairs at all to my mind, I shall certainly execute my scheme towards the conclusion of this Parliament, that is, about next spring twelvemonth: I cannot bear elections; and still less, the hash of them over again in a first session. What vivacity such a reverberation may give to the blood of England, I don't know; at present it all stagnates. I am sometimes almost tempted to go and amuse myself at Paris with the bull Unigenitus. Our beau-

ties are returned, and have done no execution. The French would not conceive that Lady Caroline Petersham ever had been handsome, nor that my Lady Coventry has much pretence to be so now. Indeed all the travelled English allow that there is a Madame de Brionne handsomer, and a finer figure. Poor Lady Coventry was under piteous disadvantages; for besides being very silly, ignorant of the world, breeding, speaking no French, and suffered to wear neither red nor powder, she had that perpetual drawback upon her beauty; her lord, who is sillier in a wise way, as ignorant, ill-bred, and speaking very little French himself—just enough to show how ill-bred he is. The Duke de Luxemburg told him he had called up my Lady Coventry's coach; my lord replied, "Vous avez fort bien fait." He is jealous, prude, and scrupulous; at a dinner at Sir John Bland's, before sixteen persons, he coursed his wife round the table, on suspecting she had stolen on a little red, seized her, scrubbed it off by force with a napkin, and then told her, that since she had deceived him and broke her promise, he would carry her back directly to England. They were pressed to stay for the great *fête* at St. Cloud; he excused himself, "because it would make him miss a music-meeting at Worcester;" and she excused herself from the fireworks at Madame Pompadour's, "because it was her dancing-master's hour." I will tell you but one more anecdote, and I think you cannot be imperfect in your ideas of them. The Maréchale de Lowendahl was pleased with an English fan Lady Coventry had, who very civilly gave it her: my lord made her write for it again next morning, "because he had given it her before marriage, and her parting with it would make an irreparable breach," and send an old one in the room of it! She complains to everybody she meets, "How odd it is that my lord should use her so ill, when she knows he has so great a regard that he would die for her, and when he was so good as to marry her without a shilling!" Her sister's history is not unentertaining: Duke Hamilton is the abstract of Scotch pride; he and the Duchess at their own house walk in to dinner before their company, sit together at the upper end of their own table, eat off the same plate, and drink to

nobody beneath the rank of Earl — would not one wonder how they could get anybody either above or below that rank to dine with them at all? I don't know whether you will not think all these very trifling histories; but for myself, I love anything that marks a character strongly.

I told you how the younger Crébillon had served me, and how angry I am; yet I must tell you a very good reply of his. His father one day in a passion with him, said, "Il y a deux choses que je voudrois n'avoir jamais fait, mon Catilina et vous!" He answered, "Consolez vous, mon père, car on prétend que vous n'avez fait ni l'un ni l'autre!" Don't think me infected with France, if I tell you more French stories; but I know no English ones, and we every day grow nearer to the state of a French province, and talk from the capital. The old Crébillon, who admires us as much as we do them, has long had by him a tragedy called Oliver Cromwell, and had thoughts of dedicating it to the Parliament of England: he little thinks how distant a cousin the present Parliament is to the Parliament he wots of. The Duke of Richelieu's son,[1] who certainly must not pretend to declare off, like Crébillon's, (he is a boy of ten years old,) was reproached for not minding his Latin: he replied, "Eh! mon père n'a jamais sçû le Latin, et il a eu les plus jolies femmes de France!" My sister was exceedingly shocked with their indecorums: the night she arrived at Paris, asking for the Lord knows what utensil, the footman of the house came and showed it her himself, and everything that is related to it. Then, the footmen who brought messages to her, came into her bedchamber in person; for they don't deliver them to your servants, in the English way. She amused me with twenty other new fashions, which I should be ashamed to set down, if a letter was at all upon a higher or wiser foot than a newspaper. Such is their having a knotting-bag made of the same stuff with every gown; their footmen carrying their lady's own goblet wherever they dine; the King carrying his own bread in his pocket to dinner; the etiquette of the Queen and the Mesdames not

[1] The infamous Duke de Fronsac.—D.

speaking to one another cross him at table, and twenty other such nothings; but I find myself gossiping and will have done, with only two little anecdotes that pleased me. Madame Pompadour's husband has not been permitted to keep an opera-girl, because it would too frequently occasion the reflection of his not having his wife — is not that delightful decorum? and in that country! The other was a most sensible trait of the King. The Count Charolois[1] shot a President's dogs, who lives near him: the President immediately posted to Versailles to complain: the King promised him justice; and then sent to the Count to desire he would give him two good dogs. The Prince picked out his two best: the King sent them to the President, with this motto on their collars, *J'appartiens au Roi!* "There," said the King, "I believe he won't shoot them now!"

Since I began my letter, I looked over my dates, and was hurt to find that *three months are gone and over* since I wrote last. I was going to begin a new apology, when your letter of Oct. 20th came in, curtsying and making apologies itself. I was charmed to find you to blame, and had a mind to grow haughty and scold you — but I won't. My dear child, we will not drop one another at last; for though we are English, we are not both in England, and need not quarrel we don't know why. We will write whenever we have anything to say; and when we have not, — why, we will be going to write. I had heard nothing of the Riccardi deaths: I still like to hear news of any of my old friends. Your brother tells me that you defend my Lord Northumberland's idea for his gallery, so I will not abuse it so much as I intended, though I must say that I am so tired with copies of the pictures he has chosen, that I would scarce hang up the originals — and then, copies by anything now living! — and at that price! — indeed *price* is no article, or rather *is* a reason for my Lord Northumberland's liking

[1] Charles de Bourbon, Count de Charolois, next brother to the Duke de Bourbon, who succeeded the Regent Duke of Orleans as prime minister of France. The Count de Charolois was a man of infamous character, and committed more than one murder. When Louis the Fifteenth pardoned him for one of these atrocities, he said to him, "I tell you fairly, that I will also pardon any man who murders you."—D.

anything. They are building at Northumberland-house, at Sion, at Stansted, at Alnwick, and Warkworth Castles! they live by the etiquette of the old peerage, have Swiss porters, the Countess has her pipers—in short, they will very soon have no estate.

One hears here of writings that have appeared in print on the quarrel of the Pretender and his second son; I could like to see any such thing. Here is a bold epigram, which the Jacobites give about:—

> In royal veins how blood resembling runs!
> Like any George, James quarrels with his sons.
> Faith! I believe, could he his crown resume,
> He'd hanker for his Herenhausen, Rome.

The second is a good line; but the thought in the last is too obscurely expressed; and yet I don't believe that it was designed for precaution.

I went yesterday with your brother to see Astley's[1] pictures: mind, I confess myself a little prejudiced, for he has drawn the whole Pigwigginhood: but he has got too much into the style of the four thousand English painters about town, and is so intolerable as to work for money, not for fame: in short, he is not such a Rubens as in your head—but I fear, as I said, that I am prejudiced. Did I ever tell you of a picture at Woolterton of the whole family, which I call the progress of riches? there is Pigwiggin in a laced coat and waistcoat; the second son has only the waistcoat trimmed; the third is in a plain suit, and the little boy is naked. I saw a much more like picture of my uncle last night at Drury Lane in the farce; there is a tailor who is exactly my uncle in person, and my aunt in family. Good night! I wish you joy of being dis-Richcourted; you need be in no apprehensions of his Countess; she returns to England in the spring. Adieu!

P. S. You shall see that I am honest, for though the beginning of my letter is dated Oct. 28th, the conclusion ought to be from Nov. 11th.

