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Miscellaneous works Of The Late Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl Of Chesterfield

Consisting Of Letters to his Friends, never before printed, And Various
Other Articles

**Chesterfield, Philip Dormer Stanhope of
Dublin, 1777**

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MISCELLANEOUS WORKS

LORD CHESTERFIELD:

DR. MATY'S MEMOIRS OF HIS LORDSHIP'S LIFE.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

MISCELLANEOUS WORKS

Ipsæ enim familiæ sua quasi ornamenta ac monumenta servabant,
et ad usum, si quis ejusdem generis cecidisset, et ad memoriam
laudum domesticarum, et ad illustrandam nobilitatem suam.

CICERO.

Memoirs from those of Philip de Comines, down to the innumerable ones in the reign of Lewis XIV. have been of great use, and thrown great light upon particular parts of History.

CHESTERFIELD.

VOLUME THE THIRD

MISCELLANEOUS WORKS

George OF THE LATE *Viceroy*
PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE,
EARL OF CHESTERFIELD:

CONSISTING OF
LETTERS to his FRIENDS, never before printed,
And VARIOUS OTHER ARTICLES.

TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED,
MEMOIRS OF HIS LIFE,
TENDING TO ILLUSTRATE
THE CIVIL, LITERARY, AND POLITICAL
HISTORY OF HIS TIME.

By *M. MATTY, M.D.*

LATE PRINCIPAL LIBRARIAN OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM
AND SECRETARY TO THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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D U B L I N.

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MISCELLANEOUS WORKS

OF THE STATE

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EARLY CHRISTIANITY

CONCLUDING THE

LETTERS OF THE TRINITY, WITH PECULIAR HIGHLIGHTS

AND A RAROUS AND RARE

INTRODUCTION TO THE HISTORY OF

THE CHURCH OF THE EAST

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LORD CHESTERFIELD'S
LETTERS to his FRIENDS.

BOOK I. Continued.

LETTERS

WRITTEN IN FRENCH, AND TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH.

VOL. III.

B

LETTER XLIX.

TO THE SAME.

London, Aug. 16, O. S. 1750.

YOU are so well acquainted, madam, with my sentiments, and with my readiness to do any thing that can oblige you, that you will easily judge how unhappy I am, not to have it in my power to execute the commands you lately honored me with. At first sight, I conceived it to be a difficult matter; but now I know it to be utterly impossible. I have sounded the people in power; and though I have no connection with the ministers, I mentioned it to one of them, who told me plainly that it could not be done. You know, said he, the spirit of rebellion that is rooted in those people; theirs and the Punic faith are the same; they are not to be won by lenity, nor bound by the oaths they take to government. You know too, that two thirds of them that were in the last rebellion, were people who had been in the former, and who only enjoyed their lives and fortunes by virtue of the late king's indulgence and pardon. Many even held employments, for which they had taken the oath of fidelity, which did not restrain them, so soon as the signal of rebellion was given. The very name of * * *, added he, (for I was obliged to tell him the name) implies rebellion from father to son. You knew that as well as I, and the secret practices of those gentlemen, whilst you were in the ministry; I leave you to judge, therefore, whether it is consistent either with the safety or dignity of government to be duped by them a second time. I was forced, madam, to acquiesce in all he said, as he was fully convinced that I knew it to be strictly true. I can tell you, moreover, that all those rebels, who have fled to France and elsewhere, date only from the open rebellion, because they flatter themselves that government is ignorant of their cabals, and secret machinations ever since; whereas on the contrary, they are fully informed of them. They see two-thirds of their letters, they betray one another, and I have frequently had the very same man's letters in my hand at once

LETTRE XLIX.

A LA MÊME.

A Londres, ce 16 Août, V. S. 1750.

CONNOISSANT comme vous le faites, madame, mes sentimens, et mon zèle pour tout ce qui vous touche, vous jugerez bien du chagrin que me cause l'impuissance où je me trouve d'exécuter les ordres, dont vous m'avez honoré en dernier lieu. J'ai envisagé l'affaire, au premier abord, comme difficile, mais à présent je fais qu'elle est impossible. J'ai sondé le gué, et quoique je ne suis nullement en liaison avec les ministres, j'en ai parlé à un, qui m'a dit très-naturellement que cela ne pouvoit se faire. Vous savez, me dit-il, l'esprit de rébellion qui est enraciné dans ces gens-là ; leur foi et la foi Punique c'est la même ; la clémence ne les gagne pas, les sermens qu'ils font au gouvernement ne les tient point ; vous n'ignorez pas non plus que les deux tiers de ceux qui étoient dans la dernière rébellion, étoient des gens qui avoient été dans l'avant dernière, et qui ne jouissoient de leurs vies, et de leurs biens, qu'en vertu de l'indulgence et du pardon du feu roi. Plusieurs même avoient des charges, pour lesquelles ils avoient prêté serment de fidélité, qui ne les retint pourtant pas, dès que le tocsin de la rébellion fût sonné. Le nom même de * * *, ajouta-t-il, car je fus obligé de lui dire le nom, implique rébellion de père en fils : vous saviez tout cela aussi bien que moi, et les menées secrètes de ces messieurs, pendant que vous étiez dans les affaires ; jugez donc s'il convient, ou à la sûreté, ou à la dignité du gouvernement, d'en être une seconde fois la duppe ? Je me trouvai, madame, dans la nécessité de convenir de la vérité de tout ce qu'il me disoit, puisqu'il n'ignoroit pas que je savois que tout ce qu'il me disoit étoit très-vrai. Je vous dirai, de plus, que tous ces rebelles fugitifs chez vous et ailleurs, prennent datte seulement de la rébellion publique, se flattant que le gouvernement ignore leurs cabales, et leurs secrètes menées du depuis ; au lieu que, tout au contraire, il en est parfaitement informé. Il voit les deux tiers de leurs lettres ; ils se trahissent les uns les autres, et j'ai eu sou-

once, some to try to make his peace with government, and others to the pretender, to assure him it was but a feigned reconciliation, the better to promote his cause. Notwithstanding all these circumstances, I am sorry I can be of no service to a person you wish well to.

I have writ, and indeed from the bottom of my heart, a letter of thanks to abbé Sallier, whom I love and respect.

LETTER L.

TO THE SAME.

London, Sept. 25, O.S. 1750.

IN spite of my promises, madam, not to saddle you with my countrymen, here is one whom I take the liberty to recommend to you. Don't be afraid, don't be presently angry, and I dare say you will thank me hereafter. It is the earl of Huntingdon, one of the first peers of England, whose family is celebrated in the most ancient records. His merit and talents are at least equal to his descent; he is distinguished from all our young nobility by his profound erudition; in short, he wants nothing to make him perfect, but what he will acquire with you, better than any where else, I mean an acquaintance with the polite world. I will venture to add one merit more, which I flatter myself he will have in your opinion, which is that of being my particular friend. He looks upon me as his father, and I consider him as my adopted son. I therefore earnestly beg, madam, you will protect, encourage, and even advise him. He has too much discernment not to be sensible of the value of your friendship, and too much feeling ever to forget it. To sum up all in one word, he will soon be what his second father is now, your very faithful servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER

vent entre mes mains, en même tems, les lettres du même homme, les unes pour tâcher de faire sa paix avec le gouvernement, et les autres au pretendant, pour l'assurer que ce n'etoit qu'une reconciliation simulée, pour être plus en état de le servir. Malgré tout cela, je suis fâché de ne pouvoir pas être utile à une personne, à qui vous vous intéressiez.

J'ai écrit, et en vérité du fond de mon cœur, une lettre de remercimens à l'abbé Sallier, que j'aime, et que je respecte.

LETTRE L.

A LA MÊME.

A Londres, ce 25 Sept. V. S. 1750.

EN dépit de mes promesses, madame, de ne vous point endosser mes compatriotes, en voici un que je prends la liberté de vous recommander. Au reste, ne craignez rien, ne vous en fâchez pas d'abord, et j'ose dire que vous m'en saurez gré après. C'est monsieur le comte de Huntingdon, un des premiers pars d'Angleterre, et dont la famille est célèbre dans les plus anciennes chroniques. Son mérite et ses talens égalent au moins sa naissance ; une érudition profonde le distingue de toute notre jeune noblesse ; enfin, il ne lui manque, pour la perfection, que ce qu'il trouvera chez vous, mieux que par tout ailleurs, c'est-à-dire *du monde*. J'ose ajouter un autre mérite qu'il aura, je me flatte, auprès de vous, c'est celui d'être particulièrement de mes amis. Il me regarde comme son père, et je le considère comme mon fils adoptif ; je vous supplie donc, madame, très-instamment de vouloir bien le protéger, l'encourager, et même le conseiller. Il a trop de discernement pour ne pas connoître d'abord tout le prix de votre amitié, et trop de sentimens pour j'amais l'oublier ; et pour tout dire, il sera bientôt à votre égard, ce qu'est à présent son père adoptif, et votre très-fidèle serviteur,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTRE

LETTER LI.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, Nov. 1, O. S. 1750.

I Expect, madam, you should give me credit for the silence I have kept so long, from mere strength of mind, in spite of the expostulations of my heart, which often murmured at it, and was continually wanting to say something to you. This is the case: towards the latter end of autumn, my head-aches, giddiness, and, in short, all the ills that can plague a head, conspired to demolish mine; and I am sure much less would have done it. In this state, that head, which well knows the respect it owes to yours, and which at best is very unfit to face it, wisely determined to conceal itself till better times. Those better times are come at last. I have brought that head to this place, it's constant refuge, and have mended it tolerably, by drinking; don't mistake me, I mean water-drinking. Here then it comes, and once more respectfully bows to yours; that is to say, I am much better, and able to repeat to you the assurances of my esteem and friendship, which are proof against all the ills in the world.

So you have found means, as I made no doubt but you would, to keep lady Hervey at Paris: you are in the right, and so is she. Her letters are so many encomiums upon France and the French, to such a degree as even to be injurious to us. She has the pleasure of seeing you often, that alone would be sufficient to make me say as much or more. I do not wish, however, to be so often the topic of your conversations; for, though you may both be ever so much prejudiced in my favour, you both know me too well not to introduce many *buts* into those conversations; whereas I had much rather have each separately speak of me to those who do not know me, and then each might safely, and I flatter myself would, stretch a little beyond truth to my advantage.

Your pupil is at present in France, roving about Languedoc, Provence, Dauphiny, &c. He will have the honour of paying his court to you before Christmas. He goes

LETTRE LI.
A LA MÊME.

A Bath, 1 Nov. V. S. 1750.

TENEZ-moi compte, madame, d'un silence que j'ai gardé longtems par la force de mon esprit, en dépit des mouvemens de mon cœur, qui en murmuroit souvent, et qui à tous momens vouloit vous dire deux mots. Voici le cas; vers la fin de l'automne, mes vertiges, mes migraines, et enfin tout ce qui peut désoler une tête, s'uniront pour accabler la mienne; il ne lui en falloit sûrement pas tant. Sur ces entrefaites, cette tête, qui fait bien le respect qu'elle doit à la vôtre, et qui même quand elle est au mieux, soutient fort mal ce vis-à-vis, prit sagement le parti de se cacher, en attendant mieux. Ce mieux est à la fin venu; j'ai porté cette tête ici, sa ressource ordinaire, je l'ai rétablie tellement quellement à force de boire, ces eaux s'entend. La voici donc qui revient, et qui se présente dérêchef très-respectueusement à la vôtre, c'est-à-dire que je suis beaucoup mieux, et en état de vous réitérer les assurances des sentimens d'estime et d'amitié, qui sont à l'épreuve de tous les maux du monde.

Vous avez donc trouvé le moyen, comme je n'en doutois point, de garder madame d'Hervey tout l'hiver à Paris: vous avez raison, elle aussi. Ses lettres sont autant d'éloges de la France, et des François, au point même de nous être injurieuses. Elle a souvent le plaisir de vous voir, cela seul me suffiroit pour en dire autant, ou d'avantage. Au reste, je ne souhaite pas d'être si souvent le sujet de vos conversations, puisque, quelque prévenues que vous soyez toutes les deux en ma faveur, vous me connoissez toutes les deux trop bien, pour qu'il n'entre point bien des *mais* dans ces conversations; au lieu que j'aime-rais mieux que chacune parlât de moi séparément à des gens qui ne me connoissent pas, et alors chacune pourroit, et je me flatte bien qu'elle le voudroit, mentir impunément à mon avantage.

Votre élève est actuellement en France, rodant en Languedoc, Provence, Dauphiné, &c. Il aura l'honneur de vous faire sa cour avant noël. Il cherche les graces à Paris;

goes to Paris to look for the graces; I told him where he would find them; if you think I misinformed him, be so good, madam, as to direct him to their abode; at least I dealt honestly with him.

I learn from Berlin, that Voltaire has bid adieu to France for ever, and settled in the new residence of the muses, under the Augustus, and at the same time the Mæcenas of the North; but, it must be confessed, he has shewn more than poetical art in the bargain he has made with that prince; for he has got the chamberlain's golden key, the order of friendship, five thousand crowns down, and as much a year for life, two thousand of which are settled upon his niece, if she survives him. These terms savour more of one of the mountains of Peru, than of the hill of Parnassus. He has already acted his Cicero there, by way of an appeal from the poetical tribunal of France to that of Berlin, and your decree has been reversed; but you have so many wits at Paris, that you will not miss him. The very ladies supply the loss of him. Madame de Graffigny's pathetic play * is excellent in its kind, and I assure you madame du Boccage's § Milton has great merit. She has abridged it considerably, but with judgment; and her translation of Pope's Temple of Fame is amazingly accurate. Good night, madam.

LETTER LII.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, Nov. 5, O. S. 1750.

OUR last letters, madam, have crossed each other. I received yours two days after I had sent mine, so that my vindication was on the road at the same time as my accusation. This, therefore, shall only contain my thanks for taking notice of my silence, which neither merited your regret nor your reproaches.

That

* The comedy of Cenie, which was uncommonly well received at Paris, and might have been equally so in London, if it had not been greatly altered for the worse in the translation under the title of Eugenia.

§ That amiable lady, whose poetical talents are sufficiently known, was then just returned from a trip she had taken over England and Holland, accompanied by her husband, a gentleman of great knowledge and merit.

Paris; je lui ai mandé où il les trouveroit, si vous croyez que je m'y suis trompé, ayez la bonté, madame, de lui indiquer leur demeure, au moins j'en ai agi de bonne foi avec lui.

J'apprends de Berlin que Voltaire a dit un adieu périple à la France, et s'est établi dans le nouveau séjour des muses, sous l'Auguste, et en même tems le Mécène du Nord; mais il faut avouer aussi, qu'il a montré plus que de l'art poétique dans le marché qu'il a fait avec ce prince; car il a la clef d'or de chambellan, l'ordre de l'amitié, cinq mille écus d'entrée, et autant de rente viagère, dont deux mille, en cas de sa mort, sont substituées sur sa nièce. Ces conditions sentent plus une des montagnes du Pérou, que celle du Parnasse. Il y a déjà joué son Ciceron par appel, comme d'abus, du tribunal poétique de la France à celui de Berlin, et votre arrêt y a été cassé; mais vous avez tant de beaux esprits à Paris, que vous ne vous ressentirez pas de la perte de celui-ci. Les dames même vous en dédommagent. La comédie pathétique de madame de Graffigny est excellente, dans ce goût-là, et le Milton de madame du Boccage a, je vous en assure, beaucoup de mérite. Elle l'a beaucoup abrégé, mais avec jugement; et sa traduction du Temple de la renommée de Pope est d'une exactitude étonnante. Bon soir, madame.

LETTRÉ LII.

A LA MÊME.

A Bath, ce 5 Nov. V. S. 1750.

NOS dernières lettres se sont croisées, madame. J'ai reçu la vôtre deux jours après avoir envoyé la mienne; de façon que ma justification trottoit en même tems que mon accusation. Celle-ci ne sera donc qu'un remerciement de l'attention que vous avez bien voulu faire à mon silence, qui ne méritoit pas vos regrets, ou vos reproches.

Ce

merit. Seven years after, she took another journey to Italy, and stayed several months in Rome, where she was received and caressed by the late pope Lambertini and his worthy friend cardinal Passionei, as she had been in London by the judges of genius and wit, and in particular by lord Chesterfield. The interesting account of her expedition, which was published by herself at Paris, was since translated into English, and printed at London in 1770.

That bond of our intercourse, that child, in short, the object of those expressions, which might appear suspicious to any who should have the curiosity to open our letters, will soon have the honor of paying his respects to you. He will stand in much greater need of your assistance, than if those suspicions were well grounded: such a birth would have made full half my care needless. I beg, madam, you will supply this want by yours, and at least make him worthy of such a birth, as would have made him more worthy of your care. You are able to do it, you who are capable of giving that to friendship, which others know not how to give but to more tender sentiments. I really trust to you alone, to make the fortune of that *being* which I commit to you; others will be civil to him, will say handsome things of him, but will not much trouble their heads about the rest. He would remain just what he is now; and at his age, if he does not get forward, he must go backward: but I am very sure you will act quite otherwise. You will tell him of his faults with that authority, which always accompanies the justness of your remarks, and the manner of your delivering them. He must needs be aukward and shy. Germany does not give the graces, and Italy but little more. They are only to be acquired in the good companies of Paris; therefore you must not only permit but command him to frequent your house in the evening, whenever it suits you to admit him, and, to get rid of him yourself sometimes, thrust him into other companies; this will be putting a very pleasing, and a very advantageous, constraint upon him. He certainly has a great fund of learning; whether he has wit I know not; but this I know, that if he has, you will put the finishing hand to his accomplishments, by giving him the carriage and the graces, that are an ornament to the best characters, and in some measure atone for the defects of the worst. In the common run of the world, how many people do we see, who only make their way under favour of their manners, whilst others, with great and solid merit, never can advance without that same address! Mere learning will not do it; it is the *je ne sais quoi* that sets it off; none but savages wear jewels in the rough.

Adieu,

Ce lien de notre commerce, cet enfant enfin, l'objet qui a donné lieu aux termes, qui pourroient être suspects aux curieux qui ouvriroient nos lettres, aura bientôt l'honneur de vous faire sa cour. Il aura bien plus besoin de votre secours, qu'il n'en auroit eu, s'il eût été l'objet d'un soupçon bien fondé : une telle naissance auroit rendu une bonne moitié de mes soins inutiles. Suppléez, madame, à ce défaut par les vôtres, et rendez le au moins digne d'une naissance, qui l'auroit rendu plus digne de vos soins. Vous le pouvez, vous qui êtes capable de donner à l'amitié, ce que les autres ne savent donner qu'à des sentimens plus vifs. Réellement je compte sur vous uniquement, pour faire la fortune de cet *être* que je vous remets ; les autres lui feront des politesses, m'en diront du bien, mais se soucieront très-peu au fond du reste. Il en seroit précisément où il en est actuellement, et à cet âge, c'est reculer que de ne pas avancer : mais je suis bien sûr que vous en agirez d'une toute autre façon. Vous lui direz ses défauts avec cette autorité, qui accompagne toujours la justesse de votre critique, et la manière avec laquelle vous la ferez. Il faut nécessairement qu'il soit gauche, et embarrassé. L'Allemagne ne donne pas les graces, et l'Italie ne les donne guères plus. Ce n'est que dans les bonnes compagnies à Paris qu'on les peut acquérir : permettez lui donc, non seulement, mais ordonnez lui de frequenter votre maison les soirées, c'est-à-dire quand il n'y fera pas de trop, et pour vous en soulager quelquefois, fourrez le dans d'autres compagnies ; ce sera une contrainte bien douce, et bien avantageuse pour lui. Il a sûrement un très-grand fond de savoir ; je ne sais s'il a de l'esprit, mais je fais bien que s'il en a, vous mettrez le comble à son caractère en lui donnant les manières, et les graces, qui ornent les meilleurs caractères, et qui expient en quelque façon les fautes des plus mauvais. Dans le train ordinaire du monde, combien de gens ne voyons-nous pas, qui ne se sauvent qu'en faveur de leurs manières, et d'autres qui, avec un mérite très-solide, ne se font pas jour, faute de ces manières. On a beau savoir, c'est le je ne sais quoi, qui le fait valoir ; il n'y a que les sauvages qui portent les pierres précieuses brutes.

Adieu,

Adieu, madam; I shall leave this place in three days, and the next news you have from your humble servant will be from London.

LETTER LIII.

TO THE SAME.

London; Dec. 7, O. S. 1750.

HOW flattering would your accusations of wit, cleverness, and perspicuity be, madam, if they were but well grounded! If that were the case, I should gladly plead guilty, and should make no defence, for fear of being acquitted; but what alarms me is, your menaces in consequence of my supposed crimes. You will alter the style of your letters—do not, for God's sake, it would be too great a loss to us both. Don't go and take up the fashionable wit, but be content with your own, which I can assure you will never go out of fashion. Carats are now the taste, because they come cheap, and are set in a thousand whimsical forms; but they never could banish the fashion of good large diamonds, which their own intrinsic value has supported hitherto, and will always support. However, if you are determined to exchange your own for modern wit, I beg it as a favour that you will give your old to your pupil. If he has any himself, he will be well satisfied with yours; and if he has none, let others take the trouble of infusing theirs; you would lose your labour, and he would not think himself obliged to you.

You say very right, that we must be what we are; and this is so true, that do what we will, we shall always remain so in the main; the materials will still be the same. The workmanship may be varied, we may shape it into new forms, but when we have done all, if it is lead, it will still be lead; and if we attempt to give it the brilliancy of gold, we make it appear ridiculous; that ponderous matter will not admit of it. As for external manners, sociability and politeness, I believe they may be acquired by use,

Adieu, madame, je pars d'ici en trois jours; et ce sera de Londres que vous aurez les premières nouvelles de votre tres-humble serviteur.

LETTRE LIII.

A LA MÊME.

A Londres, ce 7 Dec. V. S. 1750.

QUE vos accusations d'esprit, d'habileté, et de netteté seroient flatteuses, madame, si elles étoient fondées! En ce cas-là, je passerois volontiers condamnation, et je ne m'en défendrois point, de peur d'être absous; mais ce sont les menaces que vous me faites, en conséquence de mes crimes supposés, qui m'allarment. Vous voulez changer le style et le ton de vos lettres — au nom de Dieu n'y changez rien, nous y perdrions trop tous les deux. N'allez pas prendre l'esprit à la mode, mais contentez vous de celui que vous avez, et dont je vous assure que la mode ne passera jamais. Les carats sont, il est vrai, à la mode, c'est qu'ils ne coutent pas beaucoup, et on les met en mille figures fantastiques, mais ils n'ont pu bannir la mode des bons gros diamans, que leur valeur intrinsèque a soutenus jusqu'ici, et soutiendra toujours: mais en tout cas, si vous voulez changer votre esprit, pour prendre celui de la nouvelle fabrique, je vous demande en grace de vouloir bien donner votre vieux à votre élève. S'il en a lui-même, il se contentera bien du vôtre, et s'il n'en a pas, laissez aux autres le soin de lui en donner du leur; vous y perdriez vos peines, et il ne vous en tiendroit pas compte.

Vous avez bien raison de dire qu'il faut être ce qu'on est; cela est si vrai que, quelque chose que l'on fasse, on le sera toujours au fond, la matière restera toujours la même. On en peut varier la facon, et y donner quelques nouveaux contours; mais, on a beau faire, si c'est du plomb, ce ne sera que du plomb; vouloir lui donner le brillant de l'or, c'est lui donner un ridicule, cette lourde matière n'en est pas susceptible. Pour les manières extérieures, le liant, la politesse, je crois qu'on les peut acquérir par l'usage; pourvu, qui l'y ait un certain fond de sens commun,

use, if there be but a certain fund of common sense; since we so frequently see them conceal, nay sometimes adorn, little minds and great defects: at least you will carry your pupil to the best schools for learning them. Introduced by you, he must be a most incorrigible dunce if he does not learn them. I reckon, in a fortnight, he will have the honour of paying his court to you, as he is actually upon the road from Provence to Paris.

I have been trying for these two years to get some of those large Irish dogs; but the breed is grown extremely scarce, by the extinction of their enemies the wolves. I had two sent me half a year ago, which I intended for the prince of Conti, but I discovered there was a mixture of the Danish breed, which made them clumsy, so I sent them back again. I expect some soon of the right sort, and shall do myself the honour to send them over immediately to his highness. In the mean time I beg you will send orders to somebody at Calais to receive them, and let me know who I am to direct them to. I shall always be glad to be of any service to a prince of his merit.

LETTER LIV.

TO THE SAME.

AT last, madam, here is your future pupil, whom I have the honour to present to you. I do not very well know what sort of a present I make you. I only know that, whatever he may be now, you have it in your power to make him what he ought to be for the future. Some examples there are, which are more instructive than all the precepts in the world. As you are determined to have no boys of your own, I intreat you to adopt mine, at least for a while. Adoption is of far greater consequence than the bringing of children into the world, which is said to be all a chance. I have no ambitious views for your pupil; I do not wish him to conquer provinces, but only to win hearts, to be polite and amiable, to have the sentiments

commun, puis qu'on les voit si souvent couvrir, et même quelquefois orner de petits esprits, et de grands défauts : au moins vous menerez votre élève aux bonnes écoles pour les apprendre. Introduit par vous, il faut qu'il soit une bête des plus indociles, s'il ne les apprend pas. Je compte qu'en quinze jours d'ici il aura l'honneur de vous faire sa cour, étant actuellement sur la route de Provence à Paris.

Il y a deux ans que je tâche d'avoir de ces gros chiens d'Irlande, dont la race y est devenue extrêmement rare, par l'extinction de leurs ennemis les loups. On m'en envoia deux il y a six mois, que je destinois pour monsieur le prince du Conti, mais je découvris qu'il y avoit un mélange de Danois, qui les avoit épaissis, de sorte que je les renvoyai. J'en attends bientôt des véritables, que j'aurai l'honneur d'envoyer d'abord à son alteſſe ; en attendant, je vous prie d'envoyer vos ordres à quelqu'un à Calais pour les recevoir, et faites moi savoir à que je les y dois adresser. Je serai toujours charmé de pouvoir être bon à quelque chose à un prince de ce mérite.

LETTER LIV.

A LA MÊME.

VOICI à la fin, madame, votre futur élève, que j'ai l'honneur de vous présenter : j'ignore pourtant assez quel présent je vous fais, je faites seulement que, quel qu'il puisse être actuellement, il ne tiendra qu'à vous de le rendre bien présentable à l'avenir. Il y a de certains exemples qui sont plus instructifs que tous les préceptes du monde. Comme vous avez pris la résolution de ne pas faire des garçons vous même, adoptez pour quelque tems au moins, je vous en supplie, celui-ci ; l'adoption est cent fois plus importante que la façon, qui n'est à ce qu'on dit que fortuite. Je n'ai pas des vues ambitieuses pour votre élève ; je ne demande pas qu'il gagne des provinces, je souhaite seulement qu'il gagne des coeurs, qu'il soit poli
aimable

timents and deportment of a man of fashion; that is, that you may adopt him, and that I may call him the little Stanhope. Very seriously, madam, no indulgence, I beseech you, no compliments on your part; but assume that authority with him, which is the least of your claims, in virtue of the friendship you are pleased to honour me with. Let him be absolutely under your government; it will be both a profitable and a delightful slavery.

LETTER LV.

TO THE SAME.

London, Jan. 7, O.S. 1751.

I AM heartily glad, madam, you are so well pleased with our child, as you condescend to call him; for my part I am very well satisfied, as long as you tell me the materials are good: Paris, under your auspices and your direction, will do the rest. I will not tell you what he says of you; your panegyric is not quite so well drawn up as Pliny's, but it seems to flow more from the heart. He has a deep sense of your favours, and I see he knows the value of them; for he earnestly recommends it to me, to beg that you will be kind enough to tell him freely of his smallest failings. You ask me whether I intend to trust him to his own discretion at Paris? I answer I do; for his governor, who is a man I can rely upon, assures me there is not the least danger, as he seems to have no vicious inclinations. Where that is the case, I think it is best for a young man to be early accustomed to shift for himself, and not to rest upon another. Besides, I have never found that a governor facilitated his pupil's admission into good company, but have often observed that he was a hindrance to it. A young man is tolerated in many a company, where he would not be suffered to appear, if he was always attended by a grave and morose governor. Besides, I have so many spies over him at Paris, that I cannot possibly be ignorant of his conduct for a fortnight together,

aimable et qu'il ait les sentimens, et les manières d'un honnête homme, c'est-à-dire, que vous l'adoptiez, et que je puisse l'appeler le petit Stanhope. Très sérieusement, madame, point de ménagemens, point de politesses de votre part, mais prenez avec lui ce ton d'autorité, auquel l'amitié dont vous m'honorez est le moindre de vos droits: gouvernez le despotiquement, un tel esclavage lui sera aussi utile qu'agréable.

LETTRE LV.

A LA MÊME.

A Londres, 7 Janvier, V. S. 1751.

JE suis charmé, madame, que vous soyez si contente de notre enfant, comme vous voulez bien l'appeler; pour moi je suis content, dès que vous croyez qu'il est du bois dont on en fait. Paris, sous vos auspices, et vos ordres, fera le reste. Je ne vous dirai pas ce qu'il m'a écrit sur votre sujet; votre panégirique n'y est pas tout-à-fait si bien tourné que celui de Pline, mais il me paroît partir plus du coeur. Il est pénétré de vos bontés, et je vois qu'il en connaît tout le prix, car il me recommande instamment de vous supplier de vouloir bien lui dire naturellement jusqu'à ses moindres défauts. Vous me demandez, si je compte de le laisser à Paris sur sa bonne foi; je vous réponds qu'oui, et je vous en donnerai mes raisons. Son gouverneur, auquel je puis me fier, m'assure qu'il n'y a pas le moindre risque. Cela étant, nous voila en quelque façon à l'abri des grands écueils de la jeunesse; et pour le reste, je crois qu'il est bon qu'un jeune homme s'accoutume de bonne heure à se tirer d'affaire, et à ne pas s'appuyer sur un autre: d'ailleurs, je n'ai jamais vu qu'un gouverneur facilitât à son élève l'entrée dans les bonnes compagnies; mais, au contraire, j'ai souvent vu qu'ils la leur fermoient. En effet, on tolère bien un jeune homme dans des compagnies, où on ne le souffrioit pas s'il étoit toujours accompagné d'un gouverneur sérieux, et rebarbaratif. De plus, j'ai tant de surveil-

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together ; and he knows very well that the moment I hear of his going astray, I shall send for him home.

LETTER LVI.

TO THE SAME.

London, Jan. 24, O. S. 1751.

YOUR not repenting your adoption, madam, is a very flattering testimony to your adopted son; for his part, I see he knows the value of it; he is so proud of it, that I suspect him of being ready to throw up my name and take yours, according to the antient rules of adoption. As to me, I consent; it behoves you to be upon your guard. I think he is in the right not to acknowledge you as his governess, as that appellation carries along with it a notion of age and moroseness; whereas the powers which such a temper as yours gives to a mother, who is so by adoption, are far more extensive, and more respected, than even those of nature. They are obeyed with delight, and consequently with profit. I have writ to him to day, upon what you whispered in my ear yesterday, but in such a manner, that he cannot have the least suspicion of its coming from you*. I recommended to him, amongst other things, universal politeness, and an attention to every body, without giving the least hint as if I knew that he was wanting in either. I enlarge upon it, and advise him to consult you. Be so good then, madam, as to inculcate that general politeness, which every well-bred man ought to have; for I am sure what you say to him will make more impression than all I could say, and so it ought. It is true, the manners of the world are not to be acquired in a day, some time must be allowed; but at least it is much sooner acquired, when under such directions as you are able to give. The polite circles, to which you have introduced him, cannot fail of giving him the address and the manners of the *beau monde*. With

* That letter is wanting in the collection published by Mrs. Stanhope.
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lans sur lui à Paris, qu'il est impossible que j'ignore sa conduite quinze jours de suite, et il fait fort bien qu'au premier faux pas, je le ferai revenir.

LETTER LVI.

A LA MÊME.

A Londres, ce 24 Janv. V. S. 1751.

C'EST un témoignage bien flatteur pour votre fils adoptif, que vous ne vous repeniez pas, madame, de son adoption ; pour lui, je vois qu'il en connoit tout le prix ; il s'en fait tant d'honneur, que je le soupçonne de vouloir renoncer à mon nom, pour prendre le vôtre, selon les anciennes règles de l'adoption. Pour moi j'y consens, c'est à vous à être sur vos gardes là dessus. Je trouve qu'il a raison de ne vous pas reconnoître en titre de gouvernante, les idées d'âge et de mauvaise humeur étant inseparablement attachées à ce caractère ; au lieu que les pouvoirs que donne à une mère d'adoption, un esprit et un caractère comme le vôtre, sont bien plus étendus, et plus respectés même, que ceux de la nature. On y obéit avec plaisir, et par conséquent avec fruit. Je lui ai écrit aujourd'hui sur le mot à l'oreille que vous m'avez dit hier ; mais d'une façon qu'il est impossible qu'il vous en soupçonne le moins du monde. Je lui conseille, entre autres choses, une politesse et des attentions universelles pour tout le monde, sans faire le moindre semblant de savoir qu'il en manque. Je m'entends là dessus, et je lui recommande de vous consulter. Ayez donc la bonté, madame, de lui inculquer cette politesse générale, que doit avoir tout honnête homme ; car je suis sûr que ce que vous lui direz fera plus d'impression sur son esprit, que tout ce que je pourrois lui dire, et il a raison. L'usage du monde ne s'acquiert pas dans un jour, il est vrai, il y faut même du tems, mais au moins il s'acquiert bien plutôt quand il est accompagné de conseils tels que les vôtres. Les bonnes maisons, où vous l'avez placé, lui donneront nécessairement les usages, et les

regard to learning, the testimony of our abbé Sallier, which you sent me, does him great honour; I join my wishes to his, or rather, it would be the summit of mine, to see him think as you do. I beg, madam, you will tell our abbé, from me, all I ought to say myself, upon his attentions, civilities, and friendship; it will give him more pleasure, and do me more honour, than if I were to put him to the charge of postage, and not do it half so well.

LETTER LVII.

TO THE SAME.

London, Feb. 7, O. S. 1751.

SO you will have it your pupil has talents; I do not pretend to dispute it, for I really believe he has; but if they are not set off by good breeding, politeness, attentions, and all those little external graces which are so pleasing, and so necessary, they become in a manner useless, and no great advantage will accrue to the owner.

A man of merit and learning will meet with respect and esteem; but that is not enough: the business is to please, and there is no pleasing without being agreeable and graceful. This is what I repeat to him in all my letters: he seems to be thoroughly convinced of it, he has the best of models daily before his eyes, for I believe he hardly passes a day without seeing you; and if, after all this, he is not an accomplished young man, he must be strangely out of luck. Pray, madam, tell me freely, do you find him improved since he is at Paris? Does he grow a little more of the gentleman? Has Marcel given him a better carriage? And does he begin to take a tincture of the good companies that have done him the favour to admit him, and to bear with him? If he has gained ground, he will advance more and more; but if he be still just as he was when he first came to Paris, I shall despair, notwithstanding all the pains you take. He places so much confidence in you, that what you say will have a thousand times more effect

manières du beau monde. Du côté du savoir, le témoignage que vous m'avez envoyé de notre abbé Sallier lui est bien glorieux ; je joins mes vœux aux siens, ou pour mieux dire, ce seroit le comble des miens, de le voir penser comme vous. Je vous supplie, madame, de dire à notre abbé de ma part, tout ce que je devrois lui dire moi-même, sur ses attentions, sa politesse, son amitié : il en aura plus de plaisir, et j'en aurai plus d'honneur, que si je lui faisois payer le port d'une lettre pour le lui dire beaucoup moins bien.

LETTRE LVII.

A LA MÊME.

A Londres, ce 7 Fev. V. S. 1751.

VOUS voulez absolument que votre élève ait du fond ; je le veux bien, et je le crois même ; mais si ce fond n'est pas orné par les manières, la politesse, les attentions, et toutes ces petites grâces extérieures, qui sont si aimables, et si nécessaires, il devient assez inutile, et ne rendra guères au propriétaire.

On se fait respecter et estimer par un fond de mérite, et d'érudition ; mais cela ne suffit pas, il faut plaire, et on ne plait qu'en par les agréments et les grâces. C'est le langage que je lui tiens dans toutes mes lettres ; il me paroît en sentir tout le vrai, il a tous les jours devant les yeux le meilleur modèle, car je crois qu'il ne manque guères un jour de vous voir, et si à la fin, avec tout cela, il ne se forme point, même malgré lui, il faut qu'il joue d'un fâcheux malheur. Dites-moi naturellement, madame, je vous en prie, lui trouvez-vous du mieux à cet égard depuis qu'il est à Paris ? Se fait-il peu-à-peu ? Marcel lui a-t-il donné un peu meilleur air ? et commence-t-il à prendre la couleur de ces bonnes compagnies, qui ont bien voulu le recevoir et le tolérer ? Si l'a gagné du terrain, il avancera toujours ; mais s'il en est encore précisément là où il en étoit à son arrivée à Paris, j'en désespérerai, nonobstant tous vos soins. Il a une telle confiance en vous,

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effect upon him, than all my lessons. He doats on you, almost to adoration, and you may well imagine I encourage that disposition; so don't be so gentle with him, but reprove him for the least thing you see amiss. As to the little secret he has entrusted you with, relative to his expences, I must tell you I had left him at full liberty upon that article, with orders to draw upon me freely, for whatever was necessary, or even decent; but, since he chuses rather to be at a certainty, and that you are of the same opinion, to accustom him to a certain regularity in his expences, I have no objection to it, upon condition that you will name the sum that you think will be necessary. For instance, shall I allow him a thousand, fifteen hundred, or two thousand livres a month? As, on the one hand, I would not have him launch out into needless and frivolous expences; so, on the other, I would not have him be in want of money to make a creditable figure. If you rate his expences, for instance, at fifteen hundred livres a month, I would not, between you and me, be understood to mean that he should never exceed that sum, in a case of necessity; for I would not, out of an ill-judged parsimony, deprive him of the real advantages arising from a certain freedom in his expences. Do me the favour, madam, to tell me what you think his stated allowance should be, and he shall have it, with this proviso, that we shall not fall out for a little more now and then.

The abbé de la Ville's letter is certainly very flattering for me; I have loved him, though an enemy, and as such I esteemed him enough to fear him; but since we have been allowed to be friends, I have retained the same sentiments for him, refined from that alloy which is inseparable from fear. I beg, madam, you will present my best compliments to him when you see him. I hope his merit and talents will be as well rewarded as they are known, in the country from whence he dates his letter. To conclude, ask yourself what I ought to be to you; and be assured, madam, that I am so.

LETTER

que tout ce que vous lui direz fera cent fois plus d'effet sur lui, que toutes mes leçons; cela va presque à l'adoration, et vous jugez bien que j'encourage cette disposition. N'y allez donc plus si doucement, et ne lui passez pas la moindre chose. Par rapport à la petite confidence qu'il vous a faite au sujet de sa dépense, je vous dirai que je lui avois donné carte blanche sur cet article, avec ordre de ne me pas ménager, en tout ce qui seroit nécessaire, ou même décent; mais puisqu'il aime mieux savoir à quoi s'en tenir, et que vous êtes aussi de son avis, pour l'accoutumer à une sorte de règle dans sa dépense, je le veux bien, à condition que vous fixiez la somme nécessaire, par mois. Par exemple, voulez-vous mille, quinze cens, ou deux mille francs par mois? D'un côté, je ne voudrois pas lui fournir pour une dépense inutile et frivole, et de l'autre, je ne voudrois pas qu'il manquât d'argent pour faire une dépense honorable; si vous fixez, par exemple, sa dépense en gros à quinze cens livres par mois, je n'entends pas, entre nous, qu'en cas de besoin il n'aille pas au dela; car je ne veux point, par une épargne déplacée, le priver d'aucun des avantages réels qui accompagnent une certaine dépense honnête: ayez la bonté donc, madame, de me dire la somme que vous jugez à propos que je lui nomme, bien entendu toujours, que nous ne nous brouillerons pas sur un petit excédent de tems en tems.

La lettre de l'abbé de la Ville est assurément bien flatteuse pour moi; je l'ai aimé quoi qu'ennemi, et comme tel, je l'ai estimé assez pour le craindre; mais depuis qu'il nous a été permis d'être bons amis, j'ai conservé pour lui les mêmes sentimens, épurés de cet alliage, qu'y met toujours la crainte. Faites-lui, je vous en supplie, madame, mille compliments de ma part quand vous le verrez. J'espére que dans le païs d'où il datté sa lettre, son mérite et ses talens sont aussi bien récompensés, qu'ils y doivent être connus: pour finir, demandez vous à vous-même ce que je vous dois être, et soyez persuadée, madame, que je le suis.

LETTRE

LETTER LVIII.

TO THE SAME,

London, Feb. 25, O. S. 1751.

NOBODY in the world, besides yourself, knows how to combine the true and solid duties with the ornamentals of friendship. Others, from selfish motives, too often sacrifice the former to the latter; they suppress what they ought to say, for fear of saying what will displease, though it be ever so necessary it should be known. You, madam, on the contrary, acquit yourself of the true duties of friendship, by unfolding the truth, be it ever so unpalatable, rather than suffer your friend to remain ignorant of an evil, which, perhaps, may be remedied now, but, in a short time, might become incurable. In the picture you have sent me, which I am certain is very like the original, there are some strokes that shock me exceedingly, and quite disfigure the whole, though some of the features are good. I am sadly afraid it will be a hard matter to mend the original, since you have hitherto lost your labour, and I have laboured incessantly at it for these three years, and as it appears without success. I again send him a very strong letter on that subject, by this post*, and, as I would not have you appear in it, or set him against you, which would be losing the only remedy I have any hopes from, I tell him, that at the same time as I received a letter from you, which was much to his credit, I received a very different account of him from a friend at Paris; and then I pretend to send him an extract of that friend's letter, which contains his own picture, drawn from the hints you have given me; and I conclude with the strongest remonstrances, which I am sure he will not shew you. The better to put him upon a wrong scent, and to enable you to speak more strongly to him upon the subject, I tell him I have sent you a copy of that picture, that you may tell me sincerely whether it is like or not.

* There is no letter of this date in the collection just mentioned; that which comes nearest to it, as containing an extract of a letter received from an impartial and discerning friend, is dated three weeks before, viz. February 4, O. S. but it differs in many particulars.

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LETTRE LVIII.

A LA MÊME.

A Londres, ce 25 Fev. V. S. 1751.

IL n'y a que vous au monde qui sachiez combiner les vrais et solides devoirs, avec tous les agrémens de l'amitié; les autres sacrifient, trop souvent, par des mouvements d'amour propre, les premiers aux derniers ils suppriment ce qu'ils devroient dire, pour ne pas dire ce qui déplaira, quelque nécessaire qu'il soit qu'on le sache. Vous, madame, au contraire, vous vous acquitez des vrais devoirs de l'amitié, en découvrant la vérité, quelque désagréable qu'elle puisse être, plutôt que de laisser ignorer un mal, auquel peut-être on peut trouver du remède à présent, mais qui, en peu de tems, pourroit devenir incurable. Il y a, dans le portrait que vous m'avez envoyé, et qui, je suis bien sûr, est fort ressemblant, des traits qui me choquent infiniment, et qui défigurent tout-à-fait l'assemblage, malgré d'autres bons traits qui s'y trouvent. Je crains même qu'il ne soit bien difficile de corriger l'original, puisque jusqu'ici vous y avez perdu vos peines, et que, depuis trois ans, j'y ai travaillé sans relâche, et comme il paçoit sans succès. Je lui envoie encore par cette poste une lettre, mais des plus fortes, sur ce sujet: et pour ne vous pas commettre avec lui, et le refroidir à votre égard, ce qui seroit perdre l'unique remède que j'espère, je lui dis qu'en même tems que je reçus, de votre part, une lettre qui lui étoit très-favorable j'en reçus une autre d'un de mes amis à Paris, sur son sujet, d'une nature bien différente, dont je fais semblant de lui envoyer l'extrait; après cela je lui fais son portrait, sur les mémoires que vous m'avez fournis, et je finis par des remontrances les plus fortes, qu'il n'aura garde, je crois, de vous montrer. Pour le dépaïser encore plus, et pour vous mettre en état de lui parler encore plus fortement sur ces matières, je lui dis que je vous ai envoyé en même tems copie de ce portrait, pour que vous me disiez véritablement s'il lui ressemble ou non. Ayez donc la bonté, madame, de lui dire que vous avez reçu une telle lettre de ma part, et que vous vous trouvez

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Be so good then, madam, as to tell him you have received such a letter from me, and that you are greatly at a loss how to answer it; that you see I am exasperated at the bare suspicion that the picture may be like him; what would it be if you were to confirm it? This will frighten him out of his wits, and at the same time furnish you with a fair opportunity of expostulating with him, under pretence of being loth to expose him to me. And, indeed, he is undone if he does not thoroughly mend his manners, and break himself of that propensity to disapprove every thing, of that inclination to dispute with sharpness, and to support his own opinion in a peremptory manner. He may have good sense, he may have something good in him if you will, it is a good soil; but you know better than I, it is a soil that will yield very little, if it be not cultivated by good breeding, gentleness of manners, a graceful deportment, a pleasing address, in short, by all that distinguishes the gentleman. Indeed he is still young; but then, consider that for this year and a half, he has frequented the very best companies in Italy, and even since he is at Paris, he ought to have improved, considering what good company he has kept for above these two months, not to mention your precepts and example. Notwithstanding all this, you own, and I am sure you make the best of it, that his progress is very slow; that is to say, that he has made none at all. This makes me almost despair, and if I expect any remedy, it is from you. With regard to you, at least, he thinks as he ought, and therefore he must wish to think like you in every thing else. To ingratiate you still more with him, if possible, I tell him it is at your solicitation that I have at last brought myself to fix the sum he shall spend monthly, which he had so often wished I would do, that I think fifteen hundred livres a month a very handsome allowance, but that, however, we shall not fall out, if he should occasionally go as far as two thousand; provided, as you advised me, he does not, on that account assume an air of superiority, or shew any contempt for those who may have less. After all these precautions, you have nothing to fear, and need not spare him. Tell him freely what you see amiss in him; as it comes from you, he will listen patiently and attentively. His fortune is absolutely in your hands; and if he mends, it will

vez extrêmement embarrassée sur ce que vous me devez répondre; que vous voyez bien que je suis outré même du soupçon que ce portrait lui ressemble: que seroit-ce donc si vous alliez constater cette ressemblance? Ceci lui donnera l'allarme bien chaude, et en même tems vous fournira une occasion, non suspecte, de lui dire les choses du monde les plus fortes, sous prétexte de ménagemens pour lui vis-à-vis de moi. En effet, il est perdu s'il ne se corrige pas foncièrement de ces mauvaises manières, de cette pente à desapprouver tout, et de ce penchant à disputer avec aigreur et empire. Qu'il ait de l'esprit, qu'il ait du bon si vous le voulez, c'est un bon fond; mais aussi, vous savez mieux que moi que c'est un fond qui rapportera bien peu, s'il n'est pas cultivé par les bonnes manières, la douceur, les graces les agrémens, enfin par tout ce qui vous distingue. Il est encore jeune, il est vrai; mais aussi, depuis un an et demi, il a fréquenté tout ce qu'il y avoit de meilleure compagnie en Italie, et même, depuis qu'il est à Paris, il auroit dû s'être formé considérablement, vu les bonnes compagnies qu'il y a fréquentées depuis plus de deux mois, pour ne rien dire de vos préceptes, et de votre exemple. Avec tout cela, vous m'avouez, et je suis sûr que vous mettez tout au mieux, que les progrés sont bien lents; c'est-à-dire qu'il n'en a point fait du tout. Ceci me fait presque désesperer, et je n'attends de remède, si tant est que j'en attende, que de votre part. Sur votre sujet, il pense au moins comme il doit, et cela étant, il doit naturellement souhaiter de penser comme vous sur tous les autres sujets. Pour vous mettre aussi encore mieux avec lui, s'il est possible, je lui ai mandé que c'étoit simplement à votre sollicitation, que je m'étois à la fin porté à fixer la somme qu'il devoit dépenser par mois, et qu'il avoit si souvent souhaité, que je trouvois quinze cens francs par mois une somme très-raisonnable, mais que pourtant nous ne nous brouillerions pas, s'il prenoit, en cas de besoin, jusqu'à deux mille; bien entendu toujours, comme vous me l'avez conseillé, qu'il ne prit pas pour cela un ton de supériorité, ou de mépris pour ceux qui n'en auroient point tant. Moyennant toutes ces circonstances, vous n'avez rien à craindre en ne le pas ménageant; dites-lui librement ses vérités, de votre part il les écouterá patiemment et avec attention; sa fortune est absolument entre vos mains; s'il se corrige, ce ne

will be entirely owing to you. Independent of all personal fondness, he has so long been the object of my tender solicitude, and I have so set my heart upon making something good of him, that it would give me infinite concern should I fail at last, which would certainly be the case, if, with good natural understanding, and a great stock of knowledge, he should want that behaviour, which is so requisite to set them off.

Forgive me, madam, these details; forgive the trouble I give you. I know you will, as I am convinced that your friendship knows no bounds: nor shall my gratitude have any, but shall continue to my latest breath.

LETTER LIX.

TO THE SAME.

London, April 11, O. S. 1751.

BE GGIN G your pardon, madam, it does not appear that I have been too hasty, since you allow that my lectures have had some effect. With common people, and people of the age of your pupil, which are much alike, it is not amiss to make things appear rather worse than they are; and I must own I had made a *caricature* of the picture you sent me, that he might see all his faults through a microscope. I still continue to preach upon the text you have given me, I hope I do not preach to as little purpose as most other preachers. You can judge, and can best inform me, whether I preach successfully. Does he improve, does he catch the manners, the address, the attentions, the graces of polite company? Tell me, madam, I beg of you, whether he keeps good company, whether the connections he has formed with persons of his own age are good ones, and what houses he frequents most. I make no apology for all these impertinent questions; it is much too late, and you are used to them.