[1] John Astley, an English portrait painter of some merit, born at Wem, in Shropshire. He married a lady of large fortune, relinquished his profession, and died in 1787.—D.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.[1]

Strawberry Hill, November 8th, 1752.

DEAR HARRY,

AFTER divers mistakes and neglects of my own servants and Mr. Fox's, the Chinese pair have at last set sail for Park-place: I don't call them boar and sow, because of their being fit for his altar: I believe, when you see them, you will think it is Zicchi Micchi himself, the Chinese god of good eating and drinking, and his wife. They were to have been with you last week, but the chairmen who were to drive them to the water side, got drunk, and said, that the creatures were so wild and unruly, that they ran away and would not be managed. Do but think of their running! It puts me in mind of Mrs. Nugent's talking of just *jumping* out of a coach! I might with as much propriety talk of having all my clothes let out. My coachman is vastly struck with the goodly paunch of the boar, and says, it would fetch three pounds in his country; but he does not consider, that he is a boar with the true brown edge,[2] and has been fed with the old original wheatsheaf: I hope you will value him more highly: I dare say Mr. Cutler or Margas[3] would at least ask twenty guineas for him, and swear that Mrs. Dunch gave thirty for the fellow.

As you must of course write me a letter of thanks for my brawn, I beg you will take that opportunity of telling me very particularly how my Lady Aylesbury does, and if she is quite recovered, as I much hope. How does my sweet little wife do? Are your dragons all finished? Have the Coopers seen Miss Blandy's ghost, or have they made Mr. Cranston poison a dozen or two more private gentlewomen? Do you plant without rain as I do, in order to have your trees die, that you may have the pleasure of planting them over again with rain? Have you any Mrs. Clive[4] that pulls down barns that inter-

[1] Now first printed.

[2] He means such as are painted on old china with the brown edge, and representations of wheatsheafs.—E.

[3] Fashionable china-shops.—E.

[4] Then living at Little Strawberry Hill.—E.

cept your prospect; or have you any Lord Radnor[1] that plants trees to intercept his own prospect, that he may cut them down again to make an alteration? There! there are as many questions as if I were your schoolmaster or your godmother! Good night!

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

White's, December 3, 1752.

I SHALL be much obliged to you for the passion-flower, notwithstanding it comes out of a garden of Eden, from which Eve, my sister-in-law, long ago gathered passion-fruit. I thank you too for the offer of your Roman correspondences, but you know I have done with virtù, and deal only with the Goths and Vandals.

You ask a very improper person, why my Lord Harcourt[2] resigned. My Lord Coventry says it is the present great arcanum of government, and you know I am quite out of the circle of secrets. The town says, that it was finding Stone is a Jacobite; and it says, too, that the Whigs are very uneasy. My Lord Egremont says the Whigs can't be in danger, for then my Lord Hartington would not be gone a hunting. Every body is as impatient as you can be, to know the real cause, but I don't find that either Lord or Bishop is disposed to let the world into the true secret. It is pretty certain that one Mr. Cresset has abused both of them without ceremony, and that the Solicitor-general told the Bishop in plain terms that my Lord Harcourt was a cipher, and was put in to be a cipher: an employment that, considering it is a sinecure, seems to hang unusually long upon their hands. They have so lately quarrelled with poor Lord Holderness for playing at blindman's-buff at Tunbridge, that it will be difficult to give

[1] The last Lord Radnor of the family of Robarts, then living at Twickenham, very near Strawberry Hill.—E.

[2] On the death of the Prince of Wales in 1751, his eldest son, Prince George, was committed to the care of the Earl of Harcourt as governor.

[3] See *post*, p. 457.

him another place only because he is fit to play at blindman's-buff; and yet it is much believed that he will be the governor, and your cousin his successor. I am as improper to tell you why the governor of Nova Scotia is to be at the head of the Independents. I have long thought him one of the greatest dependents, and I assure you I have seen nothing since his return, to make me change my opinion. He is too busy in the bedchamber to remember me.

Mr. Fox said nothing about your brother; if the offer was ill-designed from one quarter, I think you may make the refusal of it have its weight in another.

It would be odd to conclude a letter from White's without a *bon-mot* of George Selwyn's; he came in here t'other night, and saw James Jeffries playing at piquet with Sir Everard Falkener, "Oh!" says he, "now he is robbing the mail." Good night! when do you come back?

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, Dec. 11, 1752. N. S.

I DON'T know whether I may not begin a new chapter of revolutions: if one may trust prognosticators, the foundations of a revolution in earnest are laying. However, as I am only a simple correspondent, and no almanack-maker, I shall be content with telling you facts, and not conjectures—at least, if I do tell you conjectures, they shall not be my own. Did not I give you a hint in the summer of some storms gathering in the tutorhood? They have broke out; indeed there wanted nothing to the explosion but the King's arrival, for the instant he came, it was pretty plain that he was prepared for the grievances he was to hear—not very impartially it seems, for he would not speak to Lord Harcourt. In about three days he did, and saw him afterwards alone in his closet. What the conversation was, I can't tell you: one should think not very explicit, for in a day or two afterwards it was thought proper to send the Archbishop and Chancellor to hear his lordship's complaints; but on receiving a message that they

would wait on him by the King's orders, he prevented the visit by going directly to the Chancellor; and on hearing their commission, Lord Harcourt, after very civil speeches of regard to their persons, said, he must desire to be excused, for what he had to say was of a nature that made it improper to be said to anybody but the King. You may easily imagine that this is interpreted to allude to a higher person than the mean people who have offended Lord Harcourt and the Bishop of Norwich. Great pains were taken to detach the former from the latter; "My dear Harcourt, we love you, we wish to make you easy; but the Bishop must go." I don't tell you these were the Duke of Newcastle's words; but if I did, would they be unlike him? Lord Harcourt fired, and replied with spirit, "What! do you think to do me a favour by offering me to stay? know, it is I that will not act with such fellows as Stone and Cresset, and Scott: if they are kept, I will quit; and if the Bishop is dismissed, I will quit too." After a few days, he had his audience and resigned. It is said, that he frequently repeated, "Stone is a Jacobite," and that the other person who made up the *tête-à-tête* cried "Pray, my lord! pray, my lord!"—and would not hear upon that subject. The next day the Archbishop went to the King, and begged to know whether the Bishop of Norwich might have leave to bring his own resignation, or whether his Majesty would receive it from him, the Archbishop. The latter was chosen, and the Bishop[1] was refused an audience.