In

ne sera que par vous. Indépendamment de toute tendresse personnelle, il a été si longtems l'objet de mes soins, et je me suis tant flatté d'en faire quelque chose de bon, qu'il me seroit très-chagrinant d'échouer près du port; et ce seroit précisement le cas si, avec un fond d'esprit naturel, et beaucoup d'acquis, il lui manquoit les manières si nécessaires pour les faire valoir. Pardonnez-moi, madame, ces détails, pardonnez-moi la peine que je vous donne. Je fais que vous me le pardonnez, puisque je fais que votre amitié n'a point de bornes; ma reconnaissance n'en aura point non plus, et ne finira qu'avec mes jours.

LETTRÉ LIX.

A LA MÊME.

A Londres, 11 d'Avril, V. S. 1751.

NE vous en déplaise, madame, il ne paroît pas que j'aye pris la mouche trop fort, puisque vous convenez, en même tems, que mes mercuriales ont fait quelque effet. Avec le peuple, et les gens de l'âge de votre élève, qui sont très-peuple, il faut charger les objets un peu au dela du vrai, et je vous avoue que j'avois fait une *caricatura* du portrait que vous m'aviez envoyé, pour qu'il vît ses défauts au microscope. Je continue actuellement de prêcher sur les textes que vous m'avez fournis. J'espère que je ne prêche pas aussi inutilement que font la plupart des prédictateurs. Vous pouvez juger, et me dire mieux que personne, si je prêche avec fruit. Se forme-t-il aux usages, prend-t-il le ton, les manières, les attentions, les grâces? Dites-moi, je vous en supplie, madame, s'il fréquente les bonnes compagnies, si les liaisons qu'il a formées avec des gens de son âge sont bonnes, et quelles maisons il hante le plus. Je ne vous fais point d'excuses de toutes ces questions impertinentes; ce seroit trop tard, et vous y êtes accoutumée.

Dans

In our tragedy of Cato, Cato is asked whether Cæsar does not blush to do so and so? Cato answers,

Cæsar ashain'd? has he not seen Pharsalia?

Make the application of this to your humble servant.

As you now and then flatter me by complaining of my silence, which you ought rather to thank me for, I will be beforehand with you this time, and account to you for my not answering the honour of your last letter sooner. You must know that having no further business with terrestrial bodies, I have been amusing myself with the celestial, and am now so familiar with the planets, that, if you chose it, I should be able to give you a supplement to Fontenelle's *Plurality of Worlds*. Do not imagine, however, that I preferred an intercourse with the planets to a correspondence with you; far from it; on the contrary, it was in order to establish your style in this kingdom, by act of parliament. I had long observed that you dated your letters eleven days earlier than I did, and that I received them before the day of their date. I was persuaded you must be right, and I mentioned it to some astronomers, who told me it was certainly so, and that if I inquired of the sun and moon, they would not deny it; that even a pope* had been of your opinion, near two hundred years ago, and had introduced what is called the new style. As a good protestant, I would have nothing to do with a pope; but I wanted to adopt your own style, the very best I know of. However, for the satisfaction of the public, who have not the honour of being acquainted with you as I am, I was obliged to enforce my opinion by some astronomical arguments. Hence I am become an astronomer, and it is a pleasure to hear me talk of tropical years, luni-solar years, intercalary years, &c. but at last your style is established here. Thus it is that the public is almost always ignorant of the true causes of events; for nobody suspects your having any hand in this.

LET-

* Pope Gregory XIII. who in 1582 had the Julian calendar reformed, and gave his name to the correction. It was introduced in all the catholic, and successively in several of the protestant, countries; but was still rejected in the British dominions, as well as in the North.

Dans notre tragédie Angloise de Caton, quelqu'un demande à Caton, si César ne rougit pas de faire telle et telle chose; Caton répond,

César rougir? n'a-t-il pas vu Pharsale?

Faites en l'application à votre très-humble serviteur.

Comme vous me flattez de tems en tems, en me reprochant mon silence, dont vous devriez plutôt me savoir gré, je vous préviendrai cette fois ici, en vous rendant compte de ce qui m'a empêché jusqu'à présent, de répondre à la dernière lettre dont vous m'avez honoré; c'est que n'ayant plus à faire avec les corps terrestres, je me suis amusé avec les corps célestes, et je me suis si bien familiarisé avec les planètes, que si vous le vouliez, je suis en état de vous donner un supplément à la *pluralité des mondes*. Ne croyez pas, au reste, que je préférassé ce commerce avec les planètes au vôtre; rien moins, au contraire, c'étoit pour établir, par acte de parlement, votre style dans ce païs ici. J'avois remarqué, depuis longtems, que vous dattiez vos lettres onze jours plutôt que moi, et que je les recevois avant même que le jour de leur datte fut venu ici. J'étois persuadé que vous deviez avoir raison; je le dis à des astronomes, qui m'assurèrent qu'oui, et que si je m'en informois du soliel ou de la lune, ils ne vous désavoueroient point; que même un pape avoit été de votre avis, il y a près de deux cens ans, et avoit introduit ce qu'on appelle le nouveau style. Comme bon protestant je ne voulois avoir rien à faire avec un pape, mais c'étoit votre style, qui est bien le meilleur que je connoisse, que je voulois adopter. Il m'a fallu pourtant, pour satisfaire au public, qui n'a pas l'honneur de vous connoître comme moi, le payer de quelques argumens astronomiques. De là je suis devenu astronome, et c'est un plaisir que de m'en tendre parler d'années tropiques, d'années luni-solaires, intercalaires, &c. mais enfin voila votre style établi ici. Voyez par là, comment le public ignore presque toujours les véritables causes des évènemens; car il ne vous soupçonne pas d'entrer pour quelque chose dans celui-ci.

LETTRE

LETTER LX.

TO THE SAME.

London, May 23, O. S. 1751.

YOURS is an excellent principle, madam, to answer speedily when one can answer agreeably, and the practice is easy to you; but it is not so to others, who often have only the will, whereas you always have the power. Hence it follows, that you will always write soon, and from choice; I but seldom, and from duty. Your second letter, which came yesterday, before I had answered the first, now calls upon me for the performance of this duty.

How I envy you in your visit at *** which I know, by experience, must be a delightful one! If I were but as young as the amiable master of that charming abode, I would take post, and come and surprize you there. Lady Hervey, who has lately enjoyed the sweets of that society, tells me wonders of it; wonders, I mean, that are no wonders to me, who am so well acquainted with most of the performers, and chiefly with the part you act. But alas! it is my hard lot to feel the whole force of temptations, and not to have power to yield to them; for after all, it is a sign of weakness not to give way. Pleasures are but too thinly scattered: reason bids us seize them, weakness or laziness is all that hinders us from complying. I speak of innocent pleasures and temptations, and not of crimes, as you may well imagine. Instead of those pleasures, which have forsaken me, and which I think no more of, unless I could procure them to others, I am going next week to partake of the little amusements of Babiole, that is, to walk about, to do one odd thing or other in my garden, and to nurse my pine-apples and melons; for I mean to excel in these two articles. Excuse a little false wit, for I must tell you that the Menagianas, the Scaligerianas, and all those kind of Anas, are not to compare to my Ananas. As for my melons, they are arch-melons; by dint of culture and art, I bid defiance to our climate, and raise such delicious melons, that if it were practicable to serve you as the emperor of the moon is served, upon

the

LETTRE LX.

A LA MÊME.

A Londres, ce 23 Mai, V. S. 1751.

VO T R E principe est excellent, madame, de répondre promptement quand on peut répondre agréablement, et la pratique vous en est facile ; mais ce n'est pas la même chose avec les autres, qui voudroient seulement quelquefois ce que vous pouvez toujours. Il s'ensuit que vous répondrez toujours promptement, et par choix ; moi rarement, et par devoir. Votre seconde lettre, qui m'est parvenue hier, avant que j'eusse répondu à la première, me met à présent dans le cas de ce devoir.

Que je vous envie votre séjour à . . . dont je connois par expérience tous les agréments ! si j'étois aussi jeune que l'aimable maître de ce charmant séjour, je prendrois la poste, et je viendrois vous y surprendre. Madame d'Hervey, qui vient de jouir de cette société, m'en a écrit des merveilles s'entend qui ne m'ont pas émerveillé, connoissant comme je faisois la plupart des acteurs, et sur-tout le rôle que vous y jouez. Mais hélas ! je suis dans le pitoyable cas de sentir toute la force des tentations, sans avoir la force d'y succomber ; car, au fonds, ce n'est que foiblesse de ne s'y pas prêter. Les plaisirs ne sont que trop clairsemés ; la raison nous dit de les saisir, ce n'est que la foiblesse ou la paresse qui nous en détourne. Je parle des plaisirs et des tentations des honnêtes gens, et non des crimes, comme vous jugez bien. Au défaut des plaisirs, qui m'ont abandonné, et auxquels je ne pense plus, à moins d'en procurer s'il m'étoit possible aux autres, je vais la semaine prochaine prendre, à leur place, les petits amusemens de Babiole, c'est-à-dire m'y promener, chipoter beaucoup dans mon petit jardin, et y soigner mes ananas, et mes melons : c'est que dans ces deux articles, je prétends briller. Passez-moi la mauvaise plaisanterie, et je vous dirai que les Ménagianas, les Scaligerianas, et tous ces sortes d'Anas, n'approchent point de mes ananas. Pour mes melons, ils sont archimelons ; à force d'art et de soins, je brave notre climat, et je fais venir des melons si délicieux, que s'il y avoit moyen de vous servir comme on fert l'em-

the point of an arrow, I would now and then waft some as far as Bagatelle, which would put your best climate to the blush.

Now I talk of plants, you may say what you please, madam, of my laying too much stress upon the bark; let me tell you, that without the bark the tree will decay, and will lose much, not only of its beauty, but of its intrinsic worth. The case is the same with a man; with all the learning in the world, if he have not a desire to please, and the art and means of pleasing, he will not be sought after, but, on the contrary, people are sorry to meet with him. You say, you will admit of no hesitation between solid merit and frivolous externals; but where is the need of this alternative? Does solid merit necessarily exclude the graces? I think not; on the contrary, I think a man's head wants something, whatever talents and learning he may be possessed of, if he do not see the necessity of acquiring those graces and accomplishments, which are called frivolous, but are far from being so. We may acquire them, if we please; they are things that are purely mechanical, and wholly depend upon observation and imitation. I am determined our boy shall have them; I threaten, I flatter, I storm, I coax alternately. I shall send for him next August, to analyse, revise, and correct him myself; but shall send him back to you in a month, to make, if possible, the additions that may be wanting. If he be ever so far from the mark, he would not advance a step here. In chronical disorders, nothing will do but perseverance in the use of medicines; and in his distemper, which seems to be an obstinate one, Paris and your tuition are the only remedies I can confide in. I protest, the first time I see him, if he is awkward, ungraceful, and unmanly, he will throw me into a fever. I have it when I see awkward people who are nothing to me; but should he be so, I should grow downright delirious.

You have played me a sad trick, by shewing my last letter to Fontenelle; not that I dread his criticism more than your own, but because his is at full liberty, and yours is restrained by friendship. As old as he is, he will be quick-sighted; as young as you are, you will be blind. The fillet of friendship, which I now prefer to that of love, will protect me from all I might have to fear from

your

pereur de la lune, à coup d'arbalète, je vous en décocherois de tems en tems jusqu'à Bagatelle, qui feroient rougir votre meilleur climat.

A propos de plantes, écorce tant qu'il vous plaira, madame, à laquelle vous dites que j'attache trop de prix, sachez au moins que, sans l'écorce, l'arbre dépérît, et perd, non-seulement de sa beauté, mais de sa valeur intrinséque. Il en est de même d'un homme, avec tout le savoir du monde, s'il n'a pas le desir, l'art, les moyens de plaire, on ne le recherche point, mais au contraire, on est bien fâché de le trouver. Vous ne voulez pas, dites-vous, qu'on balance entre le choix d'un mérite solide, et des agrémens frivoles; mais pourquoi faut-il opter? Le mérite solide doit-il nécessairement donner l'exclusion aux agrémens; je ne le crois pas, mais bien au contraire, je crois qu'il manque quelque chose à la tête d'un homme, quelques talents, et quelques connoissances qu'il ait d'ailleurs, s'il ne connoit pas la nécessité de posséder ces graces et ces agrémens, qu'on appelle frivoles, mais qui pourtant ne sont rien moins. On les peut acquérir si l'on veut; ce sont des choses purement méchaniques, qui dépendent uniquement de l'observation, et de l'imitation. Je veux absolument que notre garçon les ait; je menace, je flatte, je fulmine, j'amadoue tour à tour. Je le fais venir ici au mois d'Aout prochain, pour en faire l'analyse, la revision et les corrections moi même; mais dans un mois je vous le renvoie, pour faire, s'il est possible, les progrès qui lui restent à faire. Quelque éloigné qu'il soit encore du but, il n'avanceroit pas d'un pouce ici. Dans les maux chroniques, c'est la continuation des remèdes qui fait l'effet, et dans son mal, qui me paroît opiniâtre, Paris, et vos soins sont les seuls remèdes auxquels j'ai de la confiance. Je proteste que la première fois que je le verrai, s'il est gauche, s'il se présente mal, s'il a mauvais air, et mauvaises manières, il me donnera la fièvre. La maussaderie des gens auxquels je ne prends point d'intérêt me la donne bien; en pareil cas il me la donneroit avec transport au cerveau.

Avouez que vous m'avez joué un mauvais tour, en montrant ma précédente à Fontenelle; ce n'est pas que je craigne sa critique plus que la vôtre, mais c'est que la sienne a le champ libre, et la vôtre est retenue par l'amitié. Tout vieux qu'il est, il sera clairvoyant; jeune comme vous êtes, vous serez aveugle. Le bandeau de l'amitié,

your judgment. You wear that fillet tighter, and I reap the benefit more than any body I know; so pray only lift it up, the better to see the sentiments, with which I wish you a good night.

LETTER LXI.

TO THE SAME.

Babiole, Aug. 1, O. S. 1751.

I Have doubly lamented your silence, madam, as I too well knew the cause. Your pupil had informed me of it, and, to do him justice, with all that feeling, which a lively sense of your kindness must inspire. He had told me of your mother's illness, and consequently of your fears. I would express my own feelings, did I not know that you are fully convinced of them. The ties of blood are not always those of friendship; but friendship, founded on mutual merit, esteem, and confidence, becomes more lively and tender, when it is cemented by the ties of blood. This was your case; and as you feel all you ought, with more than ordinary delicacy, I guessed at your sorrow, before you expressed it in the last letter you have honored me with. That was what prevented my writing sooner; you was too much taken up to attend to a common correspondence; and I think nothing is so idle, so troublesome, and even so impertinent, as consolatory epistles, when sorrows are real. In my mind, they can only take place, where one person wants to make a parade of understanding, and the other of grief. Will any one pretend to prove that I am not to grieve at the sufferings or death of one I dearly love? Whoever could prove that would prove too much, and I should not be the better for it; for it would necessarily follow, that I am not to rejoice at their health and welfare. Whoever is insensible to the one will be so to the other; and it is on the opposite principle, that I now share the joy you feel at the recovery, I will not say of a mother, but of so dear a friend. I beg, madam, you will assure her of it, with my most humble respects.

I expect

que je préfère à-présent à celui de l'amour, me garantira bien de tout ce que j'aurois bien lieu de craindre de votre jugement; vous portez ce bandeau plus serré, et moi j'en profite plus que toute autre; ne le levez donc à mon égard, que pour mieux envisager les sentimens, avec lesquels je vous donne le bon soir.

LETTRÉ LXI.

A LA MÊME.

A Babiole, ce 1 Août, V. S. 1751.

J'AI doublement regretté votre silence, madame, n'en sachant que trop la cause, dont votre élève m'avoit instruit, et, je lui rends justice, avec tout l'intérêt, que la plus vive reconnaissance de vos bontés devoit lui donner. Il m'avoit appris la maladie de madame votre mère, par consequent vos justes allarmes: je vous assurerois aussi des miennes, si je ne vous en croyois pas très persuadée. Les liens du sang ne sont pas toujours les liens de l'amitié; mais l'amitié fondée sur un mérite, une estime, une confiance réciproque, devient plus vive, et plus tendre, quand elle est resserrée par les liens du sang. C'étoit bien votre cas, et comme vous sentez plus délicament que toute autre tout ce que vous devez sentir, j'ai bien jugé de votre douleur avant que d'en avoir été informé par vous même, par la dernière lettre dont vous m'avez honoré; c'est ce qui m'a, empêchê de vous écrire plutôt. Vous étiez trop occupée pour une commerce ordinaire, et je trouve qu'il n'y a rien de plus frivole, de plus importun, et même de plus impertinent, que des lettres consolatoires, quand les chagrins sont réels. Elles ne se trouvent placées, à mon avis, qu'entre deux personnes, dont l'une veut faire parade de son esprit, et l'autre de sa douleur. Me prouvera-t-on que je ne dois pas m'affliger des malheurs ou de la mort d'une personne que j'aime? Qui me prouveroit cela prouveroit trop, et même je n'y gagnerois rien; car alors, par une consequence nécessaire, je ne dois pas prendre part à leur plaisir, leur santé, et leur bonheur. Qui est insensible à l'un le sera à l'autre; c'est sur le principe opposé, que je partage actuellement avec vous la joie que vous ressentez de la convalescence, je ne dis pas d'une mère, mais d'une amie

I expect your pupil here in a week's time ; but, as he has been your pupil but eight months, I expect to find the edition still very imperfect, and it is in order to examine, revise, and correct it, that I send for him for six weeks or two months at most. At that age, there are commonly some certain faults, that fall under the cognizance of authority only ; mere friendship can sooner reprove a crime than a weakness. *You are criminal*, may very well be said, in a certain manner between friends ; but, *you are awkward, unmannerly, clumsy, a coxcomb*, can only be told by an unquestionable authority on the one side, to an acknowledged dependence on the other : so much is the vanity of the mind sooner hurt than the virtue of the heart. On the side of the heart, I trust, for I am told so, I shall have little to do ; but as to outward appearance, manners, attentions, and some millions of certain little nothings, which, by their number, amount to an object, I doubt I have a great deal of work cut out. The reception, which your protection and endeavours have procured him at Paris, has, I suppose, induced him to think, either that nothing wanted altering for the better, or at least that there was no necessity for it. I shall fully convince him to the contrary, in the course of our interviews, provided you allow us time for it ; for, if I may judge by the strain of his letters, when he begins talking of you, and that strain I am ready enough to fall into, it is more than probable you will be the chief topic of our conversation.

For these three months past, I have been almost constantly here, where I have enjoyed my new gallery more than my garden, or the charming walks in the neighbourhood, owing to the badness of the weather. This summer has so well mimicked winter, that we might have mistaken it, but for the help of the calendar. What little fruit I have is tasteless ; but, by good luck, my pineapples, which are said to unite the taste of all fruits, have withstood the cold, as they always keep a good fire at home. Notwithstanding all this, a few books, and a few friends, make time glide along pretty comfortably, and this is all I ask ; I no longer pretend to enjoy it.

I frequently see our friend Bolingbroke, but I see him with great concern. A humor he has long had in his

cheek

amie si chère. Ayez aussi la bonté, madame, de l'en assurer de ma part, avec mes très humbles respects.

J'attends votre élève ici en huit jours, mais comme il n'est votre élève que de huit mois, je m'attends à trouver encore l'édition assez imparfaite, et c'est pour l'examiner, la revoir, et la corriger, que je le fais venir pour six semaines, ou deux mois, tout au plus. A cet âge, il y a ordinairement de certain défauts, dont la correction est uniquement du ressort de l'autorité ; la simple amitié peut plus facilement reprocher un crime qu'une foiblesse. *Vous êtes criminel*, se dit fort bien, d'une certaine façon, d'ami à ami ; mais, *vous êtes gauche, impoli, maussade, ou fat*, ne se dit, et ne se peut dire, que par une autorité décidée d'un côté, à une dépendance reconnue de l'autre : tant la vanité de l'esprit est plus sensible que la vertu du cœur. Du côté du cœur, je me flatte, car on m'en assure, que je n'aurai pas beaucoup à faire ; mais quant à l'extérieur, aux manières, aux attentions, et quelques millions de certains petits riens, qui par leur nombre deviennent un objet, je crains que j'aurai bien de la besoigne. L'accueil que votre protection, et vos soins lui ont procuré à Paris, lui aura fait accroire, ou bien qu'il n'y avoit rien à changer pour le mieux, ou du moins qu'il n'étoit point nécessaire. C'est de quoi je le désabuseraï parfaitement dans nos entretiens ensemble, en cas que vous nous en donnez le loisir : car, vu le ton sur lequel il est monté dans ses lettres, sur votre sujet, et que c'est un ton, dont je prends facilement l'unisson, vous avez toute la mine d'être le principal objet de ces entretiens.

Depuis trois mois, je suis presque toujours ici, où j'ai plus jouï de ma nouvelle gallerie que de mon jardin, ou des charmantes promenades voisines, tant le tems a été mauvais. Cet été a si bien contrefait l'hiver, que, sans le secours du calendrier, on s'y seroit trompé. Le peu de fruit que j'ai, n'apoint de gout, mais heureusement mes ananas, qui, à ce qu'on dit, rassemblent les gouts de tous les fruits, ont bravé le froid, moyennant un bon feu qu'ils tiennent chez eux. Malgré cela, quelques livres, et quelques amis, font couler le tems assez doucement, et c'est tout ce que je demande ; je ne prétends plus en jouir.

Je vois souvent notre ami Bolingbroke, mais je le vois avec bien du chagrin. Une humeur à la joue, qu'il a eue depuis longtems, s'est dernièrement déclarée cancereuse,

et

cheek proves to be cancerous, and has made an alarming progress of late. Hitherto it is not attended with pain, which is all he wishes, for, as to the rest, he is resigned. Truly, a mind like his, so far superior to the generality, would have well deserved that nature should have made an effort in his favour, as to the body, and given him an uncommon share of health and duration.

LETTER LXII.

TO THE SAME.

London, Oct. 7, O. S. 1751.

I Waited for the return of your pupil and ambassador, to make my answer to your last his reccredentials. Indeed I have put it off much longer than I intended, my health having obliged me to have recourse to the Bath waters, which have set me up, as far as my crazy and worn-out constitution would permit. The joy I have felt at your mother's recovery has promoted my own; for it was very sincere, and nothing is more salutary than joy, especially for me, when you are so nearly concerned in it.

I must own your little ambassador struck me prodigiously at first sight, not by his graceful appearance, but by his air and manners. I cannot conceive where he had fished them. I presently set about rubbing off his rust, and I believe you will find I have not quite lost my labour, though I confess he is very far from being what we wish him to be. He holds himself better, enters a room better, does not kick his feet about so much, and has broke himself of many of these pretty tricks he had learnt at school, and had since cultivated in the company of the bears he had the misfortune to meet with in his travels. What gives me some hopes is, that he is now sensible of what is wanting, and earnestly intreats me to request of you to examine him narrowly, and to tell him of the least thing you find amiss, to make him, if possible, a faultless edition. I readily agree to his request, and I conjure you not to spare him: he will not only take it well if you reprove

et fait de grands progres depuis peu. Jusqu'ici cela ne lui a pas causé de douleur, et c'est tout ce qu'il demande, car pour le reste, il a pris son parti. En vérité un esprit comme le sien, si fort au dessus du commun, méritoit bien que la nature eût aussi fait un effort en sa faveur, du côté du corps, et lui eût donné une santé, et une durée extraordinaire.

LETTER LXII.

A LA MÊME.

A Londres, ce 7 Oct. V. S. 1751.

J'AI attendu le retour de votre élève, et ambassadeur, pour faire de ma réponse à votre dernière une lettre de récréance pour lui. Il est vrai que j'ai attendu bien plus longtems que je ne comptois, ma santé m'ayant obligé d'avoir recours aux eaux de Bath, qui l'ont rétablie, au tant que mon chétif tempérament gâté le leur a permis. La joie que j'ai sentie de la convalescence de madame votre mère, n'a pas nui à la mienne; car elle étoit très sincère, et il n'y a rien de plus sain que la joie, surtout pour moi, quand vous y avez tant de part.

Je vous l'avouerai, votre petit ambassadeur à son premier abord ma frappa furieusement, non par les graces qui l'accompagnoient, mais par son air, et ses manières. Je ne comprends pas encore où il les avoit pêchés. Je m'appliquai d'abord à le décrotter, et je crois que vous trouverez que je n'y ai pas mal réussi, quoique je convienne qu'il lui reste encore bien du chemin à faire, pour être ce que nous voudrions qu'il fût. Il se tient mieux, il se présente mieux, il ne fretille plus tant des pieds, et il s'est corrigé de plusieurs de ces manières gracieuses qu'il avoit apprises à l'école, et qu'il avoit cultivées depuis, sous les soins des ours, qu'il avoit eu le malheur de rencontrer dans ses voyages. Ce qui me donne de l'espérance, c'est qu'il sent à présent ce qui lui manque, et qu'il me demande instantanément de vous supplier de vouloir le revoir, et le corriger de ses moindres défauts, pour en faire, s'il se peut, une édition parfaite. Je souscris volontiers à sa requête, et je vous conjure de ne lui rien passer; non seulement il

prendra

prove or ridicule him, but he will think himself obliged to you. He thinks of you as he ought, and consequently he is convinced you cannot but form a right judgment of him. If, after all the pains we have taken, the high polish should be wanting, I know no other way than to put him to Martin's*. He will have the honour of presenting you two china baubles of our own manufacture; be pleased, madam, to accept them, not as a present, for they do not deserve that name, but as a homage. The pope is not above accepting a mare which the king of Naples sends him every year, though the good man does not want one, or if he did, could get just as good in his own dominions; but he considers it as a token of that monarch's fidelity and submission to the holy see; and yet, I give you my word, his Sicilian majesty is not more zealously devoted to the pope than I am to your ladyship.

Will you let lady Hervey come home or not, or does she chuse to come away? By her letters I should suspect her of a partiality for our mareschal ***; she is eternally talking of him, she is continually going to ***, and the better to mask her game, she pretends to be very fond of his lady; in short, if any thing be wanting, it is certainly not the will. I doubly long for her return; for if she do not come home, I shall have no body to converse with about you, when your pupil is gone; and yet I must talk of you, were it only to the reeds.

LETTER LXIII.

TO THE SAME.

London, Dec. 30, O.S. 1751.

WELL, I will no longer be the king of the two Sicilies, since, if you were pope, you would not be pleased with me, and I chuse rather to be your vassal, and pay more frequent homage. I only wish my offerings were more worthy your acceptance.

Are

* The famous inventor of the most beautiful varnish at Paris.

prendra en bonne part les reprimandes, ou le ridicule que vous lui donnerez, mais il vous en faura gré. Il pense sur votre sujet comme il doit, et par consequent il est convaincu que vous ne pouvez penser que juste sur le sien. Si après cela, malgré tous nos soins, le beau vernis lui manque, il n'y a d'autre parti à prendre que de le placer chez Martin *. Il aura l'honneur de vous présenter de ma part deux babioles de porcelaine de la manufacture d'ici ; ayez la bonté, madame, de les accepter, non pas comme un présent, car ils ne prétendent pas l'être, mais comme une redevance. Le saint père accepte bien une jument, que le roi de Naples lui envoie tous les ans, quoique le bon homme n'en ait que faire, ou, en cas de besoin, en trouveroit d'aussi bonnes chez lui ; mais c'est qu'il la regarde comme une marque de la fidélité, et de la soumission de ce monarque au saint siège ; et pourtant soyez persuadée que le roi des deux Siciles n'est pas plus zélé papiste, que je ne vous suis attaché.

Voulez-vous laisser retourner madame d'Hervey ou non, ou est ce qu'elle ne veut pas s'en retourner ? Par ses lettres, je la soupçonne d'un arrangement avec notre maréchal, il n'y est question que de lui, elle est à tous momens à . . . et pour mieux cacher son jeu, elle affiche des sentimens d'amitié, et d'attachement pour la maréchale ; enfin, si quelque chose manque à cet arrangement, ce n'est sûrement pas la bonne volonté. Je languis doublement pour son retour, car si elle ne revient pas, à qui parlerai-je de vous, quand votre élève sera parti ? et il faut pourtant que j'en parle, fut-ce aux roseaux.

LETTER LXIII.

A LA MÊME.

A Londres, ce 30 Dec. V. S. 1751.

JE ne veux donc plus être le roi des deux Siciles, puisque, si vous étiez pape, vous n'en seriez pas contente, et j'aime mieux relever de vous comme serf par des hommages plus fréquens. Je les souhaiterois seulement plus dignes de vous être présentés.

N'êtes-

Are not you greatly shocked, but I am sure you are, at the dreadful death of our friend Bolingbroke? The remedy has hastened his death, against which there was no remedy, for his cancer was not topical, but universal, and had so infected the whole mass of his blood, as to be incurable. What I most lament is, that the medicines put him to exquisite pain; an evil I dread much more than death, both for my friends and myself. I lose a warm, an amiable, and instructive friend. I saw him a fortnight before his death, when he depended upon a cure, and so did I; and he desired I would not come any more till he was quite well, which he expected would be in ten or twelve days. The next day the great pains came on, and never left him till within two days of his death, during which he lay insensible. What a man! what extensive knowledge! what a memory! what eloquence! His passions, which were strong, were injurious to the delicacy of his sentiments; they were apt to be confounded together, and often wilfully. The world will do him more justice now than in his life time.

I hope, madam, your mother's perfect recovery will have contributed to comfort you for the loss of a friend, who loved and honoured you.

You think of nothing now at Paris but festivity, public entertainments, fireworks, in short, *you are all over festoons and aſtragals**; whereas here, we have a succession of mournings, and, for these nine months, nothing is to be seen but black†. The duke de Mirepoix, who was to have enlivened us a little, has dropped his intention. Various reasons are assigned, but no good one given; I believe he is not sorry, and don't wonder at it. For my part, I have now no cause to be sorry, for I have done with crowds and tumultuous pleasures.

Your pupil swears he frequents the best of companies, that he endeavours to behave well, and that he is even told that he has improved in his manners, and looks more graceful than he did. Is that very true, madam? He even quotes you as one of his puffers, which I readily believe, though he may not deserve it; for, in friendship, as well as in love, the judgment is often the dupe of the heart.

We

* A line from Scudery, a bad French poet, ridiculed by Boileau.

† On account of the death of the late prince of Wales, father to his majesty.

N'êtes-vous pas bien touchée, mais je suis sûr que vous l'êtes, de la miserable mort de notre ami Bolingbroke? Le remède a avancé sa mort, contre laquelle il n'y avoit point de remède, car son cancer n'étoit point ce qu'on appelle topique mais universal, et tout son sang en étoit infecté incurablement. Ce que je regrette le plus, c'est que le remède lui a cause des douleurs cruelles; mal que je crains bien plus, pour mes amis et pour moi-même, que la mort. Je perds un ami chaud, aimable, et instructif; je l'avois vu quinze jours avant sa mort, quand il compoit, comme je faisois aussi, sur sa guérison, et il me pria dene plus revenir jusqu'à ce qu'elle fut complete, à quoi il s'attendoit en dix ou douze jours. Le lendemain, les grandes douleurs commencèrent, et ne le quittèrent que deux jours avant sa mort, pendant lesquels il resta insensible. Quel homme! Quelle étendue de connoissances: Quelle mémoire! Quelle eloquence! Ses passions, qui étoient fortes, faisoient tort à la délicatesse de ses sentimens, on les confondoit, et souvent exprès: on lui rendra plus de justice à présent, qu'on ne lui en a rendu de son vivant.

J'espère que la parfaite convalescene de madame votre mère aura contribué à vous consoler de la perte d'un ami, qui vous aimoit, et qui vous honoroit.

Il n'est question chex vous actuellement que de fêtes, jeux, feux d'artifices, enfin

Ce ne sont que festons, ce ne sont qu'afragales.

au lieu que chez nous, les deuils se succèdent, et depuis neuf mois tout est noir †. Le duc de Mirepoix, qui devoit nous égayer un peu, par sa fête, l'a laissé tomber. On en donne mille raisons, et pas une bonne; en tout cas, il en est bien-aise, et je ne m'entretonne point. Pour moi, je ne suis plus dans le cas d'en être fâché; les foules et les plaisirs bruyans n'étant plus de mon ressort..

Votre élève me jure qu'il fréquente les bonnes compagnies, et qu'il tâche de se former, et qu'on lui dit même qu'il a de meilleures manières, et meilleur air qu'il n'avoit: cela est-il bien vrai, madame? Il vous cite même pour une ses proneuses, ce que je comprends bien, sans qu'il le mérite; l'esprit étant en amitié, aussi bien qu'en amour, souvent la dupe du cœur.

Nous

We look upon lady Hervey as having forsaken her own country, and being naturalized a French woman. I regret but do not blame her, for I know others that would do the same if they could, and would then no longer write to you, but would say to you by word of mouth what you have forbid me telling you in writing.

LETTER LXIV.

TO THE SAME.

London, April 2, O. S. 1752.

YOUR little boy, madam, tells me you are angry with me. That is just what I wanted, only I wanted you to tell me so yourself. Your anger is becoming, and your chiding is a compliment. Besides, he that can excite anger is in no danger of meeting with indifference.

We are in possession of lady Hervey's body, but without the heart and soul, which she owns are still at Paris. She droops, she languishes; she breathes, it is true; but she says she lives no where but at Paris. I rather pity than blame her, as I know, by experience, the difference between the life she led there, and that she leads here; but I wish she had a little more philosophy, to enable her to make the best of it.

I shall soon put your little boy to the same trial, by recalling him from Paris in June. I see it is with reluctance that he thinks of coming away; but he will have been there fifteen months; and if, under your tuition and example, he has not improved in that time, he would not improve in sixteen years. He swears that this last time of his being at Paris, he has taken more of the air and manners of the polite world. Is that true, madam? For I mistrust his judgment too much in these matters, to take his word for it. He will visit some courts of Germany, which he has not yet seen, in his way to Hanover, where he is to make some stay, and where I hope to procure him some employment, in the department of foreign affairs. The sooner

Nous regardons mylady Hervey comme expatriée, et naturalisée Françoise. Je la regrette sans l'en blâmer ; j'en connois d'autres qui en feroient autant, s'il en étoient les maîtres, et qui alors ne vous écriroient plus, mais qui vous diroient en personne ce que vous m'avez défendu de vous dire par écrit.

LETTRE LXIV.

A LA MÊME.

A Londres, ce 2 Avril, V. S. 1752.

VOtre petit garçon, madame, me mande que vous êtes fachée contre moi. Voila justement ce que je voulois; hormis que je voulois le savoir de vous-même. C'est que vous vous fâchez avec grace, et vos reproches sont flatteurs. D'ailleurs, qui peut exciter la colère peut se rassurer contre l'indifférence.

Nous possédons ici le corps de mylady Hervey, mais sans le coeur ou l'esprit, qu'elle avouë être encore à Paris. Elle languit, elle s'ennuie, elle respire à la vérité, mais elle ne vit, dit-elle, qu'à Paris: Je la plains plus que je ne la blâme, sachant par expérience tous les agréments du séjour qu'elle a quitté, et tout l'ennui de celui-ci; mais je lui souhaiterois plus de philosophie, pour en tirer au moins le meilleur parti.

Je mettrai bientôt votre petit garçon à la même épreuve, en le retirant de Paris au mois de Juin. Je vois bien que c'est à contrecœur qu'il se dispose à partir; il y aura été alors seize mois, et si, sous vos ordres, vos soins, et votre exemple, il ne s'est pas formé dans ce tems-là, il ne s'y formeroit pas en seize ans. Il me jure qu'à cette dernière reprise à Paris, il a pris plus l'air, et les manières de la bonne compagnie. Cela seroit-il vrai, madame? Car je me défie trop de son jugement sur cet article pour l'en croire sur sa parole. Il prendra quelques cours d'Allemagne, qu'il n'a pas encore vues, dans son chemin à Hanovre où il doit faire quelque séjour, et où je compte pouvoir lui procurer quelque destination dans le département des

sooner he begins the better, as in that department they, in some measure, rise by rotation, as they do in the army; but, however that may turn out, it will not be very long before he returns to Paris to pay his court to you, and perhaps in a handsomer manner, when he is more advanced towards maturity.

I am very angry with lady Hervey's baggage that is not come yet. I am out of patience, for I long to see your china, merely because it comes from you, for I am no *connoisseur* in china; but I am enough of a *connoisseur* in friendship, to set a high value upon every mark of yours, and to retain the warmest and most respectful sense of it as long as I live.

LETTER LXV.

TO THE SAME.

London, May 7, O. S. 1752.

I Love and respect the master of * * * too much to envy him the happiness of your company at that charming place, but I wish your choice alone had induced you to go thither. Drinking milk means that you are not well; I don't like that inference at all, and the less as I know you have weak lungs. Since I have experienced what it is to have ill health, I am much more anxious for that of my friends than I was formerly. Thirty years ago I used to say, how is it possible to be sick? Now I say, oh! if I could but find out the secret of being well, I would not exchange it for all the secrets in the world. I speak feelingly, madam, at this very time. For these two months past, I have been troubled with deafness, a complaint that pains the mind more than the body; and for these ten days, I have been lame from an unlucky fall from my horse, and this pains my body more than my mind; so that, upon the whole, your humble servant is in a mighty pretty plight. The faculty boldly promise to set all to rights in a very short time; but if

des affaires étrangères. Le plutôt qu'il débute, c'est le mieux, puisque dans ce département là, on prend datte, en quelque façon, d'ancienneté, comme dans le militaire ; mais, arrive ce qui pourra, il retournera avant qu'il soit fort longtemps à Paris, pour vous y faire sa cour, et peut-être avec plus d'avantage, quand il sera un peu plus meuri.

Le bagage de my lady Hervey, qui n'est pas encore arrivé, me désespère. Je languis, je m'impatiente pour votre porcelaine, bien entendu parceque c'est la vôtre, car je ne suis nullement, connoisseur, mais je me connois assez en amitié, pour chérir toutes les marques de la vôtre, et pour en conserver le souvenir le plus tendre et le plus respectueux tant que je vivrai.

LETTRÉ LXV.

A LA MÊME.

A Londres, ce 7 Mai, V. S. 1752.

J'AIME et je respecte trop le maître de . . . pour lui envier le bonheur de votre séjour dans ce charmant endroit, mais j'aurois voulu que c'eût été uniquement votre choix qui vous y eût envoyé. Prendre du lait veut dire que vous êtes malade ; cette conclusion me déplait infiniment, et d'autant plus que vous avez la poitrine naturellement délicate. Depuis que j'ai éprouvé ce que c'est que la mauvaise santé, je suis bien plus sensible qu'autrefois à celle de mes amis.

Je disois, il y a trente ans, mais comment peut-on être malade ? je dis à-présent, ah ! si l'on pouvoit trouver le secret de ne l'être pas ! je ne le trocrois pas contre tous les secrets du monde. J'en parle actuellement, madame, avec connoissance de cause. Depuis deux mois j'ai été sourd, mal dont l'esprit souffre plus que le corps, et depuis dix jours, j'ai été estropié d'une malheureuse chute que j'ai faite, de cheval, et dont mon corps souffre plus que mon esprit ; si bien que, l'un portant l'autre, votre très humble serviteur est dans une très jolie situation. La faculté me promet hardiment de mettre

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bientôt

if the co-operation of faith is requisite on my part, I doubt my cure will not be quite so speedy.

What a noise here is, indeed, for a trifle! Your parliament, as you allow it but a small share in the affairs of this world, wants to be meddling with those of the next, and to grant passports for that country, without requiring the dying person to produce a certificate of health. Your priests, on the other hand, who claim this department as their sole right, require a certificate of health, previous to the passports, that the dying man may not carry the infection from the country he comes from, to that he is going to; and the court seems to want—I know not what.—Here we let people die as they like; so that our dead never disturb the peace of the living.

LETTER LXVI.

TO THE SAME.

London, June 30, O. S. 1752.

AT last, at last, madam, lady Hervey has received her parcels, and I have received the china you have done me the favour to send me. It is charming, beautiful, and beats our manufacture all to nothing. I have shewn it to the manager, who was quite provoked, and begged hard that I would lend it him for a few days for a pattern. I could not refuse him, and have bespoke two or three of the same for use, for yours will be of no service to me. I will not venture it in prophane hands; but it shall be consecrated as an offering to friendship, and stand in my little room, which is already adorned with two precious tokens of your kindness.

You have made me quite easy with regard to your health. So then, it is to indulge in safety, that you have taken to a milk-diet; this you may call stepping back to leap farther. You say very right, madam, that we must indulge our appetites whilst we can, with that moderation that is requisite to make them lasting. I am grown a greater epicure than I used to be; and as I have one sense less than I had, I make the most of the remaining ones. My deafness

bientôt bon ordre à tout cela ; mais s'il y faut de ma part la co-opération de la foi, je doute fort que ma guérison soit si prompte.

Voila bien du bruit chez vous pour une ommelette au lard. Votre parlement, à qui vous laissiez peu de part aux affaires de ce monde, voudroit bien s'en dédommager sur celles de l'autre, et accorder des passeports, pour ce païs là, sans obliger le mourant à produire son billet de santé. Vos prêtres, au contraire, qui s'attribuent ce département exclusivement, exigent un billet de santé, préalablement aux passeports, pour que le mourant ne communique pas la contagion du païs d'ou il vient, à celui où il va, et la cour semble vouloir---ma foi je ne sais quei. Ici nous laissons mourir les gens à leur gout, moyennant quei, nos morts ne troubilent point la paix des vivans.

LET T R E LXVI.

A L A M È M E.

A Londres, ce 30 Juin, V. S. 1752.

A La fin, à la fin, madame, mylady Hervey a reçu ses balots, et j'ai reçu la porcelaine que vous avez bien voulu m'envoyer. Elle est charmante, parfaite, et fait rougir notre manufacture d'ici. Je l'ai montrée à l'intendant, qui en a été véritablement picqué, et qui m'a demandé en grace de vouloir bien la lui prêter, pour quelques jours, pour lui servir de modèle, ce que je n'ai pas pu lui refuser, et d'autant moins, que j'en ai commandé deux ou trois de même, pour m'en servir, puisque la vôtre me sera totalement inutile. Je ne la risquerai point dans des mains profanes, et elle sera consacrée comme une offrande à l'amitié, dans ma petite chambre, qui se trouve déjà ornée par deux précieux témoignages de votre souvenir.

Vous m'avez rassuré au sujet de votre santé ; ce n'est donc que pour être impunément gourmande, que vous vous êtes mise au lait, c'est reculer pour mieux sauter. Vous avez raison, madame ; il faut profiter de nos gouts pendant que nous le pouvons, avec le ménagement nécessaire pour leur durée. Je suis devenu plus gourmand qu'à mon ordinaire, et ayant actuellement un sens de moins,

E 2

je

ness continues, and consequently my spirits sink. In vain do I act the philosopher, and endeavour to supply my loss by reading, walking, and good living: at my age we feel a strange vacuity, when we can no longer enjoy the sweets of society. In the dissipation and tumult of youth, we are not sensible of its full value; it is at my time of life that it becomes a real, and almost the only blessing, and it is just at this time that I see myself deprived of it. I own, it sinks my spirits exceedingly, in spite of all the consolations that either reason or my friends can offer.

Your pupil is in Germany, taking a survey of the several courts in the empire, in his way to Hanover. I do not suppose they will give him that fine varnish, which he has not taken at Paris, and upon which you seem to lay so little stress, but which I think highly necessary through life. He will certainly return to the fountain head, where he got the little he has, and where alone he can possibly get what is still wanting; I mean, that he will come once more and pay his court to you at Paris. He is beholden to you alone, madam, for all that is tolerable in him; and I can assure you, he is very sensible of it: and as to my gratitude, you may depend upon it for life.

LETTER LXVII.

TO THE SAME.

London, Aug. 20, O. S. 1752.

IF a deaf man could receive any consolation, you, madam, would have administered some to me, by the last letter you have honored me with. The flattering things you say to me, and the handsome manner in which you say them, assisted by self-love, which never fails to come to our succour on these occasions, might very possibly have soothed my mind: but the senses are more stubborn, they reason better, and know the exact measure of their own extent and limits. I have almost lost one of them, and cannot, even with your assistance, deceive myself as to that loss; but, if you would,

je tire tout le parti que je puis de ceux qui me restent : ma sourdité continue, et par conséquent mon ennui augmente. J'ai beau philosopher, et tâcher de m'en dédommager par la lecture, la promenade, et la table ; il reste, à mon âge, un furieux vuide, quand on ne jouit plus des douceurs de la société. Dans la dissipation et le tumulte de la jeunesse, on n'en connoit pas tout le prix ; c'est à mon age qu'elle devient un véritable, et presque le seul bien, et c'est justement à cette heure que je m'en vois privé. Je vous avoue que j'en suis extrêmement abattu, malgré tout ce que ma raison, ou mes amis, peuvent m'offrir de consolations sur ce sujet.

Votre élève est en Allemagne, courant les cours de l'empire, dans son chemin à Hanovre. Je ne suppose point qu'il y prenne ces couches de vernis, que Paris n'a pu lui donner, et dont vous paroissez faire si peu de cas, mais que je crois très nécessaires dans le cours du monde. Il retournera sûrement à la source où il a pris le peu qu'il a, et où il peut seulement, et exclusivement, prendre ce qui lui manque encore, c'est-à-dire qu'il viendra encore vous faire sa cour à Paris. Il vous est uniquement redévable, madame, de ce qu'il a de passable ; il le sent bien, je puis vous en assurer, et pour ma reconnaissance, soyez bien persuadée, qu'elle ne finira qu'avec mes jours.

LETTRÉ LXVII.

A LA MÊME.

A Londres, 20 Août, V. S. 1752.

SI un sourd pouvoit avoir de la consolation, vous m'en auriez donné, madame, par la dernière lettre que vous m'avez fait l'honneur de m'écrire. Les choses flatteuses, que vous m'y dites, et les grâces avec lesquelles vous les dites, aidées de mon amour propre, qui ne manque jamais de venir au secours de ces sortes de choses, auroient bien pu séduire mon esprit ; mais les sens sont bien plus opiniâtres, ils raisonnent plus juste, et connoissoient précisément leur étendue, et leurs bornes. J'en ai presque perdu un, et je ne puis, même avec votre secours, me faire illusion là-dessus. Mais, si vous le vouliez,

E 3

vous

would, you could procure me some alleviation, by employing my eyes and my mind with the frequency and the length of your letters, which would make me full amends for what I have lost on the side of my hearing.

I congratulate you, madam, with all my heart, on the dauphin's recovery*. Methinks the apprehensions you have been in, on his account, should introduce inoculation into France. It is universally established in England; not one in a hundred has died of it, whereas it is computed that one out of seven dies of the natural small-pox; besides, nobody whatever is disfigured by it. I know your priests oppose it, exclaim against it as a deadly sin, and talk a great deal of nonsense about it. Ours did so too at first, but we have let them talk on, and have not done the less for their outcry. And indeed, on their own principles, would not bleeding and taking of physic, by way of prevention, be equally criminal? If a tax were laid upon inoculation, and appropriated to the patrimony of the church, I'll engage those gentlemen would speak well of it. Do you, madam, boldly introduce the practice, in spite of your spiritual guide, and inoculate your youngest daughter; for I would not have her complexion spoiled.

LETTER LXVIII.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, Nov. 11, 1752.

YOUR little boy has certainly, by this time, paid his respects to you at Paris, for the third time. I did not intend he should go again so soon; he was to have spent his winter at the Hague, but he has begged so hard, and in so moving a strain, that I would permit him to spend at least part of this winter at Paris, that I could not find in my heart to deny him; and indeed I am not sorry to see him have this inclination; which I consider as a proof of his good taste. To bribe my consent, he has promised

* After the small pox.

me

vous pourriez m'en procurer quelque dédommagement ; ce seroit en occupant mes yeux, et mon esprit, par le nombre et la longueur de vos lettres, qui me recompenserroient bien de ce que j'ai perdu côté de l'ouie.

Je vous félicite de tout mon cœur, madame, de la convalescence de monsieur le dauphin*. Il me semble que l'alarme que la France a eue de sa maladie, devroit introduire, chez vous, l'inoculation de la petite vérole. Elle est généralement établie chez nous, pas un de cent n'en est mort, au lieu que, de la petite vérole naturelle, on compte un de sept ; d'ailleurs, personne absolument n'en est gâté : je fais que vos prêtres s'y opposent, crient au péché mortel, et disent bien des sottises là-dessus. Les nôtres ont d'abord fait la même chose, mais on les a laissé crier, et on n'en a pas moins fait pour cela. En effet, sur leurs propres principes, les saignées, et les purgations, par précaution, ne sont-elles pas également criminelles ? Si on mettoit quelque taxe sur l'inoculation qui fut appropriée au patrimoine de l'église, je m'engage que ces messieurs en feroient l'éloge. Introduisez cette coutume hardiment, madame, en dépit de votre directeur, et en faveur de mademoiselle votre dernière fille, dont je ne voudrois pas que le teint fût gâté.

LETTER LXVIII.

A LA MÊME.

Aux Bains, ce 11 Nov. V. S. 1752.

VOTRE petit galopin vous aura, à coup sûr, déjà fait sa cour, pour la troisième fois, à Paris. Je ne comptois pas qu'il y retournerât encore si tôt ; il devoit hiverner à la Haye, mais il m'a prié si instamment, et même d'une manière si touchante, de vouloir bien lui permettre de passer encore au moins une partie de cet hiver à Paris, que je n'ai pu lui refuser ; et au fond, j'ai été bien-aisé de lui voir cette envie, que je considère comme une preuve de son bon goût. Pour obtenir plus facilement mon consentement, il m'a promis de travailler

me to strive incessantly to acquire those last touches of high polish, which are so necessary to all, and which he wants more than any one; at least, it will be his own fault if he does not take them. If he is capable of improvement from the best models, he will see you and your friends; if, in return, you chuse to learn the accomplishments and graces of the Germanic body, he must be able to teach them you, having frequented the courts of half a dozen electors, and about threescore princes of the Holy Roman empire. Whatever you do, madam, I beg you will not spare him; tell him the plain truth in the strongest manner, shew no indulgence to any of his failings: he will believe you more than any body else, and consequently will be the better for it.

The share you are pleased to take in my concerns, obliges me to say something about my crazy health, which otherwise, would not be worth speaking of. These waters have been of some service to me: I hear better than I did when I first came hither, but not enough, as yet, to be reinstated as a member of society. I hear nothing but what is said directly to me, and even there must be no other noise in the room, so that I can hear but in a *tête-à-tête*; and alas! I have done with *tête-à-têtes*. What a melancholy thing it would be if I did not love reading, which frequently makes me forget, for the time, that I am no longer fit for any thing else! At all ages, we must make much of comfortable or pleasing delusions; in youth, they offer of their own accord; in old age, we must seek, or even make them; and for all that, time will hang heavy upon our hands in the decline of life. Lest I should infect you with my langour, I shall bid you good night, madam, without so much as telling you what I am to you.

LETTER LXIX.

TO THE SAME.

London, Dec. 18, 1752.

LADY Hervey has, for these four months, had the gout in both hands, which she orders mine to tell you. She is tired of her gout, which, however, is not painful now, but has left such a weakness

travailler assiduement à acquérir ces couches du beau vernis, qui sont si nécessaires à tout le monde, et dont il a plus besoin que tout autre ; au moins il ne tiendra qu'à lui de les prendre. S'il peut profiter des meilleurs modèles, il vous verra, et vos amis ; si, en échange, vous souhaitiez d'apprendre le bon ton, les agréments, et les graces du corps Germanique, il doit être en état de vous les enseigner, ayant fréquenté les cours d'une demi-douzaine d'électeurs, et d'une soixantaine de princes du saint empire Romain. Au reste, madame, je vous en supplie, ne le ménagez point, dites-lui fortement des vérités, ne lui passez rien, il vous en croira plus que tout autre, et par conséquent en profitera plus.

L'intérêt que vous daignez prendre à ce qui me touche, m'oblige de vous dire deux mots au sujet de ma chétive santé, qui d'ailleurs ne vaut pas la peine qu'on en parle. Ces eaux m'ont fait quelque bien ; j'entends mieux que je ne faisois quand je suis venu ici, mais pas encore assez bien pour être réhabilité comme membre de la société. Je n'entends que quand on m'adresse la parole, et qu'il n'y a pas d'autre bruit, c'est-à-dire, que je n'entends que dans les tête-à-têtes ; et hélas ! les tête-à-têtes ne sont plus de mon ressort. Que mon sort feroit triste, si je n'avois pas du goût pour la lecture, qui me fait souvent oublier, pendant que j'y suis, que je ne suis plus bon à autre chose. A tout âge, il faut chérir les illusions consolantes ou agréables ; dans la jeunesse, elles se présentent, dans la vieillesse, il les faut chercher, ou même en faire, et avec tout cela, l'ennui en est l'appantage. Pour ne vous pas communiquer une partie du mien, je vous donne le bon soin, madame, et même sans vous dire ce que je vous suis.

LETTRÉ LXIX.

A LA MÊME.

A Londres, ce 18 Déc. 1752.

Il y a quatre mois que mylady Hervey a eu la goutte aux deux mains, ce qu'elle ordonne à la mienne de vous dire ; je lui ai montré votre lettre ; elle s'impatiente de sa goutte, qui ne la fait pourtant

ness in her hand, that she cannot yet hold her pen. She desires her best compliments to you.

I am very glad your boy is somewhat improved in his air and manners; but I cannot conceive how he is not much more so, considering he has been seven years upon his travels all over Europe, and has really frequented the very best company in every country. He ought, by this time, to have not only the air, the politeness, the attentions, that are absolutely necessary, but even the highest polish, and all that is most engaging in the art of pleasing. Yet it is no such thing, and he is still far below the mere necessary. How, madam, will you reconcile this with that just way of thinking, and that tractable disposition, you suppose him to have? How is it possible to have a just way of thinking, and not see the necessity of pleasing; or a tractable disposition, and not learn the means of attaining that end? If, as you say, and as it is but too true, he be not thoroughly convinced of the necessity of pleasing, when will he be so? A thousand people have told him, over and over, all that can be said about it. I have exhausted the subject, in the letters I have writ to him for these four years; but some propositions are so self-evident, that there is no making them plainer.

I am come home from Bath, just as I went; I have no farther hopes, and here am I scratched out for ever from society. I have no resource left, but reading and reflection, the most pleasing of which will be the friendship you have honoured me with, and the sentiments of esteem and gratitude with which I wish you a good night.

LETTER LXX.

TO THE SAME.

London, May 3, 1753.

AN old man, a deaf man, a hermit, could not contribute much to make Mr. d'Ennery's * short stay here very agreeable; it was well for him that he had better guides, to conduct him through the

* A gentleman of great merit, who possesses one of the finest collections of medals in Europe, and came over to England to enrich it.

maze

tant plus souffrir à présent, mais qui lui a affoibli la main, au point qu'elle ne peut pas encore tenir la plume. Elle vous fait mille compliments.

Je suis bien-aise que votre petit galopin ait gagné un peu du côté de l'air, et des manières, mais je ne comprends point comme quoi il n'a pas gagné beaucoup davantage, vu qu'à présent il y a sept ans qu'il a été dans tous les païs de l'Europe, et qu'il y a réellement fréquenté tout ce qu'il y a de mieux. Il devroit actuellement avoir, non seulement l'air, la politesse, et les attentions nécessaires, mais même le plus beau vernis, et tout ce qu'il y a de plus séduisant dans l'art de plaire. Ce n'est pourtant rien moins que cela; et il a encore un furieux chemin à faire pour parvenir au nécessaire. Comment combinez-vous cela, madame, avec l'esprit juste, et la docilité que vous lui donnez? Un esprit peut-il être juste, et ne pas voir la nécessité de plaire? Et peut-il être docile, et n'en pas apprendre les moyens? S'il n'est pas encore, comme vous le dites, et comme il n'est que trop vrai, assez persuadé de la nécessité de plaire, quand le fera-t-il? Mille personnes lui ont assez dit tout ce qu'on peut dire sur ce sujet, et j'ai épuisé, cette matière dans les lettres que je lui ai écrites depuis quatre ans; mais il y a des propositions si évidentes en elles-mêmes, qu'il n'y a pas moyen de les rendre plus claires.

Je suis revenu des Bains, tout aussi sourd que j'y suis allé; je n'ai plus d'espérance, et me voici biffé pour toujours de la société. Il ne me reste donc d'autre ressource que la lecture, et les réflexions, dont le plus flatteuses seront l'amitié dont vous avez bien voulu m'honorer, et les sentimens d'estime et de reconnoissance, avec lesquels je vous donne le bon soir.

LETTRÉ LXX.

A LA MÊME,

A Londres, ce 3 Mai, 1753.

UN vieillard, un sourd, un hermite, ne pouvoit guères contribuer à rendre le peu de séjour que monsieur d'Ennery * a fait ici agréable; mais heureusement pour lui il avoit de meilleurs guides, pour le

maze of London. He has seen every thing, has been every where; and wherever he has been, they have wished to see him again. His merit, his behaviour, and the English language, which he speaks tolerably well, would, in time, have procured him an entrance into our best companies; but such is our genius, that it would have been a work of time, had not our many young people, who had had the pleasure of being acquainted with him at Paris, presently initiated him into the mysteries of good company. Your other child, to whom, indeed, you have been as kind as if he had really been your own, has, it is true, rather a genteeler figure, and a better air and address, than he had formerly; but you must own too, that there is great room for improvement, and that he is still far from being that graceful, sociable, amiable man I wish him to be. I hope reflection, and a farther intercourse with the world, will make him so in time. Nothing is more necessary, not only in society, but towards the success of negotiations. Good sense and learning are the necessary foundations, but without the graces they are almost useless: rough diamonds are not worn, yet they have their value, but they do not shine.

Now, madam, is the season for Bagatelle and Babiole; in a few days, I purpose going to the latter, to bury myself, I will not say alive, for that cannot be said of a deaf man, but vegetating. I shall be there in the only company I am not a burden to, I mean my cabbages. As for you, who have all the requisites for enjoying and promoting the sweets of society, go to Bagatelle, recover your health, and forget your sorrows. See your friends, divert yourself, and, as much as you can, drive away every painful and useless recollection. We are more masters of our feelings, and of our passions, than we generally imagine; they must, of necessity, have an object; but, by taking upon us a little, we can, in a great measure, chuse those objects, and substitute agreeable to disagreeable ones. At least, I practise what I preach; for, instead of sinking under the greatest misfortune that could have befallen me, at my time of life, I mean my deafness, I make it my business to look out for every possible alleviation, and am the readier to lay hold of every

le labyrinthe de Londres. Il y a tout vû, il a été partout, et partout où il a été, on a souhaité de l'y revoir. Son mérite, ses manières, et l'Anglois, qu'il parle très-passablement, lui auroient toujours frayé le chemin à tout ce qu'il a de bonne compagnie ici: mais, faits comme nous le sommes, il lui auroit fallu du tems pour cela, au lieu que le grand nombre de nos jeunes gens, qui avoient eu le plaisir de le connoître à Paris, l'ont initié d'abord dans tous les mystères de la bonne compagnie.

Votre autre enfant, pour lequel, en vérité, vous avez eu les mêmes bontés que s'il eût été réellement le vôtre, a, il est vrai, la figure un peu plus dégagée, l'air un peu meilleur, et les manières un peu moins mauvaises qu'autrefois; mais vous m'avouerez aussi, que, du point où il est actuellement, aux graces, au liant, à l'aimable, il a encore un furieux chemin à faire. J'espere que la réflexion, et l'usage du monde, les lui donneront avec le temps. Il n'y a rien de plus nécessaire, non seulement pour les agrémens de la société, mais pour le succès dans les négociations. Le bon sens, et le savoir, sont des fondemens nécessaires; mais sans les graces, ils deviennent presqu'inutiles: on ne porte pas les diamans bruts, la valeur y est pourtant, mais c'est que le lustre n'y est pas.

Voici, madame, la saison pour Bagatelle et Babiole; en peu de jours je compte d'aller à ce dernier endroit, m'y enterrer, je ne dis pas vif, car cela ne se dit pas d'un sourd, mais végétant. J'y serai dans la seule compagnie, à laquelle je ne suis pas à charge actuellement, c'est-à-dire mes choux; mais pour vous, qui avez tout ce qu'il faut pour goûter, et pour donner les douceurs de la société, profitez de Bagatelle pour le rétablissement de votre santé, et pour l'oubli de vos chagrins. Voyez-y vos amis, amusez-vous, et bannissez, autant que vous le pourrez, des souvenirs aussi inutiles que désagréables. Nous sommes, plus que nous ne le croyons généralement, les maîtres des sentimens de notre cœur, et des mouvements de notre esprit; il leur faut nécessairement un objet, mais en prenant un peu sur nous, nous pouvons en grande partie leur choisir ces objets, et en substituer d'agréables aux désagréables. Au moins je prêche d'exemple, puisqu'au lieu de succomber sous le plus grand malheur qui pouvoit m'arriver à mon âge, la sourdité, je m'occupe à en chercher

every amusement that is within my reach. That, madam, is true philosophy; give me leave to recommend it to you. You will soon see lady Hervey again; she is heartily sick of London, and longs to be at Paris. I shall lament her absence, but cannot blame her taste; it comes into my system of philosophy. I know some who would do the same, if circumstances would permit them to wish you a good night at Bagatelle, instead of doing it here.

PERMIT, madam, your little servant, to add a small postscript to this letter, to assure you, that he will ever retain the strongest sense of gratitude, for the kindness you shewed him during his stay at Paris, and that he is with the most respectful attachment,

Your most obedient humble servant,

P. STANHOPE.

LETTER LXXI.

TO THE SAME.

Babiole, June 24, 1753.

YOUR silence will not conceal you, madam; all you do bears the stamp of friendship, and elegance of taste, to a degree that must betray you. I have actually before my eyes a proof of both. It is the finest piece of Vincennes china I ever saw in my life; the matter, the form, the colouring, in short, all is perfect, and could come from none but you. I beg you will suppose all I ought to say upon the occasion, and, as the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* says*, as if I did not know what to say to you.

I will confess to you, as it would certainly come round to you from other quarters, that your favours have made me indiscreet, and that I have played you

a *pe-*
* The title of one of Moliere's plays.

chercher tous les dédommagemens possibles, et je me prête d'autant plus à tout les amusemens, qui sont à ma portée. Voila, madame, la véritable philosophie, je vous la recommande. Vous reverrez bientôt madame d'Hervey, qui meurt d'ennui ici, et d'envie pour Paris : je regretterai son absence, mais sans blâmer son goût ; c'est dans mon sytème de philosophie. J'en connois d'autres qui feroient de même, si les circonstances leur permettoient de vous donner à Bagatelle au lieu d'ici le bon soi.

PERMETTEZ, madame, à votre petit serviteur d'ajouter une petite apostille à cette lettre, pour vous assurer qu'il conservera éternellement les sentimens de la plus vive reconnoissance des bontés, que vous lui avez témoignées pendant son séjour à Paris, et qu'il est avec l'attachement le plus respectueux,

Votre très-humble et très-obéissant serviteur,

P. STANHOPE.

LETTER LXXI.

A LA MÊME.

A Babiole, 24 Juin, 1753.

VOTRE silence ne vous cacherà pas, madame ; tout ce que vous faites est trop marqué au coin de l'amitié, et du bon goût, pour ne vous pas déceler. J'ai actuellement devant mes yeux une preuve de l'une et de l'autre. C'est la plus belle pièce de porcelaine de Vincennes que j'aye vu de mes jours ; le fond de la matière, la forme, les couleurs, enfin tout en est parfait, et ne pouvoit venir que de votre part. Supposez, je vous en supplie, tout ce que je devrois vous dire de la mienne, et faites (comme dit le Bourgeois Gentilhomme *) comme si je ne favois que vous dire là-dessus.

Je vous avouerai, puisque vous le fauriez d'ailleurs, que vos faveurs m'ont rendu indiscret, et que je vous ai joué

un

a *petit maitre's* trick, in the presence of Mr. Francés and Mr. Buchelay, by seating myself between your *arms* in my *boudoir* at London, and at the same time hinting to them that they were yours. I have had the pleasure of seeing those two gentlemen, both in town and here, but I was obliged to catch them flying; for, as they were determined to see every thing, they were always upon the wing, so that I have seen much less of them than I wished.

I suppose you are now at Bagatelle, where you may be said to live; for this month past, I have been here, where I vegetate at best. Society, at least, returns you some part of the pleasure you give; for my part, I neither give or receive any.

IF I have not a desire of pleasing in general, it is your fault, madam, and I lay the blame upon you. The honor of having been acquainted with you has made me too nice in my taste, but I promise you, whenever I meet with persons like you, my ambition to please them shall equal, if possible, the respect and gratitude with which I have the honor to be,

M A D A M,

Your most obedient humble servant,

P. STANHOPE.

L E T T E R LXXII.

T O T H E S A M E.

Babiole, Sept. 13, 1753.

I Have spared you of late, madam, but you shall not escape me, and as long as we are both in this world, I shall remind you, from time to time, that you have as affectionate a friend, and as zealous a servant, in England, as any you can have in France; that is

un tour de petit maître, en présence de messieurs Francés et Buchelay, en me plaçant entre vos *bras* dans mon boudoir à Londres, leur donnant en même tems à comprendre que c'étoient les vôtres. J'ai eu le plaisir de voir ces deux messieurs à Londres et ici, mais il les falloit tirer en volant ; car, comme ils vouloient absolument tout voir, ils étoient toujours par voies et par chemins, de sorte que je les ai vus bien moins que je ne l'aurois souhaité.

Je suppose que vous êtes actuellement à Bagatelle, où vous vivez ; je suis depuis un mois ici, où je végète tout au plus. La société vous rend au moins quelques uns des agréments que vous lui donnez ; pour moi je n'y donne, et je n'en reçois plus.

SI je n'ai pas le désir de plaire en général, c'est votre faute, madame, et je m'en prends à vous. L'honneur de vous avoir connue m'a rendu le goût trop délicat, mais je vous promets que partout où je trouverai des gens qui vous ressemblent, mon désir de leur plaire égalera, s'il est possible, le respect et la reconnoissance avec lesquels j'ai l'honneur d'être,

MADAME,

Votre très-humble et très-obéissant serviteur,

P. STANHOPE.

LETTER LXXII.

A LA MÊME.

A Babiole, ce 13 Sept. 1753.

JE vous ai ménagée dernièrement, madame, mais vous ne m'échapperez pas, et pendant que nous ferons tous deux dans ce monde ici, je vous ferai bien ressouvenir de tems en tems, que vous avez en Angleterre un ami aussi tendre, et un serviteur aussi zélé, que

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vous

is saying a great deal, but no more than is true. Would you believe that your friendship is become of greater consequence to me than ever, and that it is owing to our distance from each other? Deafness is productive of very odd effects, and inverts the natural order of things; epistolary intercourse is the conversation of the deaf, and the only band of their society. A friend, when present, is a burden to me, as he makes me doubly sensible of my misfortune, which I forget, in some degree, whilst I am writing to him, or reading his letters. For instance, I should hate to *see you talk*, whereas I am overjoyed to *hear you write*. You will own, madam, this is a new kind of compliment, and the more strange from me, as, not long since, my most ardent wish was, for the pleasure of seeing you once more at Paris. I fully intended it; but *altri tempi, altri cure*.

Your little boy does not go to Venice, as I flattered myself he would, I thought myself sure, but is any thing sure at court? Yes, that they promise much, and perform little. Till something offers, I have again removed him; he set out last week for Holland, and from thence he is to go and spend the winter at the electoral courts of Bonn, Mânheim, Munich, Dresden, &c. Is it to polish him, you will ask, and to give him the varnish you so much wish him to have, that you send him to Germany? Indeed it is, madam, and I am persuaded he will be the better for it. He has not a proper desire of pleasing, he has not the necessary attentions, he does not love to constrain himself; he will be compelled to it by the German stiffness, pride, and haughtiness, which is the proper antidote against his carelessness. Besides, there are no English to be met with in those courts, which is no small article in the account of good breeding and politeness. *A propos* of English, you will soon have one at Paris, that I think a very promising youth; it is the young lord Bolingbroke, nephew to our deceased friend, and, by his talents, no way unworthy to bear his name. You will certainly see him at l'hôtel de * * *; and your friendship for his late uncle will be a more effectual recommendation than any thing I could say to you; otherwise I would have taken the liberty earnestly to beg you would grant him, not only your protection,

but

vous puissiez en avoir un en France ; c'est beaucoup dire, mais cela est vrai. Croiriez-vous bien que votre amitié m'est devenue plus intéressante que jamais, et cela par notre éloignement ? La surdité a des effets bizarres, et renverse l'ordre naturel des choses ; le commerce de lettres est la conversation des sourds, et l'unique lien de leur société. Un ami présent m'accable, en me faisant sentir plus vivement mon malheur, que j'oublie, en quelque façon, en lui écrivant, et en lisant ses lettres. Par exemple, je serois au désespoir de vous *voir parler*, au lieu que je suis trop heureux de vous *entendre écrire*. Avouez, madame, voici un compliment tout nouveau, et d'autant plus singulier de ma part, qu'il n'y a pas longtems que l'objet le plus cher de mes vœux étoit le plaisir de vous revoir à Paris ; je me le proposois, mais *altri tempi, altri cure*.

Votre petit garçon ne va pas à Venise, comme je m'en étois flatté ; je m'en croyois sûr, mais à la cour y a-t-il quelque chose de sûr ? Oui, qu'on y promet beaucoup et qu'on y tient peu. En attendant mieux, je l'ai encore transporté ; il est parti la semaine passée pour la Hollande, et de là il doit aller hiverner aux cours électoralas de Bonn, Manheim, Munich, Dresde, &c. Est-ce pour le décrotter, me direz-vous, et pour lui donner le vernis que vous lui souhaitez tant, que vous l'envoyez en Allemagne ? Eh ! oui, madame, et je suis persuadé qu'il y gagnera. Il n'a pas le desir de plaire qu'il lui faudroit, il n'a pas les attentions nécessaires, il n'aime pas à se contraindre ; la roideur, la hauteur, et la morgue Germanique l'y forceront, c'est le contrepoisson nécessaire pour sa nonchalance. D'ailleurs, il n'y a jamais d'Anglois à ces cours-là, ce qui est un grand article dans le compte des manières, et de la politesse. A propos d'Anglois, vous en aurez un bientôt à Paris, dont j'augure avantageusement, c'est le jeune mylord Bolingbroke, neveu de feu notre ami, et, par les talens que je lui connois, nullement indigne de porter son nom. Vous le verrez sûrement à l'hôtel de . . . et votre amitié pour son oncle vous le recommandera plus efficacement que tout ce que je pourrois vous dire. Sans cela, j'aurois pris la liberté de vous prier instamment de lui accorder, non-seulement votre protection, mais vos conseils, et votre autorité même. Il est encore neuf, mais il souhaite de ne l'être

but your advice, and even your authority. He is but a novice, but he wishes to be no longer so; he is desirous of improvement, and he will improve. I have been in correspondence with him, ever since his uncle's death, and, I do assure you, his letters are such as would not have been disowned by our late friend, either as to matter or style.

I have vegetated this whole year, without pleasures, and without sorrows; my age and deafness forbid the former; my philosophy, or perhaps my natural disposition, (for the one is often mistaken for the other) secures me from the latter. I go on, making the most I can of the sober amusements of gardening, walking, and reading, and in this manner *I wait for death, without either wishing or fearing it* *; till the moment comes, you may, madam, rank me in the number of those who are most devoted to you.

LETTER LXXIII.

TO THE SAME.

London, Nov. 12, 1753.

YES, madam, let us fly, let us fly, nothing can be prettier or more convenient, no matter with what wings. But no, I am not for the wings of time, any more than you. Alas! we fly but too swiftly upon these against our will. But why not the wings of the winds? The Zephyrs have long had wings, and I am much mistaken if I have not seen, at the corner of a map of Lapland, the great bloated Boreas with enormous ones; but if it is not the fashion to say so, we must think no more of these. If you are so difficult in your choice, we shall absolutely have none left, but the wings of love, which you seem to have no mind to use. I have searched every where for the wings of friendship, these would have suited us to perfection, but she has none, because she is not supposed to be fickle. So, as there are no others to be had, let us skim along on the wings of love, let us clap them on, and apply them to the use of friendship. Dear, how pretty they are, how swift they go! and they return as quick. The question is only where to find

* A line of S. Evremond.

plus ; il veut se former, et il se formera. J'ai été en commerce de lettre avec lui, depuis la mort de son oncle, et je vous assure que celles que j'en ai reçues ne seroient pas désavouées par feu votre ami, ni par rapport à la matière, ni par rapport au style.

J'ai végété toute cette année ici, sans plaisirs, et sans peines : mon âge et ma surdité me défendent les premiers ; ma philosophie, ou peut-être mon tempérament, (car on s'y trompe souvent) me garantit des dernières. Je tire toujours le meilleur parti que je puis des amusemens tranquilles du jardinage, de la promenade, et de la lecture ; moyennant quoi, *j'attends la mort, sans la desirer ou la craindre**. Jusqu'à ce moment-là, comptez moi, madame, dans le nombre de ceux qui vous sont les plus dévoués.

LETTER LXXIII.

A LA MÊME.

A Londres, ce 12 Nov. 1753.

OU, madame, volons, volons, il n'y auroit rien de plus joli, ni de plus commode, n'importe avec quelles ailes. Je me dédis pourtant, et je ne veux non plus que vous les ailes du tems. Hélas ! nous n'y volons déjà que trop vite malgré nous. Mais pourquoi pas les ailes des vents ? Depuis très-longtems, les zéphyrs ont eu des ailes, et je me trompe fort, si je n'ai pas vu, au coin d'une carte de Laponie, le gros boursoufié Borée, qui en avoit de furieuses ; mais dès que cela ne se dit pas, il n'y faut plus penser. Si pourtant vous êtes si difficile dans le choix, il ne vous restera absolument que les ailes de l'amour, dont vous paroissiez n'avoir pas envie de vous servir. J'ai cherché partout si je pouvois trouver des ailes à l'amitié, c'auroit été justement notre fait ; mais elle ne'en a pas, parceque l'amitié n'est pas censée être volage. Comme donc il ne nous en reste pas d'autres, fendons les airs sur les ailes de l'amour ; prenons-les à bon comte, et mettons-les au profit de l'amitié. Eh ! qu'elles sont jolies, qu'elles vont vite, il est vrai qu'elles reviennent de même ; reste donc seulement à

savoir

find them. The poets are continually talking of them, as they would talk of post-chaises ; but, between you and me, I believe they tell fibs, and the more as, when I consider the specific gravity of our bodies, and the subtlety of the air, I am inclined to question whether men have ever flown at all. So I doubt we must be content with some more simple and easy method, such as a magician in our pay, a hippocryph, or at least some kind genius, who having been hermetically imprisoned in a little vial *, will undertake, for the sake of recovering his liberty, to waft us in a minute, or at farthest in a minute and a half, wherever we chuse to go. How many trips we should then take from Paris to London, and from London to Paris, as likewise from Bagatelle to Babiole, and from Babiole to Bagatelle ! In my way to Paris, to pay my court to you, I would step to the moon, for a few minutes only, in hopes of finding my ears there, encouraged by the example of Astolpho, who found there the wit of Orlando †. Were I to find none but Midas's ears, I would seize upon them, for I must have the pleasure of hearing you at any rate ; it is well worth taking a journey to the moon. Seriously, madam, could not our abbé find out some vehicle of that kind, in all the conjuring books in his library, particularly in Solomon's clavicula ‡, or in the respectable Hebrew, Arabic, or cabalistical manuscripts ? If he will help me to some, I bind myself by a vow to offer up to him (the ancients always promised some offering to their deities and their priests to make them propitious) a night gown with a grey ground, flowered with the finest rose colour, that ever genius, sylph, or fairy wore. It is their favourite colour, as well as that of the abbé. At all events, and till we can do better, I shall send you your things to-morrow by the usual conveyance ; the parcel is directed as you ordered, and contains the things you commissionned me to buy, and likewise the

* *Le diable boëteux* (the devil upon two sticks) of Le Sage is here alluded to.

† Ariosto, in the wittiest as well as wildest of all poems, his *Orlando Furioso*, introduces king Astolpho, taking a trip to the moon, and finding there whatever is lost upon earth ; as for instance, the lover's tears and sighs, the time spent in gaming, the vain pursuits of learned ignorance, the prayers and vows to heaven, the promises of princes, &c. but especially small bottles filled with com-

abbé's

savoir où les trouver ; les poëtes nous en parlent à tous momens, comme ils parleroient des chaises de postes ; mais, entre nous, je crois qu'ils mentent, et d'autant plus que, quand je considère la gravité spécifique de nos corps, et la subtilité de l'air, je doute un peu si jamais on a volé. Je crains donc qu'il faudra que nous nous contentions de quelque moyen plus simple et plus facile, comme d'un enchanter à gages, un hippogriffe, ou au moins de quelque génie bienfaisant, qui ayant été hermétiquement emprisonné dans une petite phiole*, voudra, pour regagner sa liberté, nous transporter dans une minute, ou tout au plus dans une minute et demie, là où nous le voudrions. Que de courses nous ferions alors de Paris à Londres, et de Londres à Paris, comme aussi de Bagatelle à Babiole, et de Babiole à Bagatelle ! En chemin faisant, pour vous faire ma cour à Paris, j'irois pour quelques momens seulement, à la lune, dans l'espérance d'y trouver mes oreilles, encouragé par l'exemple d'Astolphe, qui y trouva bien l'esprit de Roland †. Si même je n'y trouvois que celles de Midas, je m'en faisrois, car il faut absolument que j'aye le plaisir de vous entendre, cela vaut bien un voyage à la lune. Sérieusement madame, notre abbé ne pourroit il pas nous trouver quelque voiture de la sorte, dans tout le grimoire de sa bibliothèque, surtout dans la clavicule de Salomon ‡, ou dans les respectables manuscrits Hébreux, et Arabes, de la cabale ? S'il m'en fournit, je fais vœu de lui offrir (les anciens promettoient toujours quelque offrande à leurs divinités, et à leur prêtres, pour se les rendre propices) une robe de chambre à fond gris, relevé du plus beau couleur de rose, qu'aît jamais porté génie, sylphide ou fée. C'est leur couleur favorite, aussi bien que de l'abbé : en tout cas, et en attendant mieux, je vous enverrai demain, par la voiture ordinaire, les petites commissions dont vous m'avez fait l'honneur de me charger. Le pacquet est addressé selon vos ordres, et contient aussi la robe de chambre de l'abbé. Je vous supplie, madame, de lui vouloir bien faire mes compliments, et de l'assurer que, s'il ne

mon sense, supposed to make up for the deficiencies of those who have lost either the whole, or part, of theirs.

† A fabulous book, much esteemed in the East, and ascribed to king Solomon, as containing the key to all his secrets, in astrology, alchemy, and even the magic arts, that wise prince being thought to have been the king of conjurors.

tenoit

abbé's night gown. I beg, madam, you will give my best compliments to him, and assure him that, if it lay in my power, instead of a night gown, I would send him a *pall*, together with a cap of a deeper red than his favourite colour.

I am this moment arrived from Bath, and just as deaf, that is to say, as stupid as I went ; but in point of general health, I am better. My stomach is in good order, and my appetite laudable, though not to compare to that of the abbé ; that invulnerable stomach is a gift of heaven, upon which I congratulate him from the bottom of mine ; he must improve it to the best advantage, that is to say, he must fill it well.

Little Bolingbroke, nephew to our late friend, is at present with me, and in ten or twelve days, will have honour of being with you. I have promised him I would recommend him to you, and desire you to assist and protect him. He has true and solid good sense, real taste, and knows a good deal. What he still wants, is a knowledge of the world, and the graces, which he is determined to acquire, if possible ; and I dare say it will be possible, as he ardently wishes to please, and to improve ; and it is for that purpose that he intends to spend a year or two at Paris, without frequenting his countrymen.

But what a volume of a letter ! You are quite exhausted, I perceive it. So good night, madam.

LETTER LXXIV.

TO THE SAME.

London, April 6, 1754.

YOU have been very near losing one of your most faithful servants, madam, and I should have been sorry for your sake, as I know the warmth of his friendship, and of his sentiments towards you ; but as to himself, I care very little about it, now that he is fit for nothing, but is rather a burden to himself and others. It was my own self who had well nigh walked off, with a rheumatism, or, as the physicians called it, a flying gout. I have kept

tenoit qu'à moi, au lieu d'une robe de chambre, je lui enverrois un *pallium*, accompagné même d'un bonnet d'un rouge plus foncé, que sa couleur favorite.

J'arrive des Bains ici dans ce moment, et tout aussi sourd, c'est-a-dire aussi bête, que j'y suis allé ; mais du côté de la santé en général, j'y ai gagné. Mon estomac est en bon ordre, et mon appétit est louable, sans comparaison pourtant avec ceux de l'abbé ; cet estomac invulnérable est un don du ciel, dont je le félicite du fond du mien, il faut le mettre à profit, c'est-à-dire le bien remplir.

Le petit Bolingbroke, neveu de feu notre ami, est actuellement avec moi, et en dix ou douze jours aura l'honneur d'être avec vous. Je lui ai promis de vous le recommander, et de vous prier de l'aider, et de le protéger. Il a un bon sens juste et solide, le goût sûr, et ne manque pas d'acquis. Ce qui lui manque encore, c'est l'usage du monde, et les graces, qu'il est bien résolu d'acquérir, si faire se peut, et j'ose dire que faire se pourra, puis qu'il cherche ardemment à plaire, et à se former. C'est aussi pour cela qu'il compte de rester une année ou deux à Paris, sans y fréquenter ses compatriotes.

Mais quel volume que cette lettre ! vous n'en pouvez plus, je m'en apperçois ; bon soir donc, madame.

LETTRE LXXIV.

A LA MÊME.

A Londres, 6 d'Avril, 1754.

VOUS avez pensé perdre un de vos plus fidèles serviteurs, et j'en aurois été fâché pour l'amour de vous, madame, sûr comme je le suis de la vivaçité de son amitié, et de ses sentimens, à votre égard ; mais, par rapport à lui, je n'y prends que fort peu d'intérêt depuis qu'il ne m'est plus bon à rien, mais plutôt à charge. C'étoit précisément moi-même, qui ai pensé trépasser d'un rhumatisme, ou, selon les médecins, d'une goutte volante. J'en ai gardé le lit un mois,

kept my bed a month, my room two months, and my house three. At present, I have neither pain nor sickness, but then I have neither health nor strength, and cannot get completely well. I am willing to flatter myself that, from a certain sympathy, which indeed cannot well be defined, your sorrows have increased my illness, unknown to us both. Whether I believe it or not, I have whispered it to some people here, who have the honour of being acquainted with you, on purpose to give myself consequence, and I really think they have shewn a greater regard for me ever since. Madam de Sévigné found great relief from her cousin count Buffys's being let blood; you are as good in all respects as that lady; and except in point of wit, I am as good as the count*. Our friendship is certainly more sincere than theirs was; why then should it not produce the same effects as their consanguinity? Friendship is full as good as relationship; but relationship does not always imply friendship.

At last, at last, madam, winter is over, and fine weather is coming on; we may once more see Bagatelle and Babiole. Upon my word, this severe winter had froze my brain to such degree, that I was no longer a thinking being; it is now far from being entirely thawed, as you may perceive by this letter, and therefore I shall conclude sooner than usual.

LETTER LXXV.

TO THE SAME.

Babiole, Oct. 2, 1754.

YOUR letter, madam, has removed my fears, occasioned by your silence. I was afraid you were ill; I was almost as much afraid you had forgot me; and lastly, I thought it by no means impossible but that, tired of so uninteresting and trifling a correspondence as mine, you might have come to a resolution of dropping it. The least afflicting of these suppositions was full enough so, for one who has so long been devoted to you, but devoted on

* A very witty, but still more vain, French nobleman, in the time of Lewis XIV. His memoirs are very entertaining, and his letters almost equal to those of his cousin, the celebrated madame de Sévigné.

the

mois, la chambre deux, et la maison trois ; je n'ai à-présent ni douleur, ni maladie, mais en même tems je n'ai ni santé, ni force, et je ne me rétablis point. Je veux me flatter que, par une certaine sympathie, qu'on ne peut pas à la vérité bien définir, vos chagrins ont augmenté ma maladie, et ma maladie vos chagrins, sans que nous le fussions l'un ou l'autre. En tout cas, que je le croye ou non, je l'ai dit pourtant à l'oreille à quelques personnes ici, qui ont l'honneur de vous connoître, pour me faire valoir, et effectivement, il m'a paru, qu'ils m'en ont considéré d'avantage. Madame de Sévigné se trouva extrêmement soulagée d'une saignée, que fit son cousin le comte de Buffy* ; vous la valez bien à tous égards, et, à l'esprit près, je vous bien monsieur de Buffy. Notre amitié est certainement plus sincère que n'étoit la leur ; pourquoi donc ne feroit-elle pas les mêmes effets que faisoit leur parenté ? L'amitié vaut bien la parenté, mais la parenté n'est nullement un terme synonimè pour l'amitié.

A la fin des fins, madame, voici l'hiver qui est fini, et le beau tems qui commence, nous pouvons revoir Bagatelle et Babiole. En vérité, les rigueurs de cet hiver m'avoient glacé la cervelle, au point que je n'étois plus un être pensant ; il s'en faut bien qu'elle soit encore tout-à-fait dégélée, comme vous le verrez bien par cette lettre, que, pour cette raison, je finirai plutôt qu'à l'ordinaire.

LETTER LXXV.

A LA MÊME.

A Babiole, ce 2 Oct. 1754.

VOTRE lettre, madame, m'a rassuré sur bien des craintes, que votre silence m'avoit causées. Je craignois que vous ne fussiez malade ; je craignois presqu'autant votre oubli, et enfin, je croyois qu'il n'étoit nullement impossible que, lasse d'un commerce aussi peu intéressant et aussi futile que le mien, vous n'eussiez pris le parti de le laisser tomber tout doucement. Le moins affligeant de ces cas l'étoit bien assez, pour une personne qui depuis si long-tems vous a été dévouée, mais dévouée sur les seuls vrais principes

the only true principles of a permanent esteem and friendship, I mean on reason, and a thorough knowledge of your worth. I had sent you a letter from Aix-la-Chapelle, and another from Spa*; but I see they have both shared the same fate with the four last I wrote to lady Hervey, who was then at Paris, and never received one: so the matter is now cleared up, and the mystery unravelled on both sides.

The waters of Aix-la-Chapelle and Spa have only patched up my crazy building for a while; for, not a fortnight ago, I thought it was tumbling down. My giddiness, and the pains in my stomach, which are either the cause or the consequence of it (for the faculty have not yet been able to determine that point) have almost demolished me. All I feel now is weakness and languor. I believe your very humble servant is drawing near his end, for all the ills, that attend a more advanced age, are falling thick upon him. I even perceive that my mind weakens, as well as my body: it must be so of course, as the body has a great influence on the mind, during their union here below. What I most dread is, that my body should outlive my mind, and drag on for years under the humiliating effects of a palsy, which is frequently the case. Nothing short of that will ever make me cease to be your ———

LETTER LXXVI.

TO THE SAME.

London, Jan. 10, 1755.

YOU judged rightly, madam, that my silence was involuntary, and that it was owing to cruel necessity. For these six months past, it seems as if all the complaints, that ever attacked heads, had joined to overpower mine.---Continual noises, head-ach, giddiness, and impenetrable deafness; I could not stoop to write; and even reading, the only resource of the deaf, was painful to me. In this dismal situation of the material part, the immaterial came in

* Whither he was sent by his physicians, for his rheumatism, giddiness, and deafness; he received but little benefit from this expedition.

for

principes d'une estime, et d'une amitié permanentes, je veux dire la raison, et la parfaite connoissance de ce que vous valez. J'avois eu l'honneur de vous écrire une lettre d'Aix-la-Chapelle, et une autre de Spa*, mais je vois que ces deux lettres ont eu le même sort, que quatre autres lettres que j'écrivis à madame d'Hervey, qui étoit alors à Paris, et qui n'en a reçu pas une seule : nous voici donc éclaircis, et nous voici aussi au dénouement réciproque.

Les eaux d'Aix-la-Chapelle et de Spa n'ont fait que des réparations peu durables à mon chétif bâtiment, puisqu'il n'y a pas quinze jours, que je crus qu'il s'écrouloit. Mes vertiges, accompagnés des maux d'estomac, qui en sont ou la cause ou la suite, car la faculté n'a pu encore décidé là dessus, m'ont accablé : il ne m'en reste à-présent que la foiblesse et la langueur. Je crois que votre très humble serviteur tire vers sa fin, puisque tous les maux d'un âge encore plus avancé que le sien lui tombent en foule sur le corps. Je m'apperçois même que mon esprit baïsse aussi ; cela est tout simple, il faut s'y attendre, le corps ayant beaucoup à dire sur l'esprit, pendant leur union ici bas. Ce que je crains le plus, parceque cela arrive souvent, c'est que mon corps ne survive à mon esprit, et ne traîne, pendant quelques années, les effets humiliants d'une paralysie. Il ne me faut, assurément, rien moins que cela pour cesser d'être votre, &c.

LETTER LXXVI.

A LA MÊME.

A Londres, 10 Janv. 1755.

VOUS aurez bien jugé, madame, que mon long silence n'a pas été volontaire, mais qu'une dure nécessité me l'a imposé. En effet, depuis six mois, il semble que tous les maux qui ont jamais attaqué des têtes, se sont réunis pour accabler la mienne. Bruits perpétuels, migraines vertiges, et surdité impénétrable, je n'ai pu la baïsser pour écrire, et la lecture même, unique ressource des sourds, m'a été pénible. Dans cette triste situation du matériel, l'immatériel

for a share. Such is their union. If I thought at all, it was so little that I do not remember it, and only recollect that I wondered what you would think of my silence, and was sorry I could not address you on the new year, I will not say, with the compliments of the season; I hate that word when I am speaking to you, but with my sincere wishes for all that was most interesting to you.

It is very kind in you, madam, to think so much of my misfortunes, as to take the trouble of inquiring after the means of alleviating them. I am persuaded the person you mean, who cures deafness, is the abbé de St. Julien, who has certainly performed great cures at Paris, but who has exerted all his skill upon me to no manner of purpose. Two years ago, I sent him an exact account of my case; he studied it, answered all the articles one by one, and not only sent his prescriptions in writing, but the very medicines themselves, which I scrupulously took; but my disorder proved stronger than he or his medicines. I have consulted all the most noted physicians in Europe, but with no better success; and the obstinacy of a hereditary deafness, which is now inveterate, has baffled all their efforts. I must have patience, it is the only remedy I have left; a sad one indeed, and one that does not cure, but mitigates, in some measure, the evils it cannot remove. I do not act the Stoic philosopher; I feel my sufferings, and I acknowledge them to be an evil, but, at the same time, I know, by experience, that we can take upon us much more than is generally imagined. If we be but willing, we are able to help ourselves to a certain degree. I seek every thing that can amuse me, and divert the gloomy reflections, which my misfortune would otherwise suggest. I partake of the smallest amusements; I endeavour to magnify them, and to make them appear considerable. By this means, and with the help of a cheerful disposition, I still make shift to keep off melancholy. I divert myself but little, but then I do not afflict myself overmuch.

LETTER

teriel y a été pour sa part ; telle est leur union. Si j'ai pensé du tout, ç'a été si peu, que je ne m'en ressouviens pas, et je me rappelle seulement que j'ai pensé à ce que vous penseriez de mon silence, et au regret que j'avois de ne pouvoir pas vous prévenir au renouvellement de cette année, je ne dis pas, par les compliments de la saison, ce terme là me choque vis-à-vis de vous, mais par les vœux sincères que je formois, pour tout ce qui pouvoit vous intéresser le plus.

Vous avez bien de la bonté, madame, de songer assez à mes malheurs, pour vous donner la peine de vous informer des moyens de les adoucir. Je suis persuadé que le médecin des sourds, dont vous parlez, est l'abbé de St. Julien, qui a certainement fait de grandes cures à Paris, mais qui a très-inutilement employé tout son savoir faire sur moi. Il y a deux ans que je lui ai envoyé mon cas très-exactement détaillé ; il l'a étudié il y a répondu article pour article, et il m'a non seulement envoyé ses ordonnances par écrit, mais même ses remèdes en espèces que j'ai pris scrupuleusement ; mais mon mal a été plus fort que lui et ses remèdes. J'ai consulté, de plus, tous les plus célèbres médecins de l'Europe, mais avec le même succès, et l'opiniâtré d'une surdité héréditaire, et à présent invétérée, a résisté à tous leurs efforts. Il faut donc prendre patience, c'est le seul remède qui me reste ; triste remède, à la vérité, et qui ne guérit point, mais qui mitige un peu les maux, qu'elle ne peut pas guérir. Je ne fais pas le philosophe stoïcien ; je sens mon mal, et je conviens que c'en est un, mais en même tems je sens par expérience qu'on peut prendre beaucoup plus sur soi-même, qu'on ne croit généralement. En voulant s'aider, on s'aide à un certain point ; je cherche tout ce qui peut m'amuser, et faire diversion aux tristes réflexions, que mon malheur autrement m'inspireroit. Je me prête aux moindres amusemens ; je tâche de les grossir, et d'en faire objet, moyennant quoi, et avec le secours d'un tempéramment naturellement gai, je suis encore à l'abri de la mélancholie ; je ne me diverti guères, mais aussi je ne m'attriste point.

L. E T-

LETTER LXXVII.

TO THE SAME.

Babiole, Aug. 21, 1755.

I Never reckoned you, madam, in the number of those vulgar grandmothers, who shew their station by their wrinkles and their ill-temper. On the contrary, I have always taken it for granted, that under that character, you would have the same exclusive privileges as you have in all others; nor have I been mistaken: you grow younger, you are grown plump, in a word, you adorn the dignity of grandmother, which is not always so favourable to other ladies. You took your measures very well, when you contrived to bring a second daughter into the world, to supply the place of the first, and to furnish you with a succession of those pleasing employments, which maternal fondness bestows on the education of a child. I doubt not but you will go on in the same method; and I expect, that ten years hence, you will again notify the birth of a third, who will come to replace the second.

You want me to tell you how I spend my time at Babiole. Pardon me, madam; I really will not, for it would be the ready way to make you change the place of your exile. I would rather send you the finest description in the world of it, to induce you to come, and then, when you was undeceived by experience, it would be too late to recede. We are told, this is the way that the men often deal with women; but can that be true? I will not believe it. What you say about lady's Hervey's frequent journeys is too true, and too sensible, to leave me the least hope of seeing you at Babiole. I believe you would sooner consent to grow old, than to ramble about as she does. I would chuse once for all, and settle in the country I liked best. To be at ease, one must be at home; and it is having no home, to be always encamping and decamping like the Tartars.

You desire me, madam, to give you an account of your quondam foot-boy, who has not, I assure you, forgot how

L E T T R E LXXVII.

A LA MÊME.

A Babiole, 21 d'Août, 1755.

JE ne vous ai jamais comptée, madame, du nombre de ces grandmères vulgaires, qui annoncent leur état par leurs rides, et leur mauvaise humeur. Au contraire, j'ai toujours supposé que vous auriez dans ce caractère les priviléges exclusifs, que vous avez dans tous les autres. Je ne m'y suis point trompé ; vous rajeunissez, vous prenez de l'embonpoint, et enfin, vous ornez la dignité de grand-mère, qui de tems en tems dépare un peu les autres. Vous avez aussi bien pris vos mesures, et même de loin, en faisant mademoiselle la seconde, précisément dans le temps qu'il falloit, pour qu'elle remplaçât mademoiselle la première, et qu'elle vous procurât cette succession d'occupations agréables, que l'amour maternel trouve dans les soins, et dans l'éducation d'un enfant. Je ne doute pas que vous ne continuiez encore sur ce ton-là, et je m'attens qu'en dix ans d'ici, vous me ferez encore la notification d'une troisième mademoiselle, pour remplacer à son tour la seconde.

Vous voulez que je vous détailler la vie que je mène à Babiole ; vous me pardonnerez, madame, mais je n'en ferai rien, puisque ce seroit le moyen de vous faire changer le lieu de votre exil. Je vous en ferois plutôt la plus belle description du monde, pour vous y attirer, et puis, quand vous en seriez désabusée par expérience, il seroit trop tard pour reculer. Voila comme on prétend que les hommes agissent souvent vis-à-vis des femmes, mais cela seroit-il possible ? Je ne veux pas le croire. Ce que vous me dites au sujet des frequens voyages de mylady Hervey, est trop vrai, et trop sensé pour me laisser la moindre espoirance de vous voir à Babiole. Je crois que vous consentiriez plutôt à vieillir, qu'à battre la campagne comme elle fait. J'opterois, une fois pour toutes, et je me fixerois dans le païs qui me plairoit le plus : pour être à son aise, il faut être chez soi, et on n'a plus de chez soi, quand on campe et décampe comme les Tartares.

Vous voulez, madame, que je vous rende compte de votre petit galopin de jadis, qui n'a pas, je puis vous assu-

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rer,

how much he is indebted to you. He thinks and talks of it as he ought; and it is not his fault, but mine, if I have not delivered the compliments he has often desired me to present to you. He studies, he applies, he informs himself: in that respect all is well; he neither games nor drinks, and as for the rest, I neither ought nor will know any thing.

It is rumoured here, as well as in France, that our two kings have taken it into their heads, shortly to declare us enemies; but I declare to them by these presents, that they may do as they please, but that I will sooner run the risque of being guilty of high treason, than not be devoted to you as long as I live.

LETTER LXXVIII.

TO THE SAME.

London, Dec. 25, 1755.

BY no means, madam, will I address you with the threadbare compliments of the season, which the falsehood of the heart has long made suspicious, and the prostitution of politeness has debased. A happy new year to you, then, and there's an end of it. I cannot, however, forbear assuring you of my wishes for your health, and I am sure that is all you can want. My own ills have softened my heart upon this score, and I can hardly conceive there can be any other evils than ill health and deafness. Methinks natural evil softens as much as moral evil hardens the heart. I never give now to the poor who look healthy, I envy them too much, but I ruin myself in medicines and alms for the sick. It is a *brûle* of self-love, I confess; but it is human nature, and that same self-love produces good as well as bad effects. Since the last letter I wrote to you, I have not had a day's health. Faintings, giddiness, pains in my stomach, vapors, all take it by turns, and sometimes attack me in a body, and almost overpower me. In short, I am visibly declining, and, or I am much mistaken, you will soon have one very faithful servant less than you have now. A mind, united to such a body,

(and

rer, oublié ce qu'il vous doit. Il y pense, il en parle comme il doit, et c'est ma faute, et non la sienne, si je ne me suis pas acquitté des complimentens, qu'il m'a souvent prié de vous faire de sa part. Il étudie, il s'applique, il s'informe ; à cet égard-là tout va bien : il ne joue, ni ne boit, et pour le reste, je dois, et je veux l'ignorer.

Il court un bruit ici, comme chez vous, que nos deux rois se sont mis dans l'esprit de nous déclarer bientôt ennemis, mais je leur déclare par ces présentes, qu'ils auront beau faire, et que je risquerai plutôt le crime de lèze majesté, que celui de ne vous être pas dévoué tant que je vivrai.

LETTRE LXXVIII.

A LA MÊME.

A Londres, ce 25 Déc. 1755.