You will now naturally ask me what the quarrel was: and that is the most difficult point to tell you; for though the world expects to see some narrative, nothing has yet appeared, nor I believe will, though both sides have threatened. The Princess says, the Bishop taught the boys nothing; he says, he never was suffered to teach them any thing. The first occasion of uneasiness was the Bishop's finding the Prince

[1] "The Bishop of Norwich, who was a prelate of profound learning, and conscientiously zealous for the mental improvement of his pupil, disgusted the young Prince by his dry and pedantic manners, and offended the Princess, his mother, by persevering in the discipline which he deemed necessary to remedy the gross neglect of her son's education." Coxe's Pelham, vol. ii. p. 236.—E.

of Wales reading the Revolutions of England, written by Père d'Orléans to vindicate James II. and approved by that Prince. Stone at first peremptorily denied having seen that book these thirty years, and offered to rest his whole justification upon the truth or falsehood of this story. However, it is now confessed that the Prince was reading that book, but it is qualified with Prince Edward's borrowing it of Lady Augusta. Scott, the under preceptor, put in by Lord Bolingbroke, and of no very orthodox odour, was another complaint. Cresset, the link of the connection, has dealt in no very civil epithets, for besides calling Lord Harcourt a groom, he qualified the Bishop with bastard and atheist,[1] particularly to one of the Princess's chaplains, who, begging to be excused from hearing such language against a prelate of the church, and not prevailing, has drawn up a narrative, sent it to the Bishop, and offered to swear to it. For Lord Harcourt, besides being treated with considerable contempt by the Princess, he is not uninformed of the light in which he was intended to stand, by an amazing piece of imprudence of the last, but not the most inconsiderable performer in this drama, the Solicitor-general, Murray—pray, what part has his brother, Lord Dunbar, acted in the late squabbles in the Pretender's family? Murray, early in the quarrel, went officiously to the Bishop, and told him Mr. Stone ought to have more consideration in the family: the Bishop was surprised, and got rid of the topic as well as he could. The visit and opinion were repeated: the Bishop said, he believed Mr. Stone had all the regard shown to him that was due; that Lord Harcourt, who was the chief person, was generally present. Murray interrupted him, "Pho! Lord Harcourt! he is a cipher, and must be a cipher, and was put in to be a cipher." Do you think after this declaration, that the employment will be very agreeable? Every body but Lord Harcourt understood it before; but at least the cipherism was not notified in form. Lord Lincoln, the intimate friend of that lord, was so friendly as to turn his back upon him as

[1] See *antè*, p. 383.

he came out of the closet—and yet Lord Harcourt and the Bishop have not at all lessened their characters by any part of their behaviour in this transaction. What will astonish you, is the universal aversion that has broke out against Stone: and what heightens the disgusts, is, the intention there has been of making Dr. Johnson, the new Bishop of Gloucester, preceptor. He was Master of Westminster School, of Stone's and Murray's year, and is certainly of their principles—to be sure, that is, Whig—but the Whigs don't seem to think so. As yet no successors are named; the Duke of Leeds,[1] Lord Cardigan, Lord Waldegrave, Lord Hertford, Lord Bathurst, and Lord Ashburnham[2] are talked of for governor. The two first are said to have refused; the third dreads it; the next I hope will not have it; the Princess is inclined to the fifth, and the last I believe eagerly wishes for it. Within this day or two another is named, which leads me to tell you another interlude in our politics. This is poor Lord Holderness—to make room in the secretary's office for Lord Halifax. Holderness has been in disgrace from the first minute of the King's return: besides not being spoken to, he is made to wait at the closet-door with the bag in his hand, while the Duke of Newcastle is within; though the constant etiquette has been for both secretaries of state to go in together, or to go in immediately, if one came after the other. I knew of this disgrace; but not being quite so able a politician as Lord Lincoln, at least having an inclination to *great* men in misfortune, I went the other morning to visit the afflicted. I found him alone: he said, "You are very good to visit anybody in my situation." This lamentable tone had like to have made me laugh; however, I kept my countenance, and asked what he meant? he said, "Have not you heard how the world abuses me only for playing at blind-man's-buff in a private room at Tunbridge?" Oh! this was too much! I laughed out. I do assure you, this account of his misfortunes was not given particularly to me: nay, to

[1] Thomas Osborne, fourth Duke of Leeds. He died in 1789.—D.

[2] John, second Earl of Ashburnham. He died at a great age, April 8th, 1812.—D.

some he goes so far as to say, "Let them go to the office, and look over my letters and see if I am behindhand!" To be sure, when he has done his book, it is very hard he may not play!—My dear Sir, I don't know what apologies a *Père d'Orléans* must make for our present history! it is too ridiculous!

The preceptor is as much in suspense as the governor. The Whigs clamour so much against Johnson, that they are regarded,—at least for a time. Keene,[1] Bishop of Chester, and brother of your brother minister, has been talked of. He is a man that will not prejudice his fortune by any ill-placed scruples. My father gave him a living of seven hundred pounds a year to marry one of his natural daughters; he took the living; and my father dying soon after, he dispensed with himself from taking the wife, but was so generous as to give her very near one year's income of the living. He then was the Duke of Newcastle's tool at Cambridge, which university he has half turned Jacobite, by cramming down new ordinances to carry measures of that Duke; and being rewarded with the bishoprick, he was at dinner at the Bishop of Lincoln's when he received the nomination. He immediately rose from the table, took his host into another room, and begged he would propose him to a certain great fortune, to whom he had never spoke, but for whom he now thought himself a proper match.[2] Don't you think he would make a very proper preceptor? Among other candidates, they talk of Dr. Hales,[3] the old philosopher, a poor good primi-

[1] Dr. Edmund Keene, Bishop of Chester, was, for some reason which is not known, the constant subject of Gray's witty and splenetic effusions. One of the chief amusements discovered by the poet, *pour passer le tems* in a post-chaise, was making extempore epigrams upon the Bishop, and then laughing at them immoderately. The following, which is the commencement of one of them, may serve as a specimen:—

"Here lies Edmund Keene, the Bishop of Chester,
Who ate a fat goose, and could not digest her."—E.

[2] In the May of this year, Dr. Keene married the only daughter of Lancelot Andrews, Esq. of Edmonton, formerly an eminent linendraper in Cheapside, a lady of considerable fortune.—E.

[3] Dr. Stephen Hales, author of "Vegetable Statics," and "Vegetable Essays." This eminent natural philosopher and vegetable physiologist

tive creature, whom I call the Santon Barsisa; do you remember the hermit in the Persian tales, who after living in the odour of sanctity for above ninety years, was tempted to be naught with the King's daughter, who had been sent to his cell for a cure? Santon Hales but two years ago accepted the post of clerk of the closet to the Princess, after literally leading the life of a studious anchorite till past seventy. If he does accept the preceptorship, I don't doubt but by the time the present clamours are appeased, the wick of his old life will be snuffed out, and they will put Johnson in his socket. Good night! I shall carry this letter to town to-morrow, and perhaps keep it back a few days, till I am able to send you this history complete.

Arlington Street, Dec. 17th.

Well! at last we shall have a governor: after meeting with divers refusals, they have forced Lord Waldegrave[1] to take it; and he kisses hands to-morrow. He has all the time declared that nothing but the King's earnest desire should make him accept it—and so they made the King earnestly desire it! Dr. Thomas, the Bishop of Peterborough, I believe, is to be the tutor—I know nothing of him: he had lain by for many years, after having read prayers to the present King when he lived at Leicester House, which his Majesty remembered, and two years ago popped him into a bishoprick.

There is an odd sort of manifesto arrived from Prussia, which does not make us in better humour at St. James's. It stops the payment of the interest on the Silesian loan, till

was offered a canonry of Windsor, but contented himself with the living of Teddington, which he held with that of Farringdon. He died in 1761, at the age of eighty-four.—E.

[1] Walpole, in his Memoires, gives the following account of Lord Waldegrave's appointment: "The Earl accepted it at the earnest request of the King, and after repeated assurances of the submission and tractability of Stone. The Earl was averse to it. He was a man of pleasure, understood the court, was firm in the King's favour, easy in his circumstances, and at once undesirous of rising, and afraid to fall. He said to a friend, 'If I dared, I would make this excuse to the King—*Sir, I am too young to govern, and too old to be governed:*' but he was forced to submit. A man of stricter honour and of more reasonable sense could not have been selected for the employment." Vol. i. p. 255.—E.

satisfaction is made for some Prussian captures during the war. The omnipotence of the present ministry does not reach to Berlin! Adieu! All the world are gone to their several Christmas's, as I should do, if I could have got my workmen out of Strawberry Hill; but they don't work at all by the scale of my impatience.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Feb. 14, 1753.