JE n'ai garde, madame, de vous faire les complimentens usés de la saison, que la fausseté du cœur a depuis long-tems rendu suspects, et qu'une politesse prostituée a avisé. Bon jour, bon an donc, et voila qui est fait. Je ne puis pourtant pas m'empêcher de vous assurer des vœux que je fais pour votre santé ; aussi bien c'est tout ce qui peut vous manquer. Mes propres maux m'ont attendri sur ce sujet, et à peine puis-je comprendre qu'il y en ait d'autres que la mauvaise santé, et la surdité. Il me semble que le mal physique attendrit, autant que le mal moral endurcit le cœur. Je ne donne plus aux pauvres, qui paroissent se bien porter, je les envie trop ; mais je me ruine en médecines, et en aumônes pour les malades. C'est une bricole de l'amour propre, il est vrai, mais c'est l'humanité, et aussi cet amour propre produit de bons comme de mauvais effets. Depuis la dernière lettre que j'ai eue l'honneur de vous écrire, je n'ai pas passé un seul jour en santé. Les foiblesse, les vertiges, les maux d'estomac, les abbatemens, se relèvent tour-à-tour, et souvent s'unissent pour m'accabler. Enfin, je dépéris à vue d'œil, et bientôt, où je me trompe, vous aurez un très fidèle serviteur de moins. Un esprit uni à un tel

(and unfortunately that union is a very intimate one) must not think of amusing you, but must expect to tire you, if he did not halten to bid you good night.

LETTER LXXIX.

TO THE SAME.

Little Chartreuse, June 5.

THE late Babiole, madam, presents her most humble respects to Bagatelle, and acquaints her that she has changed her name, to take that of the little *Chartreuse*, which is far more suitable to her present situation. I thought it highly proper to give you this hint, by way of preparing you to receive very dull letters. And, indeed, what can I say to you from my cell, where I see nobody, and hear nothing? I spare you the *memento mori*, which is what we Carthusians say to one another, at the hours when we are allowed to speak, because I will not have you die, nor think of death, this great while. You have still a great deal of time to live, and many happy days to see; and I say for you, what a dying cardinal said for himself, when the priest, who administered the sacraments to him, prayed to God to receive his soul, *sì, ma non adesso*. (Yes, but not yet.)

I have had no letters from your little ward, since he has seen you this time at Paris; but as I know you both so well, I know, as if I had been present, that you have given him a thousand proofs of your friendship, and that, on his side, he has felt much more than he has expressed, for he is rather too shy of speaking. He has excellent goods in his shop, but he has not the knack of shewing them, and setting them off properly. In short, after all the pains I have taken, he has still too much of the Englishman about him. But hold, my hour of silence draws near, luckily for you; and as solitude turns fools to ideots, and wits to madmen, which ever is my lot, it is not fair that you should be a sufferer; so good night, madam.

LET.

corps (et cette union est malheureusement très-intime) ne doit pas songer à vous amuser, mais doit bien s'attendre à vous ennuyer, s'il ne vous donnoit pas de bonne heure le bon soir.

LETTRE LXXIX.

A LA MÊME.

A la petite Chartreuse, 5 Juin.

FEU Babiole, madame, assure Bagatelle de ses très-hum-
bles respects, et lui fait savoir qu'elle a changé de nom,
pour prendre celui de la petite Chartreuse, qui convient
bien mieux à sa position présente. J'ai cru qu'il étoit né-
cessaire de vous donner ce petit avis, pour vous préparer
à recevoir des lettres fort ennuyantes. En effet, que puis-
je vous dire de ma cellule, où je ne vois personne, et où
je n'entends rien ? Je vous épargne le *memento mori*, qui
est ce que nous autres nous disons, aux heures que la pa-
role nous est permise, parceque je ne veux pas que vous
mouriez, ou que vous pensiez à la mort de longtems. Vous
avez encore bien du tems, et bien du bon tems même, à
vivre, et je dis pour vous, ce qu'un cardinal moribond di-
soit pour lui-même, quand le prêtre, qui lui donnoit les
sacremens, prioit Dieu de recevoir son ame, *si, ma non
adesso*.

Je n'ai pas eu des lettres de votre petit protégé, depuis
qu'il vous aura fait sa cour cette fois à Paris ; mais, vous
connoissant tous deux, comme je fais, je fais comme si j'a-
vois été présent, que vous lui avez donné mille témoign-
ages de votre amitié, et que lui, de son côté, en a senti la
plus vive reconnaissance, mieux qu'il ne l'aura exprimée,
car il est assez, ou plutôt trop taciturne. Il a de très bon-
nes marchandises dans sa boutique, mais il n'a pas le talent
de les étaler, et de les faire valoir, comme il devroit. En-
fin, malgré tous les soins que j'ai pris pour le décrotter, il
est encore trop Anglois. Mais à propos, mon heure de
silence approche, heureusement pour vous, et comme la
solitude rend les sots bêtes, et les gens d'esprit fous, quelle
que puisse être ma part à cette alternative, il n'est pas juste
que vous en souffriez : bon soir donc madame.

LET-

LETTER LXXX.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, Dec. 7, 1762.

AT last, madam, things are once more returned into their right channel; our ports are open, the post goes as usual, and our epistolary commerce is free. I prefer this commerce to that of America. It is not unlike it in one respect; for I put you off with paltry shells, and, in return, you give me gold and precious stones, or what I value infinitely more, your letters. Indeed, madam, they are the greatest comfort of my melancholy life; they speak to my eyes most delightfully, and now I can hear but through my eyes. I have been bathing here for a month, to remove, if possible, the remains of my rheumatism, but hitherto I find no benefit, so that I reckon to return to town in a fortnight. All places are much alike to me, but I think home is most convenient.

As I know you are connected with the duke of Nevers, you may assure him the duke of Nivernois is beloved, respected, and admired by all the sensible people, both at court and in the town. My testimony ought not to be suspected; a Carthusian like me, can have no interest to serve by flattering any one. I durst not mention to him the affair of the reverend fathers; it might be an indiscretion, especially if, as I suppose, there be some reason of state at the bottom. I very much question, whether their abilities, which have hitherto been so serviceable to them, will be able to extricate them now. The present age is not favourable to religious societies, it is too much enlightened, and I tremble for the holy father himself in the next century.

I can assure you, with great truth, that, had I not been deaf, I should have been with you a fortnight ago; but I will frankly confess, it would be too mortifying for self-love, to shew myself in the condition I am in. I really believe a better climate might be of service to my health in general, but, whilst he who speaks to me of climate speaks

L E T T R E LXXX.

A L A M È M E.

A Bath, ce 7 Déc. 1762.

A La fin, madame, voila les choses rentrées dans l'ordre ; nos ports sont ouverts, les postes courent, et notre commerce de lettres est libre. Je préfère ce commerce à celui de l'Amérique, auquel par un côté, il ressemble un peu, car je n'y fournis que des coquillages, et en échange, vous me donnez de l'or, et des pierreries, ou ce que j'estime infiniment plus, vos lettres. En vérité, madame, elles font la consolation la plus douce de ma triste vie ; elles parlent à mes yeux le plus agréablement du monde, et à-présent c'est par les yeux seulement que j'entends. Depuis un mois, je prends les bains ici, pour guérir, si cela se peut, le reste de mon rhumatisme ; mais jusqu'ici je n'ai rien gagné, de fort qu'en quinze jours je compte de retourner à Londres, quoique tous les lieux du monde me soient assez indifférens ; pourtant on est plus commodément chez soi.

Comme je fais que vous êtes en liaison avec monsieur le duc de Nevers, vous pouvez l'assurer que monsieur de Nivernois est aimé, respecté et admiré par tout ce qu'il y a d'honnêtes gens à la cour, et à la ville. Mon témoignage ne doit pas être suspect ; un chartreux comme moi n'a pas d'intérêt à flatter personne. Je n'ai pas osé lui parler de l'affaire des révérends pères, il pourroit y avoir de l'indiscrétion, sur tout si, comme je le suppose, il y avoit quelque raison d'état là-dessous. Je doute fort que leur habileté, qui leur a si bien servi jusqu'ici, puisse les tirer d'affaire à-présent. Ce siècle n'est pas favorable aux sociétés religieuses, il est trop éclairé, et je tremble même pour le saint père dans le siècle prochain.

Je vous assure très-véritablement que, si je n'avois pas été sourd, j'aurois été près de vous il y a quinze jours ; mais je vous avouerai tout naturellement, que ce seroit trop humiliant pour mon amour propre, de me présenter en l'état où je suis. Je crois bien qu'un meilleur climat me seroit du bien, par rapport à ma santé en général ; mais

speaks to a deaf man, I shall keep where I am. It is not worth my while to remove. The late president Montesquieu used to tell me, he knew how to be blind; but I confess I do not know how to be deaf. I cannot accustom myself to it, and am just as much mortified at it, and as peevish, as I was the first week. No philosophy is proof against deafness.

LETTER LXXXI.

TO THE SAME.

London, Feb. 14, 1763.

COUNT d'Usson has sent me Mr. de Voisenon's speech*, for which I return you many thanks. I am highly pleased with it; he has given a new turn to a subject that is quite worn out, and he expresses himself with warmth and elegance. I will not tell you the answer is equally brilliant, but at least there is truth in all it says of the duke of Nivernois, who certainly deserves the best that can be said of a man. He accommodates himself to all our manners, as if they were natural to him, though God knows they are widely different from his own. He pleases every body, but, in the main, he must divert himself, as Froissard says, *moult tristement à la mode de notre païs*. My deafness, and his own busines, have prevented my seeing him so often as I could have wished, so that I had rather, for his own sake, see him return to his own country, to the bosom of his family, which he loves, and to the enjoyment of those social pleasures, for which he is so well calculated, as well as for business.

* On his reception into the French academy, at Paris.

LETTER

mais pendant que qui me parle d'un climat, parle à un sourd, je ne le changerai pas ; cela ne vaut pas la peine. Le feu président de Montesquieu me disoit *qu'il savoit être aveugle*, il l'avoit été si longtems, mais j'avoue que je ne sais pas être sourd ; je ne puis pas m'y accoutumer, et j'en suis humilié et chagrin, comme la première semaine. Il n'y a pas de philosophie, qui tienne contre la surdité.

LETTRE LXXXI.

A LA MÊME.

A Londres, 14 Fév. 1763.

LE comte d'Usson m'a envoyé le discours de monsieur de Voisenon *, dont je vous rends mille graces, il me plaît infiniment ; il a donné un nouveau tour à un sujet très-usé, et il s'exprime avec feu, et élégance. Je ne vous dirai pas que la réponse de *** soit également brillante, mais au moins il y a du vrai, en tout ce qu'il dit de monsieur de Nivernois, qui sûrement mérite tout ce qu'on peut dire de mieux d'un homme. Il se fait à toutes nos manières comme si elles lui étoient naturelles, et pourtant Dieu fait qu'elles sont bien différentes des siennes. Il plaît à tout le monde, mais pourtant au fond, il doit se divertir, comme dit Froissard, *moult tristement à la mode de notre païs*. Ma surdité et ses affaires m'empêchent de profiter de son séjour ici, autant que je le souhaiterois, si bien que, pour l'amour de lui, je le voudrois de retour dans sa patrie, dans le sein de sa famille, qu'il chérit, et jouissant des plaisirs d'une aimable société, pour lesquels la nature l'a formé, aussi bien que pour les affaires.

LET-

LETTER LXXXII.

TO THE SAME.

June 10.

No, madam, the poor remains of my days are not worth the care you recommend, nor the kind concern you were pleased to express. At sixty-eight, with a broken constitution, and an hereditary and inveterate deafness, I might change climate ever so much, and go the world over, *my sorrows would still follow me close at my heels* *. I neither do, nor ought to think of any thing but ending my days gently, and killing time the best I can, now that it is become my enemy.

Your friend prince Czartorinsky has brought me the letter you honoured me with, and was so obliging as to partake of a very small dinner at my *Chartreuse*. He began with me in a very agreeable manner, by speaking of you, his protectress, in the same strain as I should have done, if he had not been before hand with me. He has nothing of the Sarmatian about him, for he is good-natured, and aims at pleasing; but then he has not quite got the French sprightliness, which, in moderation, is so becoming to young people. Madam de Boufflers is very much liked here, as I have been told, for I have not seen her, which I am sorry for; but then she has not seen me, which I am glad of. I am told her behaviour is quite natural and easy, that she gives herself no airs, and makes no shew of her wit and learning.

* A fine line of Boileau, Epistle V. 44, imitated and improved from the following lines of Horace; Carmin. Lib. III. i. 37.

Timor et minæ
Scandunt eodem quo dominus; neque
Decedit ærata triremi, et
Post equitem sedet atra cura.

LET-

LETTRE LXXXII.

A LA MÊME.

Ce 10 Juin.

NON, madame, le triste reste de mes jours ne vaut pas les soins que vous m'indiquez, ni l'intérêt que vous voulez bien y prendre. A soixante-huit ans, avec une constitution délabrée, et une surdité héréditaire invétérée j'aurois beau changer de climat, et courir le monde, on m'appliqueroit avec raison,

Le chagrin monte en croupe et galoppe avec lui*.

Je ne pense, et je ne dois penser, qu'à finir tout doucement, et tuer le tems, qui est devenu mon ennemi, aussi bien que je le puis.

Votre protégé le prince Czartorinski m'a apporté la lettre, dont vous m'avez honoré, et a bien voulu prendre un très-petit dîner à ma Chartreuse. Il a bien agréablement débuté avec moi, en me parlant de vous, de la même façon que je lui aurois parlé, s'il ne m'eût pas prévenu. Il n'est point du tout Sarmate, car il a de la douceur, et cherche à plaire ; mais aussi il n'a pas pris la vivacité Françoise, qui, dans de certaines bornes, fied si bien aux jeunes gens. Madame de Boufflers est fort goûtée ici, à ce qu'on me dit, car je ne l'ai point vue, dont je suis fâché ; mais aussi elle ne m'a point vu, dont je suis bien-aise. On m'assure qu'elle est fort naturelle et aisée, sans prétentions, et n'affichant pas le bel esprit et le savoir.

LET-

LETTER LXXXIII.

TO THE SAME.

London, April 23, 1764.

MY head really swims, madam, but I cannot tell whether it is owing to a return of my usual giddiness, or to your last letter, which is indeed enough to turn a stronger brain than mine. Spare it a little more for the future, I intreat you; for though young people may sometimes be allowed to be conceited, you will own it would be rather unbecoming at seventy; and alas! that is the age of your very faithful servant.

I allow, madam, that you alledge a thousand good reasons why I should look for a purer air in the southern climates; and I should not want much persuasion, if I were not deaf, impenetrably deaf, and incurably so, as my deafness is hereditary. On this principle I have made a very exact calculation, the result of which is, that the profit is not worth the cost. Besides, as I am shortly to set out on a longer journey, it is not worth my while to pack up for Provence or Languedoc. *Job, with all his sufferings* *, had not more patience than my philosophy procures me. Reading employs and amuses me. Besides, I am at leisure to hold many a conference with myself, which I trust I am the better for, and which I had never thought of whilst I was hurried away by the whirlwind of business or pleasure; so that, I thank God, I am neither melancholy nor peevish, and, notwithstanding all my woes, I know some who are more wretched.

Your little ward sets out next week for Dresden, where the king has done him the honor to appoint him his envoy. He goes by the way of Paris, chiefly, I believe, to pay his court to your ladyship.

* The beginning of a famous French sonnet, by Benserade.

L E T.

LETTRE LXXXIII.

A LA MÊME.

A Londres, ce 23 d'Avril, 1764.

LA tête me tourne actuellement, madame, mais je ne fais pas si c'est un retour de mes vertiges ordinaires, ou si c'est votre dernière lettre qui en est la cause, car, de bonne foi, elle a bien de quoi tourner une tête plus ferme que la mienne. Ménagez-la un peu à l'avenir, je vous en supplie, car quoique la fatuité soit permise, et quelquefois même utile aux jeunes gens, vous m'avouerez qu'elle ne sied pas trop bien aux septuagénaires ; et malheureusement votre très-fidèle serviteur est de ce nombre.

Je conviens, madame, que vous me donnez mille bonnes raisons, pour chercher un air plus pur dans les climats méridionaux, et je ne me le ferois pas dire deux fois, si je n'étois pas sourd ; mais sourd, d'une surdité impénétrable, et incurable, parce qu'elle est héréditaire. Sur ce principe, j'ai fait un calcul fort exact, dont le résultat est, que le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle. D'ailleurs, comme je déménagerai bientôt pour un plus grand voyage, il ne vaut pas la peine de m'emballer pour deux ou trois mois, à l'adresse de la Provence, ou du Languedoc. *Job, de mille maux atteint,* * n'avoit pas plus de patience, que ma philosophie ne m'en procure, la lecture m'occupe et m'amuse : d'ailleurs, j'ai le loisir d'avoir plusieurs tête-à-têtes avec moi-même, dont je me flatte d'avoir profité, et auxquels je n'avois jamais pensé, pendant que j'étois rapidement emporté, par le tourbillon des affaires, ou des plaisirs ; de sorte que, graces à Dieu, je n'ai ni mélancholie ni humeur, et nonobstant tous mes maux *j'en connois de plus misérables.*

Votre petit protégé part la semaine qui vient pour Dresde, où le roi a eu la bonté de le nommer son envoyé. Il prend le chemin de Paris, principalement, à ce que je crois, pour avoir l'honneur de vous y faire sa cour.

LET-

LETTER LXXXIV.

TO THE SAME.

London, June 20, 1768.

THE moment I received your last letter but one, I sent the inclosed to lady Holland. You need never be afraid, madam, that I should delay one instant the execution of the orders, you will please to send me, when it is in my power: but alas! what is in my power? Old age, which is of itself a sufficient evil, and the natural evils I labour under, make me alike useless to myself and others. I have nothing in the world left but reading; and even that has lost much of its charm with me, since it is become a matter of necessity, and not of choice. One would think I were married to it. Your good authors are my chief resource, for at present we have very few of our own. Voltaire especially, old and decrepit as he may well be (for he is exactly of my age) delights me, barring his impiety, with which he cannot forbear larding every thing he writes. It would be much wiser in him to suppress it, for, after all, no man ought to break through the order that is established. Let every one think as he pleases, or as he can; but let him keep his notions to himself, if they be of such a nature as may disturb the peace of society.

I believe you will not quarrel with me for introducing general Irwin to your acquaintance. For an Englishman, he is a well-bred man, which I am sorry to say is no very common thing in this country. Some of the French have told me, that the many young people we send over to Paris have infected yours, and have inoculated them with much of our rude and unmannerly behaviour. If that is true, it must be lately.---But I am sensible that I am prating away too much; therefore I break off abruptly, and without telling you of the respectful attachment and inviolable friendship, with which I shall ever be, madam, your, &c.

LET-

LETTRE LXXXIV.

A LA MÊME.

A Londres, ce 20 Juin, 1768.

DANS le moment que je reçus votre avant-dernière lettre, j'envoyai celle qu'elle contenoit à mylady Holland. Ne craignez jamais, madame, que je remette pour un instant l'exécution des ordres, dont vous voudrez bien me charger, quand il dépendra de moi. Mais, hélas ! qu'est-ce qui dépend de moi ? La vieillesse, qui d'elle-même est un mal assez grand, et de surcroit les maux physiques, dont je suis accablé, me rendent également inutile aux autres et à moi-même. Je n'ai au monde que la lecture en partage ; encore a-t-elle perdu beaucoup de ses charmes auprès de moi, depuis qu'elle est devenue une affaire de nécessité, et non de choix : on diroit que je l'ai épousée. Vos bons auteurs sont ma principale ressource ; car à-présent nous en avons très peu ici. Voltaire surtout, vieux et baissé comme il peut bien l'être, étant précisément de mon âge, me charme, à son impiété près, dont il ne peut pas s'empêcher de larder tout ce qu'il écrit, et qu'il feroit mieux de supprimer sagement, puisqu'au bout du compte on ne doit pas troubler l'ordre établi. Que chacun pense comme il veut, ou plutôt comme il peut, mais qu'il ne communique pas ses idées, dès qu'elles sont d'une nature à pouvoir troubler le repos de la société.

Je ne crois pas que vous me reprochiez de vous avoir endossé monsieur le général Irwin : car pour un Anglois il a des manières, ce qu'il faut avouer, est assez rare dans ce païs ici. Des François m'ont dit que notre nombreuse jeunesse à Paris a infecté la vôtre, et leur a inoculé beaucoup de nos manières impolies et brusques. Si cela est vrai, il faut que ce soit depuis peu — mais je sens que je bavarde trop ; je finis donc brusquement, et sans vous dire l'attachement respectueux, et l'amitié inviolable, avec lesquels je serai toute ma vie, madame, votre, &c.

LET.

LETTER LXXXV.

TO MADAME DU BOCCAGE.*

London, June 14, O. S. 1750.

LET us speak frankly, madam. You must agree with me, that your merit, and the reputation you have acquired, will every where prove a sufficient recommendation; and will, in all countries, procure you the same reception, as you have met with in Holland. I have not pretended to recommend you to Mr. Dayrolles; I only told him you were coming. I have acted the part of a news-writer, and inserted a paragraph, importing that Mrs. du Boccage was preparing to set out from London for the Hague. For some people such a recommendation is sufficient.

During four days stay in Holland, you have framed the same notions of the Dutch, as I had conceived during more than four years residence among them, and you recall them all to me in the compass of four lines. It is so true, that the men are slow, that I do not recollect I ever saw one, who was what would be called young in any other country. But if you imagine their women to be as still as the waters of their canals, and as cleanly as their houses, two thirds of the husbands would contradict you, and would tell you, though in a whisper, that they are only so outwardly. At home they are mere *Amazons*, and the husbands are the wretched captives, destined to perpetuate the *gynarchy*. Accordingly, they people at a great rate, and with all the gravity imaginable. They consider propagation as an article, that is necessary to their commerce, and they acquit themselves as good patriots.

The epithet of motionless, which you bestow on my friend Mr. L_____, is a very just one. The good man seems to be rather the keeper than the owner of his collection of pictures. He shews them

* These letters I received from Madame du Boccage, to whom they were written by the noble author. He had shewn uncommon civilities both to her husband and herself, during their stay in England,

LETTER LXXXV.

A MADAME DU BOCCAGE*.

A Londres, 14 Juin, V. S. 1750.

PARLONS naturellement, madame. Convenez avec moi que votre mérite, et la réputation que vous êtes acquise, vous feront par-tout des recommandations suffisantes, et vous procureront en tout païs l'accueil que vous avez trouvé en Hollande. Je n'ai pas prétendu vous recommander à M. Dayrolles; je vous ai simplement annoncée. J'ai été votre nouvelliste, et j'ai mis seulement dans ma feuille volante que madame du Boccage se disposerait à partir de Londres pour la Haye. Voila tout ce qu'il faut à de certaines gens.

En quatre jours de séjour en Hollande, vous vous êtes fait les mêmes idées, qu'un séjour de plus de quatre ans m'en avoient données, et vous me les rappelez toutes en quatre lignes. Il est si vrai que les hommes y sont tardifs, que je ne me souviens pas d'y en avoir vu, qui fussent ce qu'en tout autre païs on appelleroit jeunes. Mais si vous y croyez les femmes aussi tranquilles que les eaux de leurs canaux, et aussi propres que leurs maisons, les deux tiers des maris n'en conviendroient pas, et vous diroient, à l'oreille s'entend, que ce n'est qu'à l'extérieur. Chez elles ce sont des *Amazones*, et les maris les malheureux captifs, destinés à perpétuer la *gunarchie*. Aussi peuplent-ils infiniment, et du plus grand sérieux du monde. Ils envisagent la fabrique des enfans comme un article nécessaire à leur commerce, et s'en acquittent en bons citoyens.

L'épithète d'immobile, que vous donnez à mon ami L---- est des plus justes. Le bon homme semble avoir seulement le soin et non la propriété de ses tableaux. Il les montre avec une indifférence si stoïque,

England, and his example was followed by the persons of the most distinguished rank and wit, and among them particularly by lady Hervey, the duchess of Richmond, lord and lady Holderness, lady Allen, Mrs. Cleland, Mrs. Montague, and many more. The earl complimented our French Sapho with the busts of the great English poets, whom she had imitated in her own language. Her sense of his merit and favours, she has expressed in the account of her journey, given by herself, and published in English, in two small volumes, in 1770.

them with such stoical indifference, that he puts me in mind of certain black gentlemen in Turkey, who are the motionless keepers of the finest originals in the world. I really envy him a good many of his pictures; and I think I may do so without any breach of the tenth commandment, which must certainly suppose that our neighbour enjoys what we are not to covet. This case of conscience appears to me a very clear, and I am sure it is a very convenient one; for it may be extended very far. I don't know whether the twenty-four* have considered of it.

Are not you quite exhausted, madam, with all the advances you have been obliged to make, in order to get at the sight of so singular an original as my baron †? His long-established reputation is a security to all other reputations. For upwards of fifteen years, he has publicly and solemnly renounced that of the five senses, which alone can endanger any reputation ‡, and has so scrupulously observed his renunciation, that it is enough to put all the kings on earth to the blush. I am in daily expectation of your picture, which I am sure he will send me; I will certainly let you have a copy. If it is not like, at least it will not be flattered; for my baron is no flatterer. Pray, madam, don't suffer your taste to be perverted by his, nor take a fancy to the simplicity, or rather insipidity, of Greek tragedy, which we pretend to admire that we may appear learned, but which we find very tiresome. Be sure, for that is in character, always to excite more delicate and softer passions, than those of horror and fear, and do not introduce a chorus of unknown persons to explain, God knows how, what the principal characters seem to be ignorant of. I am far from suspecting your sagacity; and your *Amazons*||, with their simplicity, are an instance in point.

What an honour would it be for me, if my bust deserved the place you offer it! But how mortifying, should you be called upon to prove the qualifications of the new comer! Believe me, madam, let us both keep out of the scrape, and remain on the safe side. I will send you two busts, which not only deserve, but claim a place in

* The doctors of Sorbonne, as I presume.

† Baron de Kreuningen at the Hague. He is still living, and unites great singularities to great knowledge and great parts.

your

qu'il me rappelle certains messieurs en Turquie, qui ont un soin immobile des plus beaux originaux du monde. Il est vrai que je lui envie un bon nombre de ses tableaux, et je crois pouvoir le faire, sans donner la moindre atteinte au dixième commandement, qui suppose sans doute que les gens jouissent de ce qu'il ne faut pas que les autres convoitent. Je trouve ce cas de conscience des plus clairs, et sûrement des plus commodes ; car il va loin, je ne fais si les vingt-quatre * y ont pensé.

Respirez-vous, madame, sur les avances que la singularité de mon baron † vous aura obligée de faire pour voir un tel original. Sa réputation depuis longtems constatée met toutes les autres réputations en sûreté. Depuis plus de quinze ans, il a renoncé publiquement et solennellement à celui des cinq sens ‡, qui seul met les réputations en danger ; et observé sa renonciation avec un scrupule, qui devroit faire rougir tous les rois de la terre. Je m'attends tous les jours à votre portrait, et suis bien sûr qu'il m'en fera part : je promets de vous en envoyer copie. S'il ne ressemble pas bien, du moins il ne sera pas flatté : mon baron n'est nullement adulateur. Au reste, madame, ne laissez pas séduire votre goût par le sien ; ne vous prêtez pas à la simplicité, ou plutôt à la fadeur, de la tragédie Grecque, que nous faisons semblant d'admirer pour paroître savans, mais qui nous ennuie fort. Excitez toujours, comme il vous convient de le faire, des passions plus délicates, plus douces que celles de l'horreur et de la crainte ; et ne nous donnez pas des chorus de gens inconnus, pour développer, Dieu sait par quel moyen, ce que les plus intéressés de la pièce semblent ignorer. Vous ne m'êtes pas suspecte ; et vos *Amazones* ||, avec leur simplicité, me sont garantes du contraire.

Qu'il me feroit glorieux, si mon buste méritoit la place que vous lui offrez ! Mais qu'il me feroit humiliant, si l'on vous obligeoit de faire les preuves de votre nouveau venu ! Croyez-moi, madame, ne nous commettons, ni l'un ni l'autre ; allons au plus sûr. Je vous enverrai deux bustes, qui non seulement méritent, mais exigent une place dans votre jardin, tant ils se sont trouvés bien dans votre

* That of feeling. || A tragedy written by that lady.

your garden, in consequence of the reception they have met with in your closet, I mean Milton and Pope. There they will not be afraid of company, be it ever so good; besides, they have already got their vouchers and their patents, countersigned by your own hand. I shall send them as soon as they are done.

We are not so vain as to flatter ourselves that you regret England a little; but we hope we are not banished from your remembrance. We pretend that our regret for your departure gives us some claim upon you. Indeed, madam, you have made as many friends and admirers as acquaintance in this country. In one sense, I claim the precedence in this company; but it is only on account of the respect and attachment, with which I have the honor to be, very sincerely,

Your most obedient humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

Lady Chesterfield presents her compliments to you and to Mr. du Bocage; permit me to add mine for him.

LETTER LXXXVI.

TO THE SAME.

MADAM,

London, July 25, O. S. 1750.

YOU have parried the blow I was going to strike. At the very instant I received your letter, I was taking up my pen to attack you; I take it now to thank you for an epistle so agreeable and so full of interesting particulars, that it has not only appeased my anger, but excited in me the warmest gratitude. You are bound in conscience to make us some amends for the naughty trick you played us. You came here, but just to make us regret your going away.

cabinet, je veux dire Milton et Pope, ils n'y craindront pas la compagnie, quelque bonne qu'elle soit ; d'ailleurs, ils ont déjà leurs preuves et leur patentes contre-signées de votre propre main ; dès qu'ils seront faits, je vous les enverrai.

Nous ne nous flattions pas que vous regrettiez un peu l'Angleterre, mais nous espérons de n'être pas bannis de votre souvenir. Nous prétendons que nos regrets de votre départ nous donnent de certains droits. En vérité, madame, vous vous êtes fait dans ce païs-ci autant d'amis et de serviteurs, que vous y avez fait de connoissances ; dans un sens je prétends au haut bout dans cette compagnie mais c'est uniquement par le respect et l'attachement, avec lesquels j'ai l'honneur d'être, très-parfaitement,

Votre très-humble et obéissant serviteur,

CHESTERFIELD.

Madame de Chesterfield me charge de ses compliments pour vous et pour monsieur du Boccage ; permettez que j'y ajoute les miens pour lui.

LETTER LXXXVI.

A LA MÊME,

MADAME,
A Londres, ce 25 Juillet, V.S. 1750.

VOUS avez paré le coup, que j'allois vous porter. Au moment que je reçois la vôtre, je prenois la plume pour vous attaquer ; je la prends à-présent pour vous remercier d'une lettre, dont les agréments et les détails intéressans, non seulement calment ma colère, mais excitent ma plus vive reconnaissance.--- En conscience vous nous devez réparation du mauvais tour que vous nous avez joué. Vous n'êtes venue ici que pour nous donner des regrets de votre départ ; vous

away. You flattered us with the hopes of a longer stay; but as soon as you found that the blow was struck, you were gone. We therefore condemn you to heavy epistolary penalties, which are the more just, as they are proportioned to your abilities to pay. Take notice that your offence is not levelled at England alone, but at the maritime powers; for Mr. Dayrolles, who came home a week ago, tells me that Holland joins us in lamenting your absence. The Dutch may avenge their own quarrel; for my part, like a true ally, I only think of my own private interest.

I am told, Cleopatra* has not succeeded. The piece is certainly ill conducted; and I can hardly persuade myself that the author of Aristomenes and Denys the tyrant has made a faulty tragedy on so fine a subject. It is allowed that he has fire, genius, and poetical talents; no matter, he may possibly have transgressed some of the dramatic laws, and he stands condemned. You have clogged yourselves with very heavy poetical shackles, and every good writer must groan under their weight, and wish to break them; while on the contrary, a spiritless author, like a spiritless lover, hugs his chains. The one grows regular, the other respectful, from want of powers. Possibly *Rome sauvée* may share the same fate. Voltaire chuses to strike out new rules of his own; and fashion governs your decisions, still more than ours, in judging of the works of the poets, as well as of the artificers. However, I am sure his Cicero will be very unlike that of Crebillon, who, in the most striking incident of his life, is a mere idiot. In short, whatever your public may say, I am delighted with all that Voltaire writes. Always the finest verses in the world, brilliant and just ideas; I ask no more; *non paucis offendar maculis.*

By the specimen madame de Graffigny has given of the delicacy of her wit in the Peruvian letters, I have a favourable opinion of her play †, though I do not like those tragical and weeping comedies. I would have things be what they are; I love to laugh and to cry in form. Something, however, may be said in their favour. Horace allows comedy to soar a little now and then; and interest, sentiment, and affecting situations, are not restrained to kings and heroes; they are to be met with in common life.

* A tragedy by Mr. Marmontel, an author deservedly much admired by lord Chesterfield, in several of his letters.

I have

vous nous flattiez d'un plus long séjour ; mais dès que vous avez senti que votre coup étoit fait, vous vous êtes sauvée. Nous vous condannons donc à de grosses amendes épistolaires, d'autant plus justes qu'elles ne sont que proportionnées à vos moyens. Au reste ce n'étoit pas seulement à l'Angleterre que vous en vouliez, mais aux puissances maritimes ; puisque Dayrolles, qui est ici depuis huit jours, m'assure qu'en regrets sur votre départ la Hollande fait cause commune avec nous ; mais elle démèlera cette affaire comme il lui plaira ; pour moi, en véritable allié, je ne pense qu'à mon intérêt particulier.

On dit que Cléopatre* n'a pas réussi. La pièce manque sans doute de conduite ; j'ai peine à croire que l'auteur d'Aristomène et de Denis le tyran ait fait une mauvaise pièce, sur un si beau sujet. Il a sûrement du feu, du génie, de la verve ; mais n'importe, il aura manqué à quelque règle de théâtre ; il est proscrit. Vous vous êtes forgé des chaînes poétiques bien rudes, sous le poids desquelles tout bon auteur doit gémir, et souhaiter de les briser ; au lieu qu'un auteur sans feu, comme un amant sans vigueur chérit ses chaînes ; l'un devient régulier, et l'autre respectueux, par impuissance. Rome sauvée ne réussira peut-être pas non plus. Voltaire veut se faire des règles nouvelles, et la mode, chez vous encore plus qu'ici décide des ouvrages des poètes comme de ceux des marchands. Je suis sûr pourtant que son Ciceron ne ressemblera guères à celui de Crébillon, qui dans le plus bel endroit de sa vie est un imbécille. Enfin, quoiqu'en dise votre public, tout ce que Voltaire fait me charme. Toujours les plus beaux vers du monde, et des pensées brillantes et justes ; je n'en demande pas davantage ; *non paucis offendar maculis.*

Sur l'échantillon, que madame de Graffigny a donné de la délicatesse de son esprit dans ses lettres Péruviennes, j'augure bien de sa comédie †, quoique ces comédies tragiques et larmoyantes ne soient pas de mon goût. Qu'on me donne les choses pour ce qu'elles sont ; j'aime à rire et à pleurer dans les formes : il y a pourtant quelque chose à dire en leur faveur. Horace permet à la comédie de s'élever de tems en tems ; et l'intérêt, les sentiments et les situations touchantes ne font pas bornés aux rois et aux héros. La vie ordinaire les fournit.

J'ai

† Cenie, mentioned before.

I have read the pretended letters of Ninon l'Enclos,* and I shrewdly suspected that so famous a name had been borrowed to put off an indifferent work. It has not that characteristic, which would have distinguished the letters of that celebrated courtezan. The second volume, as you observe, is better, and that is not good for much.

I have the honour to be, with respectful attachment,

M A D A M,

Your, &c.

L E T T E R LXXXVII.

T O T H E S A M E.

London, Sept. 30, O. S. 1750.

SO really, madam, you steal from us all that strength and energy of our language, upon which we value ourselves so much; you add the graces of your own, and you insult the English in their own tongue; that is not fair. You should be content with writing and speaking yours better than any body, and let us enjoy ours unrivalled. You wanted me to answer you in English; but that I shall certainly not do. Treason against grammar is pardonable in a foreign language, but not in one's own; and I had rather appear guilty to all the world than to you. But to be serious, madam, the letter you have honoured me with is almost without a fault. You say it has cost you much time and pains; but then many an Englishman, who pretends to be a man of letters, does not write so well. It is fit I should justify myself for not answering it sooner; I had but too good a reason to alledge. For above two months I have been so troubled with giddiness and pains in my head, as to be incapable of reading or writing. They have been mitigated by palliatives, and in three days I shall set out for Bath, where I hope to find a cure. Hope is a great matter in chro-

* That famous, witty, graceful French courtezan of the preceding century, who, at the age of eighty, added one conquest to the many she made before.

nical

J'ai lu les soi-disantes lettres de Ninon l'Enclos *, et me suis douté qu'on avoit emprunté un nom si célèbre, pour faire passer un ouvrage médiocre. Il n'a pas ce caractère marqué, qui auroit distingué les lettres de cette célèbre catin. Le second volume, comme vous le dites, vaut mieux, encore ne vaut-il guères. J'ai l'honneur d'être avec un respectueux attachement,

M A D A M E,

Votre, &c.

L E T T R E LXXXVII.

A L A M È M E.

A Londres, ce 30 Sept. V. S. 1750.

VOUS nous enlevez donc, madame, toute cette force et cette énergie de notre langue, dont nous nous picquons ; vous y ajoutez les graces de la vôtre, et vous insultez aux Anglois, même en Anglois. Cela n'est pas honnête ; vous auriez dû vous contenter d'écrire et de parler mieux que personne votre propre langue, et nous laisser jouir exclusivement de la nôtre. Vous prétendiez que je répondisse en Anglois ; je m'en donnerai bien de garde. Les crimes de lèze-grammaire sont pardonnables dans une langue étrangère, mais non dans la sienne propre, et j'aimerois mieux paroître criminel à tous les yeux du monde qu'aux vôtres. Raillerie à-part, madame, la lettre dont vous m'avez honoré, est presque sans faute. Elle vous a coûté bien du tems et de la peine, dites-vous, mais aussi il y a des Anglois qui se disent lettrés, et qui n'écrivent pas si bien. Je dois me justifier de n'y avoir pas répondu plûtôt ; la raison n'en est que trop valable. Depuis plus de deux mois, j'ai été accablé de vertiges et de migraines, au point de ne pouvoir ni lire ni écrire. Des palliatifs les ont adoucis, et je pars dans trois jours pour Bath, dans l'espérance d'y trouver ma guérison. L'espérance est autant de

nical disorders. The faculty pronounce it to be only an indigestion, a fashionable complaint, and the natural consequence of good living, and they have condemned me to your diet of boiled and roast meat, and have forbidden all made dishes; so that I should make but a poor figure at Paris, at the fourth or fifth course, now in fashion, where your heroic gluttons contend for the prize by the strength of their stomachs, as the heroes of old contended for victory in the Olympic games, by the strength of their arms and legs, and by their dexterity.

I am told for certain, that Voltaire has fixed for ever at Berlin; pray explain to me the motives of that emigration. Does he, an academician, historiographer of France, gentleman of the bed-chamber to the king, and a rich man, renounce France, for the sake of enjoying German pleasures and German delicacy? I cannot conceive it. If he really has bid an everlasting adieu to France, he will soon give you some very bold productions of his pen. Hitherto the Bastile has been a great restraint upon both his verse and his prose.

I have not yet received the packet you sent me. I am, for these six months, as great a stranger to the literary world in France as to that in the moon. Do you intend soon to give us something of your own, to comfort me for the present stagnation of my mind, which is languishing for want of food? I do not reckon your charming epistle on Vauxhall and Ranelagh as one of your works; it is but a relaxation for such talents as yours, to prepare for some more considerable performance. Pope's Essay on Criticism would be an object worthy of your attention, in case you should chuse to translate; but I advise you by all means to exercise your own genius, and to finish the new tragedy you have sketched out. You are one of the few, who are not allowed to be lazy.

Adieu, madam; indeed my poor head, which at best is but ill able to entertain you, is less so than ever; you must forgive the mind in favour of the sentiments of the heart, with which I shall always be,

M A D A M,

Yours, &c.

L E T-

de gagné dans les maux de langueur. La faculté prononce que ce n'est qu'indigestion (maladie du bon ton, effet ordinaire de la belle gourmandise) et m'a condanné à votre régime de rôti et de bouilli, à l'exclusion de tout ragoût. Ainsi je ferois une pitoyable figure à Paris aux quatrième et cinquième services, à la mode aujourd'hui, où vos héros gourmands se disputent le prix à force d'estomac, comme les héros se disputoient la victoire aux jeux Olympiques, a force de bras, de jambes, et d'adresse.

On m'assure que Voltaire s'est établi pour toujours à Berlin ; expliquez-moi les motifs d'une telle émigration. Académicien, historiographe de France, gentilhomme ordinaire du roi, et d'ailleurs riche, renonce-t-il à la France pour jouir des agréments et de la délicatesse Germanique ? Je ne le comprends pas : s'il est vrai qu'il ait tout de bon dit adieu à la France, il vous donnera bien-tout des pièces bien hardies. La Bastille a jusqu'ici fort gêné et ses vers et sa prose.

Je n'ai pas encore reçu le paquet, que vous avez bien voulu m'envoyer. Le monde littéraire de France m'est tout aussi inconnu, depuis six mois, que celui de la lune : nous destinez-vous bientôt quelque chose de votre façon, pour me consoler de l'inaction, dans laquelle mon esprit languit faute d'aliment ? Je ne compte pas votre charmante épître sur Vauxhall et Ranelagh, comme un ouvrage pour vous ; c'est un délassement pour un talent comme le vôtre, en attendant quelque ouvrage plus considérable. L'essai de Pope sur la critique seroit un objet digne de votre attention, en cas que vous voulussiez traduire, mais je vous conseille fort de travailler d'invention, et de finir la nouvelle tragédie, que vous avez ébauchée. Vous êtes du petit nombre de ceux auxquels la paresse n'est pas permise.

Adieu, madame ; en vérité ma misérable tête, peu digne de vous entretenir quand elle est aux mieux, l'est à-présent moins que jamais ; mais pardonnez à l'esprit, en faveur des sentiments du cœur, avec lesquels je serai éternellement,

MADAME,

Votre, &c.

L E T-

LETTER LXXXVIII.

TO THE SAME.

MADAM,

MR. Stanhope, my kinsman *, whom I mentioned to you in England, will have the honor to deliver this to you at Paris. I know not whether he is worthy of being presented to you ; but I well know that every time he has the honor of seeing you, he will be the fitter to appear. If wit were catching like the small-pox, I should procure him a fair opportunity of catching the best sort ; but it is very certain that most people insensibly contract the style, and manner of the company they frequent. Therefore, I must beg, madam, you will permit him now and then to pay his court to you without ceremony, at such hours as will be least troublesome. Some examples there are, which are better than all the precepts in the world ; and some counsels which are more forcible than commands. He already knows and respects your reputation, as all the world does, but, without a compliment, you rise above it, which he will be convinced of, when he has the honor of being personally acquainted with you. I earnestly intreat you, madam, to use no ceremony, no indulgence, but to assume that authority over him, which is the smallest right you derive from the friendship you honor me with. Let nothing pass unapproved ; command supremely, and, with all due deference to the president, I dare answer for it, his obedience to such despotism will not be the effect of fear, but of choice.

Will you pardon this freedom ? Yes, madam, I am too well acquainted with your sentiments to doubt it ; you are likewise no stranger to those, with which I have the honor to be,

MADAM,

Your, &c.

* His son.

LET-

LETTRE LXXXVIII.

A LA MÊME.

MADAME,

M. Stanhope mon parent*, dont j'ai eu l'honneur de vous entretenir en Angleterre, a celui de vous porter cette lettre à Paris. Je ne fais s'il est digne de vous être présenté; mais je fais que chaque fois qu'il aura l'honneur de vous voir, il en deviendra plus présentable. Si l'esprit se communiquoit comme la petite vérole, je lui procure une belle occasion d'en prendre, et de la meilleure sorte: mais il est très sûr qu'on prend insensiblement le ton et les manières de ceux qu'on fréquente. C'est pourquoi je vous supplie, madame, souffrez qu'il vous fasse de tems en tems sa cour comme ami de votre maison, aux heures qu'il vous fera le moins incommode: il y a des exemples, qui valent mieux que tous les préceptes du monde, et des conseils meilleurs que des ordres. Il connoit déjà, et respecte, comme tout le monde, votre réputation; mais sans compliment vous valez encore mieux, ce qu'il faura bien à mesure qu'il aura l'honneur de vous connoître personnellement. Je vous demande en grâce, madame, point de façons, point d'indulgence à son égard; mais prenez avec lui ce ton d'autorité, auquel l'amitié, dont vous m'honorez, est le moindre de vos droits. Ne lui passez rien, ordonnez souverainement; et, n'en déplaise au président, j'ose répondre que son obéissance à un tel despotisme n'aura pas la crainte, mais le choix pour principe.

Me pardonnerez-vous cette liberté? Oui, madame, je connois trop vos sentimens pour en douter: vous savez aussi ceux, avec lesquels j'ai l'honneur d'être,

MADAME,

Votre, &c.

LET-

LETTER LXXXIX.

TO THE SAME.

London, Sept. 25, O. S. 1750.

DON'T be alarmed, madam; I am recommending an Englishman to you, but I would not have you to think I intend to trouble you with all my countrymen. I know them too well to trespass so far upon the friendship you honor me with; but this is an exception, as you will find, and I shall expect your thanks for introducing him. It is the earl of Huntingdon, whom I have the honor to present to you, a young nobleman, still more distinguished by his merit and talents, than by his birth. He is one of the most antient peers of England, of the illustrious family of Hastings, that acts so considerable a part in the tragedy of Jane Shore, which I am sure you must have read, written by Rowe, the author of the Fair Penitent.

To return to my friend, he unites a political genius with profound erudition, and his heart is by no means inferior to his understanding. In short, to sum up all in one word, he deserves a place in your company, or I would not have introduced him to you. He has been a year and a half at the academy of Caen, consequently he can be no stranger to your merit. He has demanded this recommendation, as an instance of my friendship; and I am not a little flattered with having it in my power to give him so substantial a proof of it, and to renew the assurances of the sincere attachment, with which I have the honor to be,

MADAM,

Your most obedient,

humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LET-

LET T R E LXXXIX.

A L A M È M E.

A Londres, ce 25 Sept. V. S. 1750.

RASSUREZ-vous, madame ; je vous recommande un Anglois, mais ne croyez pas que j'aye l'intention de vous charger de tous mes compatriotes. Je les connois trop pour abuser jusqu'à ce point de l'amitié dont vous m'honorez ; mais celui-ci est une exception dont vous conviendrez et dont vous me saurez gré. C'est le comte de Huntingdon, que j'ai l'honneur de vous présenter ; jeune seigneur que le mérite et les talens distinguent encore plus que sa naissance ; quoiqu'il soit un des plus anciens pairs d'Angleterre, de la famille illustre des Hastings, descendant en droite ligne de ce mylord Hastings, qui joue un rôle si considérable dans la tragédie de Jane Shore, que vous avez sûrement lue, écrite par Rowe, l'auteur de la *Belle Pénitente*.

Pour revenir à mon homme, il réunit à un génie politique une érudition profonde ; et son cœur ne le cède en rien à son esprit. Enfin pour tout dire, il est digne d'avoir les entrées chez vous, sans quoi je me serois bien donné de garde d'y avoir été son introducteur. Il a été un an et demi à l'académie de Caen, votre mérite par conséquent ne pouvoit lui être inconnu. Il a exigé de mon amitié cette recommandation ; et j'ai été bien flatté de pouvoir lui en donner une preuve si essentielle, et de vous réitérer les assurances du véritable attachement, avec lequel j'ai l'honneur d'être,

M A D A M E ,

Votre très-humble et
très-obéissant serviteur,

C H E S T E R F I E L D .

L E T -

LETTER XC.

TO THE SAME.

London, Nov. 26, O. S. 1750.

MADAM,

THE letter and the packet, you did me the favour to send me, came to hand but six days ago; for both which I beg you will accept my thanks.

As for the causes you send me to try, you bring them (to speak in the law style) *coram non judice*, and, should I presume to give my verdict, an appeal might justly be lodged against my sentence: but no matter, every one takes upon him to judge, and too often those who are least able are the most peremptory. I, therefore, send you my decrees, which you may cause to be struck out of the records, whenever you please.

In primis, I decide without hesitation, that cardinal Richelieu is the author of his own political testament*, and that Voltaire's pleadings prove nothing to the contrary. The work evidently bears the stamp of a states-minister, and a churchman.

I cannot so easily decide the cause at present depending between your king and your clergy. The letters against the clergy are well written, and so are the answers; but, without pretending to decide, I am for the king, and I consider the clergy of all religions, as a body of men, who have separate interests and views, distinct from those of the rest of mankind. The most despotic kings exercise no jurisdiction but over the bodies and goods of men: but all the clergy, from the great lama of the Thibet to his holiness at Rome, and the archbishop of Canterbury at London, aspire to despotism over the mind; a despotism, which is the more dangerous, as, when once it is established, it extends to every thing else. The body and goods are no better than rags, those gentlemen are the sole dispensers of your salvation, and what will you not do to obtain it? This has been sufficiently evinced during seven or eight centuries of the reign of the clergy and of ignorance.

But

* The authenticity of that celebrated work was attacked with great speciousness

LETTRE XC.

A LA MÊME.

A Londres, ce 26 Nov. V. S. 1750.

MADAME,

IL n'y a que six jours, que j'ai reçu la lettre et le paquet, que vous avez bien voulu m'envoyer ; agréez mes remerciemens de l'un et de l'autre.

Les procès, que vous m'envoyez à décider, vous les portez (pour parler en terme de palais) *coram non judice*, et si je prétendois en juger, on appelleroit avec raison de ma sentence : n'importe, tout le monde juge ; souvent ceux qui en sont les moins capables sont les plus décisifs, ainsi je vous envoie mes arrêts, que vous ferez biffer des régistres, quand il vous plaira.