I HAVE been going to write to you every post for these three weeks, and could not bring myself to begin a letter with, "I have nothing to tell you." But it grows past a joke; we will not drop our correspondence because there is no war, no politics, no parties, no madness, and no scandal. In the memory of England there never was so inanimate an age: it is more fashionable to go to church than to either House of Parliament. Even the æra of the Gunnings is over: both sisters have lain in, and have scarce made one paragraph in the newspapers, though their names were grown so renowned, that in Ireland the beggarwomen bless you with, "the luck of the Gunnings attend you!"

You will scarce guess how I employ my time; chiefly at present in the guardianship of embryos and cockleshells. Sir Hans Sloane is dead, and has made me one of the trustees to his museum, which is to be offered for twenty thousand pounds to the King, the Parliament, the Royal Academies of Petersburgh, Berlin, Paris, and Madrid.[1] He valued it

[1] Ames, in a letter written on the 22nd of March to Mr. T. Martin, says, "I cannot forbear to give you some relation of Sir Hans Sloane's curiosities. The Parliament has been pleased to accept them on the condition of Sir Hans's codicil; that is, that they should be kept together in one place in or near London, and should be exhibited freely for a public use. The King, or they, by the will, were to have the first offer. The 19th instant being appointed for a committee of the whole House, after several speeches, the Speaker himself moved the whole House into a general regard to have them joined with the King's and Cotton Libraries, together with those of one Major Edwards, who had left seven thousand pounds to build a library, besides his own books; and to purchase the Harleian manuscripts, build a house for

G.P.Harding, F.S.A. del. W.Greatbatch, sc.

THOMAS GRAY.

FROM THE ORIGINAL BY ECKARDT IN THE COLLECTION AT STRAWBERRY HILL.

London Published by Richard Bentley 1840

at fourscore thousand; and so would anybody who loves hippopotamuses, sharks with one ear, and spiders as big as geese! It is a rent-charge, to keep the fœtuses in spirits! You may believe that *those* who think money the most valuable of all curiosities, will not be purchasers. The King has excused himself, saying he did not believe that there are twenty thousand pounds in the treasury. We are a charming wise set, all philosophers, botanists, antiquarians, and mathematicians; and adjourned our first meeting, because Lord Macclesfield, our chairman, was engaged to a party for finding out the longitude. One of our number is a Moravian, who signs himself Henry XXVIII, Count de Reus. The Moravians have settled a colony at Chelsea, in Sir Hans's neighbourhood, and I believe he intended to beg Count Henry XXVIIIth's skeleton for his museum.

I am almost ashamed to be thanking you but now for a most entertaining letter of two sheets, dated December 22, but I seriously had nothing to form an answer. It is but three mornings ago that your brother was at breakfast with me, and scolded me, "Why, you tell me nothing!"—"No," says I; "if I had anything to say, I should write to your brother." I give you my word, the first new book that takes, the first murder, the first revolution, you shall have, with all the circumstances. In the mean time, do be assured that there never was so dull a place as London, or so insipid an inhabitant of it as, Yours, &c.

TO MR. GRAY.

Arlington Street, Feb. 20, 1753.

I AM very sorry that the haste I made to deliver you from your uneasiness the first moment after I received your letter, should have made me express myself in a manner to have the

their reception," &c. An act was shortly after passed, empowering the Crown to raise a sufficient sum by lottery to purchase the Sloane collection and Harleian manuscripts, together with Montagu House. Such was the commencement of the British Museum.—E.

G.P.Harding, F.S.A. del. W.Greatbatch, sc.

THOMAS GRAY.

FROM THE ORIGINAL BY E. KARAT IN THE COLLECTION AT STRAWBERRY HILL.

London Published by [illegible]

quite contrary effect from what I intended. You well know how rapidly and carelessly I always write my letters: the note you mention was written in a still greater hurry than ordinary, and merely to put you out of pain. I had not seen Dodsley, consequently could only tell you that I did not doubt but he would have no objection to satisfy you, as you was willing to prevent his being a loser by the plate.[1] Now, from this declaration, how is it possible for you to have for one moment put such a construction upon my words, as would have been a downright stupid brutality, unprovoked? It is impossible for me to recollect my very expression, but I am confident that I have repeated the whole substance.

How the bookseller would be less a loser by being at more expense, I can easily explain to you. He feared the price of half-a-guinea would seem too high to most purchasers. If by the expense of ten guineas more he could make the book appear so much more rich and showy as to induce people to think it cheap, the profits from selling many more copies would amply recompense him for his additional disbursement.

The thought of having the head engraved was entirely Dodsley's own, and against my opinion, as I concluded it would be against yours; which made me determine to acquaint you with it before its appearance.

When you reflect on what I have said now, you will see very clearly, that I had and could have no other possible meaning in what I wrote last. You might justly have accused me of neglect, if I had deferred giving you all the satisfaction in my power, as soon as ever I knew your uneasiness.

The head I give up.[2] The title I think will be wrong, and

[1] This was a print of Mr. Gray, after the portrait of him by Eckardt. It was intended to have been prefixed to Dodsley's quarto edition of his Odes with Mr. Bentley's designs; but Mr. Gray's extreme repugnance to the proposal obliged his friends to drop it.

[2] In a letter to Walpole, written from Stoke, in January, on receiving a proof of the head, Gray had said, "Sure you are not out of your wits! This I know, if you suffer my head to be printed, you will put me out of mine. I conjure you immediately to put a stop to any such design. Who is at the expense of engraving it, I know not; but if it be Dodsley, I will make up the loss to him. The thing as it was, I know, will make me ridiculous enough; but to appear in proper person, at the head of my works, consisting of half a dozen ballads in thirty pages, would be worse

not answer your purpose; for, as the drawings are evidently calculated for the poems, why will the improper disposition of the word *designs* before *poems* make the edition less yours? I am as little convinced that there is any affectation in leaving out the *Mr.* before your names: it is a barbarous addition: the other is simple and classic; a rank I cannot help thinking due to both the poet and painter. Without ranging myself among classics, I assure you, were I to print any thing with my name, it should be plain Horace Walpole: *Mr.* is one of the Gothicisms I abominate. The explanation[1] was certainly added for people who have not eyes:—such are almost all who have seen Mr. Bentley's drawings, and think to compliment him by mistaking them for prints. Alas! the generality want as much to have the words "a man," "a cock," written under his drawings, as under the most execrable hieroglyphics of Egypt, or of sign-post painters.

I will say no more now, but that you must not wonder if I am partial to you and yours, when you can write as you do and yet feel so little vanity. I have used freedom *enough* with your writings to convince you I speak truth: I praise and scold Mr. Bentley immoderately, as I think he draws well or ill: I never think it worth my while to do either, especially to blame, where there are not generally vast excellencies. Good night! Don't suspect me when I have no fault but impatience to make you easy.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, March 4, 1753.

HAVE you got any wind of our new histories? Is there any account at Rome that Mr. Stone and the Soliciter-general are still thought to be more attached to Egypt than Hanover? For above this fortnight there have been strange mysteries and reports! the cabinet council sat night after

than the pillory. I do assure you, if I had received such a book, with such a frontispiece, without any warning, I do believe it would have given me the palsy." Works, vol. iii. p. 106.—E.

[1] Of Mr. Bentley's designs.

night till two o'clock in the morning: we began to think that they were empannelled to sit upon a new rebellion, or invasion at least: or that the King of Prussia had sent his mandate, that we must receive the young Pretender in part of payment of the Silesian loan. At last it is come out that Lord Ravensworth,[1] on the information of one Fawcett, a lawyer, has accused Stone, Murray, and Dr. Johnson, the new Bishop of Gloucester, of having had an odd custom of toasting the Chevalier and my Lord Dunbar at one Vernon's, a merchant, about twenty years ago. The *Pretender's counterpart* ordered the council to examine into it: Lord Ravensworth stuck to his story; Fawcett was terrified with the solemnity of the divan, and told his very different ways, and at last would not sign his deposition. On the other hand, Stone and Murray took their Bible on their innocence, and the latter made a fine speech into the bargain. Bishop Johnson scrambled out of the scrape at the very beginning; and the council have reported to the King, that the accusation was false and malicious.[2] This is an exact abridgement of the story; the commentary would be too voluminous. The heats upon it are great; the violent Whigs are not at all convinced of the Whiggism of the culprits, by the defect of evidence: the opposite clan affect as much conviction as if they wished them Whigs.

Mr. Chute and I are come hither for a day or two to inspect the progress of a Gothic staircase, which is so pretty and so small, that I am inclined to wrap it up and send it you in my letter. As my castle is so diminutive, I give myself a Burlington air, and say, that as Chiswick is a model of Grecian architecture, Strawberry Hill is to be so of Gothic. I went the other morning with Mr. Conway to buy some of the new furniture-paper for you: if there was any money at Florence,

[1] Sir Henry Liddel, Baron of Ravensworth.

[2] "Upon the whole matter," says the Hon. Philip Yorke, in his MS. Parliamentary Journal, "the Lords came unanimously to an opinion of reporting to the King, that there appeared to them no foundation for any part of the charge; that Mr. Fawcett, the only evidence, had grossly prevaricated in it; that it was malicious and scandalous, and ought not to affect the character of the Bishop, or either of the gentlemen who were aspersed by it."—E.

I should expect this manufacture would make its fortune there.

Liotard, the painter, is arrived, and has brought me Marivaux's picture, which gives one a very different idea from what one conceives of the author of Marianne, though it is reckoned extremely like: the countenance is a mixture of buffoon and villain. I told you what mishap I had with Crébillon's portrait: he has had the foolish dirtiness to keep it. Liotard is a Génévois; but from having lived at Constantinople, he wears a Turkish habit, and a beard down to his girdle: this, and his extravagant prices, which he has raised even beyond what he asked at Paris, will probably get him as much money as he covets, for he is avaricious beyond imagination. His crayons and his water-colours are very fine; his enamel, hard: in general, he is too Dutch, and admires nothing but excess of finishing.

We have nothing new but two or three new plays, and those not worth sending to you. The answer to the Prussian memorial, drawn chiefly by Murray, is short, full, very fine, and has more spirit than I thought we had by us. The whole is rather too good, as I believe our best policy would have been, to be in the wrong, and make satisfaction for having been ill-used: the *Author* with whom we have to deal, is not a sort of man to stop at being confuted. Adieu!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, March 27, 1753.

Such an event as I mentioned to you in my last, has, you may well believe, had some consequences; but only enough to show what it would have had in less quiet times. Last week the Duke of Bedford moved in the House of Lords to have all the papers relating to Lord Ravensworth and Fawcett laid before them. As he had given notice of his intention, the ministry, in a great fright, had taken all kind of precautions to defeat the motion; and succeeded—if it can be called success to have quashed the demand, and thereby con-

firmed the suspicions. After several councils, it was determined, that all the cabinet councillors should severally declare the insufficience and prevarication of Fawcett's evidence: they did, and the motion was rejected by 122 to 5.[1] If one was prejudiced by classic notions of the wisdom and integrity of a senate, that debate would have cured them. The flattery to Stone was beyond belief: I will give you but one instance. The Duke of Argyll said, "He had happened to be at the secretary's office during the rebellion, when two *Scotchmen* came to ask for a place, which one obtained, the other lost, but went away best pleased, from Mr. Stone's gracious manner of refusal!" It appeared in the most glaring manner, that the Bishop of Gloucester had dictated to Fawcett a letter of acquittal to himself; and not content with that, had endeavoured to persuade him to make additions to it some days after. It was as plain, that Fawcett had never prevaricated till these private interviews[2] with the prelate—yet there were 122 to 5!

I take for granted our politics adjourn here till next winter, unless there should be any Prussian episode. It is difficult to believe that that King has gone so far, without intending to go farther: if he is satisfied with the answer to his memorial, though it is the fullest that ever was made, yet it will be the first time that ever a monarch was convinced! For a King of the Romans, it seems as likely that we should see a King of the Jews.

Your brother has got the paper for your room. He shall send you with it a fine book which I have had printed of

[1] "The debate was long and heavy; the Duke of Bedford's performance moderate enough: he divided the House, but it was not told, for there went below the bar with him the Earl of Harcourt, Lord Townshend, the Bishop of Worcester, and Lord Talbot only. Upon the whole, it was the worst judged, the worst executed, and the worst supported point, that I ever saw of so much expectation." Dodington, p. 202.—E.

[2] This insignificant, and indeed ridiculous accusation, against Murray and Stone, is magnified by Walpole, both here and in his Memoires, into an important transaction, in consequence of the hatred he bore to the persons accused.—D. ["The accusation was justly ridiculed by the wits of the day, as a counterpart to the mountain in labour; and the Pelhams had the satisfaction of seeing it terminate in the full exculpation of their friends, the Solicitor-general and Mr. Stone." Coxe's Pelham, vol. ii. p. 263.]

Gray's poems, with drawings by another friend of mine, which I am sure will charm you, though none of them are quite well engraved, and some sadly.[1] Adieu! I am all brick and mortar: the castle at Strawberry Hill grows so near a termination, that you must not be angry, if I wish to have you see it. Mr. Bentley is going to make a drawing of the best view, which I propose to have engraved, and then you shall at least have some idea of that sweet little spot — little enough, but very sweet!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, April 16, 1753.

DEAR SIR,

I KNOW I never give you more pleasure than in recommending such an acquaintance as Mr. Stephens, a young gentleman now in Italy, of whom I have heard from the best hands the greatest and most amiable character. He is brother-in-law of Mr. West,[2] Mr. Pelham's secretary, and (to you I may add,) as I know it will be an additional motive to increase your attentions to his relation, a particular friend of mine. I beg you will do for my sake, what you always do from your own goodness of heart, make Florence as agreeable to him as possible: I have the strongest reasons to believe that you will want no incitement the moment you begin to know Mr. Stephens.

[1] On receiving a proof of the tail-piece, which Mr. Bentley had designed for the Elegy in a Country Churchyard, and which represents a village funeral, Gray wrote to Walpole: "I am surprised at the print, which far surpasses my idea of London graving: the drawing itself was so finished, that I suppose it did not require all the art I imagined to copy it tolerably. My aunts seeing me open your letter, took it to be a burying ticket, and asked whether anybody had left me a ring; and so they still conceive it to be, even with all their spectacles on. Heaven forbid they should suspect it to belong to any verses of mine! They would burn me for a poet." Works, vol. iii. p. 105.—E.

[2] James West, member for St. Albans, secretary to Mr. Pelham as chancellor of the exchequer, secretary to the treasury, treasurer to the Royal Society, and member of the Antiquarian Society, married the sister of this Mr. Stephens.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, April 27, 1753.