In primis, je décide sans balancer, que le cardinal de Richlieu est l'auteur de son propre testament * ; et que le plaidoyer de Voltaire ne prouve rien contre. L'ouvrage est marqué au coin d'un ministre d'état, et d'un ecclésiastique.

J'ai plus de difficulté à décider le procès actuellement litigieusement entre votre roi et le clergé. Les lettres contre le clergé sont bien écrites, ainsi que les réponses ; mais sans prononcer, je suis pour le roi, et je considère le clergé de toutes les religions comme un corps, qui a des intérêts et de vues distinctes de ceux du reste du genre humain. Les rois les plus despotes n'en veulent qu'aux corps et aux biens des hommes ; mais tout clergé, depuis le grand lama du Thibet jusqu'à sa sainteté à Rome, et l'archevêque de Cantorbury à Londres, prétend au despotisme sur les esprits ; despotisme d'autant plus dangereux qu'étant une fois établi, il entraîne tout le reste. Le corps et les biens ne sont plus que des guenilles ; ces messieurs ont votre salut exclusivement entre leur mains ; et que ne fait-on pas pour l'obtenir ? Sept ou huit siècles de suite du règne du clergé, et de l'ignorance, l'ont assez démontré.

speciousness of argument and ingenuity, by M. Voltaire, and defended with equal wit and more solidity by M. de Foncemagne, one of the most honest men as well as the best scholars in France.

VOL. III.

I

Mais

But this affair of the clergy seems to have given place to that of the states of Brittany, which has the advantage of novelty. That is no small concern in every country, and is of more consequence in France than in any other. You may be sure that as an Englishman, and a parliament-man, I must be the most humble servant of the states; therefore I am silent upon that article, lest I should be set aside as a partial judge. Once upon a time, the horse called man into his assistance against the stag; the man got on his back, assisted him, subdued him, and remained his master. Thus did men call in kings to assist them against each other. Horses are still luckily ignorant of their own strength, as well as subjects of their natural rights: if they did but know them, how many riders would be thrown, and how many kings dethroned! Some remains of ignorance in these matters are perhaps an advantage.

I hold for the force of education, though I allow that natural disposition has some share in what we are. Education certainly does not give wit, where nature has refused common sense; but education gives a right turn to the sense we have, and even influences the heart, which is not indeed created, but fashioned by education. To that it is undoubtedly owing, that butchers, executioners, and inquisitors, have less sensibility, and are more bloody-minded, than other men. As for those fine sentiments of natural affection, which we meet with in novels, tragedies, and even in your modern weeping comedies, nothing can be more absurd. A father, a mother, a husband, a wife, children, who have never seen one another, know each other at once by a certain emotion, a thrilling, a — whatever you please, occasioned by that sympathy at the sight of the object. If such a sentiment did really exist, what discoveries, and consequently what confusion, would it not occasion in Paris and London! How many citizens would change fathers, and shed those soft tears of joy, at the discovery of their true pappas in the palaces of Versailles and St. James's, or perhaps in the regiment of guards!

Such are my sentiments concerning the library you have sent me, which has afforded me great entertainment. I may say to you very truly, what dedications almost always say without any truth, that if I stand in awe of your taste, I trust to your indulgence.

Lady

Mais cette affaire du clergé paroît avoir cédé la place chez vous à celle des états de Bretagne, qui a l'avantage de la nouveauté. Ce n'est pas peu dans tout païs, et moins en France qu'en tout autre. Vous sentez bien que comme Anglois et parlementaire, je dois être les très-humble serviteur des états, ainsi je me tais sur cet article, de peur d'être recusé comme juge partial. Le cheval appella autrefois l'homme à son secours contre le cerf ; l'homme le monta, le secourut, le subjugua, et en resta le maître. Les hommes appellèrent aussi les rois à leur secours l'un contre l'autre. Heureusement les chevaux ignorent encore leur force, et les sujets leurs droits naturels ; s'ils les favoient, qu'il y auroit de cavaliers désarçonnés et de rois détronés ! Un reste d'ignorance sur ces matières peut-être est le mieux.

Je suis pour la force de l'éducation, convenant en même tems que le naturel entre pour quelque chose en ce que nous sommes. L'éducation ne donne pas sûrement de l'esprit à ceux, à qui la nature a refusé le sens commun ; mais l'éducation décide de la tournure de cette portion d'esprit qu'on a ; et de même du cœur, qui n'est pas fait à la vérité, mais en grande partie façonné, par l'éducation. C'est par elle sans doute que les bouchers, les bourreaux, et les inquisiteurs, sont moins compatissans et plus sanguinaires que les autres hommes. Pour ce qui est de ces beaux sentimens d'affection naturelle, qui brillent dans les romans, dans les tragédies, et même à-présent dans vos comédies larmoyantes, rien n'est plus fou : un père, une mère, un mari, une femme, des enfans, qui ne se sont jamais vus, se connoissent réciproquement par un certain faisissement, un frisson, un tout ce qu'il vous plaira, que leur cause ce sentiement naturel à la vue de l'objet. Si un tel sentiment existoit, quelles découvertes, et par conséquent quel désordre ne causeroit-il pas à Paris et à Londres ! Quel nombre de citoyens changeroint de père, et verseroient de ces belles larmes d'attendrissement, en découvrant leurs véritables papas dans les palais de Versailles et de St. James, ou peut-être dans le régiment des gardes.

Voila mes sentimens sur la bibliothèque, que vous m'avez fournie, et qui m'a beaucoup amusé. Je vous dirai là-dessus très-véritablement, ce que les épîtres dédicatoires disent presque toujours sans vérité, que si je crains votre goût, je comte en même tems sur votre indulgence.

Lady Chesterfield, who desires her best compliments to you, is amusing herself with reading the books you sent me, which I have divided into three shares; one for her, one for Lady Allen, and another for Mrs. Cleland. I wish I could send you something entertaining from hence, but we have nothing new, that would afford you any amusement. The muses are so busy in your country, that they cannot spare time to pay a visit, and you know Apollo seldom frequents the fifty-third degree of northern latitude, especially at this season.

LETTER XCI.

TO THE SAME.

London, Oct. 13, O. S. 1750.

MADAM,

WE have both been in luck: I have received your letter of the 6th of October, and you have not received a very long one, which I wrote ten or twelve days before. The post seems to be a judge of letters, and to deliver those only, that are worth reading. In that, which miscarried, I had acknowledged the receipt of the large parcel of books you was so kind as to send me, and had ventured to give you my opinion of them; in this, I thank you for the parcel Mr. Hotham brought me from you. The bearer pleased me no less than the parcel; he has greatly improved in France, and I found him very amiable, or if he is not, he appeared so to me, because he talked much of you, madam, just as I thought; and a conformity of opinion is a great recommendation.

I am charmed with *Cénie*, notwithstanding my dislike to tragi-comedies, or weeping plays. This piece, though affecting, is not tragical. The situations are interesting, but not horrid; the sentiments are true, it is nature; we see ourselves in them, and they are not those refined sentimental feelings, that none ever felt. Another recommendation to me is, that it is not in verse, and consequently favours less of the buskin. I cannot bear your comedies in verse; I am shocked to hear the nonsense of Frontin and Lifette, and the aukward

Madame de Chesterfield, qui vous fait mille complimens, est occupée à lire les livres, que vous m'avez envoyés, dont j'ai fait trois portions, pour elle, pour my-lady Allen, et pour madame Cléland. Je voudrois pouvoir vous envoyer quelque chose d'ici pour vous amuser ; mais il ne paroît rien qui le mérite. Les muses sont si occupées chez vous, qu'elles n'ont pas le loisir de nous faire visite ; et vous savez qu'Apollon ne fréquente guères, surtout dans cette saison, le cinquante-troisième degré de latitude septentrionale.

LETTRE XCI.

A LA MÈME.

A Londres, ce 13 Oct. V. S. 1750.

MADAME,

NOUS avons tous deux eu du bonheur : j'ai reçu votre lettre du 6 Octobre, N. S. et vous n'en avez pas reçu une très-longue de ma part, écrite dix ou douze jours avant. La poste semble se connoître en lettres, et ne livrer que celles qui en valent la peine. Dans cette lettre perdue, j'avois accusé la réception du gros paquet de livres, que vous avez eu la bonté de m'envoyer, sur lesquels j'avois hasardé mes sentimens : dans celle-ci je vous remercie du paquet, que monsieur Hotham m'a donné de votre part. Le porteur ne m'a pas moins plu que le paquet ; il s'est bien formé en France, je l'ai trouvé bien aimable, ou s'il ne l'est pas, il me l'a paru parce qu'il a parlé beaucoup de vous, madame, précisément comme j'en pensois, et une conformité de sentimens prévient extrêmement,

Je suis charmé de Cénie, malgré l'aversion que j'ai pour les comédies tragiques ou larmoyantes. Cette pièce, quoique touchante, n'est pas tragique. Les situations en sont intéressantes, mais pas affreuses ; les sentimens sont vrais, c'est la nature, on s'y retrouve ; et ce ne sont pas ces beaux sentimens de caillettes, qu'on n'a jamais sentis. Une autre chose, qui me la recommande, est qu'elle n'est pas en vers, et par conséquent sent moins le brodequin. Je ne puis vous par-
donner vos comédies en vers, je suis choqué d'en-
tendre

aukward simplicity of Lubin, in the finest verses in the world. As for tragedy, I give it up to the poets; in many respects it cannot be natural, and poetry gives it the proper dignity; but in comedy, which must be a natural representation of common life, it is monstrous to make people talk in fine rhyming verse. But, we are told, according to Horace, comedy now and then raises her voice. I grant it, to a certain degree of elegant prose, suitable to the character and the subject; but, he who is to speak as people usually do, is not to soar aloft, so as to speak as nobody ever spoke. One of our famous comic authors, Sir George Etherege, tried it. He wrote two excellent plays, entitled, *She would if she could*, and *The man of mode*, or *Sir Foppling Flutter*; and in a third, entitled *Love in a tub**, he introduced the capital characters speaking in rhyme; but the public was offended at this insult offered to common sense, and, as an equitable avenger, irrecoverably damned the piece.

We do not deserve the honor you do us of translating our plays and novels. Your stage is too nice and too chaste to endure most of our performances, which carry not only freedom but even licentiousness beyond the bounds of decency and probability. I do not believe we have six plays that are fit to appear upon your stage such as they are. There would be an absolute necessity for a total alteration. If Prévôt translates our Clarissa, he must curtail it at least by one half. There is a great number of superfluities, and at the same time it is very affecting, and abounds with interesting situations. The author of this, who likewise wrote Pamela, is a bookseller †, a man of no learning, and deficient in style, but who is well acquainted with the human heart. The seven volumes should be reduced to three.

A thousand thanks to the good company you name. How happy should I have been, had my presence superseded their kind remembrance! Mrs. Bulkeley is very amiable, and deserving of the place she filled at that supper.

I con-

* Lord Chesterfield did not recollect that *Love in a tub* was the first of Sir George Etherege's plays; and that, though partly written in heroic verse, it was received with uncommon applause, and procured to

tendre les pagnoteries de Frontin et de Lisette, et les grossières naïvetés de Lubin dans les plus beaux vers du monde. Pour la tragédie, je la livre aux poëtes ; a bien des égards elle ne peut être naturelle, et les vers lui donnent une dignité, qui lui est absolument nécessaire ; mais dans la comédie, qui doit être une représentation naturelle de la vie ordinaire, il est monstrueux d'y faire parler les gens en vers bien rimés. Mais dit-on, d'après Horace, la comédie élève de tems en tems sa voix : je le veux bien à un certain point de prose soutenue, et convenable au caractère et au sujet ; mais tel, qui doit parler comme on parle, ne s'élève point jusqu'à parler comme on n'a jamais parlé. Un de nos célèbres auteurs comiques l'a essayé. C'est le chevalier Etherege, qui a fait deux comédies excellentes, intitulées, *She would if she could*, et *The Man of mode, or Sir Fopling Flutter* ; et dans une troisième intitulée *Love in a tub* *, il a écrit les grands rôles en vers rimés : mais le public s'est soulevé contre cette insulte faite au sens commun, et en vengeur équitable, il a condanné la pièce pour toujours.

Nous ne méritons pas l'honneur, que vous nous faites de traduire nos pièces et nos romans. Votre théâtre est trop juste et trop châtié pour souffrir la plupart de nos pièces, qui poussent non seulement la liberté, mais la licence, au-delà des bornes de la décence et de la vraisemblance. Je ne crois pas que nous en ayons six de présentables chez vous dans l'état où elles sont. Il faudroit nécessairement les refondre. Si Prévot traduit notre Clarice, il doit l'abréger d'une bonne moitié ; il y a un furieux superflu, et en même tems un intérêt touchant, et des situations intéressantes. Celui qui l'a écrite, qui est aussi l'auteur de Pamela, est un libraire †, qui manque de savoir et de style, mais qui connoît le cœur. Des sept volumes il en faudroit faire trois.

Mille graces au reste à la bonne compagnie, que vous me nommez. Que j'aurois été aise d'avoir prévenu ce souvenir par ma présence ! Madame Bulkeley est très-aimable, et digne de la place qu'elle occupoit à ce souper.

to the author the friendship of the most eminent wits of his time, viz. the duke of Buckingham, the earls of Dorset and of Rochester, Sir Charles Sedley, and many more.

† Mr. Richardson the printer.

Je

I consider, perhaps rather too late, that if you have at last received my former letter, and this should follow close after it, I may have given you a literary surfeit, and that, by way of diet, you will be obliged to write no more to me, for fear of the consequences. I shall, therefore, break off abruptly, and without telling you how much I am, &c.

P. S. As marshal Saxe is now of no sect, he little cares where his body shall rest*. The worms will equally have their share, whether under the protection of St. Peter, or that of Luther or Calvin; but his glory is in safety: this we can attest to our cost, and we do him justice. Will national prejudice and party zeal suffer you to do the same in France?

LETTER XCII.

TO THE SAME.

London, Jan. 14, O. S. 1751.

INDEED, madam, my gratitude is equal to your kindness; this comprehends all in one sentence; two sheets of compliments would not express it so fully. My young traveller is duly sensible of the civilities you have heaped upon him; he prides himself in having received your commands relating to a dancing-master; he considers himself as your adopted son, and even alludes to I don't know who in the fable, whose education the muses had superintended. He is certainly in a good school, and it will be his own fault if he does not improve, since you condescend to instruct him by your advice and example. He is not only deficient in the manners of the polite world, but I wish he may not have contracted those of the German and Italian world, having spent upwards of four years in those two countries; and as good masters like better to teach scholars, who have never learnt at all, than those, who have been ill-principled, it is not impossible but the German stiffness, and the Italian

* As the marshal continued to his death to profess the Lutheran religion, his body could not be deposited in the cathedral of Paris, or at St. Denys, where the ashes of the French kings lie. As the court, however, was determined to do all possible honor to that great warrior's memory,

Je fais réflexion, peut-être un peu trop tard, que si ma dernière lettre vous est enfin parvenue, et que celle-ci la suive de près, je vous aurai causé une indigestion littéraire, et que par régime vous serez obligée de ne me plus écrire crainte des suites. Je finirai donc brusquement, et sans vous dire à quel point je suis, &c.

P. S. Le maréchal de Saxe n'étant à présent d'aucune secte, il ne s'embarrassera guères où son corps reposera*. Les vers en auront également leur part, soit sous la protection de St. Pierre, soit sous celle de Luther ou de Calvin : mais sa gloire est en sûreté, nous en sommes malheureusement les garans, nous y rendons justice. Les préjugés de nation et de secte vous permettront-ils d'en faire autant en France ?

LETTRE XCII.

A LA MÊME.

A Londres, ce 14 Janv. V. S. 1751.

EN vérité, madame, ma reconnaissance égale votre bonté, c'est tout dire en deux mots. Deux feuilles de complimens n'en marqueroient pas si bien l'étendue ; aussi mon jeune voyageur sent comme il le doit, les attentions dont vous l'avez comblé. Il se fait gloire d'avoir reçu vos ordres au sujet d'un maître à danser ; il se considère comme votre fils adoptif ; il fait même allusion à je ne sais qui dans la fable, dont les muses se chargèrent du soin de l'éducation. Il est sûrement en bonne école ; s'il n'en profite pas, ce sera sa faute, puisque vous daignez l'instruire par vos conseils, et par vos exemples. Non seulement il n'a pas l'usage du beau monde, mais je crains qu'il n'ait l'usage du monde Allemand et Italien, ayant passé plus de quatre ans dans ces deux païs ; et comme les bons maîtres préfèrent d'enseigner à ceux, qui n'ont jamais appris, plutôt qu'à ceux, qui ont eu de mauvais principes, il se pourroit que la roideur Allemande et la pantalonnade Italienne retarderoient les progrès du bel usage. Vous

memory, they ordered his remains to be sent to Strasburg, the capital of the Lutheran province of Alsace, at the king's expence, and a superb monument has been erected to immortalize his merits, and the gratitude of the French.

taxez,

Italian buffoonry, may retard his improvement in the address of a man of fashion. You accuse your country of levity, but ours has just as much; the difference lies only in the mode. English levity is grave, and French levity is gay. Sofia (in the play of Amphitryon) prefers quiet vice to noisy virtue; and I prefer a cheerful to a tiresome trifler. We can boast of neither at present; our Parnassus is grown so barren, that it produces nothing, either good or bad; our very pastry-cooks complain of it, as they are forced to pay dearer for good paper, that has not been spoiled. The paper you promise to send me, when it appears, will not be so, at least if it has been filled by the persons you name. The letters of madame de la Fayette, madame de Coulanges, &c. excite my curiosity; they are names which we are accustomed to respect.

When I was last at Paris, I heard Mr. Fontenelle read two of his six philosophical plays, which you tell me are going to be published; they are full of sentiment and delicacy, but rather deficient in comic humour. I may venture to speak so of a modern, but not of Terence, though, between you and me, I think so. I have the honor to be, &c.

LETTER XCIII,

TO THE SAME.

London, May 20, O. S. 1751.

YOU will say, Why do you write to me now, or why did not you write sooner? A moment's patience, madam; pray, why have you sent me that collection of letters where monsieur de la Rochefoucault, madame de la Fayette, and madame de la Coulanges, make such a poor figure compared to madame de Sévigné; and why do you accompany that collection with a letter full as good as the best of hers? Many more besides myself would be at a loss what to do. Shall I answer? By no means, says self-love; rather do a rude than a foolish thing. See the wreck of all those great wits! Will you split upon the same rock? Unable to answer this reasoning, I determined

taxez, madame, votre païs de frivolité, le nôtre en a tout autant, la différence n'est que dans la façon ; la frivolité Angloise est sérieuse, et la frivolité Françoise enjouée. Sosie (dans l'Amphitryon) préfère un vice commode à une bruyante vertu ; et moi le frivole aimable au frivole ennuyeux. Il n'est à-présent question ni de l'un, ni de l'autre ici ; notre Parnasse, devenu stérile, ne produit rien de bon ni de mauvais ; nos pâtiſſiers mêmes s'en plaignent, obligés de payer plus cher du bon papier, qui n'est pas gâté. Le papier, que vous me faites espérer de m'envoyer quand il paroitra, ne le fera pas, du moins si les personnes que vous me nommez l'ont employé. Les lettres de mesdames de la Fayette, de Coulanges, &c. excitent également ma curiosité, ce sont des noms qu'on est accoutumé de respecter.

J'ai ouï lire à M. de Fontenelle, quand j'étois dernièrement à Paris, deux de ses six comédies philosophiques, dont vous m'annoncez la publication : elles étoient pleines de sentiment et de délicatesſe, mais il y manquoit un peu du levain comique. J'ose parler ainsi d'un moderne, mais non de Térence, quoiqu'entre vous et moi, je le pense. J'ai l'honneur d'être, &c.

LETTRÉ XCIII.

A LA MÊME.

A Londres, ce 20 Mai, V. S. 1751.

POURQUOI m'écrire à-présent, ou pourquoi ne m'avoir pas écrit plutôt, direz-vous ? Un moment, madame ; pourquoi, s'il vous plait, m'avoir envoyé ce recueil de lettres, où monſieur de la Rochefoucault, mesdames de la Fayette et de Coulanges, font une si mince figure vis-à-vis de madame de Sévigné, et pourquoi accompagnez-vous ce recueil d'une lettre, qui valoit bien la meilleure des siennes ? Bien d'autres que moi se trouveroient embarrassés ; répondrai-je ? Gardez-vous en bien, dit mon amour propre ; faites plutôt une impolitesse qu'une sottise ; voyez les débris du naufrage de tous ces beaux esprits, voulez-vous échouer sur le même écueil ? Ne pouvant répondre

determined not to answer your charming letter ; but conscience will sometimes assert her right in spite of self-love. At last I considered how much I was indebted to you, and I blamed myself for not endeavouring, at least, to pay off the score. This, indeed, is a debt I am unable to discharge ; but it is the part of an honest man to give his creditors what he can, were it no more than a penny in the pound. How indeed, madam, can I ever repay the pleasure you have procured me, not only by the books you have sent me, but still more by the letters you have honored me with ? At least I think I have hit upon an expedient to acquit myself, and that is, by sending you four ambassadors to make you an apology in my name ; though, by the way, their own names are far beyond mine. They are Shakespear, Milton, Dryden, and Pope, the ornaments of our nation, who, if they knew you, would esteem it an honor to be placed in your house. You will find them there on your return to Normandy ; they set out next week for Dieppe. I beg you will shew some kindness to Dryden, who is jealous of the preference you have given to Milton and Pope. You may give Shakespear what reception you think proper, as he sometimes deserves the best, and sometimes the worst.

We have nothing new in the literary way that merits your attention. Two or three plays have been hissed, or tolerated out of compassion to the authors, who were known to be starving ; the rest have spent themselves in political dissertations on the ministry, after the manner of this country. It is quite otherwise in France, where, as Duclos observes, there is a constant ferment of wit, that breaks out every day. Now I mention Duclos, I like his last book*, though I know it has been criticised at Paris. He has well studied characters, and exposed prejudices ; he tells truths with energy, but has not, perhaps, that laboured elegance of style, or those polite phrases, which are now so much in fashion ; but his book is not the worse for that.

Vauxhall and Ranelagh have opened on the two first days of this year that could be called summer. I have been

* A very ingenious satire on the manners of the French nation, under the title of *Confidérations sur les moeurs du siècle*.

pondre à ce raisonnement, j'ai pris le parti de ne pas répondre à votre charmante lettre ; voilà la véritable cause de mon silence, mais la conscience reprend quelquefois ses droits en dépit de l'amour propre. A la fin j'envisageai ce que je vous devois, et je me reprochai le crime de ne pas tâcher au moins de m'acquitter ; c'est une dette, il est vrai, que je manque de moyens de payer, mais la bonne foi exige qu'on donne ce qu'on peut à ses créanciers, ne seroit-ce qu'un sou par livre sterling. En effet, madame, le moyen de vous payer le plaisir que vous m'avez procuré, non seulement par les livres que vous m'avez envoyés, mais encore plus par les lettres, dont vous m'avez honoré ? Enfin, je crois avoir trouvé un expédient pour m'acquitter ; c'est de vous envoyer quatre ambassadeurs, pour vous faire amende honorable en mon nom, quoique, par parenthèse, leurs noms valent mille fois mieux que le mien. C'est Shakespear, Milton, Dryden, et Pope, l'honneur de notre nation ; qui, s'ils vous connoissoient, se feroient honneur d'être placés chez vous. Vous les y trouverez à votre retour en Normandie ; ils partent la semaine prochaine pour Dieppe. Ayez quelque bonté pour Dryden, jaloux de la préférence que vous avez donnée à Milton et à Pope. Vous ferez à Shakespear tel accueil que vous jugerez à propos, vu que quelquefois il mérite le meilleur, et quelquefois le plus mauvais.

Il ne paroît rien ici dans le genre littéraire, digne de votre attention. Deux ou trois pièces de théâtre ont été fustées, ou tolérées par compassion pour leurs auteurs, qu'on savoit avoir grand faim ; les autres se sont épuisés en dissertations politiques sur le ministère, à la mode du païs. Il en est autrement chez vous, où, comme remarque Duclos, il y a une fermentation d'esprit, qui se développe tous les jours. A propos de Duclos, j'aime son dernier livre*, quoique je sache qu'on le critique à Paris. Il a bien étudié les caractères, et bien exposé les préjugés : il dit des vérités avec force, peut-être n'a-t-il pas cette élégance travaillée de style, ni cette politesse de phrases tant à la mode à présent ; mais son livre n'en est pas moins bon.

Vauxhall et Ranelagh ont repris les deux premiers jours de cette année, qui ayant senti l'été ; j'ai été à l'un et à l'autre, sans y trouver les mêmes agréments qu'il y a deux ans. Au contraire, ils n'ont fait

to both, but did not relish them so well as I did two years ago. On the contrary, they put me in mind of the trick you played us; you must make us amends by coming again, and rather than not come at all, you must appear, as you did before, to disappear again; that is one of those faults, which, the oftener you commit, the sooner you will be forgiven. How happy should I be, could I but once more repeat to you at Blackheath, which is now finished, the assurances of the respect, with which I have the honor to be,

MADAM,

Your, &c.

LETTER XCIV.

TO THE SAME.

London, Nov. 7, O. S. 1751.

MADAM,

MY ward is going back to Paris to pay his court to you; permit him to do the same for me. I do not offer you this letter in payment for the last you honored me with. Let Voltaire answer such a one if he can: for my part, I am content with knowing the value of it. You talk to me, madam, of my bust; yes, make it speak as you have made the four others speak, which I sent you, and it shall sail for Dieppe by the first fair wind. Upon such a recommendation, I should be sure of meeting with a gracious reception from those illustrious dead, except Pope, who unfortunately has been too well acquainted with me to be imposed upon; though perhaps, as a friend, he would not betray me. But I have a much better scheme to propose: make me speak myself as you have made them speak, that is, as you speak yourself, and you will see me come some day or other, not in a bust, but in person, in *Sourdriere*-street. You had best accept of this proposal; it would cost you but little, and I should be a great gainer by it.

We

fait que réveiller le souvenir du mauvais tour, que vous nous avez joué. Recommencez par voye de réparation : plutôt que de ne pas paroître du tout, paroissez comme vous avez déjà fait, pour disparaître. C'est une de ces fautes, que plus vous les ferez plus on vous la pardonnera. Que je serois heureux de pouvoir encore vous réitérer à Blackheath, qui, par parenthèse, est fini, les assurances de respect, avec lesquels j'ai l'honneur d'être,

MADAME,

Votre, &c.

LETTRE XCIV.

A LA MÊME.

A Londres, 7 Nov. V. S. 1751.

MADAME,

MON pupille s'en retourne à Paris, pour vous faire sa cour ; permettez qu'il vous porte mon hommage. Je ne vous offre pas cette lettre, en payement de celle, dont vous m'avez honoré. Que Voltaire réponde s'il le peut, à de telles lettres que votre dernière ; il me suffit d'en connoître le prix. Vous m'y parlez, madame, de mon buste ; oui, faites-le parler comme vous faites parler les quatre, que j'ai eu l'honneur de vous envoyer, et il passera à Dieppe par le premier bon vent. A ce titre-là ces illustres morts me feroient un accueil gracieux ; à l'exception de Pope, qui malheureusement m'a trop bien connu pour prendre le change, mais qui comme ami peut-être ne me trahiroit pas. Voici pourtant ce que je trouverois encore mieux : promettez de me faire parler moi-même, comme vous les avez fait parler, c'est-à-dire, comme vous parlez vous-même, et vous me verrez un beau matin, non en buste, mais en personne dans la ruë de la *Sourdrière* ; acceptez plutôt ce dernier parti, il ne vous couteroit guères, et j'y gagnerois infiniment.

Nous

We have no wit left here, or we are all brimful of it, as the liar* is full of truth, for none comes out. Our Parnassus has, for this long while, produced no flowers, but plenty of thorns and thistles, which are greedily devoured by certain animals that graze at the foot of the hill; I am far from sending you any of these. An acquaintance of mine, who is no bad poet†, is actually about a translation, or rather an imitation, of *Cénie*. He makes it a tragedy, as it ought to be, and, instead of the chamber-maid, he substitutes a more interesting character, and better suited to the principal subject. I think his alterations are judicious, and, by what he has shewn me, I have a great opinion of the rest. When it is published, I shall have the honor to send it you.

I hear Duclos is writing a new novel. I am glad of it; he writes with energy, and is free from prejudices, even more so than he chuses to own. Be so good, madam, as to assure Mr. du Boccage that I infinitely esteem and honor him; I hope the gout has left him. I should never have done, were I tell you all that lady Chesterfield, Mrs. Cleland, Mrs. Montague, and Lady Allen desire me to say from them; still less if I should pretend to express the sentiments of admiration and respect, with which I have the honor to be,

MADAM,

Your, &c.

LETTER XCV.

TO THE SAME.

London, March 4, O. S. 1752.

YOUR undertaking, madam, is a noble one, worthy of you, and by no means above your powers; I attest the ashes of Milton, who would not deny my assertion. The only thing I dislike is the time you have allotted to do it in, no less than your whole

* This alludes to the two following lines in Corneille's play, *le Menteur*:

Vous avez tout le corps bien plein de vérités,
Il n'en fort jamais une.

life;

Nous n'avons plus d'esprit ici, ou nous en sommes tous pleins, comme le menteur* de vérités, car il n'en sort point. Notre Parnasse n'a point depuis longtems produit des fleurs, mais bien des chardons et des épines, que certains animaux, qui s'ébaudissoient au bas de cette montagne, dévorent avec avidité ; je n'ai garde de vous en envoyer. Un homme de ma connoissance, qui n'est pas mauvais poëte †, travaille actuellement à une traduction de Cénie, ou plutôt à une imitation, il en fait, comme de raison, une tragédie ; il substitue à la place de la suivante un caractère plus intéressant, et plus lié avec le principal sujet. Je trouve ces changemens judicieux ; et par ce qu'il m'en a montré, très-bien du reste : quand il paroîtra, j'aurai l'honneur de vous l'envoyer.

J'apprends que Duclos va donner un nouveau roman. J'en suis bien-aise, il écrit avec force, et est dégagé de préjugés plus même qu'il n'ose l'avouer. Ayez la bonté d'assurer monsieur du Boccage que je l'estime et que je l'honore infiniment ; j'espère que la goutte l'a quitté. Je ne finirois point, si je vous détaillais ce que mesdames de Chesterfield, Cléland, Montagu, et mylady Allen voudroient que je vous dise de leur part, encore moins si je vous exprimois les sentimens d'admiration et de respect, avec lesquels j'ai l'honneur d'être,

M A D A M E ,

Votre, &c.

L E T T R E X C V .

A L A M È M E .

A Londres, ce 4 Mars, V. S. 1752.

VOTRE enterprise est brillante, madame, digne de vous, et nullement au dessus de vos forces, j'en atteste les mânes de Milton, qui ne me désavoueroient point. La seule chose qui m'en déplait est le tems que vous y destinez, seulement toute votre vie, de

† Mr. Francis, known by his elegant translation of Horace.

life ; so that nobody will read your poem without lamenting its being ended. But take notice, that, according to Aristotle, the laws of epic poetry do not require the death of the author. For my part, I must never expect to see it, as, in the course of things, you are to survive me many years. I am now fifty-seven, and, according to David's reckoning, I have at most but twenty-three years to live. I desire, therefore, you will fix a shorter period for your epic labours, and let me know it exactly, that I may take proportionable care of my health.

I would fain, madam, read your *Discovery of the new world**, before I go and make mine. I have, according to your orders, searched for such books as might have some affinity with your subject, but have found only two, which I send you ; the one is a tragedy of Dryden's, entitled, *The conquest of Mexico*, full of beauties, intermixed with a great deal of stuff. It will not, however, be altogether useless to you. He paints, in a lively manner, the ideas, which must naturally have occurred to those honest savages, on the approach of the Spaniards, who came to rob and murder them, and to promote their salvation. The other is an Italian epic poem, and downright Italian it is, which I have met with at Mr. Haren's†, who makes you a present of it. It is *The discovery of America*, and chiefly of Brazil, by Vespusius Americus, in forty cantos. As he confines himself to the Brazils, he leaves you plenty of room in America, and I am persuaded you will not stand in his way ; it is an endless allegory. Brazil is heaven, and Vespusius is the christian, who only attains to it after much labour and many sufferings ; the whole clad in true Italian bombast ; but in such an undertaking as yours, it is proper to see whatever has the least reference to it, both to avoid and to imitate.

I likewise send you our English *Cénie*, which has taken the name of *Eugenia*. The better sort have approved of it, but the pit and galleries did not relish a tragedy without bloodshed. Delicate sentiments do not affect our common people, they must have objects that strike the senses, and are only moved by the sufferings they see, and even these must be dyed in blood. I believe you will like the translation, or rather imitation ; and I think you will not dis-

* The Columbiad by madame du Boccage.

approve

sorte qu'on ne lira votre poëme, qu'en regrettant qu'il est fini. Au reste, les loix de l'épopée, selon Aristote, n'exigent point la mort de l'auteur. Pour moi je ne le verrai donc jamais, puisque vous devez naturellement me survivre un grand nombre d'anneés. J'ai cinquante-sept ans ; et selon le compte de David, il ne m'en reste au plus que vingt-trois à vivre. Fixez donc, je vous prie, un terme plus court à vos travaux épiques, et faites-le moi savoir au juste ; j'aurai soin de ma santé à proportion.

Je voudrois bien, madame, lire votre *découverte du nouveau Monde**, avant que d'aller faire la mienne. J'ai cherché selon vos ordres les livres, qui pouvoient avoir quelque relation à votre sujet, et je n'en ai trouvé que deux, que j'ai l'honneur de vous envoyer. L'un est une tragédie de Dryden, intitulée *la conquête du Mexique*, pleine de belles choses mêlées avec beaucoup de fatras ; elle ne vous sera pourtant pas tout-à-fait inutile. Il y dépeint vivement les idées, qui se présentoient naturellement à ces bons sauvages à l'approche des Espagnols, qui venoient pour les voler, les égorger et faire leur salut. L'autre est un poëme épique Italien, très-Italien, que j'ai trouvé chez monsieur Harenct†, qui vous en fait cadeau. C'est la *découverte de l'Amérique*, et nommément du Brézil, par Vespuſius Americus, en quarante chants. Comme il se borne au Brézil, il vous laisse place de rester en Amérique, et je suis persuadé que vous ne l'incommodez pas ; c'est une allégorie à perte de vue. Le Brézil est le ciel ; Vespuſius c'est le chrétien, qui n'y parvient qu'après bien des travaux et des souffrances, le tout enveloppé d'un Phœbus digne de de-là des monts. Mais dans une entreprise telle que la vôtre, il est bon de voir ce qui peut y avoir le moindre rapport, tant pour éviter que pour imiter. J'ai aussi l'honneur de vous envoyer notre *Cénie Angloise*, qui a pris le nom d'*Eugénie*. Les honnêtes gens l'ont goûtée, mais le parterre et les galeries n'ont pu s'accommoder d'une tragédie sans carnage ; les sentiments délicats ne remuent pas assez le cœur de notre peuple, il lui faut des objets sensibles, il n'est touché que des malheurs qu'il voit, encore faut-il qu'ils soient teints de sang. Je

* A very ingenious French gentleman, neighbour to lord Chesterfield, and his best friend at Blackheath, where madame du Bocage had seen him, during her stay in England.

approve our poet, for substituting the part of Emilia to that of Lifette. I suppose madame de Graffigny does not understand English, else I would have sent her a copy; if she does understand it, Mr. Stanhope has one, which I am sure will be much at her service. Now I mention him, I must tell you that his gratitude for your favours supplies his want of politeness and good breeding. He thinks he has made some progress, but I have only his word for it, which I would trust to in any other article, sooner than in this. We must hope that time will set all right; my chief dependence is on your good advice.

I ought, madam, to thank you for the books, you did me the honor to send me; but I think it is full late. Had there been any of your own, I should not have been so remiss; but you only enrich me at the expence of others. Formerly you was generous; but now you do like the misers: for the sake of dying rich, you toil and hoard up, and give nothing away. I should rob you of too much of your time, were I to enumerate all the compliments I am commissioned to send you. I should trespass still more upon it, should I attempt to express at large the sentiments of respect and attachment, which I shall carry to my grave, and with which I am,

M A D A M,

Your, &c.

LETTER XCVI.

TO THE SAME.

London, May 20, O. S. 1752.

I Am too much flattered, madam, by the obliging concern you express for my weak state of health, to delay my acknowledgments for your kindness. I have been lame for these three weeks by a fall from my horse, but not on a hunting-match. I received a violent stroke, but no joint was dislocated, so that the hurt has not

crois que vous trouverez la traduction ou plutôt l'imitation bonne, et que vous ne faurez pas mauvais gré à notre poëte d'avoir substitué le caractère d'Emilie à celui de Lisette. Je suppose que madame de Graffigny n'entend pas l'Anglois, sans quoi je lui en aurois envoyé une copie. Si elle l'entend, monsieur Stanhope en a une qu'il sera charmé de lui présenter. A propos de lui, sa reconnoissance de vos bontés supplée à ce qui lui manque du côté de la politesse et des manières. Il croit pourtant avoir fait des progrès ; mais je n'en ai d'autre témoignage que sa parole, à laquelle je me fierois plutôt à tout autre égard ; espérons tout du tems, c'est sur vos conseils que je compte le plus.

Je dévrois, madame, vous remercier des livres, que vous m'avez fait l'honneur de m'envoyer ; mais il me semble que c'est trop tard. S'il y avoit eu du vôtre, cela ne me seroit pas arrivé ; mais vous ne m'enrichissez qu'aux dépens d'autrui. Autrefois vous étiez plus généreuse, vous devenez comme les avares : pour mourir riche, vous travaillez, vous amassez, et ne donnez rien. Je vous prendrois trop de momens, si je vous faisois tous les compliment, dont on me charge pour vous. Ce seroit encore plus en abuser que de vous détailler les sentimens de respect et d'attachement, avec lesquels je mourrai,

M A D A M E ,

Votre, &c.

L E T T R E X C V I .

A L A M È M E .

A Londres, ce 20 Mai, V. S. 1752.

JE suis trop flatté, madame, de la part que vous voulez bien prendre à ma chétive santé, pour ne pas me hâter de vous en témoigner ma reconnaissance. Une chute de cheval, et non à la chasse, m'a estropié depuis trois semaines. Le coup étoit violent, et je n'ai pourtant rien de disloqué, j'en suis quitte à bon marché, et

not been very considerable, nor have I quarrelled with chance, which you abuse so severely, from motives, which would be very flattering to me, if your judgment had as great a share in them as your politeness. I am released from my confinement to-day for the first time, and the sprain of my leg is so considerable, that I cannot walk without the help of a good stick.

I beg you will admire Voltaire's history, to authorize my opinion of it. I have read it three times, and intend to read it thirty more: in short, I doat on it. It is criticized here, and still more at Paris; with all my heart, but I look upon *Chimene* with the eyes of *Rodrigo**. I cannot see the blemishes through the beauties, that enchant me. It is said to be deficient in the dignity of history. I own it is in two small volumes *in 12°*, instead of two large volumes *in 4°*, adorned with head-pieces, tail-pieces, &c. but his reflections are not introduced by the pompous *so true it is* of your folio historians. Let us both allow that we find, throughout the book, all that a man of sense, who is well informed, would wish to say, and all that a man of sense would wish to learn, concerning a period which will ever be famous. As I am acquainted with his sentiments, I even admire his moderation. He attacks the prejudices of mankind, and the madness and fury of sects, but he does it genteelly, and as it were by chance. You may plainly see he does not say all he thinks, and that he even spares the most extravagant opinions, if they are universally adopted.

Mr. Stanhope, who is gone to Germany, laments his quitting Paris. He is duly sensible of his obligations to you; but I question whether he has expressed it as elegantly as I could wish. Permit me, madam, to supply this deficiency, by assuring you again of the sentiments of attachment and admiration, with which I shall ever be,

M A D A M,

Your most obedient humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

* In the *Cid*, a tragedy of Corneille.

L E T.

et ne suis pas si brouillé avec le hazard, contre lequel vous vous irritez par des raisons, qui me seroient bien flatteuses, si votre jugement y avoit autant de part que votre politesse. Je sors de prison aujourd'hui pour la première fois ; et la foulure des nerfs de la jambe est au point, qu'un gros bâton m'est fort nécessaire.

Admirez, je vous en supplie, madame, l'histoire de Voltaire, pour autoriser mes sentimens ; je l'ai lue trois fois, et la relirai trente ; enfin j'en suis fou. Elle est critiquée ici, et encore plus à Paris ; je le veux bien, mais j'ai pour Chimène les yeux de Rodrigue ; je n'en vois point les défauts au travers des beautés, qui m'enchantent. Il y manque, dit-on, la dignité de l'histoire. Elle est, il est vrai, en deux petits volumes *in-12*, au lieu de deux grands volumes *in-4*, avec vignettes, culs-de-lampe, &c. mais les réflexions n'y sont pas introduites par le fastueux *tant il est vrai* des historiens *in-folio*. Convenons entre nous qu'on y trouve tout ce qu'un homme d'esprit bien informé voudroit dire, et tout ce qu'un homme d'esprit voudroit apprendre d'une époque éternellement célèbre. Connoissant ses sentimens, j'admire même sa retenue. Il attaque les préjugés du monde, et la folie et la fureur des sectes, finement et seulement en passant. On voit qu'il en pense plus qu'il n'en dit, et qu'il ménage même les plus folles opinions établies.

Mr. Stanhope, actuellement passé en Allemagne, m'a témoigné ses regrets d'avoir quitté Paris. Il sent tout le prix de vos bontés ; mais je doute qu'il vous l'ait exprimé avec tout l'élégance, que je lui souhaiterois. Permettez, madame, que j'y supplie en vous assurant de nouveau des sentimens d'attachement et d'admiration, avec lesquels je serai éternellement,

MADAME,

Votre très-humble et
très-obéissant serviteur,

CHESTERFIELD.

LET

LETTER XCVII.

To Mr. de KREUNINGEN*, at the Hague.

Blackheath, July 7, 1752.

WHAT shall I say to you, my dear baron? Deaf and solitary, and tired of myself, I must of course tire others. This place, which I had intended for the sweets of society, by collecting a few friends successively, is now become the place of my banishment from all society. A deaf man is an exile, an outlaw, wherever he is; for except the article of guilt, there is not the least difference between the man to whom nobody will speak, and the man who can hear nobody. In vain I have recourse to philosophy, and endeavour to make up for the sense I have lost, by enjoying those that remain. In vain do I read, write, walk, and ride; it is no longer a matter of choice, but of necessity, and consequently it has no relish. With all this, I find many vacant hours in the four and twenty. But this is talking too much of myself; your friendship, which is the cause of it, must also make my apology.

Deaf people are apt to be loquacious upon paper, as they have so much time upon their hands. For my part, I never judge of writings, but by the degree of pleasure they give me; and I will maintain, to the face of all the pedants in the universe, that Pope's epistles and satires have all the good sense and precision of Horace's, with a thousand times more wit. I will declare, moreover, that the French theatre is infinitely superior to the Greek or Latin. I will say too, that the divine Homer tires me very often, that Swift is preferable to Lucian, and that, of all historians, Tacitus is my favourite.

LET.

* As that gentleman, mentioned in the preceding letters, appears from those to Mr. Dayrolles, to have been lord Chesterfield's principal correspondent in Holland, I was in hopes their letters might have been preserved, and used my endeavours to procure them. — Both being men of parts, of learning, and of wit, both enjoying equal leisure to read, and taste to read well, it would have been interesting

LETTRE XCVII.

A Mr. de KREUNINGEN *, à la Haye.

Blackheath, ce 7 Juillet, 1752.

QUE vous dirai-je, mon cher baron ? sourd et solitaire, ennuyé de moi-même, je ne puis qu'ennuyer les autres. Cet endroit, que j'avois destiné aux douceurs de la société, en y rassemblant successivement quelques amis, est devenu à-présent le lieu de mon exil de toute société. Un sourd est un banni, un proscrit, partout où il est, puisqu'au crime près, il n'y a pas la moindre différence entre celui, à qui personne ne veut parler, et celui, qui ne peut entendre personne. J'ai beau avoir recours à la philosophie, et tâcher de me dédommager par les sens qui me restent, de celui que je n'ai plus ; j'ai beau lire, écrire, me promener à pied et à cheval, ce n'est plus choix, c'est nécessité, par conséquent c'est sans agrément ; et même avec tout cela, dans le cours de vingt-quatre heures, il reste un grand vuide. Mais en voilà déjà trop sur mon propre sujet ; votre amitié, qui en a été la cause, en doit faire aussi l'excuse.

Les sourds sont bavards sur le papier ; ils en ont tout le loisir. Pour moi, je ne juge des ouvrages que par le plus ou le moins de plaisir, qu'ils me donnent en mon petit particulier, et j'ose même dire, à la face de tous les pédans de l'univers, que les épîtres et les satires de Pope ont tout le bon sens et toute la justesse, avec mille fois plus d'esprit que celles d'Horace. Je dirai encore que le théâtre François est infiniment supérieur au Grec ou au Latin. Je dirai aussi que le divin Homère m'ennuie fort souvent, que le docteur Swift vaut mieux que Lucien, et que Tacite, de tous les historiens du monde, est mon favori.

teresting to have collected their judgments on men and books, in a period of above thirty years. Unfortunately my efforts have hitherto proved fruitless ; and the short letter, or rather fragment, I here give, is the only one I have been able to obtain. I owe it to the obliging favour of the countess of Chesterfield.

LET-

LETTER XCVIII.

To Lady * * * †.

YOU will do much better, madam, to trust to your own judgment than to mine, upon the letters in question, as well as upon every other matter ; but your commands must be obeyed. I must, therefore, have the honor to tell you frankly, that the author † will not find many persons inclined to engage for the payment of 200 livres per annum for two letters, such as those, which he has offered us as a specimen.

For instance, when he attempts to prove that those who have treated of the word *humour* have mistaken the meaning of it, he makes it but too plain, that he is himself totally unacquainted with it.

The definition of it, however, is very simple : *humour* is a just and striking representation of whatever singularity and ridicule there may be in any character ; and a *man of humour* is one, who strongly seizes the distinguishing peculiarities of that character, and exposes them in the strongest colours. It is generally imagined that we Englishmen are solely and exclusively possessed of this faculty ; but there is not the least truth in the supposition. No man ever had so much of it as Molière, of which his *Miser*, his *Jealous Man*, and his *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, are convincing proofs ; and French comedy furnishes a multiplicity of instances beside these. If, indeed, it be said, that there is no country in Europe, which abounds in such a variety of singular characters, I believe the assertion may be true. But humour does not consist in this. The person, in whom the singularity or the ridicule is, has no humour, it is his natural character ; but it is the man who feels and describes this ridicule, or this oddity, who has the humour. It is time, however, that I should put

an

† This letter was given to me by the lady, to whom it was written, whose name I am not at liberty to mention. Whether the definition of *humour* contained in it will be equally satisfactory to all readers, is uncertain. It is however ingenious ; but indeed the word itself seems to admit

LETTRE XCVIII.

A MY LADY * * * †.

VOUS seriez bien mieux, madame, de vous fier à votre propre jugement que de demander le mien sur les lettres en question, aussi bien que sur toute autre chose ; mais vous me l'ordonnez, il faut obéir. Il faut donc que j'aye l'honneur de vous dire naturellement, que l'auteur † trouvera très-peu de personnes, qui voudront s'engager à payer deux cent francs par an pour deux lettres de la fabrique, dont il a donné l'échantillon.

Par exemple, en voulant montrer que ceux, qui ont traité de notre mot *humour*, s'y sont trompés, il ne montre que trop qu'il l'ignore parfaitement lui-même.

La définition pourtant en est assez simple : *humour*, c'est une représentation juste et frappante de ce qu'il y a de singulier ou de ridicule dans un caractère, et *a man of humour*, est un homme, qui sait vivement ce singulier, ou ce ridicule qui distingue ce caractère, et qui le met dans tout son jour. On s'imagine généralement que nous autres Anglois possédons, exclusivement des autres nations, l'*humour* ; mais il n'y a rien de moins vrai. Jamais homme n'en a tant eu que Molière ; son avare, son jaloux, son bourgeois gentilhomme, en sont des preuves suffisantes ; et la comédie Françoise en fournit encore un millier d'exemples. Si à la vérité, on dit qu'il n'y a pas de païs en Europe, où il y a tant de différens caractères singuliers, je crois qu'on n'aura pas tort. Mais *humour* ne consiste pas en cela. L'homme qui a le travers, ou le ridicule, n'a point d'*humour*, c'est son naturel ; mais c'est l'homme qui sait, et qui dépeint ce ridicule ou ce travers, qui a de l'*humour*. Je finis cette dissertation déjà trop longue sur l'*humour* et dans laquelle, peut-être, ai-je donné à gauche autant que votre auteur, et ceux qu'il critique. D'ailleurs, quand on a

admit of such a variety of interpretations, that neither of them can be exclusively adopted with propriety.

† Abbé le Blanc, the same who published a description of the English nation, and of the inhabitants of London in particular, under the title of *Lettres d'un François*.

l'honneur

an end to this dissertation on humour, which is already too long, and in which, perhaps, I am as wide of the mark as your author, and those whom he criticises. Besides, when I have the honor to write to such a one as yourself, it may seem a very great singularity in me to fill three whole pages upon no other topic than the ridicule of characters. Subjects of a more agreeable nature might justly claim the preference, and your epistolary criticism might here find sufficient occasion to display itself.

I have the honour to be, with the greatest esteem,

Your most obedient,

and most humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER XCIX.

From Count WASSENAER de Twickel, minister plenipotentiary from the states general at the congress of Breda, to the earl of CHESTERFIELD *.