I HAVE brought two of your letters hither to answer: in town there are so many idle people besides oneself, that one has not a minute's time: here I have whole evenings, after the labours of the day are ceased. Labours they are, I assure you; I have carpenters to direct, plasterers to hurry, papermen to scold, and glaziers to help: this last is my greatest pleasure: I have amassed such quantities of painted glass, that every window in my castle will be illuminated with it: the adjusting and disposing it is vast amusement. I thank you a thousand times for thinking of procuring me some Gothic remains from Rome; but I believe there is no such thing there: I scarce remember any morsel in the true taste of it in Italy. Indeed, my dear Sir, kind as you are about it, I perceive you have no idea what Gothic is; you have lived too long amidst true taste, to understand venerable barbarism. You say, "You suppose my garden is to be Gothic too." That can't be; Gothic is merely architecture; and as one has a satisfaction in imprinting the gloomth of abbeys and cathedrals on one's house, so one's garden, on the contrary, is to be nothing but *riant*, and the gaiety of nature. I am greatly impatient for my altar, and so far from mistrusting its goodness, I only fear it will be too good to expose to the weather, as I intend it must be, in a recess in the garden. I was going to tell you that my house is so monastic, that I have a little hall decked with long saints in lean arched windows and with taper columns, which we call the Paraclete, in memory of Eloisa's cloister.[1]

I am glad you have got rid of your duel, blood guiltless: Captain Lee had ill luck in lighting upon a Lorrain officer; he might have boxed the ears of the whole Florentine nobility, (*con rispetto si dice*,) and not have occasioned you half the trouble you have had in accommodating this quarrel.

[1] "Where awful arches make a noon-day night,
And the dim windows shade a solemn light." POPE.—E.

You need not distrust Mr. Conway and me for showing any attentions to Prince San Severino,[1] that may convince him of our regard for you; I only hope he will not arrive till towards winter, for Mr. Conway is gone to his regiment in Ireland, and my chateau is so far from finished, that I am by no means in a condition to harbour a princely ambassador. By next spring I hope to have rusty armour, and arms with quarterings enough to persuade him that I am qualified to be Grand Master of Malta. If you could send me Viviani[2] with his invisible architects out of the Arabian tales, I might get my house ready at a day's warning; especially as it will not be quite so lofty as the triumphal arch at Florence.

What you say you have heard of strange conspiracies, fomented by *our nephew*,[3] is not entirely groundless. A Dr. Cameron[4] has been seized in Scotland, who certainly came over with commission to feel the ground. He is just brought to London; but nobody troubles their head about him, or anything else, but Newmarket, where the Duke is at present making a campaign, with half the nobility and half the money of England, attending him: they really say, that not less than a hundred thousand pounds have been carried thither for the

[1] Ambassador from the King of Naples.

[2] Viviani, a Florentine nobleman, showing the triumphal arch there to Prince San Severino, assured him, and insisted upon it, that it was begun and finished in twenty-four hours!

[3] The King of Prussia.

[4] This is a strange story, and it is difficult to believe that the King of Prussia was concerned in it. In his Memoires, Walpole gives the following account of the taking of Dr. Cameron:—"About this time was taken in Scotland, Dr. Archibald Cameron, a man excepted by the act of indemnity. Intelligence had been received some time before of his intended journey to Britain, with a commission from Prussia to offer arms to the disaffected Highlanders, at the same time that ships were hiring in the north to transport men. The fairness of Dr. Cameron's character, compared with the severity he met from a government most laudably mild to its enemies, confirmed this report. That Prussia, who opened its inhospitable arms to every British rebel, should have tampered in such a business, was by no means improbable. That King hated his uncle: but could a Protestant potentate dip in designs for restoring a popish government? Of what religion is policy? To what sect is royal revenge bigoted? The Queen-dowager, though sister of our King, was avowedly a Jacobite, by principle so — and it was natural: what Prince, but the single one who profits by the principle, can ever think it allowable to overturn sacred hereditary right? It is the curse of sovereigns that their crimes should be unpunishable."—D.

hazard of this single week. The palace has been furnished for him from the great wardrobe, though the *chief person*[1] *concerned* flatters himself that his son is at the expense of his own amusement there.

I must now tell you how I have been treated by an old friend of yours—don't be frightened, and conclude that this will make against your friend San Severino: he is only a private prince; the rogue in question is a monarch. Your brother has sent you some weekly papers that are much in fashion, called "The World;" three or four of them are by a friend of yours; one particularly I wrote to promote a subscription for King Theodore, who is in prison for debt. His Majesty's character is so bad, that it only raised fifty pounds; and though that was so much above his desert, it was so much below his expectation, that he sent a solicitor to threaten the printer with a prosecution for having taken so much liberty with his name—take notice too, that he had accepted the money! Dodsley, you may believe, laughed at the lawyer; but that does not lessen the dirty knavery. It would, indeed, have made an excellent suit! a printer prosecuted suppose for having solicited and obtained charity for a man in prison, and that man not mentioned by his right name, but by a mock title, and the man himself not a native of the country! — but I have done with countenancing kings!

Lord Bath has contributed a paper to the World, but seems to have entirely lost all his wit and genius: it is a plain heavy description of Newmarket, with scarce an effort towards humour.[2] I had conceived the greatest expectations from a production of his, especially in the way of the Spectator; but I am now assured by Franklyn, the old printer of the Craftsman, (who, by a comical revolution of things, is a tenant of mine at Twickenham,) that Lord Bath never wrote a Craftsman himself, only gave hints for them—yet great part of his reputation was built on those papers. Next week my Lord Chesterfield appears in the World[3]—I expect much less from

[1] The King.

[2] No. 17, giving an account of the races and manners at Newmarket.—E.

[3] It forms the 18th number, and is entitled "A Country Gentleman's Tour to Paris with his Family."—E.

him than I did from Lord Bath, but it is very certain that his name will make it applauded. Adieu!

P.S. Since I came to town, I hear that my Lord Granville has cut another colt's tooth—in short, they say he is going to be married again; it is to Lady Juliana Collier,[1] a very pretty girl, daughter of Lord Portmore: there are not above two or three-and-forty years difference in their ages, and not above three bottles difference in their drinking in a day, so it is a very suitable match! She will not make so good a Queen as our friend Sophia, but will like better, I suppose, to make a widow. If this should not turn out true,[2] I can't help it.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Strawberry Hill, May 5, 1753.

THOUGH my letter bears a country date, I am only a passenger here, just come to overlook my workmen, and repose myself upon some shavings, after the fatigues of the season. You know balls and masquerades always abound as the weather begins to be too hot for them, and this has been quite a spring-tide of diversion. Not that I am so abandoned as to have partaken of all; I neither made the Newmarket campaign under the Duke, nor danced at any ball, nor *looked well* at any masquerade: I begin to submit to my years, and amuse myself—only just as much as I like. Indeed, when parties and politics are at an end, an Englishman may be allowed not to be always grave and out of humour. His Royal Highness has won as many hearts at Newmarket as he lost in Scotland; he played deep and handsomely; received everybody at his table with the greatest good humour, and permitted the familiarities of the place with ease and sense.

There have been balls at the Duchess of Norfolk's, at Holland-house, and Lord Granville's, and a subscription masque-

[1] Lady Juliana Collier, youngest daughter of Charles, second Earl of Portmore, by Juliana Hale, Duchess-dowager of Leeds. She married, in 1759, James Dawkins, Esq. of Standlinch, in Wiltshire.—D.

[2] It did not happen.

rade: the dresses were not very fine, not much invention, nor any very absurd. I find I am telling you extreme trifles; but you desired me to write, and there literally happens nothing of greater moment. If I can fill out a sheet even in this way, I will; for at Sligo[1] perhaps I may appear a journalist of consequence.