MY LORD,

THE earl of Sandwich has just now called upon me, to bring me a piece of intelligence, which would, at all times, have given me infinite pleasure, but more particularly so at this present juncture. I have seen, my lord, with the most agreeable surprize, at the bottom of his dispatches, the name of the man in the world I most admire, esteem, and you must give me leave to say, love, the name of Chesterfield. I was some moments before I could recover myself, and clear up the confusion of ideas, which this event raised in my mind. Whichever way I consider it, I see in it a source of joy and satisfaction for every good patriot, both English and Dutch. You are in possession, my lord, of the esteem and confidence of both; what

* On his being appointed secretary of state. This interesting letter, which shews in so lively a manner the sentiments of the republic with regard to our earl, was, together with the following, given me by Lady Chesterfield.

advantages

l'honneur d'écrire à une personne comme vous, il sembleroit assez singulier que trois pages entières ne roullassent uniquement que sur le ridicule des caractères. Des matières plus agréables demanderoient une juste préférence, et votre critique épistolaire y trouveroit bien de quoi critiquer.

J'ai l'honneur d'être avec les sentimens de la plus parfaite considération,

Votre très-humble

et très-obéissant serviteur,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTRE XCIX.

Du comte de WASSENAER de Twickel, ministre plénipotentiaire au congrès de Bréda, au comte de CHESTERFIELD *.

MY LORD,

DANS le moment le comte de Sandwich sort de chez moi, où il a eu la bonté de venir m'apprendre une nouvelle, qui en tout tems, mais surtout dans la circonstance présente, ne peut que me causer une joye inexprimable. J'ai vu, mylord, avec la plus agréable surprise, au bas de ses dépêches, le nom de l'homme du monde, que je respecte, que j'admire, que j'estime, et permettez-moi de trancher le mot, que j'aime le plus, le nom de Chesterfield. Il m'a fallu quelques momens pour me reconnoître, et debrouiller la confusion des idées, que cet événement a réveillées dans mon esprit. De quelque côté je l'envisage, je n'y trouve que des sujets de joye et de satisfaction pour tout bon patriote Anglois et Hollandois. Vous possédez, mylord, l'estime et la confiance des uns et des autres.

Que

advantages we may not, therefore, expect to accrue to both nations, and to all Europe !

I had the pleasure of giving the first information of this joyful news to our pensionary *, who expressed the highest satisfaction, and is as sensible as myself of the influence, which your lordship's fortunate entrance in the ministry must have on public affairs. All true lovers of their country here will be of the same opinion. You cannot but know, my lord, to what a degree you are beloved and honoured in this country. I could easily point out the motives ; but as I would not offend you, I shall only mention one, which is, the persuasion we are in, and the proofs you have given us, of your being a well-wisher to the republic, and the interest you take in her preservation and welfare.

Never was our situation more deplorable. You are perfectly acquainted with the present state of our constitution, both political and military, and of our finances. We are, perhaps, at the eve of a fatal revolution, unless England, our best and most faithful ally, averts our ruin. Time is infinitely precious ; I intreat you, my lord, to use all your interest, and exert your utmost endeavours, to promote the great end, for which we are assembled here. The unspeakable pleasure of having restored the tranquillity of Europe will be your reward, and your name will be blessed by all nations. We, in particular, shall have the satisfaction of being beholden for our happiness to the friend of the republic. I shall put up the most ardent prayers for your preservation ; and I earnestly intreat you, my lord, to favour me with a continuance of those sentiments of kindness and friendship, you have hitherto honoured me with, and which I shall make it my business to deserve.

I have the honor to be, with the highest regard, and the most inviolable attachment,

MY LORD,

Your, &c.

Breda, Nov. 20, N. S. 1746.

WASSENÆR.

* Mr. Gilles, a man of great ability and integrity, in the anti-stadhouderian interest, and much esteemed by lord Chesterfield.

L E T -

Que n'avons-nous point à espérer pour le bien des deux nations, et pour celui de toute l'Europe ?

Monsieur le conseiller pensionnaire †, à qui j'ai eu le plaisir d'en apprendre la première nouvelle, m'en a témoigné son extrême contentement, et sent comme moi toute l'influence, que votre heureuse entrée dans le ministère doit avoir sur les affaires du tems. Tous ceux, qui parmi nous aiment sincèrement leur patrie, penseront de même. Vous ne pouvez ignorer, mylord, à quel point vous y êtes aimé et honoré. Il me seroit aisé d'en détailler les motifs ; mais pour ne pas vous indisposer contre moi, je n'en allègue qu'un seul, c'est la persuasion où nous sommes, et les preuves que nous avons, de votre bienveillance pour la république, et de l'intérêt que vous prenez à sa conservation et à son bonheur.

Jamais sa situation ne fut plus déplorable. Son état politique, et militaire, celui de ses finances, vous est parfaitement connu. Nous sommes peut-être à la veille d'être bouleversés, si l'Angleterre, notre meilleure et notre plus fidèle alliée, et la plus intéressée, à notre existence, ne prévient notre ruine. Le tems est infiniment précieux ; daignez, mylord, employer tous vos soins et vos efforts, pour nous faire parvenir au grand but, qui nous rassemble ici. Le plaisir inexprimable d'avoir rendu le repos à l'Europe, sera votre récompense, et votre nom sera en bénédiction à tous les peuples. Nous aurons en particulier la satisfaction de devoir notre bonheur à l'ami de la république ; je ferai les voeux les plus ardents pour votre conservation, et je vous supplie instamment, de me conserver les sentimens de bonté et d'amitié, dont vous m'avez honoré jusqu'ici, que je mettrai tous mes soins à mériter. J'ai l'honneur d'être avec la plus haute considération, et l'attachement le plus inviolable,

MY LORD,

Votre, &c.

Breda, 20 Nov. N. S. 1746.

WASSENAER.

L E T

LETTER C.

From Mr. VOLTAIRE to Lord CHESTERFIELD.

Ferney Castle near Geneva, Oct. 24, 1771.

THE earl of Huntingdon has done me the honor to visit me in my hermitage. I did not write to you whilst he was here, because I was listening to him. Now I endeavour to comfort myself for his absence, by writing to thank you for sending him to me. He has done me the pleasure to talk much of you. It was chiefly you that I inquired after, much more than after your aldermen, and your sheriffs, and all that nonsense.

May you enjoy an honorable and a happy old age, after passing through the trials of life! May you continue to enjoy health, both of body and mind! Of the five senses allotted to us, only one of yours has suffered any decay; and lord Huntingdon assures me, your stomach is good, which is full as capital an article as a pair of ears. I might, perhaps, be qualified to judge which is worst, to be deaf, or blind, or to have a bad digestion, as I am too well acquainted with all three; but I have long since learned not to decide upon trifles, much less would I venture to do it in matters of consequence. I only believe, that, if you have the benefit of sunshine in the fine house you have built, you will enjoy some tolerable moments, and that is all we can expect at our time of life. Tully wrote a fine treatise on old age; but he did not realize his assertions, and his latter years were far from being happy. You have lived longer and more happily than he did. You have had nothing to do with perpetual dictators or triumviri. Your lot has been, and is still, one of the most desirable in that great lottery, where the prizes are so few, and where the great prize of constant happiness has never yet been drawn by any one. Your philosophy has never been discomposed by those phantoms, which have sometimes overset pretty good heads; nor have you ever been, in

LETTRE C.

De Mr. de VOLTAIRE à mylord CHESTERFIELD.

Au château de Ferney près de Genève, le 24 Oct. 1771.

Mr. le comte de Huntingdon m'a fait l'honneur d'être dans mon hermitage. Je ne vous ai point écrit : j'étois trop occupé à l'entendre. Je cherche ma consolation à son départ en vous écrivant, pour vous remercier, de me l'avoir addressé. Il m'a fait le plaisir de me parler longtems de vous ; c'est de vous surtout que je lui ai demandé des nouvelles, beaucoup plus que je ne me suis informé de vos *aldermen*, et de vos *sheriffs*, et de toutes, ces tracasseries.

Jouissez d'une vieillesse honorable et heureuse, après avoir passé par les épreuves de la vie. Jouissez de votre esprit, et conservez la santé de votre corps. Des cinq sens, que nous avons en partage, vous n'en avez qu'un seul qui soit affoibli, et mylord Huntingdon assure que vous avez un bon estomac, ce qui vaut bien une paire d'oreilles. Ce seroit peut-être à moi à décider lequel est le plus triste, d'être sourd ou aveugle, ou de ne point digérer. Je puis juger de ces trois états, avec connoissance de cause ; mais il y a longtems que je n'ose décider sus les bagatelles, à plus forte raison sur des choses importantes. Je me borne à croire que, si vous avez du soleil dans la belle maison, que vous avez bâtie, vous aurez des momens tolerables ; c'est tout ce qu'on peut espérer à l'âge où nous sommes. Ciceron écrivit un beau traité sur la vieillesse, mais il ne prouva point son livre par les faits ; ses dernières années furent très-malheureuses. Vous avez vécu plus longtems et plus heureusement que lui. Vous n'avez eu à faire, ni à des dictateurs perpétuels, ni à des triumvirs. Votre lot a été et est encore, un des plus desirables dans cette grande lotterie où les bons billets sont si rares, et où le gros lot d'un bonheur continual n'a été encoré agné par personne. Votre philosophie n'a jamais été dérangée par des chimères, qui ont brouillé quelquefois des cervelles assez bonnes. Vous n'avez jamais été dans aucun

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L

genre,

in any respect, a pretender, or the dupe of the Pretenders ; which, in my estimation, is an uncommon degree of merit, and contributes to that shadow of felicity, which may be enjoyed in this short life.

I beg you will kindly accept my sincere, though impotent, wishes for your welfare, my sorrow that it is not in my power to spend some of my days with you, together with my affectionate and respectful attachment.

The old sick man of Ferney,

V.

genre, ni charlatan, ni dupe de charlatan, et c'est ce que je compte pour un mérite très-peu commun, qui contribue à l'ombre de félicité, qu'on peut goûter dans cette courte vie.

Recevez avec bonté les vœux sincères et inutiles, que je fais pour vous, mes regrets de ne pouvoir passer auprès de vous quelques uns de mes jours, avec mon tendre et respectueux attachement.

Le vieux malade de Ferney,

V.

L 2

LORD

TO HIS MASTERS SOON I FLEW 113

... la séparation, la guerre de sécession, et celle
qui a suivi la mort de Lincoln, dans laquelle
l'ouvrage de Thiers, du nom de son auteur, joua
un rôle considérable.

Il fut alors, pour la France, l'heure de l'unité, de
l'unité politique, de l'unité sociale, de l'unité culturelle,
de l'unité économique, de l'unité financière, de l'unité
militaire, de l'unité diplomatique.

La France impériale de Napoléon

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LORD CHESTERFIELD'S
LETTERS to his FRIENDS.

B O O K II.

L E T T E R S

To SOLOMON DAYROLLES,
Of HENLEY-PARK, Esq;

A N D

TO SOME OTHER FRIENDS

I N E N G L A N D.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE correspondence with Mr. Dayrolles being mutilated in some parts, as will appear by the asterisks, it is necessary to inform the public, that, great friendship having subsisted between Lord Chesterfield and Mr. Dayrolles's family, some of the omissions related to private concerns, which would not be interesting to the public; other parts were written for his own private information, when his Lordship was secretary of state, and Mr. Dayrolles in a public character at the Hague; and some other parts again are a continuation of such political and private correspondence, after his Lordship had quitted public business, in which some measures, operations, and persons concerned in them, are too particularly descanted upon, for Mr. Dayrolles to allow himself to give them to the public, as they were communicated to him in the most confidential manner.

It will not be improper likewise to add, that having desired my friend Mr. Dayrolles to favor me with notes and observations, in order to make some passages of these very interesting letters more intelligible to the reader, he was so good as to comply with my request. I have likewise added here and there a few of my own, where I thought some information about persons and books might be agreeable to the public.

M. M.

LORD CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS.

BOOK II.

LETTER I.

To JAMES DAYROLLES, Esq; his majesty's resident at the Hague.

London June 5, O. S. 1730.

SIR,

I AM much obliged to you for the joy you express at the favours the king has bestowed upon me. I wish they could furnish me with an opportunity of giving you effectual proofs of my sincere friendship and regard. Your nephew, who is very deserving of the kindness you have for him, may depend upon my services, whenever an opportunity offers; and I had some thoughts, at this very time, of appointing him secretary of the embassy at Paris, under lord Waldegrave, who is destined to that employment; but unfortunately the duke of Newcastle had just obtained, of the king, the nomination to that office for his kinsman *, who had been secretary to the congress at Soissons, and claimed it as his right. I shall certainly recommend your nephew to lord Harrington, though I believe he will make no changes in the office, and besides, if he did, I know he has some young people belonging to him. With regard to my place of lord-steward, I have none but small places in my gift, which

* Mr. Thomas Pelham.

LETTRES DE MYLORD CHESTERFIELD.

L I V R E II.

L E T T R E I.

A Monsieur J A Q U E S D A Y R O L L E S, résident de sa
M A J E S T E Britannique à la Haye.

A Londres, ce 5 Juin, V. S. 1730.

MONSIEUR,

JE suis très-sensible à la part, que vous prenez aux bontés que le roi a eu pour moi, et je voudrois bien qu'elles me donnassent une occasion de vous témoigner, par des effets, la véritable amitié et considération que jai pour vous. Votre neveu, qui est très-digne de la tendresse que vous avez pour lui, peut compter sur mes services dans les occasions, et j'avois pensé à cette heure de le faire secrétaire de l'ambassade à Paris sous mylord Waldegrave, qui est destiné à cette commission ; mais malheureusement le duc de Newcastle avoit justement obtenu du roi cet emploi pour son parent *, qui avoit été secrétaire du congrès à Soissons, et qui y pretendoit comme de droit. Je ne manquerai pas de parler en faveur de votre neveu à mylord Harrington, quoique je crois qu'il ne fera pas de changement dans le bureau ; et d'ailleurs, s'il en faisoit, je fais qu'il a des jeunes gens, qui lui appartiennent. Par rapport à la charge de grand-maître que j'ai, il n'y a à ma disposition que des petits emplois, qui ne lui conviendroient nul-

which would not be worth his acceptance. But we shall talk over this affair more at large, when we meet again at the Hague, which I hope will be soon. In the mean time do me the justice to be persuaded that no man living is more truly

Your most obedient humble servant,
CHESTERFIELD.

Be so good as to present my most humble respects to
Mrs. Dayrolles.

LETTER II.

To SOLOMON DAYROLLES, Esq; at the Hague.

London, June 23, O. S. 1734.

MY DEAR CHEVALIER,

I WON'T make you any excuses for this application, because I am very sure, you are always glad to help an old friend. My business is in short this; I want four dozen of shirts, two dozen of them to be of Holland, that comes to about ten shillings the English ell, the other two dozen about fourteen shillings the English ell. Take the money of monsieur Vanneck, and give him a bill upon me for it. Though I have great regard for your judgment in most things, yet in linen I believe it will not be amiss, if you can get the assistance of madame Dayrolles, to whom I would not apply directly myself, because knowing her politeness, I was sure it would be putting her to the trouble of an answer; which trouble I thought it civilier to save her by your means. I desire you will make my best compliments to her and your uncle, who I hope are both in perfect health.

Do you divert yourself pretty well at the Hague? Do the suppers and parties of pleasure go on in the Welderen family as they used to do? A friend of theirs and yours, lady Denbigh, has had bad diversion here, for she has lost every thing she had in the world, which she had unfortunately left at her house at Twickenham*.

I hope

* Lord Denbigh had lent his house at Twickenham to Mons. de Chavigny, the French minister then in England, which by some accident was unfortunately burnt down to the ground, whilst he was in possession of it.

nullement. Mais nous parlerons plus amplement de cette affaire, quand j'aurai le plaisir de vous revoir à la Haye, ce qui arrivera bientôt; en attendant, faites-moi la justice d'être persuadé que je suis plus que personne,

Votre très-humble et très obéissant serviteur,

CHESTERFIELD.

Ayes la bonté d'assurer madame Dayrolles de mes très humbles respects.

I hope you continue well with your uncle and aunt. The regard you have always had for them, I am sure, very well deserves their kindness, as their kindness to you deserves your acknowledgments. I wish you all the good that can happen to you; and am, with great truth and esteem, your most faithful friend and humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER III.

To SOLOMON DAYROLLES, Esq; at the Hague.

London, Aug. 19. O. S. 1734.

MY DEAR CHEVALIER.

I HAVE received your letter, with the annexed account. Mr. Vanneck writes by this day's post to his brother at the Hague, to furnish you with what money you shall ask for; so that you may take up what you want to pay for the holland, the making, &c. I should think Mr. Finch's * return would be a good opportunity to send them over, as he is soon expected home.

If you could persuade your uncle to solicit Mr. Walpole for leave to resign his employment in your favour, with a proviso that he should enjoy the emoluments during his life, that would be a means of securing it to you; and Mr. Walpole can very easily bring it about, if he pleases. Without this precaution, I should be afraid of that Mr. Pelham, that is with him, who would not fail to put in for it, if your uncle should die.

If you can persuade your uncle to approve of this proposal, he must get Mr. Van Borsele, and some of the members of the regency, to make interest for you with Mr. Walpole; for in the present juncture, he will pay great regard to the recommendation of those gentlemen.

Adieu, chevalier. Fear God, divert yourself, and drink cool as often as you can. I shall always be

Your, &c. CHESTERFIELD.
LET

* The honorable William Finch, envoy extraordinary and plenipotentiary at that time at the Hague, but now recalled, and immediately replaced by his excellency Horatio Walpole, as ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary.

LETTRE III.

AU MÊME

A Londres, ce 19 Aout, V. S. 1734.

MON CHER CHEVALIER,

J'AIS reçu votre lettre, avec le compte ci-joint. Mr. Vanneck écrit par cet ordinaire à son frère à la Haye, de vous fournir tel argent que vous lui demanderez; de sorte que vous prendrez pour payer la toile, la façon, &c. Je crois que le retour de monsieur Finch* pourra être une bonne occasion de les envoyer, car il revient ici bientôt.

Si vous pouviez persuader à votre oncle de solliciter Mr. Walpole, pour qu'il pût se démettre de son emploi en votre faveur, bien entendu qu'il recevroit lui tous les appoinemens sa vie durant, cela vous l'assureroit en tout cas, et monsieur Walpole pourroit très facilement le moy enner si l'avoit. Car sans cette précaution, je crains ce monsieur Pelham, qui est avec lui, et qui ne manqueroit pas de s'y fourrer, en cas que votre oncle vint à manquer.

Si vous pouvez porter votre oncle à agréer cette proposition, qu'il fasse en sorte que monsieur Van Borsele, et quelques-uns de la régence, s'intéressent en votre faveur, aupres de monsieur Walpole: car dans la conjoncture présente, il aura de grands égards pour la recommandation de ces messieurs.

Adieu, Chevalier. Craignez Dieu, divertissez-vous, et buvez frais autant que faire se pourra. Je serai toujours.

Votre, &c.

CHESTERFIELD.

LET-

LETTER IV.

TO THE SAME.

London, Dec. 3, O. S. 1734.

MY DEAR CHEVALIER,

I HAVE this moment received your letter, and captain Brett has sent me word, that in two or three days I shall receive the remaining two dozen of shirts. I am very well pleased with those I have already, and am much obliged to you for the trouble you have taken about them; though to say the truth, considering the goodness and cheapness of the holland, I believe I am chiefly obliged to Mrs. Dayrolles, and I beg you will give my compliments and thanks to her.

You say matrimony is an epidemical distemper at the Hague. Take care of yourself, my friend, and don't do a foolish thing. You are welcome to love the fair lady you mention, as much as you please; but no conjugal love, I charge you. You may trifl, if you will, but let it go no further. A man of sense will love a pretty woman; but he is a simpleton who marries her merely because she is pretty.

Adieu, my dear chevalier; I am, upon my honor, very sincerely

Your, &c.

CHESTERFIELD.

P. S. My compliments to your uncle.

LET-

LETTRE IV.

AU MÊME

A Londres, ce 3 Dec. V. S. 1734.

MON CHER CHEVALIER,

JE reçois dans ce moment votre lettre ; et le capitaine Brett m'a fait dire que dans deux ou trois jours je recevrai les autres deux douzaines de chemises. Je suis très-content de celles que j'ai déjà, et je vous suis très-obligé de la peine que vous avez prise à ce sujet ; quoiqu'à dire la vérité, vû la bonté de la toile, et le bon marché, je crois en être redevable aux soins de madame Dayrolles, à qui vous voudrez bien faire mes compliments et mes remerciemens.

Vous dites que le mariage est un mal épidémique à la Haye ; prenez y donc bien garde, mon ami, et ne faites point de sottises. Aimez la princesse en question tant qu'il vous plaira ; mais point d'un amour conjugal, s'il vous plaît. Badinez, badinez ; mais restez en là. Un honnête homme aime bien une jolie personne, mais ce n'est qu'un nigaud, qui l'épouse uniquement parcequ'elle est jolie. Adieu, mon cher chevalier ; je suis sur mon honneur très-véritablement.

Votre, &c.

CHESTERFIELD.

Mes compliments à votre oncle.

LET-

LETTER V.

TO THE SAME.

London, Jan. 23, O. S. 1739.

DEAR CHEVALIER,

I MAKE you no compliments of condolance upon the death of your uncle; for, though I loved him very well, I love you better, and you are now easy and independent. I intended to have executed your commission to lord Harrington; but I happened first to see Horace Walpole, who, I thought, might prove more serviceable to you in this affair, than the other: accordingly I spoke to him, and he told me he had received a letter from you to the same effect, and that he would take care of the whole affair. The only difficulty, he apprehended, was with relation to your plate, if it happened to be of foreign make. I told him, that, as well as I remembered, it was English.

Pray take care to keep well with your aunt, who, I am informed, has a good deal left in her own power. Tell me what disposition your uncle made, what you have got, what you intend to do, and when you come here; for I interest myself really in whatever concerns you, and am sincerely,

Yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER VI.

TO THE SAME.

London, May, 4, O. S. 1747.

Mr. RESIDENT,

I HAVE finished your affair this morning: it went easy; and you must go very soon. Come to town immediately upon the receipt of this, and wind up your own private bottoms as well as you can in the mean time;

TO HIS FRIENDS. BOOK II. LET. VI. VII. 161
time; for you must go on Friday. *Je vous en félicite.*
Adieu.

C *

LETTER VII.

TO THE SAME.

London, June 9, O. S. 1747.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I HAVE received your two last separate letters of the 13th and 16th, N. S. and thank you for the informations they give me.***

You did right in putting yourself in the prince of Orange's way, and at the same time in not obtruding yourself upon him for a private audience. Whenever you have one, give him all possible assurances of my attachment; but keep to generals, unless before that time I should send you some particular instructions. I find by what Ligonier said to you, that the French have that superiority, which I apprehended they would have: and I own that I dislike the prospect in Flanders: for I cannot think that marechal de Saxe has brought the French king to the army, to be either a spectator of inaction, or to attempt what he has not a moral certainty of succeeding in. The king, I can assure you, approves of your office letters; so continue to write in that manner, and put in every circumstance relative to the affairs of the republic, though seemingly trifling. As for what you hear from other quarters of Europe, you will insert it or not, in proportion as you give credit to it, or as you think it deserves notice. The application, concerning the ship *Eendragt*, you should have put in your office letter, because that now the memorial will appear in the office, without any letter relative to it. Therefore put all those sort of things for the future in your office letters. Without complimenting your honor, you do extremely well, and an experienced minister could not have done better.

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M

Vos

* Lord Chesterfield was at this time secretary of state for the Northern department.

Vos pareils à deux fois ne se font pas connoître,
Et pour leurs coups d'essai, veulent des coups de maître (a)

I need not tell you, that I love you sincerely, and am
convinced of your attachment to

Yours,

C.

LETTER VIII.

TO THE SAME.

London, June 16, O. S. 1747.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

IACKNOWLEDGE at once your two separate letters of the 20th and 23d, N. S.

You answered the princess royal very well, when she recommended monsieur de la Millerie to you; and when you have an opportunity, acquaint her (with my most humble respects) that I will not fail to put lord Harrington frequently in mind of her royal highness's orders, but however, without answering for the success.

As the prince has lately spoke to you as freely as usual, it is very probable that his former coolness was through inadvertency or *distraction* only. At least, seem to think so.

Far from disliking the dissolution of the parliament, I approved of, and promoted, it, as much as any body, and do think it a very right measure, as will appear, I dare say, by the majority which we shall have in the new one. Our enemies have not time to work, nor money to work with, as they would have had, if this parliament had died a year hence of a natural death. * * * * *

If the Dutch will declare war, it will be now, that the French have embargoed their ships. I conceive why the prince does not care to press them to it; but I don't conceive why

(a) Two verses of Corneille's Cid, which may be rendered thus:

Such forward talents no improvement need;
Their first attempts are master-strokes indeed.

why those, who wish well, and who have spirit, don't
do it of themselves. * * * * *

Don't distrust yourself; for, upon my word, you do perfectly well. Good night.

P. S. I send you the inclosed from poor Chataigné
my page; if you can do him any service, by speaking
in his behalf to any of the prince's people, pray
do.

LETTER IX.

TO THE SAME.

London, June 23, O. S. 1747.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

AS the letters of the 30th N. S. are not yet come in, I have little to say to you by this post, and should hardly have written, but that I love to write to you, because I know that you love to hear from me.

I expect bad news every day from Italy, and wish more than I hope for good news from Flanders. Something, I think, must soon happen there.

I have had a very satisfactory letter from Mr. Harte, and am convinced there has been no gaming at all in the case. However, when you hear from Mr. de Bochat or Madam, in answer to the letter you write, pray send me their letters. A propos of monsieur Bochat, pray tell me in what way I can reward him, for the lectures that he has read to the boy. Should I send him money, how much? If no money, what must I present him with, and to about what value? Tell me without reserve. Make my sincerest compliments to your aunt. Good night.

C.

LETTER X.

TO THE SAME.

London, July 3, O. S. 1747.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I RECEIVED by the last mail your letter of the 7th, N. S. and though I have very little time to-night, yet I would not omit acquainting you, that the hints, which I gave you in one of my former letters, are now useless. ***

I thank you for the account, which you sent me from Lausanne, though I can't say that it gives me great comfort. I shall hint nothing of it to the boy*, while he stays at Lausanne, that he may neither accuse nor suspect any body there of being my informer; but as soon as he is at Leipzig, he shall receive *des mercuriales* (reproofs) upon all those points.

I own I am in great pain for the Dutch frontier, Bergen-op-zoom, Breda, or Bois-le-duc, but chiefly the two first, being, I am convinced, the object of the French, which, if they succeed in, the consequence is but too plain. Pray tell me, what you take to be the whole force of prince Saxe Hildburghausen's corps.

Yours faithfully,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER XI.

TO THE SAME.

London, July 17, O. S. 1750.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I SHALL take it ill of you, and look upon it as contempt, if you are not in a damn'd passion at me, for not having writ to you these two posts; but I have really been so intirely taken up with the political puzzle, which

* Philip Stanhope, lord Chesterfield's natural son.

which we have been in, that I have not had a minute's time to pay my separate duty to you. * * * * *

Lord Sandwich embarks for Holland on Sunday night, or Monday morning at farthest. After his arrival, I cannot find in my heart to refuse your visit to Ubbergue*, where I wish I could attend you, and where I desire you would present my respects *a tutte quante*. But I would have you contrive to set out on some Wednesday morning, and return to the Hague on the Monday night, or the Tuesday morning following, by which means you will miss but one post; and so we heartily wish you farewell for to night.

Yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

P. S. I have this minute received yours of the 25th; by the last paragraph of which I find you are a little angry, but not angry enough.

LETTER XII.

TO THE SAME.

London, July 31, O. S. 1747.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I HAVE received yours of the 4th of August, N. S. but I have so little to say to you by this post, that it is only the satisfaction which I have in writing to you, makes me write to-night.

I have writ to Mr. Harte to inquire at Lausanne of some of monsieur de Bochart's friends, in what way to make him a compliment for the trouble he has been at, and to act accordingly, and likewise to make some present to monsieur de Brenles, when they leave Lausanne, which will now be very soon, for I have ordered them to be at Leipzig by Michaelmas N. S. As they will therefore leave

Lausanne

* The country seat of count Welderens family in the province of Guelderland.

Lausanne in three weeks, I shall be obliged to you, if you will write to monsieur de Brenles in about a fortnight, to desire that he will send you in the utmost confidence, but with the greatest freedom, the entire analysis of the boy's heart, mind and manners; which in all this time he must know thoroughly, having seen him every day, and in his unguarded hours. It will be of infinite use to me to know all these particulars. I have not yet mentioned, either to the boy or Mr. Harte, any thing of what madame de Bochat writ to you, that they might not suspect from whence it came, or endeavour to fish it out. But as soon as they are got to Leipfig, they shall hear of it with a vengeance, but so, as that it shall be impossible for them to guess from whence I had it.

I am astonished at the not sending prince Waldeck's corps into the lines of Bergen-op-zoom, where they would, with those troops that were in the lines before, have formed a strength, which might probably have saved the town, whereas, divided as they are, I fear that neither corps is strong enough separately for any purpose. Adieu.

Yours,

C.

LETTER XIII.

TO THE SAME.

London, Aug. 11, O. S. 1747.

DEAR DAYROLLES,*

I WAS in doubt, whether I should write to you to-night or not, it being doubtful, whether by this time you have a head upon your shoulders or not. But upon mature deliberation, I determined to write eventually, knowing, at worst, my letter would by no means be the first that had been sent to a minister without a head. I confess the hopes which I have, that the French will raise the siege of Bergen-op-zoom, arise from the apprehensions which they may entertain of you, and the bishop of Raphoe; for otherwise, I see no one thing, that should induce them to it.

I suspect

* An excursion of M. Dayrolles to Bergen-op-zoom with the bishop of Raphoe (Twisden) was the occasion of this letter.

I suspect that the bishop of Raphoe has an eye to the bishoprick of Munster, upon the death of the elector of Cologne, and means to shew that he will do as well as Bernard Van Galen (a)

I am persuaded, that the new tax *, from which such sums are expected, will either not be laid, from the opposition which it will meet with, or, if laid, will hardly be collected without the assistance of dragoons. In my opinion, when Bergen-op-zoom shall be taken, the consternation will be universal in the republic, and the tone of the most sanguine will be altered. Williamstadt or Zealand will fall next; and then what ground our troops will have to stand upon, and where they will find quarters, I am at a loss to guess. I am even in pain for their existence, after the town shall be taken.

I have signed your bill of extraordinaries. Pray, what becomes of Kreuningen? Is he not frightened out of his wits? Adieu.

Yours faithfully,

C.

LET-

(a) The warlike bishop of Munster, who twice laid siege to his capital, and was so active in the Dutch war of the year 1672.

* This tax, under the name of *Liberal Gift* or *Don Gratuit*, was raised in a very extraordinary manner. Large cases or trunks were placed in all the town-houses in the province of Holland, in which, all persons, whose whole capital did not amount to less than 2000 florins, were obliged to deposit upon oath, either in cash, obligations of the state, or plate, to the value of at least 2 per cent. of whatever they possessed, either in cash, land, jewels, plate, pictures, obligations, employments, &c. nothing but household good, and wearing apparel to be excepted. They were also obliged to swear, that in case they should afterwards find out, that they had not paid in their quotas, according to a true and just evaluation of all their effects, they would faithfully make it up again, to the best of their knowledge.

The sum produced by this heavy imposition was kept a profound secret, and never came to the knowledge of the world with any certainty. However, there is good reason to think, that the amount of the same did not fall short of twenty-two millions of florins, viz. two millions sterling, in the single province of Holland. The public debt of that province alone, at that time, was computed at forty millions sterling.

LETTER XIV.

TO THE SAME.

London, Aug. 21, O. S. 1747.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I AM very glad to find the cannon-balls, bombs, shells, and mines, which you went to visit at Bergen-op-zoom, received you so civilly, as to give you all the entertainment they could afford, without playing you those tricks, which they are apt to do to those, with whom they are more familiar. In short, you are well off, and I am glad of it.

I think, as you do, that the town must fall, and soon, it being impossible for the whole army to march to its relief: at least the duke is convinced of it, though I find that the prince of Orange is of a contrary opinion. That is not, I doubt, the only point, upon which they differ.

I see the *2 per cent.* tax is not yet laid, and that the states of Holland are separated to deliberate upon it. I own, I much doubt, whether it will be laid, and still more whether it will be levied if laid. Adieu.

LETTER XV.

TO THE SAME.

London, Aug. 25, O. S. 1747.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

* * * * * THE taking of the Russians is, in my mind, eventually a right step, provided we make the right use of it, that is, to treat seriously of peace, with force in our hands for war. For I am convinced that every thing, that does not tend to a peace, is absurd, and will in the end prove fatal.

I have

I have no opinion of your new tax ; and though it may be laid, I believe it will be so lamely collected, that it will not produce any thing like what is proposed. Pray tell me what impartial people think of it.

Don't be distrustful of yourself ; for every body here allows, that it is impossible to do better than you have done. So good night.

Yours,

C.

LETTER XVI.

TO THE SAME.

London, Sept. 11, O. S. 1747.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I DON'T acknowledge separately the several letters I have received from you since my last, as you are sensible that I must have received them, and have not always time to answer them.

* * * arrived here the day before yesterday ; but what his business is, is yet a secret to me. * * * * *

He talks more extravagantly than ever poor lord ----- did. Bergen-op-zoom is no loss, the Dutch have more resources than they want ; and though they should lose a province or two this year, they will recover that and a great deal more the next. * * * * *

Adieu, mon cher enfant. (Adieu, my dear child.)

C.

LET-

LETTER XVII.

TO THE SAME.

London, Sept. 22, O. S. 1747.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

* * * * * I AM concerned for the public, which I take to be in a very dangerous situation; as to myself in particular, I am extreamly easy. I will continue in public life, while I can do it with honor; and when I cannot, I shall enjoy private life with pleasure, and I hope some reputation. The republic talks and looks big; but neither does, nor I fear can act up to it. And how they will repel dangers of this year, by the force which they are to raise the next, I am at a loss to discover.

I have spoke to Mr. Pelham about your payment, and will take care you shall be paid as soon as, or sooner than, any other foreign minister; and more you must not expect, for a very strong reason, which is, that there is not money.

The parliament will meet the second week in November; till when the town will continue as empty as it is now, and I never knew it emptier. My only amusement is my new house, which has now taken some form, both within and without. There is but one disagreeable circumstance that attends it, which is the expence. Adieu.

LETTER XVIII.

TO THE SAME.

London, Oct. 22, O. S. 1747.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

INCLOSED is a letter for Mr. de Bochat (a), which I desire that you will direct properly, and forward to him; for the proper titles are of great importance all over Germany. My letter is an answer to

(a) A professor of history and civil law in the university of Lausanne, whose lectures young Mr. Stanhope attended,

to a very civil one, which you sent from him, and at the same time conveys my thanks for his book (a), which, as far as I have read, is, I think, an excellent one. He gives me in the main a good character of the boy, and he has very kindly wrote to professor Mascow (b), to inform him previously of what the boy does or does not know, of his dispositions, character, &c. all which it is right that the professor should know before hand, in order to take his measures the better. * * * * *

Though things go now smoothly, and to the wish of the stadhouder in Holland, I suspect that they will not long continue to do so. The heads, that govern now, are too hot for the old ones that are to obey; and I foresee that the string will be pulled till it breaks. Make my compliments to your aunt. Yours most faithfully,

C.

LETTER XIX.

TO THE SAME.

London, Oct. 16, O. S. 1747.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

YOU allow me the privilege of a busy man, which is not to write, when he has not time to do it; and that of a lazy man, which is not to write, when he has not a mind to it; but for the two last posts I claim the privilege of a sick man, for I have had confounded rheumatic pains in my shoulder, for which I have been let blood, physicked, and confined; but I am now pretty well again. * * * * *

Has

(a) *Critical researches into the antient state of the Helvetic body; with an account of the monuments of antiquity found in Switzerland.* That gentleman had published, ten Years before, *a critical and political enquiry into the origin of the custom of letting national troops to various powers, practised by the Swiss cantons.*

(b) Professor of Laws at Leipzig.

Has Kreuningen paid his two *per cent.* and survived it?
Have you seen your old friend? *Bon soir.*

Yours,

C.

LETTER XX.

TO THE SAME.

London, Dec. 1, O. S. 1747.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I RECEIVED but last Sunday yours of the 1st N. S. and there are now two more posts due from Holland.

Though your correspondence cannot, in this season of inaction, be so informing as at other times, it is still the correspondence of a friend; and I value much more what the heart dictates, than what occurrences supply. So write on, when you have leisure, and depend upon your letters being equally welcome to me, however full of, or free from, news. Chetwynd * tells me that you have some doubts, whether you should regularly write your office-letters or not, as you have not great variety of materials for them at present. That is none of your fault. * * * But, however, I can tell you that the king reads your letters with great attention, and is very well pleased with them; therefore continue by all means, and insert every thing, that comes to your knowledge. His majesty loves to hear the little occurrences of every place. * * *

Pray endeavour to get me an exact account of all the troops now in the service of the republic; distinguishing those that were there before the election of the *stadthouder*, and those which have been raised since; and likewise an account of the prisoners still in the possession of the French. This account, I know, you can hardly get

* Wm. Chetwynd, esq; under secretary of state in the Northern department.

get in any other shape but that of battallions and squadrons, but, however, I desire you will accompany it with the best-grounded conjecture that you can form of the real number of effective men, to which the whole establishment amounts.

As the world goes, I am not displeased with monsieur de Brenles's (*a*) account of the boy; and to tell you the truth, it is better than I expected. I agree with you, that Leipzig is not the place to give him that *bon ton*, which I know he wants; but then consider, that he can acquire that *bon ton*, no where but in mixed companies, and in the pleasures of people of fashion at courts, which if he were to taste of so young as he is now, there would be an end of all studies. And he still wants a foundation in several sciences, which he will lay better at Leipzig than any where else. He will there make himself master of the German language, the history and constitution of the empire, some Grotius, some civil law, and other things, which he must either learn now or never. It is true that in all this time he will contract a little German dirt; but that is easier rubbed off, especially at his age, than English dirt. Turin will effectually do that; and Paris shall give, at last, the true varnish.

Harte writes me word, that the boy really works hard, and has barely time to eat, drink, and sleep. In all the vacations, he is to go to Dresden, which will do some good to his manners.

Adieu.

LETTER XXI.

TO THE SAME.

London, Dec. 14, O. S. 1747.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I Have received your letter of the 19th, N. S. Your account of the inefficiency of the government in Holland is, I am convinced, very true, and I have the same from various

(a) The gentleman at whose house young Stanhope was a boarder at Lausanne.

various hands. Much talking, and very little doing, sanguine folly without force, and obstinacy without judgment. Maréchal de Lowendahl will, I believe, soon talk in a much more effectual manner to Zealand or Breda, though I should rather think the latter ; as it is easier, and, with regard to England, of more importance.

If count Nassau will break bones, I presume he will begin with Rodriguez's (a). It is a most scandalous article.

I have spoke again about your payment, and have had fair promises.

I have not yet received *Memnon* (b) ; have you read *Angola* (c) ? It is very prettily written. By the first opportunity of a courier, I shall send Kreuningen a cargo of pamphlets, though we have had no good ones of late. *Adieu, mon enfant.*

LETTER XXII.

TO THE SAME.

London, Jan. 1, O. S. 1747.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I HAVE received your two last letters, and likewise *Memnon*. I always like the former ; but to tell you the truth, I do not so much admire the latter as Kreuningen does, who tells me that he *devoured* it. I have sent him a load of bad books and pamphlets, by his particular order ; for none good have appeared here of late. Pray, make him my compliments, and my excuses for not having yet answered his letter, which I will do soon.

By what you tell me, and by what I hear from other hands, there is much talking and little doing at the Hague ; whereas the French, though they love talking as well as other people, seem to be doing, as I fear we shall soon find. I am called away. Good night, dear Dayrolles.

LET-

(a) 'The writer of the Cologne Gazette.'

(b) One of Voltaire's philosophical tales.

(c) A very licentious novel, written in the style of Crebillon.

L E T T E R XXIII.

TO THE SAME.

London, Jan. 12, O. S. 1748.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

THREE mails, which came in together, brought me two letters from you; the case of good things, of which it is often said, that but two of them come over in three ships. The abbé de la Ville's letter, for I am sure it is his, is but superficial; he might have made more of the subject; but, however, it is prettily writ. * * * * *

Whether the tone of that court be peace or war, it differs only in point of time; for a peace there will necessarily be. If prudence makes it soon, it will be so much the better; but if sanguine folly delays it, necessity will, before it is long, make it, and make a damn'd bad one. We have not, nor can have, any force to look the French in the face with, till the middle of the campaign; before which time, they will have struck their stroke, and the republic will beg, instead of refusing, a peace.

I have desired Kreuningen to send me any good new French books that come out, and to give them to you, who will pay him for them, and transmit them to me. And I insist upon your sending me the account, that I may pay you. Our booksellers here import no books worth two-pence. * * * * *

L E T T E R XXIV.

TO THE SAME.

London, Jan. 26, O. S. 1748.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

THIS letter goes to you, in that confidence, which I always shall, and know that I safely may, place in you. And you will therefore not let one word of it transpire.

What

What *** wrote to *** I believe will, nay I am sure must, prove true. * * * * *

I tell you very truly, I long for rest and quiet, equally necessary to my present state, both of body and mind. Could I do any good, I would sacrifice some more quiet to it ; but, convinced as I am that I can do none, I will indulge my ease, and preserve my character. I have gone through pleasures, while my constitution and my spirits would allow me. Business succeeded them ; and I have now gone through every part of it, without liking it at all the better for being acquainted with it. Like many other things, it is most admired by those, who know it the least. And this one consideration would alone disgust one of it, even if one had the sole power ; which is, that in this country one must, for political reasons, frequently prefer the most unworthy to the most worthy, and prostitute to importunity and undeserving greediness the rewards of merit. Thus weary of business, you will easily imagine, that in retiring from my present business, I shall not engage in any other ; but far from embarking upon any account in cabals and opposition, whenever I do take any part in the house of lords, it shall be in support of the government. Do not think neither that I mean a full retirement from the world ; on the contrary, my retreat from business will give me both more time and better spirits for the enjoyment of social life, from which I will never withdraw myself. What day I shall resign the seals, is not yet fixed : therefore I desire that you will not, upon any account, mention one word of this letter, or give the least intimation to any one living, that you know any thing of this resolution. As I know the warmth of your friendship for me, and at the same time the warmth of your temper, I most earnestly recommend to you, nay I insist upon your being discreet, when this event shall become public. There are those at the Hague, who will be glad to lay hold of any little slip of yours, in order to do you an injury : disappoint them by your discretion, and say nothing more upon it, than that you knew that my health required exercise, and my temper quiet ; and that you know too, that whenever I can, as a private man, be of any use to the king or to the public, I shall act the same out of place, as I should have done in. This conduct I shall look upon as a proof

a proof of your friendship, and not of your coolness for me. As I shall always have a satisfaction in hearing from you, write to me from time to time as usual. * * *

Adieu for this time, my dear Dayrolles; and be convinced that, knowing, as I do, your merit, your good heart, your truth, and your affection, I shall, though hereafter a very useless one, be ever your

Very faithful friend,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER XXV.

TO THE SAME.

London, Feb. 9, O. S. 1748.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

*L*Es fort est jetté (the die is cast): you receive this letter from a sincere friend, but not from a secretary of state; and I know you to be so true a friend too, that I am sure you value it more in the former character than in the latter. Last Saturday I resigned the seals into the king's hands, who parted with me in the most gracious manner possible. My health, my spirits, and my character all concurred in this measure, and made it absolutely necessary for me. I retire without any personal quarrel with any man whatsoever; and if I disapproved of measures, it was by no means upon account of their authors. Far from engaging in opposition, as resigning ministers too commonly do, I shall, to the utmost of my power, support the king and his government, which I can do with more advantage to them, and more honor to myself, when I do not receive five thousand pounds a year for doing it. I shall now, for the first time in my life, enjoy that philosophical quiet, which, upon my word, I have long wished for. While I was able, that is, while I was young, I lived in a constant dissipation and tumult of pleasures; the hurry and plague of business

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N

either

either in or out of court succeeded, and continued till now. And it is now time to think of the only real comforts in the latter end of life, quiet, liberty, and health. Do not think, by the way, that by quiet and retirement, I mean solitude and misanthropy; far from it: my philosophy, as you know, is of a cheerful and social nature. My horse, my books, and my friends, will divide my time pretty equally; I shall not keep less company, but only better, for I shall chuse it. Therefore do not fear finding me, whenever you take a little turn here, morose and cynical: on the contrary, you will find me as gentle as a dove, but alas! not so amorous. At least, whatever else you find me, you will always find me with the truest affection,

Yours, &c.

CHESTERFIELD.

P. S. Pray make my compliments to my baron, and thank him both for his books and his letters: I will do it myself very soon.

LETTER XXVI.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, Feb. 23, O. S. 1748.

*M*È voici mon cher enfant (here I am, my dear boy), enjoying liberty and idleness, but attended with a great cold, which I got upon the road, in the coldest weather, and the deepest snow that I ever remember. This has hindered me from drinking the waters hitherto; but that is no great matter, as I came here more for the sake of quiet, and absence from London, while I was the only subject of conversation there, than for any great occasion that I had for the waters.

Without affectation, I feel most sensibly the comforts of

of my present free and quiet situation ; and if I had much vanity in my composition, of which I really think that I have less than most people, even that vanity would be fully gratified, by the voice of the public upon this occasion. But, upon my word, all the busy tumultuous passions have subsided in me, and that not so much from philosophy, as from a little reflection upon a great deal of experience. I have been behind the scenes, both of pleasure and business. I have seen all the coarse pulleys and dirty ropes, which exhibit and move all the gaudy machines ; and I have seen and smelt the tallow candles, which illuminate the whole decoration, to the astonishment and admiration of the ignorant audience.

Since my resignation, my brother, as you will have seen in the news-papers, is appointed commissioner of the admiralty, which he never would have been as long as I had continued in, the resolution being taken to exclude all those, who might otherwise have been supposed to have come in upon my interest. As I retire without quarrelling, and without the least intention to oppose, I saw no reason why my brother should decline this post, and I advised him to accept of it, and the rather as it was the king's own doing.

George Stanhope* too, I am told, is now to have the rank of colonel given him, which I could never procure him, so that it seems, I have a much better interest out of place than I had in.

All goes well at Leipzig ; the boy applies and improves more than I expected. Count and countess Fleming, who saw him there, and who carried him to the dutches of Courlande's, gave me a very good account of him, and assured me that he was by no means the awkward English oaf, but *passablement décrotté* (tolerably polished). He shall stay there a year longer, and then go to Turin. If you should accidentally hear, or can procure, any memoirs of his private character, pray let me know them.

Remember the cautions, which I gave you in one of my former letters. When lord Sandwich goes to the congress, you will have a great deal to do, and play a considerable part, at the Hague ; which I know you are able to acquit yourself of very well. This I think will put you, *en train d'être*

N 2

* Brother to earl Stanhope.

d'être monsieur l'envoyé, upon lord Sandwich's return to his post here, which will be before it is very long; for however little peace is at present intended, necessity will soon make it, by the means of the *mariéaux de Saxe et Lowendahl*; and then, being upon the place, I think you may reasonably ask, and probably obtain, the character and appointments of envoy. * * * * *

May you have all you wish!

Adieu, yours,

C.

LETTER XXVII.

TO THE SAME.

London, March, 22, O. S. 1748.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I AM now returned from the Bath in a state of health, which I have not known of some years, and which is owing to quiet of mind and exercise of body. I am now master of my own time, and of my own motions. I do whatever I please, whenever I please, and am mightily pleased with it. * * * * *

I lay no great stress upon * * * remaining at the Hague, which I do not think is with any other design, but only to be the channel of a certain correspondence. *A propos* of that correspondence, * * * has confessed the impotence of the republic; has owned that they are disappointed in their levies, and has desired to borrow twelve hundred thousand pounds, or at least a million sterling, without which he says that the republic must be inevitably ruined. When the king heard the purport of his commission, he said, *Chesterfield told me six months ago that it would be so.* As to his loan of a million at least, he has been told, that, if he can get it *à la bonne heure* (so much the better), but that it is not very likely that he should, when our own loan is at five *per cent.* discount, and when it is very doubtful whether the further payments will be made at all. At last he came down to beg, for God's sake, that we would at least take the whole expence of the Russians upon ourselves, for that

so-called *intérêt de l'ordre* *

that the republic cannot possibly pay the share that they had stipulated. What answer he has received to that request I do not yet know. Money was never so scarce in the city, nor the stocks so low, even during the rebellion, as now; which you, as a monied man, certainly know. Twelve *per cent.* is offered for money, and even that will not do. And if there is not a certainty of peace in three or four months at furthest, an entire stagnation of all credit, if not a bankruptcy, is universally expected.

Could you buy me two hogsheads of superlative good claret at Palairet's, or any where else, and send it me over by some English ship, as you know the act of navigation requires? I would have it of the first growth, and a strong body. I trust to your distinguishing palate for the quality of it. I am in no sort of haste for it, so that you may take your own time to taste, consult, and at last fix. Only do not send me any, unless you can be sure of sending me what is extremely good.

Make my compliments to our friend when you see him. I am heartily glad of Wolters' new employment (a).

Yours affectionately,

C.

LETTER XXVIII.

TO THE SAME.

London, April, 8, O. S. 1748.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

SINCE my last to you, I have received your two letters with their inclosures, which were a letter and a duplicate from madame de St. Gille at Madrid. She wants to have a certain Spanish prisoner exchanged, and, thinking me still in office, applies to me for it. I have, however, got it

(a) Agent to his Britannic majesty at Rotterdam, a gentleman of uncommon merit, and generally beloved both by his own countrymen and the Dutch. He died a few years ago.

it done, as I inform her in the inclosed, which I desire that you will forward to her some way or other. The safest way, I believe, will be to give it to the marquis del Puerto's secretary. It may give you an opportunity, if you have a mind, to send her something tender from yourself, for I remember you was one of her lovers.