There is a Madame de Mezières arrived from Paris, who has said a thousand impertinent things to my Lady Albemarle, on my lord's not letting her come to Paris.[2] I should not repeat this to you, only to introduce George Selwyn's account of this woman, who, he says, is mother to the Princess of Montauban, grandmother to Madame de Brionne, sister to General Oglethorpe, and was laundress to the Duchess of Portsmouth.

Sir Charles Williams, never very happy at panegyric, has made a distich on the Queen of Hungary, which I send you for the curiosity, not the merit of it:—

> "O regina orbis prima et pulcherrima, ridens
> Es Venus, incedens Juno, Minerva loquens."

It is infinitely admired at Vienna, but Baron Munchausen has received a translation of it into German in six verses, which are still more applauded.

There is another volume published of Lord Bolinbroke's: it contains his famous Letter to Sir William Windham, with an admirable description of the Pretender and his court, and a very poor justification of his own treachery to that party; a flimsy unfinished State of the Nation, written at the end of his life, and the common-place tautology of an old politician, who lives out of the world and writes from newspapers; and a superficial letter to Mr. Pope, as an introduction to his Essays, which are printed, but not yet published.

What shall I say to you more? You see how I am forced to tack paragraphs together, without any connection or consequence! Shall I tell you one more idle story, and will you

[1] Mr. Conway was then with his regiment quartered at Sligo in Ireland.

[2] Lord Albemarle was then ambassador at Paris.

just recollect that you once concerned yourself enough about the heroine of it, to excuse my repeating such a piece of tittle-tattle? This heroine is Lady Harrington, the hero is — not entirely of royal blood; at least I have never heard that Lodomie, the toothdrawer, was in any manner descended from the house of Bourbon. Don't be alarmed: this plebeian operator is not in the catalogue of your successors. How the lady was the aggressor is not known; 'tis only conjectured that French politeness and French interestedness could never have gone such lengths without mighty provocation. The first instance of the toothdrawer's ungentle behaviour was on hearing it said that Lady Harrington was to have her four girls drawn by Liotard; which was wondered at, as his price is so great — "Oh!" said Lodomie, "chacune paie pour la sienne." Soon after this insult, there was some dispute about payments and toothpowder, and divers messages passed. At last the lady wrote a card, to say she did not understand such impertinent answers being given to her chairman by an *arracheur de dents*. The angry little gentleman, with as much intrepidity as if he had drawn out all her teeth, tore the card in five slits, and returned it with this astonishing sentence, "I return you your impertinent card, and desire you will pay me what you owe me." All I know more is, that the toothdrawer still lives; and so do many lords and gentlemen, formerly thought the slaves of the offended fair one's will and passions, and among others, to his great shame, your sincere friend.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, May 22, 1753.

You may very possibly be set out for Greatworth, but what house Greatworth is, or whose, or how you came to have it, is all a profound secret to us: your transitions are so Pindaric, that, without notes, we do not understand them, especially as neither Mr. Bentley nor I have seen any of the letters, which I suppose you have written to your family

in the intervals of your journeyings from Sir Jonathan Cope's[1] to Roel, and from Roel to Greatworth. Mr. Bentley was just ready to send you down a packet of Gothic, and brick and mortar, and arched windows, and taper columns to be erected at Roel—no such matter, you have met with some brave chambers belonging to Sir Jonathan somebody in Northamptonshire, and are unloading your camels and caravans, and pitching your tents among your own tribe. I cannot be quite sorry, for I shall certainly visit you at Greatworth, and it might have been some years before the curtain had drawn up at Roel. We emerge very fast out of shavings, and hammerings, and pastings; the painted glass is full-blown in every window, and the gorgeous saints, that were brought out for one day on the festival of Saint George Montagu, are fixed for ever in the tabernacles they are to inhabit. The castle is not the only beauty: the garden is at the height of all its sweets; and to-day we had a glimpse of the sun as he passed by, though I am convinced the summer is over; for these two last years we have been forced to compound for five hot days in the pound.

News there is none to tell you. We have had two days in the House of Commons, that had something of the air of Parliament; there has been a Marriage-bill, invented by my Lord Bath, and cooked up by the Chancellor, which was warmly opposed by the Duke of Bedford in the Lords, and with us by Fox and Nugent: the latter made an admirable speech last week against it, and Charles Townshend[2] another very good one yesterday, when we sat till near ten o'clock, but were beat, we minority, by 165 to 84.

I know nothing else but elopements: I have lost my man Henry, who is run away for debt; and my Lord Bath his only son, who is run away from thirty thousand pounds a-year, which in all probability would have come to him in six months. There had been some great fracas about his marriage; the stories are various on the *Why;* some say his father told Miss Nichols that his son was a very worthless young man; others,

[1] At Brewern, in Oxfordshire.—E.
[2] Second son of the Marquis of Townshend.

that the Earl could not bring himself to make tolerable settlements; and a third party say, that the Countess has blown up a quarrel in order to have his son in her power, and at her mercy. Whatever the cause was, this ingenious young man, who you know has made my Lady Townshend his everlasting enemy, by repeating her histories of Miss Chudleigh to that *Miss*, of all counsellors in the world, picked out my Lady Townshend to consult on his domestic grievances: she, with all the good-nature and charity imaginable, immediately advised him to be disinherited. He took her advice, left two dutiful letters for his parents, to notify his disobedience, and went off last Friday night to France. The Earl is so angry, that he could almost bring himself to give Mr. Newport, and twenty other people, their estates again. Good night — here is the Goth, Mr. Bentley, wants to say a word to you.

"DEAR SIR,

"I WROTE you a supernumerary letter on Saturday, but as I find you have shifted your quarters since I heard from you, imagine it may not have reached you yet. If you want to know what made me so assiduous, it was to tell you Sir Danvers Osborn has kissed hands for New York, that 's all. I am sincerely yours, "R. BENTLEY.

"P.S. I wish you would write a line to him mentioning me, that 's more."

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Strawberry Hill, May 24, 1753.

IT is well you are married! How would my Lady Ailesbury have liked to be asked in a parish church for three Sundays running? I really believe she would have worn her weeds for ever, rather than have passed through so impudent a ceremony! What do *you* think?—But you will want to know the interpretation of this preamble. Why, there is a new bill, which, under the notion of preventing clandestine marriages, has made such a general rummage and reform in

the office of matrimony, that every Strephon and Chloe, every dowager and her Hussey, will have as many impediments and formalities to undergo as a treaty of peace. Lord Bath invented this bill,[1] but had drawn it so ill, that the Chancellor was forced to draw a new one, and then grew so fond of his own creature, that he has crammed it down the throats of both Houses—though they gave many a gulp before they could swallow it. The Duke of Bedford attacked it first with great spirit and mastery, but had little support, though the Duke of Newcastle did not vote. The lawyers were all ordered to nurse it through our House; but, except the poor Attorney-general,[2] who is nurse indeed to all intents and purposes, and did amply gossip over it, not one of them said a word. Nugent shone extremely in opposition to the bill, and, though every now and then on the precipice of absurdity, kept clear of it, with great humour and wit and argument, and was unanswered—yet we were beat. Last Monday it came into the committee: Charles Townshend acted a very good speech with great cleverness, and drew a picture of his own story and his father's tyranny, with at least as much parts as modesty. Mr. Fox mumbled the Chancellor and his lawyers, and pinned the plan of the bill upon a pamphlet he had found of Dr. Gally's,[3] where the doctor, recommending the French scheme of matrimony, says, "It was found that fathers were too apt to forgive." "The

[1] The following is Tindal's account of the origin of this bill: "The fatal consequences of clandestine marriages had been long complained of in England, as rendering the succession to all property insecure and doubtful. Every day produced hearings of the most shocking kind in the court of Chancery, and appeals in the House of Lords, concerning the validity of such marriages; and sometimes the innocent offspring were cut off from succession, though their parents had been married *bonâ fide*, because of the irregularity of such marriage. On the other hand, both women and men of the most infamous characters had opportunities of ruining the sons and daughters of the greatest families in England, by conveniences of marrying in the Fleet, and other unlicensed places; and marrying was now become as much a trade as any mechanical profession."—E.