When the treasury meets after Easter, Mr. Pelham has promised me that you shall be paid every shilling that is due to you, so that then you will be out of debt. I hope you take care to live within your appointments, and to lay up all your own, that in case of any *revers* you may not be a loser by your commission. * * * * *

The deliberations about the christening (a), and the magnificence and profusion of it, were surely *déplacés* (improper) at this time; at least it is thought so here, unless it proceeded from a resolution of dying merrily. Your end seems to me to be near. Maestricht, I am perswaded, will be taken in a fortnight *de tranchée ouverte*; and after that there is not any one place that can hold out a week. Maréchal Lowendahl's leaving his former destination of Breda and Zealand, in order to join the grand army, convinces me, that something more is intended there than the taking of Maestricht; and I dread the next letters from Holland, bringing us an account of the duke's army being cut off in the whole, or in part. All my predictions are now verifying too fast. * * * * *

Our army, which was, according to their calculation, to consist of 192,000 men, is actually weaker than it was last year; and that peace, which the republic will in a few weeks be obliged to sign upon the drum head, will be such a one, as will prove how much those were in the right, who were for treating last year, upon the foot of maréchal de Saxe's proposals to Ligonier.

Here is a pamphlet come out entitled my *Apology* (b), which I will send to my baron, with a bundle of other pamphlets by the first opportunity, and he will shew it you. It makes a very great noise here, as you will easily conceive that it must, when you read it. Many people really

(a) Of the stadholder's son, now his successor.

(b) *An apology for a late resignation, in a letter from an English gentleman to his friend at the Hague.* London, 1748. 8vo.

really believe, and many desire, that it should be believed, to have been written by my direction at least: but, upon my word and honor, so far am I from having any hand directly or indirectly in it, that I do not so much as guess at the author, though I have done all I could to fish him out. * * * * *

Pray do not buy me any claret, till you hear further from me, for I am lately informed, that there is great difficulty in importing it here, even in an English bottom. But in the mean time you may be tasting eventually if you please. * * * * *

It is time to finish this letter. Good night then, my dear Dayrolles.

Yours faithfully,

C.

LETTER XXIX.

TO THE SAME.

London, April 19, O. S. 1748.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I HAVE received yours of the 19th N. S. The situation of the republic is now exactly what six months ago I foresaw, and foretold, it would be; there was indeed no conjuration in that prediction, nothing having happened since, that was not the necessary effect of causes well known then. * * * * *

If you should by accident know or hear of a *Vander Pol*, pray let the person know, that I am very much obliged to him for his correspondence, which is very instructive, and that I beg he will continue it. I do not know who he is, and if you should, do not send me his name in a letter by the post; for I know that most letters from, and to, me are opened.

I am not yet able to guess who wrote my apology, which I am the more surprised at, as it must be somebody pretty well informed, all the facts being very near true. An answer to it is advertised, but not yet published. I am impatient

impatient to see it, that I may know, as I easily shall when I read it, whether it is written by order or not; if it is not, I shall not meddle with it; but if it is, it shall have a reply.

Pray tell my baron, that I have received his letter, and will answer it before it is long. He will be able to send me all the little French books that come out, when maréchal de Saxe, with his army, will be at the Hague; for then all the French officers will be at the baron's levee, and glad to shew him those little civilities.

The duke of Devonshire will, I believe, resign soon, and be succeeded by the duke of Marlborough. Adieu, dear Dayrolles.

Yours sincerely,

C.

LETTER XXX.

TO THE SAME.

London, May 3, O. S. 1748.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

MY prophecy, as you observe, was fulfilled *sonica*, which I heartily congratulate both you and myself upon; for, had not that part of my predictions come to pass in the moment that it did, the other part would, which was inevitable ruin. Had not the French politely signed the preliminaries when they did, but resolved to profit of the advantages, which they had in their hands, we were undone. Most people here are astonished at the moderation of the French court, and cannot account for it from any known rules of policy. Deep and profound historians, who must assign some great and political cause for every event, will likewise, I believe, be at a loss to assign such a one for this. But I, who am apt to take things in a more simple light, and to seek for their causes more in the weaknesses than in the wisdom of mankind, account for it in this manner. The king of France, who is a quiet, unambitious

ous

ous prince, was weary of the war, and particularly of a camp life, which, as he had once adopted, he could not well lay aside, while the war lasted. The French courtiers are not so unskilful, as not to advise what they know their prince wishes, no matter whether it be consistent with, or contrary to, the public interest. * * * * *

I do not wonder in the least at the general joy, which you tell me is expressed at the Hague upon this occasion, from the princess and the baron, to the fisherman at Scheveling. * * * * *

When you happen to see *l'ami of Amsterdam*, tell him, pray, that I am obliged to him and his *ami*, and that I hope they will continue to let me hear from them. In the hand and the other circumstances in which they write, the devil cannot discover them here; all the care that is necessary is only to put their own letters privately into the post.

I believe the king will set out from hence next Saturday sevennight; I suppose that you will be at Helvoet to meet him, where I desire you will be particularly attentive to do lady Yarmouth any services that you can; she deserves them from us both, being much my friend, and yours.

Adieu mon enfant; portez-vous bien.

LETTER XXXI.

TO THE SAME.

London, May 13, O. S. 1748.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

YOU answered the prince of Orange's question, concerning me, perfectly well; far from blaming the peace, I am heartily glad that it is made. I was for making it sooner, and consequently better. I foresaw and foretold our weakness this campaign, and would have prevented, by a timely negociation last October, those evident dangers, to which it must necessarily expose us, and which we have escaped, more by our good fortune than our wisdom.

dom. I may add that my resignation made this peace, as it opened people's eyes with relation to the imminent dangers of the war. * * * * *

The republic is saved by it from utter ruin, and England from bankruptcy.

The king sets out this night or to-morrow morning for Holland, attended only by Mr. Stone. It is given out that the duke of Newcastle is to follow in three weeks: but that is only given out, but not intended; for I have reason to be pretty sure that he will not go at all. The king would not let either of the secretaries go to Hanover: but as the duke of Bedford has strongly solicited to go, in case the duke of Newcastle did not, it is to be said that the latter is to go, in order to put off the former without offence.

Sir Matthew Decker goes in the yacht with Stone, and will be some time at the Hague, where I desire that you will do him all the service, and shew him all the civilities, that you can. * * * * *

Lord Sandwich has asked leave to come over here for a little time upon account of his own private affairs.

I have heard of no new minister named for the Hague, but I am told that there is to be one. I should guess lord Fane, who solicits much to go to Spain, but has been refused. The duke of Richmond, I believe, will go to Paris as ambassador for the representation part, which part he will certainly do well.

Yours most truly,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER XXXII.

TO THE SAME.

London, June 10, O. S. 1748.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I WAS glad to find by your last, that the king and you are so well together, though, if you are to be demolished, that intimacy will not serve you. An ambassador will certainly be sent to the Hague; but who it will be, I have

have not yet discovered, nor do I believe that it is settled. Should it be one person, whom I am apt to suspect, I will answer for your being very well with him, and for his doing you all the service he can. The duke of Newcastle will be with you about the same time as this letter will; he relies upon your doing every thing for him at the Hague: you may easily guess what a hurry he will be in, in this beginning of his travels; therefore be officious about him.

* * * * *

I have had a letter from sir Matthew Decker, full of your praises, and of acknowledgements for your civilities to him.

I am now extremely busy in moving to my new house, where I must be before Michaelmas next, so that, between my old house and my new one, I have really no house at all. As my new house is situated among a parcel of thieves and murtherers, I shall have occasion for a house dog, and as madame's son and heir, (a) puts you to the expence of board wages, it may be a conveniency to us both, if you transfer him to me; if you approve of this proposal, write to your gardener (Horace and Boileau both wrote to theirs) to send him to me; and I will take care that by your return, you shall have a hopeful son and heir of his to succeed him.

Pray, give or send the enclosed to sir Matthew Decker, to whom I do not know where to direct. Tell my baron, that I have received his *Droit public de l'Europe* (b), that is, the first volume of it. As far as I have gone yet, I like it mightily. I hope he will send me all the other volumes. I will write to him soon. Good night.

Yours most truly,

LET-

(a) A dog which was called, baron Trenck, from a famous captain of freebooters, employed in the service of the queen of Hungary, and no less distinguished by his bravery than by his violences exerted upon friends and foes, for which he was called to an account, and condemned to a perpetual confinement.

(b) A very good book, on the political interests and claims of the European powers; by abbé Mably.

LETTER XXXIII.

TO THE SAME.

London, June 24, O. S. 1748.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I AM very glad of what you tell me has passed between you and his grace, which, together with the trouble and expence that he has put you to, ties him down at least not to suffer you to be hurt. * * * * *

Pray, how was lady Yarmouth to you? I suppose particularly civil: she has promised me to do you all the service that she can; but that indeed is not much: I wish her power were equal to her good will.

Lord Delawar and lord Anson talk of nothing here, but of the delicacy of your table, your manner of doing the honors of it, &c. You are in the right to exert upon this occasion; but take care, however, not to run in debt; for times of bad payment may come, and in that case a small debt would soon run up to a great one. You will laugh at my preaching œconomy to you.

The mob in Holland, I see, has got the better, and abolished the farms, which will be attended with many inconveniences to the government, though the farms were attended with some, relatively to the people. I suppose that the scheme of the pensionary Slingelandt will be now taken up, and it is undoubtedly the best. But be it ever so good, any point, however right in itself, when extorted by the violence of the mob, is a dangerous precedent, and encourages those gentlemen to further demands, which at last can only be refused by regular force. And I prophecy that you will see, before you leave the Hague, the now-quited mob in motion again upon some other occasion.

Baron Trenck arrived this morning, and seems to be a very civil gentleman: your gardener, a man of gravity and dignity, assures me that his taste for mutton has left him, and that there are few Surrey gentlemen so well behaved as he is, which I can very easily believe.

I cannot

I cannot tell you, by the post, who the person was, whom I hinted at, as a candidate for the embassy to the Hague. Lord Holderness is the person strongly solicited for, from your side of the water. Should it be he, I think he would chuse to live well with you; but should it be the other, I would be bound for him, that he would be your friend, in consideration of your being mine.

Yours faithfully,

C.

LETTER XXXIV.

TO THE SAME.

London, July 2, 1748.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

LORD Pulteney will give you this letter: he is going to Leipzig for some time, and will not stay long at the Hague; but during his stay there, you will oblige me in obliging him. Pray, present him to the prince and princess of Orange, and air him at the assemblies.

My boy goes next spring to Turin to be *décrotté*, which I am told he wants a good deal. Sir Charles Williams writes me word, that he is very handsome, but very awkward, has a great deal of knowledge, but no manners. *Il faut remédier à cela à Turin, et à Paris, après quoi vous y mettrez la dernière main (a).*

I go to Cheltenham to-morrow for a fortnight or three weeks, not for any present want of health, but by way of preservative against the autumn, when I am apt to have fevers. Good night. Mademoiselle *** does not love you better than I do.

Yours,

C.

LET-

(a) This must be mended at Turin and Paris, and you'll put the finishing hand to it.

LETTER XXXV.

TO THE SAME.

Cheltenham, July 18, O. S. 1748.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

* * * * * I DO not see that things tend to quiet in the republic; the people, having now carried one point*, will want twenty more, of which the stadholder must refuse at least nineteen. This use, however necessary, of his power, will exasperate those who gave it him; and the confusion which must arise from this is obvious. I thank God, I am out of the galley; but however I wish it fair weather, and a good voyage. I leave this place in two days for London. I have been here three weeks, and find myself much the better for the waters. In about a fortnight, I shall go for a week to lord Pembroke's, at Wilton, which will be my last excursion for this year, and then I shall settle in my new house, under the protection of baron Trenck. I hope, that by next summer, when peace shall have taken a certain consistency, you may get leave to make us both a visit. You will not, I believe, be sorry, and upon my soul I shall be glad. Good night.

Yours,

C.

LETTER XXXVI.

TO THE SAME.

London, Aug. 16, O. S. 1748.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I RECEIVED your last, while I was at Wilton, which place Pem has improved so much that I hardly knew it again. It is now in my mind the finest seat in England. I am

* The abolition of all the taxes farmed and gathered by the excise officers called *Pachters*.

I am returned to a very empty town, which I can bear with very well ; for if I have not all the company that I could like, I am at least secure from any company that I do not like, which is not the case of any one place in England but London. Besides, I have time both to read and to think ; the first I like ; the latter, I am not, as too many are, afraid of. The rest of the day is employed in riding, and fitting up my house, which, I assure you, takes a good deal of time, now that we are come to the minute parts of finishing and furnishing.

I am very glad that the prince of Orange has carried the affair of the *posteries**, at Amsterdam : it is a great point gained for the public, as that revenue must be very great, and much greater than it was ever owned to be, while in private hands. If he will only push such points as are of an evident national utility, he will carry them all, notwithstanding the private or public opposition of particular interests. Queen Elizabeth was, in this free country, as absolute as the sultan is in Turkey ; but then the nation was convinced, that she only desired and exerted that power, for the public good.

I cannot think that the definitive treaty will be concluded so soon as we were told it would ; and I cannot help entertaining certain suspicions, from the queen of Hungary's conduct, which I will not communicate to you by way of letter. * * * * *

Pray tell my baron, that I have received his pacquet of books, by signior Martinelli, and that I am sorry that I put him both to the expence and trouble of sending me the history of the wars between France and the house of Austria, which is an execrable one, notwithstanding my friend Rousset's panegyric of it in his preface.

Yours sincerely,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T-

* Till this time, the management and direction of the post-office were in the hands of private persons, who had the sole benefit of the profits raised from them.

LETTER XXXVII.

TO THE SAME.

London, Sep. 2, O. S. 1748.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I RECEIVED very safe, by sir Matthew Decker, your long letter of the 23 Aug. O. S. in which you give me what I had long desired, *l'histoire amoureuse de la Haye*. As I am personally acquainted with most of the characters, I am convinced that all the facts are true, and I particularly foresee the ruin of one family, from the ill conduct of the lady, which will not be endured, when the honey moon is over. I am now an unconcerned spectator of the transactions of the gallant, as well as of the busy, part of the world, the first from necessity, the latter from choice; so that I only inform myself of them for my amusement, without being any otherwise affected by them than as a citizen of the world. As such, I am glad that the horrors and devastations of war are now suspended; but as such too, I am sorry to foresee the moment of their revival so near, as I think I do, I mean the death of the king of Sweden. If you will have my prophetic politics, here they are. I think that the queen of Hungary has made all these difficulties of coming into the definitive treaty, not in the expectation of succeeding in any one of them, but only with the intention of delaying the return of the Russians, and of forming a plan with Russia, and possibly *some princes* of the empire, for the recovery of Silesia. Upon this supposition, I expect that she will very soon come into the definitive treaty, in order to be able to employ all her force *elsewhere*. The death of the king of Sweden is, in my opinion, to be the signal of this northern war. The czarina will not suffer the prince successor to succeed; this prince successor is brother-in-law to the king of Prussia, who has lately, in conjunction with France, guarantied that succession to him. Reinforcements of Russians are marched into Finland; our Russians loiter in Germany: to me the conclusion is plain.

I am

I am glad that my old friend Vanderduyn * has got a pension, but I am astonished at the size of it. A thousand pounds a year sounds like an English pension; *d'ailleurs*, he has a regiment of guards and a government. This is certain, that the money will not stagnate in my general's strong box, but circulate very quickly through the Hague. *A propos* of the quick circulation of species, it is fixed that lord Holdernes is to be our ambassador to the republic. Adieu for this time; you shall hear from me more fully before it is long.

Yours faithfully,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER XXXVIII.

TO THE SAME.

London, Sept. 23, O. S. 1748.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I thank you for your promise of a second tome of your *histoire amoureuse*, when an occasion shall present itself; for, upon my word, Petronius nor Buffo (a) could not write a better than your first. The winter, which will assemble every body at the Hague, will probably furnish you materials.

Your towns and provinces seem to be running a race to the goal of slavery; and they put me in mind of the nobles and commons in Denmark, who in the last century strove which should first get rid of their liberties. Your Stadthouder must have great self-denial, or

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* Lieutenant general Vanderduyn, brother to M. de Sgravemoer, one of the college of nobles in the province of Holland.

(a) That witty, vain, and most indiscreet count, wrote a satirical account of the gallantries of the French court, in the time of Lewis XIV; in which having taken unbecoming liberties with regard to his master, he was banished at a distance from Paris, and remained there several years, notwithstanding his cringing and servile efforts, to recover the favour of the sovereign.

great timidity, if he is not very soon as absolute over the seven provinces, as Lewis XV. is in France. For my own part, not being a Dutchman, and having no thoughts of living in Holland, I have no objection to this new-erected despotism, which, for aught I know, may make the seven provinces a better barrier for us against France than they were before, as an absolute government is more military, and generally in a better state of defence, than a free one. Upon this principle, were I to cut and carve out Europe to my mind, I would add the other ten provinces to the present seven, and so revive the dutchy of Burgundy; which, I am sure, would make a better barrier against France, than ever those ten provinces, in the hands of the house of Austria, will prove. *A propos* of Austria, the conjectures which I have formed these four months, and which I lately hinted to you, begin, I think, to be verified. The Russians stay in Germany, which is the first point; they will certainly some how or other be juggled out of our pay and service, which is the second point; and then the third is pretty plain. *Ce n'est pas mon affaire.* (That is none of my business.) Let the northern bears worry each other as much as they please, the *Gazettes* will be but the more entertaining, and amuse me the more *dans mon petit boudoir*; which (by the way) will be the prettiest thing you ever saw. Nothing in the world so gay. *Il sera impossible d'y bouder; d'ailleurs, comme vous savez, je n'y suis pas naturellement trop porté.* (It will be impossible to pout in it; and besides, you know I am not much inclined to it.)

I have spoke to Mr. Pelham about your pay, which, I believe, will be ordered very soon.

The town is now so empty that I have no tittle-tattle to send you. The house of * * * comes here from Ireland next month; and then I presume that your friend, who by this time has got the full ascendant over her husband, will open her campaign with *éclat*; though these are very bad times for the female quality and gentry, it being the great fashion for our young fellows, not only to deal with, but to marry, common whores. So that the unmarried ladies can get no husbands, and the married ones none but their husbands.

Things

Things go to the full as well as I could wish, and much better than I expected at Leipzig: we * are absolute masters of Latin, Greek, French, and German, the last of which we write currently. We have *le droit public de l'empire*, (the public law of the empire,) history and geography, ready, so that in truth now we only want rubbing and cleaning. We begin for that purpose with Berlin at Christmas next, Vienna at Lady-day, and the academy at Turin at Midsummer for a whole year. Then to Paris. If at any of these places it should fall in your way, by letter or verbal recommendation, to help us, I am very sure that you will; for I never doubt of any marks of your friendship, to the most faithful of your friends,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER XXXIX.

Bath, Oct. 11, O.S. 1748.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I Received your letter of the 11th N. S. just as I was setting out for this place. I had been much out of order for above a month; languors and vertigos succeeded each other, the latter attended with sickness at my stomach. I underwent the discipline of the faculty to little purpose, who at last, pronouncing that the seat and source of my disorder was my stomach, sent me here. I have already received advantage from these waters, though I have drank them but four days, which convinces me that they will set me quite right.

I am persuaded that your first setting out at the Hague must have put you behind-hand, but I hope that you will take care to retrieve; for the credit of living a little better will not do you so much good, as contracting a considerable debt will do you harm. If you can get leave to come here for three or four months, when lord Holderness shall be settled at the Hague, which I should think would be no difficult matter, that suspension of your expence would, I suppose, go near to set you right. But in the mean time, should you want money, draw upon

O 2 me

* This alludes to Mr. Philip Stanhope, who was then at Leipzig.

me *sans façon*, for I will not have you run in debt to any body else ; and you and I can, I believe, trust each other.

By all I can hear now, and by all that I knew before, the republic is so far from being settled, that I do not consider it as a government or a nation. More money is wanted than is to be found, and even the methods of collecting what is there to be found, will not be easily fixed. The people will not have *pachters*. Collectors, without the powers of the *pachters*, will collect nothing ; and with those powers they become *pachters* themselves, in the most odious and oppressive sense of that word. The prince of Orange has got more power than by the constitution he ought to have ; and if he does not get all the rest, he will lose what he has got. *Il n'y a point de milieu* ; (there is no medium;) power must either be constitutional or unlimited. Losing gamesters will not leave off, while they have any thing left, and will never be quiet till they have lost all. When Cæsar had once passed the Rubicon, he well knew that he must be Cæsar or nothing. And this is now the prince's case.

I now plainly see the prelude to the pyrrhick dance in the north, which I have long foretold ; the return of comte Biron and the duke of Brunswick to Petersburg announces destruction to the Holstein family. The prince successor of Sweden will be the first instance of it, upon the death of that king, which I take to be very near. The next will be, setting aside the imperial prince of Russia, and declaring little czar Iwan the successor. In these transactions, the king of Prussia will necessarily be implicated, which has all along been *l'intention de l'auteur* ; that is, of the court of Vienna, which absolutely governs that of Petersburg, *moyennant* some pecuniary assistance from *another quarter*. But be all this as it will, my *boudoir* and my library, which are my two objects, will be never the worse for it. And I maintain that both of them will be, in their different kinds, the compleatest things in England, as I hope you will soon have ocular proof of.

Baron Schmithburg was not arrived when I left London. My compliments to my baron, to whom I will write very soon. Adieu ; *Je vous aime véritablement.*

C.

LET-

LETTER XL.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, Nov. 4, O. S. 1748.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I Have received yours of the 5th, N. S. and am glad to find, that your landed estate pays so well as to make up the arrears of the treasury. As soon as I go to town, which will be next week, I will quicken Mr. Pelham to pay his debts; but *en tout cas* I repeat it again, upon any emergency, draw upon me, for, upon my word, such sums as you can want will be no inconvenience to me to advance. You are besides very responsible, whether considered as a money'd or as a landed man; so that if you should be backward in payment, I should forthwith seize Henley park.

A propos of money, as I believe it is much wanted by many people, even of fashion, both in Holland and Flanders, I should think it very likely that many good pictures of Rubens, Teniers, and other Flemish and Dutch masters, may be picked up now at reasonable rates. If so, you are likely to hear of it as a *virtuoso*; and if so, I should be glad to profit of it, as an humble *dilettante*. I have already, as you know, a most beautiful landscape by Rubens, and a pretty little piece of Teniers; but if you could meet with a large capital history or allegorical piece of Rubens, with the figures as big as the life, I would go pretty deep to have it, as also for a large and capital picture of Teniers. But as I would give a good deal for them, if they were indisputably eminent, I would not give three pence for them unless they were so. I have pretty pictures enough already; but what I want to complete my collection, is only two or three of the most eminent masters, of whom I have none now. I can trust entirely to your taste and skill; so that if you meet with such a thing, do not miss it for fifty pounds more or less.

The

The pacquet of *brochures*, and flourished ruffles, which you sent me by Hop, waits for me in town. I am sure, by the former which you sent me, I shall like these : *je m'en fer à votre bon goût* (I trust your taste). I shall go to them in about ten days, though, I doubt, not quite restored by these waters, which have not had their usual effects upon me this season. My vertigos still chicane and teaze me, though not quite so frequently as formerly, but still enough to make me fear passing a languid and uncomfortable winter. Patience : I might have more painful complaints, and I will comfort myself by the comparison.

I have some reasons to believe, that what my baron mentioned to me of a new successor to Sweden, is by no means groundless. I am very sorry for it, as I think it can only be attended with very ill consequences for this country.

I look upon your republic as a chaos, in the situation which it is now in ; some order may spring from it, but as yet, God knows what. The antient government certainly does not exist, and I see no new one established in its stead. Abject court, it is true, is made to the prince of Orange, from fear on one hand, and hopes on the other ; but still, while he has more power than he should have for the late form of government, and yet less than is necessary to carry on any other, it is no government all. This was the great difficulty, under which Cromwell, one of the ablest men in the world, laboured, and which he was sensible of, when he wanted to be declared king ; for he was above minding the title. But he knew, that his government wanted that form and consistency, which was necessary for its effect and authority.

The peace is, upon the whole, better than could have been expected, from the circumstances and hurry in which it was made.

I fear you will not get a furloe this winter ; for I do not find that lord Holderness is yet making any preparations for his embassy. *Bon soir ; aimons-nous toujours.* (Good night ; let us love each other for ever.)

L E T-

LETTER XLI.

TO THE SAME.

London, Dec. 6, O. S. 1748.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

BY the death of poor John, you have lost a true friend, and I a most affectionate brother and friend into the bargain. The gout fell upon his bowels and head, and threw him into the convulsions, of which he died.

I acknowledge now your last of the 6th, N. S. together with your former letters, which my brother's illness, and a hurry of other affairs, hindered me from answering sooner. * * * * *

The prices of Van-Huysen's flower-pieces, notwithstanding the scarcity of money in Holland, is owing only to that local phrenzy, which always prevails in Holland, for some pretty trifling object: tulips, hyacinths, and pigeons, have all had their days, and now Van-Huysen has his. But while these high-finished finical pieces bear such high prices, the bold and masterly pieces of the last and foregoing century are slighted, and more likely to come reasonably. Do not, by any means, suffer that capital picture of Rubens, which you say is to be sold at Brussells, to slip through your hands, by the delay of sending me a drawing of it, if you can; but be sure that it is an original, and not damaged. Wherefore, upon the two conditions, of its being an undoubted original and not damaged, buy it me as soon as you can, or some other body may step in between.

Captain Irwin*, whom I believe you know, son to the old general, goes by the next packet-boat to Holland; he has got a furloe from his father for a year, during which time, he intends to see as much as he can abroad. I think him a good pretty young fellow; and considering that he has never been yet out of his native country, much more *presentable* than one could expect. Pray, carry him to

* Now lieutenant-general and commander in chief of his majesty's forces in Ireland.

to court, and into some companies, where I think you will not be ashamed of him, which will seldom be your case with my countrymen. I promised him that I would recommend him to you. *Adieu, mon cher enfant.* I am so hurried by lawyers, appraisers, and creditors, that I can say no more now.

C.

P. S. A propos, do not mention to any body, that the picture is for me, or what it may cost.

LETTER XLII.

TO THE SAME.

London, Dec. 13, O. S. 1748.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

MY former was almost an answer, before-hand, to your last letter, which I received the day after I had wrote mine; I mean, with regard to the Rubens, which I desired you not to slip. But I am now more confirmed in that opinion, by the drawing, which you sent me, and by the assurances that you give me of the picture's being a capital one, and in high preservation. Therefore, secure it as cheap as you can; the subject, as you observe, might have been a more pleasing one; but this admits of great expression.

The family piece, which you mention by Vandyke, I would not give six shillings for, unless I had the honor of being of sir Melchior's family. The several portraits are, I dare say, finely painted; but then, where is the action, where the expression? The good man and his wife generally sit serene in a couple of easy chairs, surrounded by five or six of their children, insignificantly motionless in the presence of papa and mamma. And the whole family seem as insipid and weary as when they are really together. Their likenesses may indeed be valuable to their own posterity; but in my mind to nobody else.

Titian

Titian has done more skilfully in his fine picture of the Cornaro family, which he has put in action.

The Venus and Adonis of Vandyke, of which you likewise sent me the drawing, I do not care for, as it is a subject already *rebattu* by still greater masters, and in my mind better, as far as I can judge by the drawing; for Adonis, when he tears himself away from Venus, seems fierce and angry, which I see no occasion for. He is determined, indeed, to leave her for his field sports, but should, in my opinion, soften the rudeness by all possible complaisance in his words and looks.

So much for *virtù*, which, when I shall have bought this picture, I have done with, unless a very capital Teniers should come in your way. You will draw upon me for the money as soon as ever you please. * * *

Could you send me, in some of your letters, some seed of the right canteloupe melons? I should not know what to do with more than a dozen or at most twenty of them; so that all the seed I shall want will neither increase the bulk or weight of a letter. The canteloupes are, in my opinion, the best sort of melon; at least they always succeed best here. It is for Blackheath that I want it, where you can easily judge that my melon ground is most exceedingly small. I am obliged to keep that place for seven years, my poor brother's lease being for that time; and I doubt I could not part with it but to very great loss, considering the sums of money that he had laid out upon it. For otherwise, I own that I like the country up, much better than down, the river.

As I promised to send captain Irwin a couple of letters to the Hague, for Paris, I must put you to the expence of inclosing them to you, and to the trouble of giving them to him, not knowing how to direct them for him.

Yours faithfully,

C.

LET-

LETTER XLIII.

TO THE SAME.

London, Dec. 23, O. S. 1748.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I Have received yours, with the inclosed drawing of the Vandyke, which must certainly be a very fine one, if the execution, as doubtless it is, be answerable to the disposition: but however, I continue my negative to it, for the reasons which I gave you before, the price, and that it is a portrait, however fine a one. The Rubens, of which I have a great notion, must and shall, for a time at least, content me, unless I strain a little for the Teniers, which you hint at, which, if it be a capital one, I will; and then have done. My great room will be as full of pictures as it ought to be; and all capital ones.

I gave you, by my last letter, a very unnecessary trouble, which I now retract. I had forgot that you had some time ago stocked me with excellent canteloupe melon seed, which I have since remembered and found, and given to my gardener to sow at the proper season. I hope to give you some of them in perfection next summer; for I do not flatter myself with the hopes of seeing you here before that time.

Adieu, dear Dayrolles. I am hurried by a complication of most disagreeable affairs (a); but always,

Yours,

C.

(a) On account of his brother John, lately dead.

LET-

LETTER XLIV.

TO THE SAME.

London, Dec. 27, O. S. 1748.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I Received this morning your letter of the 3 Jan. N. S. with the two parcels of melon seed, which, as I told you in my last, I might have saved you the trouble of sending me, if I had but remembered how plentifully you had supplied me before; but since I have so carelessly put you to that trouble, all I can now do, is to have it sowed the latest; so that you may be sure to taste the fruits of it, when you shall be here, which I do not expect will be till autumn. A new minister will not, before that time, be well settled at the Hague; and till then you will not, nor should I wish you to, leave it. * * * * *

As to my Rubens, for I now call it mine, you have acted with your usual prudence and œconomy. But if it turns out such as it is represented to you, I do not expect that you will get any considerable abatement of the first price. As to the method of getting it over safe here, I refer myself to your abilities; many officers baggage will be coming, Ligonier's especially, into which you may possibly thrust it. Draw upon me, in an amicable way I mean, how and when you please; for I do not take your finances to be in a situation to allow long and large advances.

Your Leipzig acquaintance is setting out for Berlin. He has applied himself extremely, and with great success, at Leipzig, having made himself perfect master, as I am assured by his master, of Greek, Latin, the laws of nations and of the empire, and of the German language to boot, which, by the way, he writes as well as any German I ever knew. I am therefore no longer in the least pain about the learning part, of which he has now got such a stock, that he will have a pleasure, instead of a toil, in improving it. All that he wants now, is *les Graces*, in pursuit of which he goes, as soon as the roads will permit, from Berlin to Turin, there to remain for at least a year;

I know

I know no court that sends out at least, *des gens plus déliés*. I do not know what those may be, whom they keep at home; but by the samples I judge well of them.

The prince of Wales will, I believe, buy Vandyke's sir Melchior and company. I have given him the drawing you sent me, and Mr. Laurenzy is wrote to by this post to speak to you about it.

Yours very sincerely,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER XLV.

TO THE SAME.

London, Jan. 20, O. S. 1749.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

LAST post brought me yours of the 24th, N. S. My old disorder in my head, which has of late plagued me, hindered me from acknowledging your two former letters. I am now much better, thanks to a good blister, which I clapped upon my head, on the part offending.

Since the Rubens is secured, I am in no haste to receive it, for I could not hang it up yet, its place not being ready. The way you mention of sending it by the sloop is, I think, the best; and pray let it be directed to Mr. Hottham, one of the commissioners of the customs, who will take care of it, and pay the duty for me. You will take care to have it so safely packed up, that it may receive no damage *en chemin faisant*. * * * * *

I am glad that I have prevailed with my baron to return to his old house; for the first warm weather must have suffocated him where he now is. If he escapes dying of the first fright, when he goes back, all the rest will go very well, and just as it used to do.

I am

I am rejoiced to hear that I shall have another tome of the *histoire amoureuse*; for now that, thank God, I have no busness, that kind of reading amuses me. The *histoire politique* of the United Provinces would at present be but a gloomy one. I see no government there at all; but I see power without authority, and expence without the possible means of supplies. The prince of Orange wants a Sully. The reduction of the troops will be a decisive point: if it is a considerable one, the prince of Orange is nobody; and if it is not, the republic is undone.

My house and garden employ both my thoughts and my time. I am at work about them all day, and shall take possession of them in about a month; there I shall be impatient to see you, and there I believe you will not be sorry to see,

Yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER XLVI.

TO THE SAME.

London, Feb. 3, O. S. 1749.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I HAVE honoured your bill, as they call it; but properly speaking I have done better, for I have paid it. I think you have brought me off very cheaply, and so much so that I shall not own it, when I shew the picture, but intimate a much higher price; for you *virtuosos*, I know, often take the price into your consideration, in forming your judgments as to the value of a thing. I sincerely forgive you the three florins, which your curiosity costs me, and will never demand that sum of either you or your heirs, administrators, or assigns. Besides that I really think, that a gratification of three florins is by no means unreasonable for the trouble you have been at. I can tell you by the way, that when my pictures, bronzes, and marbles shall come to be properly placed, as they will be in

my

my new house, the collection will not appear a contemptible one. There will be nothing, that is not excellent of the kind. I hope you will be here time enough to direct me in the arrangement; for lord Holderness is now preparing in good earnest for his embassy, and talks of going soon, that is, in two or three months. He has appointed parson Tindal, who translated Rapin, and well, to be both his chaplain and his secretary; he goes first, as I hear, without madame, who is to follow him some time afterwards. But though, as you will easily believe, I am impatient to see you, I would not advise you to ask leave to come over immediately upon his arrival, but to stay a couple of months at least after it.

I had a letter the other day from my baron, by which he seems to be pretty well comforted, and to thirst again for pamphlets, of which I have sent him a fresh cargo. Pray when you see *l'ami* (a), make him my compliments, and assure him of my esteem and friendship. I suppose *qu'il n'est pas question de lui à la cour*. As for your republic, it is undone, and I think of it no more. *Conclamatum est.*

LETTER XLVII.

TO THE SAME.

London, Feb. 24, O. S. 1749.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

THE picture is arrived, and is, in my mind, the best I ever saw of Rubens; but as yet I have only my own opinion for it, as I have not shewn it, nor will not, till it is in perfect order. A little of the varnish, in some immaterial parts, was rubbed off in the carriage, but the painting not in the least damaged. I have given it to Anderson, who is a very safe man, to take off that crust of varnish, with which they are so apt to load their pictures, in Flanders and Holland; and when this picture shall be delivered of

(a) I believe Mr. Duncan, favourite to the prince, before his elevation to the Stadthouership, and employed in London, to settle the articles of his marriage with the prince's royal. He was lord Chesterfield's most particular friend.

of it, it will be quite another thing. The figure of the virgin is the most graceful and beautiful that I ever saw, and not so Flemish-built as most of his women are. In short, the whole is excellent. The frame, though not a fashionable is a handsome one, and shall, with the addition that I will make to it, be a fine one. I do not dislike something a little *antique* in the frame of an old picture ; provided it be rich, I think it more respectable. As soon as the supreme connoisseurs shall have sat upon it, I will let you know their verdict ; not that for my own part I care two-pence about it, for I distrust the skill of most, and the truth of all, of them. They pronounce according to the pictures, that they either have or have not, or that they want to buy or sell of the same hand. You are an excellent *commissionnaire*, and my most dutiful thanks attend you for your care and trouble.

Pray, do not let your *maladie du païs* hurry you into any *étourderie*. * * * * *

Pray, tell my baron that I took particular care to send him the *Enquiry into the conduct and principles of the two brothers* ; so that it must necessarily have been taken out of the pacquet. Possibly they have no mind that it should be dispersed abroad. I will send it him again the first opportunity.

Adieu. Yours faithfully,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER XLVIII.

TO THE SAME.

London, March 9, O. S. 1749.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

* * * * UPON my soul, I long to see you, for two reasons, which I have not for longing to see many people ; they are, that I love you, and that I know you love me. I shall keep a little room for you at Blackheath, where I will refresh you with the best ananas and melons in England.

Pray,

Pray, tell monsieur Slingelandt that I have spoke to Rutter about the horse in question, and the better to know whether he was gentle enough for him, I asked him whether he was enough so for me ; to which Rutter could not answer in the affirmative, so that I bid him not send him. I take it for granted that monsieur Slingelandt, who is a civil quiet gentleman as well as myself, chuses, as I do, a horse like Père Canaye's *qualem me decet esse mansuetum* (a); which serene kind of beast is still more necessary in Holland, in the midst of canals and windmills, than here. * *

Bon soir, mon ami.

LETTER XLIX.

TO THE SAME.

London, March 31, O. S. 1749.

DEAR DAYROLLES.

Hôtel Chesterfield.

* * * * I CAN tell you nothing, with any degree of certainty, of the squabbles among our ministers. That there are some is undoubtedly true ; but then, in the reports, they are either magnified or lessened, according to the wishes or the interests of the reporters. Their two graces are evidently very ill together ; which I long ago knew, and said could not fail. * * * *

I am got into my new house, from whence I shall be a most unconcerned spectator. I have yet finished nothing but my *boudoir* and my library ; the former is the gayest and most cheerful room in England, the latter the best. My garden is now turfed, planted, and sown, and will, in two months more, make a scene of verdure and flowers, not common in London.

Anderson has restored the Rubens perfectly well, by taking off that damned varnish, with which it was loaded, and

(a) See S. Evremond's most ingenious piece intitled, *Conversation du maréchal d'Hoquincourt, avec le Père Canaye.*

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and fetching out the original painting. The *connoisseurs* have sat upon it, and, what is extraordinary, are unanimous in declaring it one of the best in England. Many have guessed it at £.800, none less than £.500. *Je les laisse dire, et je ne dis rien*; (I let them speak, and say nothing).

I do not care for the Teniers you mention; both my picture-rooms being completely filled, the great one with capital pictures, the cabinet with *bijoux*. So that I will buy no more, till I happen to meet with some very capital ones of some of the most eminent old Italian masters, such as Raphael, Guido, Corregio, &c. and in that case I would make an effort.

I will look out for a horse fit for Mr. Slingelandt, of which I think I am a better judge than a better horseman. You may tell him I shall not much regard the beauty of it, but the intrinsic merit. I desire he should be safe; for I love him both upon his own account and his father's.

I agree with you that my baron, far from travelling into other countries, will never more see his own, or put on a coat. He will think that he has escaped infection so providentially now, that I am apt to think he will endeavour to trust providence no more.

Yours most sincerely,

C.

LETTER L.

TO THE SAME.

London, April, 4, O. S. 1749.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

SINCE my last to you, I have received your two letters of the 8th, and 11th, N. S. together with the pamphlet in Dutch, which you sent me by general Elliot, who delivered it to me very safe. It has made me rub up my almost forgotten Dutch; and I think I understand the meaning of it perfectly. It is extremely well written; and I dare say the facts are all as true, as the reasonings

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upon

upon them are just. It coincides with, and confirms, all the notions I had formed of the present state of affairs in the republic. I should be obliged to you if you would inform me, who is either the real, or supposed, author of it. Whoever he is, he is well informed. I am very much obliged to you for sending it me: I have laid it by carefully, with my own predictions of general bankruptcy and confusion, which I fear a little time more will accomplish.

General Elliot * *est un dégourdi, et du bon ton.* I have not seen an Englishman more regenerated by being abroad than he is. I met him at Hop's before I knew who he was; and I was astonished to find a man, who spoke English so well, behave himself so well.

I differ with you in opinion about the king of Prussia's two very different letters to the two poets; for I am persuaded that they are both genuine. Should the two poets happen to compare notes, such is human vanity, and still more such is poetical vanity, that each would be convinced that the other was the dupe, and himself his majesty's most favoured poet. *S'il fait bon battre les glo-
rieux, il fait aussi bon les tromper (a).* In the first case they do not complain, in the second they do not even see. * * * * *

Yours most affectionately,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER LI.

TO THE SAME.

London, April 25, O. S. 1749.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I Am now three letters in your debt, which I would have paid more punctually, if I had any tolerable current species to have paid you in: but I have nothing but farthings

* Lieutenant-general in the Dutch service.

(a) An allusion to a French proverb; amounting to this, that *vain men will equally bear being drubbed and being deceived.*

things to offer, and most of them too counterfeit, for, being, thank God, no longer concerned in the coinage, I cannot answer for the weight of the coin. I hear, as every body does, more lies than truth, and am not in a situation of knowing which is which. * * * * *

However disjointedly business may go on, pleasures, I can assure you, go roundly. To-morrow there is to be, at Ranelagh garden, a masquerade in the Venetian manner. It is to begin at three o'clock in the afternoon; the several *loges* are to be shops for toys, *limonades*, *glaces*, and other *raffraichissemens*. The next day come the fire-works, at which hundreds of people will certainly lose their lives or their limbs, from the tumbling of scaffolds, the fall of rockets, and other accidents inseparable from such crowds. In order to repair this loss to society, there will be a subscription-masquerade on the Monday following, which, upon calculation, it is thought, will be the occasion of getting about the same number of people as were destroyed at the fire-works.

I hear nothing yet of lord Holderness's going to Holland, and therefore do not ask you when I may hope to see you here, for I suppose that his arrival must be previous to your departure; moreover, I am told, that you are so busy in moving from one house to another, that you could not yet move from one country to another. Where is your new dwelling at the Hague?

I am glad to hear that madame de Berkenroot goes ambassadress to Paris; she will pass her time well there, and she deserves it. Pray make her my compliments of congratulation, and tell her that I am strongly tempted to pay my respects to her at Paris myself; but that, if I cannot, I will at least do it by proxy this winter twelve-month, and send her an ambassador about forty years younger, and consequently forty times better than myself. My boy will then be at Paris; he is now at Venice, goes to Turin till November, and then to Rome till the October following, when I shall emancipate him at Paris. I hear so well of him from all quarters, that I think he will do. *Adieu, portez-vous bien, et aimez moi toujours.*

LETTER LII.

TO THE SAME.

London, May 4, O. S. 1749.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

* * * * * THE scramble for power in your court, and in your republic, puts me in mind of lord Rochester's image of contending ministers. He compares them to school-boys, who, at the hazard of their necks, climb for crabs, which, if they were upon the ground, solid pigs would disdain. How the pensionary could be ignorant of the favour * intended him, as it is reported that he was, when he received the message, is what I cannot conceive; for I knew it above a month ago. The manner, in which he took it, and spoke the next day in the assembly, was wise and skilful; but his accepting the pension †, for it is merely a pension, since he is excluded all the assemblies, is dirty, and vilifies him. If I had been he, I would sooner have lived all my life, as Van Beuningen did, by way of experiment, one year, upon six and thirty florins. Though his diet would have been but low, his character would have been high.

I have seen Laurenzi, who, I believe, must observe that diet too, unless he can get an increase of his appointments, which he is labouring for; but I much doubt of his success. He confirms the accounts I had had before from many, of *la délicatesse et le bon goût de votre table*. Marquis d'Havrincourt was worthy of it, excelling as he does, not only in the theory, but in the practical part, of the table. He dined with me once or twice, and I think I never saw a more vigorous performer. He is a very pretty man, and has, *l'extrêmement bon ton de la parfaitement bonne compagnie*, which is at present the short but comprehensive *éloge d'un honnête homme*.

I am

* His sudden dismissal from the post of grand pensionary.
† Of 8000 florins, about £. 730.

I am in debt, at least three, if not four, letters to my baron, who is a most excellent correspondent. I will pay him soon in much better coin than my own letters, for I shall send him, by the first opportunity, a good cargo of good books and pamphlets. Pray, make him my compliments, and tell him that I will write to him soon.

I hear nothing yet of lord Holderness's going to Holland.

Yours most faithfully,

C₂

LETTER LIII.

TO THE SAME.

London, May 9, O. S. 1749.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

THE person, who will give you this letter, is the nephew of monsieur Boissier, a rich, and for all that a very honest, merchant of the city, from whom I have received many civilities. He is a Swiss, and probably you know him by name and reputation. This nephew is desirous to get into the service of the republic; and I wish that you could be useful to him in that view. I do not mean, nor does he, that you can procure him a commission; but we think that you may be able to point out to him *le moyen d'y parvenir*, (the way of succeeding) whatever that may be. If it be solicitation, you will tell him where to address it; if a private tip, you will tell him where to apply it. In short, I am sure that, from the part I take in him upon his uncle's account, you will do him what service you can.

By the way, do not apprehend from this, that I shall plague you often with recommendations of this kind; for I have refused them to several people, and shall continue to do so to nine in ten. They desire impertinent, unreasonable, or impossible things, and then desire

desire that I will recommend them to you, because they are sure that I have great interest with you. My answer to which is, that I verily believe I have interest with you, and for that very reason will not recommend to you an impertinent or an impossible thing.

I am now assured that lord Holdernes, though he has not yet kissed the king's hand, will go in three weeks at farthest; so that in six, I hope to see you here. I need not tell you how glad I shall be of it. We have not been so long asunder since we loved one another, as we still, I believe, do. *Adieu.*

LETTER LIV.

TO THE SAME.

London, June 9, O. S. 1749.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

AS I find by your last, that your stay in Holland will now be but short, my letters will be so too. We can talk more fully as well as more freely than we can write. * * * * *

Hop* shewed me yesterday the print of your fireworks; they seem to be so fine and so expensive, that, considering the present necessitous condition of the republic, they put me in mind of a good *fanfaron* motto upon a French standard, *Peream modo luceam*; (I will shine though I perish). I should have told you first, that the device was a bursting grenade.

My boy, who was going to the carnaval at Venice, was suddenly seized with a violent inflammation upon his lungs, at a miserable post-house, two posts beyond Laubach, in Carniole, where he remained in great danger for twelve days. He is now recovering at Laubach; and by this time, I hope, out of all danger. However, as soon as the heats are over, that is, at the latter end of September, I intend to send him to Naples, the best place in the world for

* Lieutenant-general Hop, envoy extraordinary from the States General.

for tender lungs, and his are so yet. I shall send him a letter of recommendation to marquis Fogliani, who is the only person I know there; and as there is no Neapolitan minister here, that will be the only letter I can give him. Could you easily get a letter or two for him, from monsieur Finochetti? If you can, you may bring them with you here, and I can send them to him time enough from hence. You will remember to call him my nephew. I am told, that the princess Strongoli and general Mahoni are the two best houses there.

The parliament is to be prorogued next Tuesday, when the ministers will have six months leisure to quarrel, and patch up, and quarrel again. Garrick and the Violetti will likewise, about the same time, have an opportunity of doing the same thing, for they are to be married next week. They are desperately in love with each other. *Adieu; je languis de vous voir.*

LETTER LV.

TO THE SAME.

London, June 23, O. S. 1749.

DEAR DAYROLLES.

I HAVE this instant received your letter of the 27th N. S. which I am very little able to answer, having been ill of a fever ever since Sunday last, and this being the first day that I have been allowed to go out of my bed-chamber. I am very weak, partly from the distemper itself, and partly from being starved. On Monday, I shall go to Blackheath for a week, which I hope will restore me. But I would not delay making you easier than you seem to be at present, about the event of your letter to the duke of Newcastle. I happened to meet him last Saturday at Boden's country house, where he told me that Stone had that morning delivered him a letter from you, asking leave to come here for a very short time. I told him, that I supposed

you

you would obtain it. To which he answered, most undoubtedly. So that your having yet had no answer to it, I am convinced, proceeds only from his grace's hurry. I believe he has at present business enough upon his hands,

I thank you heartily for the letters you have procured the boy for Naples: he is now so well recovered, that he is gone to Venice, where he will stay till the middle of September, and then proceed to Naples. My head will not allow me to write any more; it is my heart adds, that I am faithfully

Yours,

C.

LETTER LVI.

TO THE SAME.

London, March 30, O. S. 1750.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

YOUR signs of life came very seasonably to convince me, that the concern you were in at leaving your *dear country* had not put an end to it. I happened to relate very properly the agonies I saw you in at leaving England, in company, where a lady seemed to think that she was the cause of them. She inquired minutely into the degree and nature of them; spoke of them with tenderness and compassion, though she confessed a quarrel with you for three days before you went away, which had broke off all communication between you. To this I answered, like your god-father, that to part with her, would have been sufficient cause for your grief; but to part with her offended and incensed, more than justified the despair I observed in you. I obliged her at last to confess, that she wished she had seen you the day before you went. Make your most of these informations in your next letter to her.

You found Holland just as you left it, that is to say, in the same state of insolvency and confusion. I fear it will be soon worse, if my suspicions are founded; for I have good reason to suspect, that your rulers are wild enough to

to think of engaging in a new war. It is now beginning in the North, and though publicly it is discouraged, privately it is encouraged, not only in Holland, but *elsewhere*. The czarina will, I am convinced, soon strike the first blow. The court of Vienna hopes that the king of Prussia will strike the second, and give them a pretence to strike the third. If France does not interpose, the king of Prussia is demolished. If France does, it can only be by way of diversion, in falling upon the queen of Hungary; and that will necessarily be in Flanders, which, it is *hoped* and believed, will force the maritime powers to take a part. Bentinck *, now at Vienna, could tell us more of this if he pleased.

I have not heard one word about Mr. Harte (a), which makes me believe that I shall not. He shall be no loser, however, and other people no gainers, by the refusal.

Mr. Durand brought me a letter from my baron, full of complaints of his health. Make my compliments, and tell him that he shall hear from me soon.