[2] Sir Dudley Ryder.

[3] Dr. Henry Gally, one of the King's chaplains in ordinary. Besides the pamphlet here spoken of, which was entitled "Some Considerations upon Clandestine Marriages," he wrote a "Dissertation on Pronouncing the Greek Language," and several other works. He died in 1769.—E.

Gospel, I thought," said Mr. Fox, "enjoined forgiveness; but pious Dr. Gally thinks fathers are too apt to forgive." Mr. Pelham, extremely in his opinion against the bill, and in his inclination too, was forced to rivet it, and, without speaking one word for it, taught the House how to vote for it; and it was carried against the Chairman's leaving the chair by 165 to 84.

This is all the news I know, or at least was all when I came out of town; for I left the tinkering of the bill, and came hither last Tuesday to my workmen. I flatter myself I shall get into tolerable order to receive my Lady Ailesbury and you at your return from Sligo, from whence I have received your letter, and where I hope you have had my first. I say nothing of the exile of the Parliament of Paris, for I know no more than you will see in the public papers; only, as we are going to choose a new Parliament, we could not do better than choose the exiles: we could scarce choose braver or honester men. I say as little of Mademoiselle Murphy,[1] for I conclude you hear nothing but her health drank in whisky. Don't all the naked Irish flatter themselves with preferment, and claim relation with her? Miss Chudleigh says, there is some sense in belonging to a king who turns off an old mistress when he has got a new one.

Arlington Street, May 29.

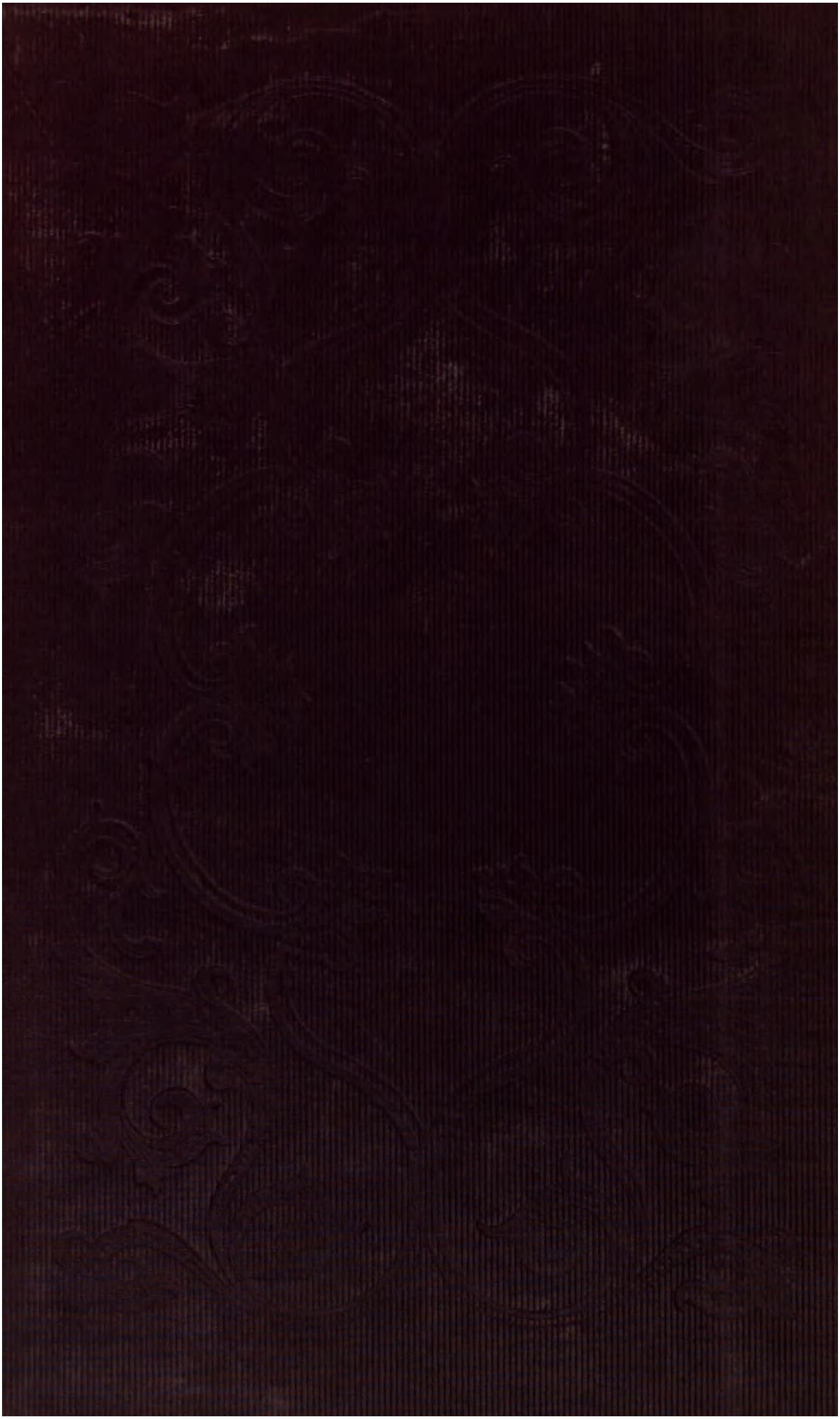
I AM come to town for a day or two, and find that the Marriage-bill has not only lasted till now in the committee, but has produced, or at least disclosed, extreme heats. Mr. Fox and Mr. Pelham have had very high words on every clause, and the former has renewed his attacks on the Chancellor under the name of Dr. Gally. Yesterday on the nullity clause they sat till half an hour after three in the morning, having just then had a division on adjournment, which was rejected by the ministry by above 80 to 70. The Speaker, who had spoken well against the clause, was so misrepresented by the Attorney-general, that there was danger of a

[1] An Irish woman who was, for a short time, mistress to Louis XV.

skimmington between the great wig and the coif, the former having given a flat lie to the latter. Mr. Fox, I am told, outdid himself for spirit, and severity on the Chancellor and the lawyers. I say I am told; for I was content with having been beat twice, and did not attend. The heats between the two ministers were far from cooling by the length of the debate. Adieu! You did little expect in these times, and at this season, to have heard such a parliamentary history! The bill is not near finished;[1] Mr. Fox has declared he will dispute every inch of ground. I hope he won't be banished to Pontoise.[2] I shall write to you no more; so pray return. I hear most favourable accounts of my Lady Ailesbury.

[1] "The opposition to the bill was such, that few clauses remained unaltered; and Mr. Fox, holding it up in the House, as Antony exposed the murdered body of Cæsar, made a kind of a parody of the speech in Shakspeare upon that occasion." Tindal.—E.

[2] The Parliament of Paris having espoused the cause of religious liberty, and apprehended several priests who, by the authority of the Archbishop of Paris and other prelates, had refused the sacraments to those who would not subscribe to the bull Unigenitus, were banished by Louis XV. to Pontoise.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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