On Thursday sevennight the parliament rises, and the Tuesday following his majesty sets out for Hanover. The regency is at last settled, and the duke not to be one.

Adieu, mon cher enfant, soyez persuadé que je vous aimerai toujours. (Adieu, my dear friend, be persuaded I ever shall love you.)

* Comte Bentinck, seigneur de Roon, of the college of nobles, in the province of Holland.

(a) Lord Chesterfield had applied to obtain a prebend of Windsor for Mr. Harte, then with his son, and met with unexpected difficulties and delays.

LETTER LVII.

TO THE SAME.

London, April 14, O. S. 1750.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I COULD not refuse this recommendation of a *virtuosa* to a *virtuoso*. The girl is really a prodigy; but sometimes a prodigy without a puff will not do. Your hearing her once, and your puffing her afterwards, is all that she desires. The great point is to get the princess of Orange to hear her, which she thinks will *make her fortune*. Even the great Handel has deigned to recommend her there, so that a word from your honor will be sufficient. Adieu.

Yours faithfully,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER LVIII.

TO THE SAME.

London, April 27, O. S. 1750.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I AM two letters in your debt; but as I knew that you were rambling, I did not know where to tender the payment.

By this time it is probable that you are re-established at the Hague. Had an unhappy foreigner been obliged to pass as many days at Plymouth as you passed at Calais, how admirably he would have diverted himself, and how politely he would have been received! whereas, I dare say, you passed your time very well at Calais, in case you were not too much an Englishman to think so.

It is very true, that, after a series of difficulties, which, I believe, were never made before upon so trifling an occasion,

casion, Mr. Harte has at last got a prebend of Windsor. I am most extremely glad of it; for that debt being now paid, I owe no man living any thing. As it is necessary that he should come over here, to take possession of his stall, I have directed him to bring the boy to Paris, and to fix him in la Gueriniere's academy there. * * * * *

When he arrives at Paris, I will send him a letter of recommendation à son excellence, madame de Berkenroodt; *valeat quantum*. In all events, it will be a good house for him to frequent. *Vous y mettrez du vôtre aussi, s'il vous plait*, (you will contribute to it, if you please) by writing a word or two in his favour to the lady, or her husband, or both.

Comte Obdam's sale, I suppose, draws near, at which, pray, buy me such bustoes and vases as you shall find are universally allowed to be both antique and fine, at such rates as you shall think reasonable; in the whole, you may go as far as two hundred pounds, if the objects are curious and worth it.

Shall you not be surprized, if, at your return here, you find a *pendant* for your Rubens, full as large, and by a still greater master? I have reason to believe that will be the case, and then I shall undoubtedly have two of the most capital pictures in England of those two great masters. For the *virtuosi* here now unanimously confess, that all the Rubenses in England must strike to mine.

I believe, as you say, that you found things in the United Provinces just as you left them, a great deal talked of, and nothing done. However, they would do well to consider, that in their situation, not to advance, is to go backwards. You may depend upon it, that whatever you may have heard said to the contrary, war was the original design, and the Prussian bear-skin was again scantled out upon paper; but the strong declarations and indeed preparations of France on one hand, and the apprehensions, which Russia on the other had just reasons to entertain of the Turk, have respectively obliged *certain powers* to put water in their wine; and I now verily believe that the North will clear up, and settle for some time in peace. **

Pray, make my compliments to my baron, to whom I owe a letter, which I have not paid, for mere want of specie. Is he got to his own house again? Surely it has undergone

undergone lustrations enough to be sufficiently purified for his reception. Every thing here is just as you left it. I am, and ever shall be so, with regard to you : *c'est tout dire ; bon soir, mon enfant.*

LETTER LIX.

TO THE SAME.

London, May 25, O S. 1750.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I FIND your journey through Flanders has been, like every man's journey through the world, some good and some bad; but upon the whole, it was as well as being at the Hague. By what you observed, it is evident that the court of Vienna will not lay out a shilling upon the barrier towns, but throw that burthen, as they do every other, upon the maritime powers, saying that they get nothing by Flanders, but that it is our business to take care of it. I am an Austrian in my politics, and would support that house if I could: but then I would be their ally, not their bubble; their friend, but not their victim.

With your leave, sir, it is none of Boden's trumpery that is to hang over against the Rubens, but a holy family, the master-piece of Titian, for which the late regent had agreed to give forty thousand livres to the chapter of Rheims. It was accordingly sent him; but when it arrived at Paris, he was dead and gone, not to the holy family I believe. His son, the present duke of Orleans, chose rather to return the picture than the money; the chapter was obliged to take it back, and there it remained ever since. I accidentally heard of this, and that the chapter was special poor, upon which I determined to try what I could do, and I have succeeded. As this picture was brought from Italy by the famous cardinal de Lorraine, after he had been at the council of Trent, and given by him to the cathedral

cathedral of Rheims, of which he was archbishop, he gave them at the same time his own picture, a whole length, done by Titian; which I have likewise got: they are both arrived at Paris, and I expect them here very soon. This, you will allow, is no trumpery, and I have now done with pictures; I am brim full, and not ill filled.

Comte Obdam's *virtù* will, I think, for the reason you give, go very cheap; few people in Holland understanding those things, or even thinking that they do. I would not give sixpence for his bronzes, nor a shilling for his books; but for some of his antique marbles, I would give reasonably. Those which, upon the face of the catalogue, I should chuse, are the following ones.

297 *Hermes (Buste) juvenis Romani cum loricā et sago, in mar more. Ant.*

298 *Bacchus, cum corona hederacea. Ant.*

302 *Caput juvenis Romani, supra basin. Ant.*

305 *Statua cum anaglyphis, sacrificium in honorem Priapi efformantibus. Ant.*

There are also in the appendix two bustos, one of Homer, the other of Apollo, by Girardon, which, if they go extremely cheap, as possibly they may, I should be glad of them; by extremely cheap, I mean about ten pounds a-piece. For the four antiques above-marked, *l'un portant l'autre*, (one with another) if they are fine, I would go as far as five and twenty pounds apiece. But should these, which I have mentioned, have great faults, and others, which I have not mentioned, have great beauties, I refer to your decision, who are upon the place, and have *un coup d'oeil vif et pénétrant* (a quick and penetrating eye.)

You will see Hop at the Hague next week; it is sooner than he proposed to go, but he is ordered, which gives him some apprehensions. You will also see the famous madame du Boccage, who sets out from hence with her husband, and abbé Guasco de l'académie des inscriptions, next Tuesday. She has translated Milton into French verse, and gave a tragedy last winter at Paris, called *les Amazones*. She has good parts, *n'affiche pas le bel-esprit*, (and does not make an ostentatious display of wit.) Pray give them *un petit diner*, and let them know that I did them justice with you; they stay but a few days at the

Hague,

Hague, so cannot be very troublesome to you. But I possibly shall, if I lengthen this letter: so, *bonsoir.*

C.

LETTER LX.

TO THE SAME.

London, June 19, O. S. 1750.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I Must say as most fools do, *Who would have thought it?* My fine Titian has turned out an execrable bad copy. By good luck, the condition of the obligation was such, that if certain good judges at Paris should declare it, either a copy, or essentially damaged, the chapter of Rheims was to take it back again, I paying the carriage. This has happened, and the best painters in Paris pronounced it not only a copy, but a damned one. So that I am only in for the carriage back. The chapter must have been more fools than knaves in the affair; for, had they known it to be a copy, they must have known, at the same time, that it would be returned them, by which they would get nothing but the discrediting of their picture for ever.

I have received a letter from madame du Boccage, containing a panegyric of his majesty's resident at the Hague. *Il est très aimable, très poli, il est au mieux avec tout ce qu'il y a de meilleur ici, et il fait très-bonne chère.* (He is very amiable, very polite, extremely well received in the best company, and keeps an excellent table.) *Faire bonne chère* (to keep a good table) you know, always sums up a French panegyric. She says, that by your means she received a thousand civilities at the Hague. I do not know whether my friend abbé Guasco's judgment in *virtù* will be of any great service to us at comte Obdam's, and I would sooner trust to your own *coup d'œil, qui est mordieu vif et perçant.*

I am

I am very much *par voyes, et par chemins*, between London and Blackheath, but much more at the latter, which is now in great beauty. The shell of my gallery is finished, which, by three bow-windows, gives me three different, and the finest, prospects in the world. I have already two or three of your canteloupe melons, which are admirable; I have covered those, which are not yet ripe, with frames of oiled paper, which I am assured will do much better than glasses. * * * * *

The prince of Wales's last child was at last christened the day before yesterday, after having been kept at least a fortnight longer than it should have been out of a state of salvation, by the jumble of the two secretaries of state, whose reciprocal dispatches carried, nor brought, nothing decisive. Adieu.

LETTER LXI.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I Most heartily wish you and Mrs. Dayrolles joy, and I believe you have had it. May it continue long! I came to town this morning on purpose to make my compliments to you both, but you were gone to shady groves. I hope you will take those of Greenwich in their turn; and the sooner the better.

— *En ceci*
La femme est comprise aussi (a)

Lady Chesterfield would have come, to have waited upon Mrs. Dayrolles, but was prevented by a great cold. Adieu.

Saturday, July 31, 1751.

(a) In this, the lady is likewise included.

LET-

LETTER LXII.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, Oct. 5, O. S. 1751.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I AM heartily glad to find that you nicked your passage to Holland so well; for a day or two later, it would have been a bad one, I mean for madam Dayrolles, *car pour vous, vous avez le pied marin*, (for as to you, you are used to the sea) and moreover are minister to the master of the seas.

I have been here now just three weeks, though I have drank these waters but a fortnight, upon account of a most confounded cold, which I got at my first arrival. However I find *du mieux*, as Rodrigue happily expresses himself in his gazettes, and I expect a thorough vamp, before I leave this place, which I shall do just time enough to exhibit a brown suit, with a very rich gold button, at the birth-day. * * * * *

I am astonished at Slingelandt's being displeased, that I did not answer, or rather reply to his letter, for mine was an answer to his. He tells me an anecdote, a fact, which I dare say is a very true one; well, what answer is to be made to it? none that I know of, unless I had laid hold of that opportunity to have kept up a regular correspondence with him; and, to say the truth, my literary correspondence is already more extensive, than my eyes, my head, or my laziness will admit of.

I am glad of the accounts you give me of my baron and Duncan, both whom I love; and pray tell them so. I will write to the former soon, though this is not a place from whence I can write him a letter to his mind. Here I neither enquire, nor know any thing of the busy world. I hardly read a news-paper. Thank God, I am safe and quiet on shore; and as I do not intend to put to sea again, why should I study navigation any more? I read here a great deal; but then it is partly for my own amusement, and partly for

for the improvement of my little friend, who is with me. In that way he labours most willingly, and is even for more of it than I desire to give him. But what I labour at most, and find the most difficulty in is, to give him *les manières, la politesse, et la tournure* of a man of fashion. He thinks that knowledge is all; there I differ from him, and endeavour to convince him, that, without manners and address, it is very useless. However, I gain ground, and he is already very different from what you saw him. He makes his compliments to you and madam Dayrolles. Pray make mine to her too, and tell her, that, time out of mind, there has always been, *un vieux Dayrolles, et un jeune Dayrolles*, and that, as you cannot now claim the latter appellation, it is incumbent upon her to make us a *jeune Dayrolles, dans la fabrique duquel je la prie très instamment de mettre beaucoup du sien*, (in the fabric of whom I earnestly beg she would contribute a good share). Before you leave the Hague, pray remember to beg or steal for me some melon-seed of the *largest* and best canteloupes. The older it is, the better. *Adieu, mon cher enfant.* I am, with the truest affection,

Yours,

C.

LETTER LXIII.

TO THE SAME.

London, Oct. 28, O. S. 1751.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I Arrived here but last night from Bath, which journey delayed till now my answer to your last. I have brought with me from Bath a stock of health, which, with my œconomy, will, I think, last me for a year, and I pretend now to no more. Formerly I was foolish enough to think of no more than *au jour la journée*, and now I am wise enough to expect no more than *de l'an à l'année*.

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Q

I am

I am very glad that all was so quiet in Holland, upon an event so little expected as the death of the prince of Orange. Various conjectures and deep political refinements will be made upon the probable consequences of it; you shall have mine for nothing. *Or fus done.* In my mind, the whole will depend upon the conduct of the *gouvernante*. If that be moderate, gentle, and œconomical, this event will secure and fix the stadthouder-form of government more effectually than the life of the prince of Orange could have done. A minority is not a time for enterprizes, nor for the extension of power; and the people, the most jealous of their liberties, are lulled by the very name of it, into a security, if no imprudent step be taken to rouze their fears, and awaken their jealousies. In the mean time, those who, having had the greatest share in the former republican government, were the most uneasy at the alteration of it, if not provoked, will not disturb, and will insensibly grow used, and to some degree reconciled, to the present form, if gently and moderately administered. Many or most of these will be dead, by that time the young stadthouder comes to be of age, and the growing generation, who will be of age with him, will have seen, nor known, no other kind of government, and will naturally look up to a young prince. As for the herd of the people, a minor is always the object of their compassion, and consequently of their love. In these circumstances, her royal highness may, if she pleases, fix and settle her son's future government upon a more solid foundation, than his father could have done. But if on the contrary, spirit, which always means heat and fury, should be the word, and the active and busy administrations of your Catharines and Marys of Medicis, your Annes of Austria, &c. should prove the model of your *gouvernante*, that conduct, which very near destroyed them in an absolute government, will ruin her family irretrievably in a free one.

Now I have shot my bolt, to another point. The duke of Newcastle told me this morning, that Mr. Yorke would go to the Hague in a few days, and that, in a few days after his arrival there, you would receive your orders to go to Brussels.

Creighton

Creighton gave me your melon seed, for which I thank you, and which I rob you of with the less regret, as, by your own account, you seem not to want any of *les quatre semences froides*.

I have no news to send you from hence; I have been too few hours in town to know any, and am moreover too indifferent to ask for any.

By a little *brochure*, which my baron has sent me, and which I take to be written under, at least, the inspection of the king of Prussia, it appears to me that some changes are intended to be made in the form of government in Sweden. If so, that may produce some Northern squabbles, though I think they will be carried on rather by the pen than the sword. For I see very many good reasons, why both Russia and the king of Prussia should rather scold than fight. But if they should come to blows, I foretel that Russia will have the better on't.

Pray make my compliments to my baron, and tell him, that I will soon send him a long and uninteresting letter: my waters, my journey, and my unsettled state, for these last two months, have hindered me from doing it sooner. This is already too long, so good night to you.

Yours.

C.

LETTER LXIV.

TO THE SAME.

London, Nov. 15, O. S. 1751.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I Have received yours of the 19th, N. S. for which this is only an acknowledgment, but no equivalent. All the news of yesterday, such as speech, addresses, &c. you will have authentically from the office; and I have nothing to add to it. * * * * *

Sans vanité, as people commonly say, when they say a vain thing, I am of my baron's opinion, and think it

Q 2

would

would not be the worse for *la gouvernante*, if she pursued the measures which I mentioned in my last. I would not give her just the advice which lord Clarendon was accused of having given King Charles II. at his restoration, not to mind his friends, but to gain his enemies. But I would advise her to think rather more of gaining over reasonable enemies, than of gratifying unreasonable friends. She should consult indiscriminately the ablest and the most respectable people of the several provinces, upon the single principle of the public good, and without adopting their provincial piques and prejudices. She should take off all proscriptions, and mitigate all that military stuff of councils of war with unlimited powers, down to the mere necessary discipline of an army. Private and public œconomy should be her great objects; and if she would act firmly upon such principles, she would not want our advice, but I believe would do a great deal better without it. I would not desire a finer part to act than she has; and were I in her case, I would undertake to fix the present form of government, upon a more solid foundation, than it has been upon, since the time of William I.

Lord Holderness's baggage is not yet arrived, consequently I have not received my baron's bill of fare; but by a little specimen of it, which he sent me lately in a specimen of a letter, I believe I shall not be able to furnish him with some of the rarities that he desires; for he composes these bills of fare upon the advertisements in the news papers, and the pastry cooks have been before hand with him, at this season of minced pies. He is now pastorally inclined, and has wrote to me for some particular pastorals, which to this hour I am very sure no gentlemen ever heard of or read.

My boy set out this morning for Paris, improved a good deal, in my mind, *du côté des manières*, Lord Albemarle has promised to employ him in his *bureau* as much as if he were *secrétaire de légation*, and, if he does, it will be just as well as if he were, the salary excepted, which I do not much mind. In all events, he has time enough before him; and if Paris will not do, some other place, some time or other, will. Make my compliments to madame Dayrolles. Adieu.

Yours,

L E T-

LETTER LXV.

TO THE SAME.

London, Dec. 6, O. S. 1751.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

OUR long friendship neither requires nor allows ceremony and compliments. We are, I dare say, reciprocally glad to write to each other, whenever business does not interfere on your part, or laziness on mine; in either of which cases be it understood, that the party at leisure, or in humour, *va toujours son train*, whether the other answers or not,

Colonel Yorke has, I suppose, brought you your pass to Brussels, which I suppose too that you will soon make use of. The sooner the better; in the present situation of affairs in the United Provinces and at St. James's, that of an English minister at the Hague is not to be envied, *elle sera scabreuse*, (it will be difficult). * * * * *

In all events you will be out of the scrape, and I am very glad of it. If you get into any at Brussels with monsieur le marquis Botta d'Adorno *, it will be of no great consequence, as he is not in very good odor here.

Our parliament is so unanimous, that the house of lords hardly sits at all, and the house of commons seldom till three o'clock, to the infinite grief of the speaker, who, I believe, would now willingly change with the first president of the parliament of Paris, which makes a greater figure at present. The *beau monde* is not quite in such a state of inaction. * * * * *

I have sent my baron some bad books by colonel Yorke, whose departure did not give me time to send him the others, that he desired, which I will do by the first opportunity. I will send him two copies of *Hammond's elegies*, of which he will send you one to Brussels, if you are there before he receives them. His tender turn is a new one, and may possibly remove his fear of collision with human

* Her imperial majesty's minister plenipotentiary in the Low Countries.
bodies.

bodies. Pray, return him my thanks for *les mémoires de Brandebourg*, which I have at last received from lord Holdernes, with a sybil's leaf, which I snatched and saved from the wind. Pray, make my compliments to Mrs. Dayrolles.

Yours faithfully,

C.

LETTER LXVI.

TO THE SAME.

London, Jan. 14, O. S. 1752.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

YESTERDAY I received yours of the 21st, N. S. You have done very wisely in leaving the Hague, and presenting your memorial without further order; for had you waited here, for the return of it revised, corrected, and amended by his grace, you would have seen not only the funeral of the late, but the majority of the present, stadthouder; two objects that appear very difficult to be settled. If the *gouvernante* be not both in earnest and in haste to have a proper provision made for the probable case of her death, she must be mad. Her son's life possibly may, but his power certainly will, depend upon that previous care. The *quomodo* will not be so difficult there as it was here, there being no uncles in the question.

By all that I have heard of the character of the prince of Brunswick*, I should wish him to be the intermediate stadthouder under proper restrictions. A prince supported by any considerable power, or a Dutchman by any considerable party, might be equally dangerous; as on the other hand, a number of guardians of the several provinces would be so like the former republican government, that it might possibly revive it. * * * * *

* Prince Lewis of Brunswick.

I know

I know of no one event to communicate to you; there never was so serene a winter as this. I will not trouble you with news so very old, and so long known, as my being

Yours most faithfully,

C.

L E T T E R L X V I I .

T O T H E S A M E .

London, Feb. 7, O. S. 1752.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

LAST post brought me your notification of your establishment at Brussels: *quod felix faustumque sit!* You begin well at least. You are soon to have a colleague there, not as minister, but as commissary for the *barrier* and the *tariff*. It was first offered to Tom Page at Chichester, whom I suppose you know; but he refused it: now I believe it will be Mr. Mitchell *, a Scotch member of parliament; he is a sensible good sort of man, and easy to live with.

Though madame Dayrolles has a very good natural color, yet, living with people so highly colored, if I were she, I would allow myself an ounce of red to their pound, which I think would be a fair composition.

All business or expectation of business is over in parliament, which sits now only for details, such as turnpike bills, poor bills, &c. and will certainly rise the first week in April at farthest, when his majesty proposes going to Hanover, to settle the tranquillity of the North. I am called away suddenly: *bon jour donc.*

C.

* Afterwards sir Andrew Mitchell, knight of the Bath, and envoy extraordinary and plenipotentiary at the court of Berlin.

L E T -

LETTER LXVIII.

TO THE SAME.

London, March 17, O. S. 1752.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

WERE you half the œconomist you are supposed to be, you would not pay for my letters, but return them to the postman. If they only tell you, that I am your sincere friend and servant, they tell you nothing new. You have known it long, and the repetition of that assurance is not worth the shilling it costs you. Any news, they can tell you, will, I fear, not be new news, and nothing is so dull as old news. Fresh virgin news, whether of a public or a private nature, does not come to my share; nor is it the object of my enquiries.

The chapter of the garter, as I dare say you already know, was held last Friday. I was at it, and so was at least half the town. The countess of Coventry appeared as such, for the first time, at the chapter, and was afterwards presented to the king, and, in the news-paper style, met with a most gracious reception.

The king sets out for Hanover as soon as ever he can, and that, I believe, will be within three weeks. Much business is intended to be done at Hanover this year: the election of the king of the Romans is to be attempted, which, I think, will now meet with very great difficulties, and two years ago would have meet with none. France and Prussia have had time to work against it, and I fear with success, at least with so much, that it will now be the most contested, and the most important affair, that hath happened these many years. It must have great, and God knows what, consequences. France is able, but, I hope, at present not inclined, to quarrel. The house of Austria is always inclined to quarrel, though seldom able. The king of Prussia is inclined to fear Russia; but Russia is inclined to English subsidies, which England cannot pay, and without which he will not fear Russia. The republic of the United Provinces is totally impotent. Three of the electors will protest

protest against the other six, and the *princes* will protest against all the electors, as to the question *an.* This great busines will engross the attention of all Europe this year ; so that, I believe, the *barrière* and the *tarif* will be pretty much neglected till the next. In the mean time, I advise you and Mr. Mitchell to divert yourselves as well as ever you can at Brussels. But whenever you do proceed to busines, remember to put the Dutch ministers in the front of the battle, and sustain them in every thing. As they are the most immediately concerned, you may trust to them as to their demands ; but then you must take care to support them with so much vigor, that wherever they fail, as in many points they will, they may not lay the blame, which they would be willing enough to do, upon the slackness and indifference of the English commissaries, which would hurt you both here.

My compliments to madame Dayrolles ; and so we bid heartily farewell.

C.

LETTER LXIX.

TO THE SAME.

London, April 17, O. S. 1752.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I DID not expect to have heard from you so soon, well knowing the variety of trifling busines, which always takes up more time than great busines, that you must have been plagued with of late. I wish you joy of your good delivery from it. * * * *

I am very glad to hear, that the election of the King of the Romans is in so fair a way. It tends eventually to preserve the peace of Europe, which, I am sure, is very necessary for this country in particular. Pray, let me know as soon as you know, when and where that election is likely to be. My reason for thus interesting myself, as to the time and place of it is upon account of my boy, who,

who, I am determined, shall be at it ; and I would adjust the other parts of my plan for his motions, to that circumstance. He is to leave Paris in about six weeks, and to go through the courts upon the Rhine in his way to Hanover, where I did not propose his arrival till September. But if the election should be sooner, he must be there sooner, because he is to go to that election in the *suite* of one of the king's electoral ambassadors, the only way, in which strangers, who are otherwise excluded the town upon that occasion, can see that ceremony. Next March, he shall make his court to you at Brussels for a month or two, where I will beg of you to employ him in your *bureau*, in the things of no importance, and also that you will make him read those pieces, and give him those verbal instructions, which may put him *au fait* of the affairs of the *barrière* and the *tarif*.

I am of your opinion, that your conferences upon these points will break up, as they have often done already, *re-infecta* §. Nay, considering the resolution, which you think is taken, of making Flanders once more a commercial country, it will be well if insensibly the Schelde be not opened, and the port of Antwerp restored, like that of Dunkirk, though contrary to treaties. That would be the last finishing stroke to the commerce of the United Provinces, and would extremely affect ours.

I have been extremely deaf, and consequently extremely dull, this last fortnight. I am something better now, though far from being restored to my former hearing. As I have no cold, nor any bodily disorder to ascribe this deafness to, as symptomatical only, it makes me the more uneasy, by reviving in my thoughts my strong hereditary right to it ; a right, which, as I do not indefeasibly allow even in kings, I would by no means exert as a private man, but would very willingly part with it to any minister, to whom hearing is often disagreeable, or to any fine woman, to whom it is often dangerous. But, whether deaf or dumb, blind, or lame, for I am come to the period, at which one has only one's chance of different ills, I shall be invariably and sincerely,

Yours,
C.

§ Which actually proved to be the case.

L E T.

LETTER LXX.

TO THE SAME.

London, May 19, O. S. 1752.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

THIS goes to you from a deaf crippleman, confined to his bed or his chair, for above a fortnight past. My little black mare, whom you have long known to be as quiet as any thing of her sex can be, wanted to drink in Hyde-park. Accordingly I rode her into one of the little ponds, and in order to let her drink I loosed the bridon, which, by her stooping, fell over her head. In backing her out of the pond, her foot unluckily engaged itself in the bridon; in endeavouring to get clear of it, she hampered herself the more, and then, in a great *saut de mouton*, she fell backwards, and threw me with great violence about six feet from her. I pitched directly upon my hip-bone, which, by unaccountable good fortune, was neither fractured nor dislocated; but the muscles, nerves, &c. are so extremely bruised and strained, that to this moment, and this is the nineteenth day, I feel some pain, and cannot stand upon that leg at all. This confinement, especially at this time of the year, when I long to be at Blackheath, is not, as you will easily guess, very agreeable; and what makes it still less so, is my increasing deafness. I have tried a thousand infallible remedies, but all without success. I hope for some good from warm weather, for hitherto we have had none. But this is more than enough concerning my own infirmities, which I am of an age to expect, and have philosophy enough to bear without dejection.

I can much more easily conceive that your affairs go on very slowly, than I can that they ever will be finished; but in the mean time, *vous êtes bien, belle ville, bonne chère, et belle femme*; make the most of them all, enjoy them while you can, and remember that our pleasures, especially our best, last too little a while to be trifled with or neglected. As for your business, you and Mitchell, to whom my compliments, have nothing else to do, but to put yourselves

yourselves behind your Dutch colleagues, whose distinguishing talent is to wrangle tenaciously upon details.

I do not believe now, that a king of the Romans will be elected as soon as we thought; the court of Vienna, long accustomed to carry its points, at the expence of its allies, and sensible that we wish to bring this about, will not contribute any thing to it. But truly we must satisfy the electors and princes, who stand out still, and form pretensions, possibly because they hope that it will fall to the share of England, who pays well, to satisfy them. My young traveller will therefore, I fear, have full time to walk about Germany, before he has a call to Frankfort. He is now at Luneville, from whence he goes to Strasbourgh, and then follows the course of the Rhine, through Mayence, Manheim, Bonn, &c. to Hanover.

By his last account of the present state of France, the domestic disorders are so great, and promise to be so much greater, that we have but little to fear from that quarter. The king is both hated and despised, which seldom happens to the same man. The clergy are implacable upon account of what he has done, and the parliament is exasperated, because he will not do more. A spirit of licentiousness, as to the matters of religion and government, is spread throughout the whole kingdom. If the neighbours of France are wise, they will be quiet, and let these seeds of discord germinate, as they certainly will do, if no foreign object checks their growth, and unites all parties in a common cause.

Having now given you an account of my distempers, my philosophy, and my politics, I will give you quarter, which I can tell you is great lenity in me; for a man, who can neither use his legs nor his ears, is very apt to be an unmerciful correspondent, and to employ his hand and eyes at the expence of his friends. I close this letter, and open a book. Adieu.

Yours affectionately,

C.

L E T-

L E T T E R LXXI.

T O T H E S A M E.

Greenwich, June 30, O. S. 1752.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

SINCE public events were neither the cause, nor the cement, of our long correspondence, that private friendship, that began, may e'en continue, without the assistance of foreign matter. We will reciprocally ask, and tell one another, how we do, and what we do: if we do little worth telling, which is and will be my case, our letters will be the shorter, but not the less welcome, for being only the messengers of friendship.

I am here in my hermitage, very deaf, and consequently alone. I read as much as my eyes will let me, and I walk and ride, as often as the worst weather I ever knew will allow me. *D'ailleurs* good health, natural good spirits, some philosophy, and long experience of the world, make me much less dejected and melancholy, than most people in my situation would be, or than I should have been myself some years ago. I comfort myself with the reflection, that I did not lose the power, till after I had very near lost the desire, of hearing. I have been long and voluntarily deaf to the voice of ambition, and to the noise of business, so that I lose nothing upon that head; and when I consider how much of my life is past, and how little of it according to the course of nature remains, I can almost persuade myself, that I am no loser at all. By all this, you see that I am neither a dejected nor a sour deaf man.

In spite of this cold and rainy weather, I have already eaten two or three of your canteloupe melons, which have proved excellent, and some very ripe muscat grapes raised in my anana house, which is now stocked with African ananas, much superior to the American ones. The growth, the education, and the perfection, of these vegetable children engage my care and attention, next to my corporal one, who is now going to Hanover, and who I hope will reward all my care, as well as all my ananas have done.

Adieu, my dear Dayrolles. I am most affectionately
and truly Yours, C.

L E T -

LETTER LXXII.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, July 24, O. S. 1752.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I Most heartily congratulate you upon the safe arrival of my godson, and madame Dayrolles upon his civil departure: but as for himself, considering the place he has left, and that which he is come into, I suspend my congratulations; but most sincerely wish that he may have great reason to receive, and his friends to make him, those congratulations, threescore years hence. When one is in the world, one must make the best of it; but, considering what that best is upon the whole, I doubt it is only making the best of a bad bargain: however, may that best be as good to him, as it ever has been, or can be, to any body! * * * * *

A propos, pray give me credit for whatever is proper to be done with regard to nurses, midwives, &c. and do for me whatever you are to do for *mon compère* *.

I am very far from resolving not to try the Eynhovan farmer †; but as all his skill can only consist in a nostrum or two, which he indiscriminately makes use of, I postpone that trial, till I have first taken all regular steps to no purpose. I have just now begun fumigations, from which I am promised wonders. Pumping at Bath is to be the next step; and in case of necessity, even electrification is to be tried. For my own part, I expect no considerable relief; and rely much more upon my own temper and philosophy to bear my misfortune tolerably, than I do upon any medicines to remove it. I suppose you have seen your old friend * * * *, who made her husband take the route of Flanders to Paris, in order, as she said, to make her court to you. *Cela ne sent pas son vieux Dayrolles, enfin, vieux, jeune, et belle, Dayrolles, fuffez vous dix mille, je suis votre très fidèle serviteur.*

C.

* The late duke of Newcastle. † Famous for curing deafness.

LET-

LETTER LXXIII.

TO THE SAME.

London, Sept. 15, 1752.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

IN the first place I make my compliments to my godson, who, I hope, sucks and sleeps heartily, and evacuates properly, which is all that can yet be desired or expected from him. Though you, like a prudent father, I find, carry your thoughts a great deal farther, and are already forming the plan of his education, you have still time to consider of it; but yet not so much as people commonly think, for I am very sure that children are capable of a certain degree of education, long before they are commonly thought to be so. At a year and a half old, I am persuaded that a child might be made to comprehend the injustice of torturing flies and strangling birds; whereas they are commonly encouraged in both, and their hearts hardened by habit. There is another thing, which as your family is, I suppose, constituted, may be taught him very early, and save him trouble and you expence, I mean languages. You have certainly some French servants, men or maids, in your house. Let them be chiefly about him, when he is six or seven months older, and speak nothing but French to him, while you and Madame Dayrolles speak nothing to him but English; by which means those two languages will be equally familiar to him. By the time that he is three years old, he will be too heavy and too active for a maid to carry, or to follow him; and one of your footmen must necessarily be appointed to attend him. Let that footman be a Saxon, who speaks nothing but German, and who will of course teach him German without any trouble. A Saxon footman costs no more than one of any other country, and you have two or three years to provide yourself with one upon a vacancy. German will, I fear, be always a useful language for an Englishman to know, and it is a very difficult one to learn any other

other way than by habit. Some silly people will, I am sure, tell you that you will confound the poor child so with these different languages, that he will jumble them all together and speak no one well ; and this will be true for five or six years ; but then he will separate them of himself, and speak them all perfectly. This plan, I am sure, is a right one for the first seven years ; and before the expiration of that time, we will think farther.

My boy has been a good while at Hanover : he kissed the King's hand, which was all I expected or desired. *Visage de bois*, you take for granted, *et c'etoit dans les formes*. But the Duke of Newcastle has been most excessively kind and friendly to him ; had him always to dine with him even *en famille*. * * * * * I am really most extremely obliged to the duke of Newcastle, and will shew him that I am so, if ever I have an opportunity. He is now gone to Brunswick, and from thence goes to pass the carnival at Berlin : he will kiss your hands at Brussels in March or April, unless an election of a king of the Romans should call him to Frankfort ; for I cannot help thinking, notwithstanding what I read in the newspapers, and what you hint in your last, but that there will be a king of the Romans elected before it is long. That affair has been too eagerly and publicly pursued, to be now dropped without ridicule and disgrace. At bottom, the court of Vienna must earnestly wish it, and its pretended indifference was merely to throw the whole expence upon us. We have been haggling all this time about it with the court of Vienna, which, I suppose, will at last be prevailed with to do something, and we shall, according to custom, do all the rest. The electors, who are to be paid for it, as those of Palatine and Cologne, will be paid in a few ducats, and a great many guineas.

I leave my hermitage at Blackheath next week for Bath, where I am to bathe and pump my head ; but I doubt it is with deaf people as with poets, when the head must be pumped, little good comes of it. However, I will try every thing, just as I take a chance in every lottery, not expecting the great prize, but only to be within the possibility of having it. My compliments to madame Dayrolles. *Adieu, mon cher enfant.*

C.

LET-

LETTER LXXIV.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, Oct. 7. 1752.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

BEFORE this packet will reach you, another little round packet of mine probably will; I mean Mr. Stanhope, who, by a letter of the 26th of September, which I have just received from him from Hanover, acquaints me, that he is setting out to make his court to you at Brussels. I know your friendship for me too well to want any new proofs of it; and therefore I do very seriously insist, whatever either your friendship to me, or your attention to him, might otherwise make you intend, that you do not make him lodge in your house. Let him be your guest at dinner or supper, as often as you please, but very positively no longer. A dissipated young fellow of twenty is a very improper piece of furniture in a regular family. In short, *en un mot comme en mille*, all ceremony apart, I will not have him lodge in your house. *Au reste*, I put him entirely into your hands, do whatever else you will with him. Thrust him into company. Pray inform him a little of the affairs of the *barrière* and *tarif*, which are not of a secret nature; and inform me truly, and *de bonne foi*, how you find him now. Has he better air, address, and manners, than when you saw him last? I beg of you to reprimand him seriously if he has not. As being mine, look upon him as your own; as I should look upon my godson as mine, being yours, were he with me, and of an age to be rebuked and reprimanded for his good.

I have been here now just a week, blistering, pumping, and drinking; by all which I think I have gained a little, though very little as to my hearing.

Yours most affectionately,

C.

VOL. III.

R

LET-

LETTER LXXV.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, Oct. 18, 1752.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

YOUR last letter of the 6th, and my last of the 10th, crossed one another somewhere upon the road; for I received yours four days after I had sent mine. I think I rather gain ground, by the waters and other medicines: but if I do, it is but slowly, and by inches. I hear the person, who sits or stands near me, and who directs his voice in a strait line to me, but I hear no part of a mixed conversation, and consequently am no part of society. However I bear my misfortune better than I believe most other people would; whether from reason, philosophy, or constitution, I will not pretend to decide. If I have no very cheerful, at least I have no melancholy moments. Books employ most of my hours agreeably, and some few objects, within my own narrow circle, excite my attention enough to preserve me from *ennui*.

The chief of those objects is now with you; and I am very glad that he is, because I expect, from your friendship, a true and confidential account of him. You will have time to analyse him; and I do beg of you to tell me the worst, as well as the best, of your discoveries. When evils are incurable, it may be the part of one friend to conceal them from another; but at his age, when no defect can have taken so deep a root as to be immovable, if proper care be taken, the friendly part is rather to tell me his defects than his perfections. I promise you, upon my honor, the most inviolable secrecy. Among the defects, that possibly he may have, I know one that I am sure he has; it is indeed a negative fault, a fault of omission, but still it is a very great fault, with regard to the world. He wants that engaging address, those pleasing manners, those little attentions, that air, that *abord*, and those graces, which all conspire to make that first advantageous impression upon people's minds, which

which is of such infinite use through the whole course of life. It is a sort of magic power, which prepossesses one at first sight in favour of that person, makes one wish to be acquainted with him, and partial to all he says and does. I will maintain it to be more useful in business than in love. This most necessary varnish we want too much: pray recommend it strongly. * * * * *

He has, I dare say, told you, how exceedingly kind the duke of Newcastle was to him at Hanover, for he wrote me word with transport of it. *Faites un peu valoir cela*, when you happen either to see or to write to his grace, but only as from yourself and historically. Add too, that you observe that I was extremely affected with it. In truth, I do intend to give him to the two brothers from their own, and have nothing else to ask of either, but their acceptance of him. In time, he may possibly not be quite useles to them. I have given him such an education, that he may be of use to any court, and I will give him such a provision, that he shall be a burthen to none.

As for my godson, who, I assure you without compliment, enjoys my next warmest wishes, you go a little too fast, and think too far beforehand. No plan can possibly be now laid down for the second seven years. His own natural turn and temper must be first discovered, and your then situation will and ought to decide his destination. But I will add one consideration with regard to these first seven years. It is this: Pray, let my godson never know what a blow or a whipping is, unless for those things for which, were he a man, he would deserve them; such as lying, cheating, making mischief, and meditated malice. In any of those cases, however young, let him be most severely whipped. But either to threaten or whip him, for falling down, bepissing himself, or not standing still to have his head combed and his face washed, is a most unjust and absurd severity; and yet all these are the common causes of whipping. This hardens them to punishment, and confounds them as to the causes of it; for, if a poor child is to be whipped equally for telling a lye, or for a snotty nose, he must of course think them equally criminal. Reason him, by fair means, out of all those things, for which he will not be the worse man; and flog him severely for those things only, for which the law would punish him as a man.

R 2

I have

I have ordered Mr. Stanhope to pass six weeks in Flanders, making Brussels his head quarters. I think he cannot know it as he should do in less time; for I would have him see all the considerable towns there, and be acquainted and *faufilé* at Brussels, where there is a great deal of good company, and, as I hear, a very polite court.— From thence he is to go to Holland for three months. Pray, put him *au fait* of the Hague, which nobody can do better than you. I shall put him into Kreuningen's hands there, for the reading, and the constitutional part of the republic, of which I would have him most thoroughly informed. If, by any letters, you can be of use to him there, I know you will. I would fain have him know every thing of that country, of that government, of that court, and of that people perfectly well. Their affairs and ours always have been, and always will be, intimately blended; and I should be very sorry that, like nine in ten of his countrymen, he should take Holland to be the republic of the seven united provinces, and the states-general for the sovereign. *Mais a force d'être sourd je deviens bavard*, (deafness makes me loquacious,) so a good night to you with madame Dayrolles; and I think that is wishing you both very well.

Yours most sincerely,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER LXXVI.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, Oct. 25, 1752.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I Have this instant received yours of the 17th. If you are not partial to what belongs to me, I will hope, by your account, that your little friend is improved in his air and manners; there was undoubtedly great room for it. If he does not divert himself so well at Brussels, as from the reputation of Brussels one might expect, he will

will only have the more time to inform himself of the very many things, that he ought to know relatively to Flanders. I am as much obliged to you for your intentions to lodge him in your *hôtel*, as if he were actually lodged there; but I do seriously and earnestly insist that he be not your lodger. When he comes even to London, he shall not lodge in my house, though it is full big enough to hold him; but youth and spirits never do well under the same roof with age and gravity. Do not think from this, that I call you an old fellow. God forbid! but you will allow yourself to be something older, and rather graver, than a boy of not quite one and twenty.

I think I gain a little ground by pumping my head, and by all the other operations which I undergo here; but it is very little. *Adieu, mon cher enfant.*

Yours faithfully,

C,

LETTER LXXVII.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, Oct. 30, 1752.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I Am very sure that you are much more concerned than I am, at the accident, that happened between you and marquis de Botta, relatively to my boy. My greatest concern arises from the apprehensions, that it may possibly affect you at that formal court; if it does not, there is no harm done. You conducted yourself in the whole affair, with all the prudence of a man much less irascible than you naturally are, especially where your friends are concerned. As for the boy himself, people in his situation must sometimes expect disagreeable things of that nature; and I have made use of this incident in my letter to him, to shew him how necessary it is for him to counterbalance this disadvantage, by superior merit and knowledge.

ledge. He has desired to go again to Paris; which I have very willingly consented to, as he is received there in the best companies, and employed by Lord Albemarle in the most secret correspondence.—This incident makes me still more desirous than before, that the duke of Newcastle's proposal for him may take place (*a*); which, together with his being in parliament, as he will be in the next, will put an end to all these discussions. Adieu; I have pelted you lately with so many letters, that you will be afraid, for some time, of every post from England.

Yours most affectionately and sincerely,

C.

LETTER LXXVIII.

TO THE SAME.

London, Dec. 14, 1752.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I Returned here yesterday from Bath, the better in my health, but little so in my hearing, for the stay I made there. The bathing, and pumping my head, did me a great deal of good at first; but I gradually lost what ground I had gained, and am now just as deaf as when I went there. Thus deaf, and not having been four and twenty hours in town, you will easily judge that I have seen little, and heard less. * * * * *

Your little friend and servant is at Paris, where he will continue three or four months longer, and where I hope he will learn more manners and attentions. If I can get him into this parliament for any of the vacant boroughs, I will; and that, as you justly observe, will remove all difficulties; but I fear they are all engaged. I am hurried at present by visits and ceremonies, though, thank God, not by business; so must abruptly wish you all well, and tell you that I am most sincerely

Yours,

C.

(*a*) The appointment to the place of resident at Venice, which, after all, the king refused to grant to Mr. Stanhope. See Memoirs, sect VI.

LET-

L E T T E R LXXIX.

T O T H E S A M E .

London, Feb. 16, 1753.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

IT is true that I have been long silent, and am, contrary to custom, two letters in your debt. I would have paid better, had my specie been better; but it is really so bad, that it would be both impudent and fraudulent in me to pretend to give it currency. But since you will take it, for the sake of him, whose image and inscription it wears, you shall have it, and with my wishes that it were better.

I grow deafer, and consequently more *isolé* from society every day. I can now say of the world as the man in Hamlet, *What is Hecuba to me, or I to Hecuba?* My best wishes, however, will attend my friends, though all my hopes have left me. I have in vain tried a thousand things, that have done others good in the like case, and will go on trying, having so little to lose, and so much to get. The chapter of knowledge is a very short, but the chapter of accidents is a very long one: I will keep dipping in it; for sometimes a concurrence of unknown and unforeseen circumstances, in the medicine and the disease, may produce an unexpected and lucky hit. But no more of myself; that self, as now circumstanced, being but a disagreeable subject to us both.

I am very glad to hear that my godson flourishes. I hope he is very noisy and very active, which, at his age, are the only symptoms of health and parts. * * * * *

I believe you are not at all sorry, for in your case I know I should not, that your great men have taken your negociations out of your hands. It secures you ministers of a subordinate rank from any blame, in whatsoever manner the negociations may be concluded, if ever they are concluded at all. The credit or the blame will be theirs, the appointments *en attendant* are yours. Adieu, my dear Dayrolles. I am, most warmly and affectionately,

Yours,

C.
L E T.

LETTER LXXX.

TO THE SAME.

London, March 13, 1753.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

* * * * * I THINK it is very lucky for you inferior ministers, that those *de la première volée* * have taken the work off your hands ; for the blame, which always exceeds the honor in those affairs, will be theirs too. A good tariff, if we can get one, would be a good thing ; but for the barrière, I could wish that there were no treaty at all, and that the Dutch would, as they easily might, make their own interior barrière impenetrable, and leave the care of Flanders entirely to the house of Austria, who would, in that case, take care of it, notwithstanding all they give out concerning it, as that it is an expence to them, and only of use to the maritime powers. They know the contrary, and they know that it is the single point of union between them and the maritime powers, a connection which they would be very sorry to lose. That haughty house ought to be made sensible, that the money and the fleets of the maritime powers are more necessary to them, than their land forces are to the maritime powers. The late Duke of Marlborough, for his own private interest, laid the foundation of our subserviency to the court of Vienna. Upon the same principle, the late king carried it on, till, upon private *pique* in the year 1725, he ran into the other extreme, and, by the treaty of Hanover, more absurdly threw himself into the arms, and consequently into a dependency, of the house of Bourbon. England ought to be the friend, but neither the slave nor the bubble, of the house of Austria ; we have nothing to fear but from the house of Bourbon.

Hanover is frightened by the King of Prussia's ordering an encampment at Magdebourg, which he does only to

* Count, now prince Kaunitz, and Count Bentinck, who repaired to Brussels upon this occasion, but to as little purpose as the commissioners.

frighten

frighten them, for he dares not touch them, even should we take one of his Embden ships, which I dare say we shall not. He is a great deal too wise to attack Hanover, without being previously very sure of some things, which I am sure that he cannot be sure of. He must be sure, that in consequence of such a measure, the two empresses will not fall upon both ends of his dominions, and he must be as sure, that France will effectually assist him. He is sure of no one of these things : he is certainly an able man, and therefore I am sure that he will be quiet.

But what have I to do, my dear Dayrolles, either to talk or think of these matters, which I long ago renounced by choice, and am now unfit for from necessity ? And what is public life to me, who am cut off from all the comforts even of social ? This political excursion, which is *un reste de l'homme d'affaires*, (the remains of the man of business) puts me in mind of Harlequin's making several passes against the wall, *par un reste de bravoure*, (from a remainder of bravery.)

By your account, madame de Mirepoix has had one fine night on't : could I have such a one for my ears, as she has had for her whole head, I should prefer it to the best night I ever passed in my life ; but sleep is now the only business, and the only hope, of my nights. It is my greatest comfort, for it banishes the thoughts of my deafness, and my deafness in return renders my sleep less liable to interruption.

Your little friend will come here from Paris in about a month. * * * * *

My compliments to madame Dayrolles ; and lay by a stock of them for my godson, to deliver to him, when he shall be willing or able to receive them.

Yours most affectionately,

C.

LET.

LETTER LXXXI.

TO THE SAME.

London, April 6, 1753.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

* * * * * HERE is a comte de Paar arrived from Brussels, who brought me a letter from my old friend, and your present ally, monsieur Van Haaren §. He dines with me to-morrow, though God knows that, deaf as I am, I am very unfit to do the honors of either my own country, or my own house, to foreigners. He seems to be a very good sort of man, without *la morgue Autrichienne*, (the Austrian pride.)

I am now, for the first time in my life, impatient for the summer, that I may go and hide myself at Blackheath, and converse with my vegetables *d'égal à égal*, which is all that a deaf man can pretend to. I propose to migrate there in about three weeks, and idle away the summer, without fearing, or wishing, the return of winter. Deaf as I am, I would not change the interior quiet and tranquility of my mind, for the full possession of all the objects of my former pursuits. I know their futility, and I know now, that one can only find real happiness within one's self. Adieu, my dear friend.

Yours affectionately,

C.

LETTER LXXXII.

TO THE SAME.

London, May 25, 1753.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I Suspended the course of my letters for some time, from mere compassion to you. Dull they must be from one, who has neither business nor pleasure, and whose fancy must consequently stagnate. Our friendship only can

§ The Dutch minister at Brussels.

make

make them either worth writing or reading, and it is upon that principle only that this goes to you. I hope it will find you, madame Dayrolles, and my godson, all well; I am sure I sincerely wish it.

I go next week to Blackheath for the whole summer, if we are to have any, there to read and saunter in quiet. That place agrees with my health, and becomes my present situation. It employs my eyes, my own legs, and my horses agreeably, without having any demand upon my ears, so that I almost forget sometimes that I have lost them,

* * * * arrived here last Saturday, but I have not seen him, and very probably shall not; for I believe he will not seek me, and I seek nobody. Some say that he is come over to transact great and important affairs; but others say, and I have some reason to think with more truth, that he is come *parce qu'il boude*, (because he pouts) and threatens with retiring from business. * * * * *

Good night.

Yours sincerely,

C.

L E T T E R LXXXIII.

T O T H E S A M E.

Blackheath, June 22, 1753.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

IT is very true, that I am very well in health: but I can assure you that my deafness is much more than a thickness of hearing, and that I am very far from being a social animal. I will never be an unsocial one, however, and I will wish my fellow-creatures as well as if I heard them. I have natural good spirits to support me under this misfortune, and philosophy enough not to grieve under any, that I cannot remove, bodily pain excepted, of which, thank God, I have had as small a share as any body of my age, perhaps even a smaller. My only society

ciety is the person, who, for the time being, sits near me. It is a great satisfaction to me to reflect, that I retired from business to the comforts of a quiet and private life, before my unfortunate deafness reduced me to the necessity of doing it, or it would never have been thought choice, had it been ever so truly so, the generality of mankind not having the least notion of giving up power or profit. * * * * *

I hope my godson and madame Dayrolles's son will divert part of her grief for the loss of her father; and it is her duty to think more of one, to whom her attention is both useful and necessary, than of one, to whom all grief is unavailing. Wise people may say what they will, but one passion is never cured but by another: grief cannot be talked away, but it may and will be insensibly removed by other objects of one's attention. You should, therefore, put my godson much in her way, and talk to her constantly upon his subject. *Au reste*, your precaution about him is, I hope and believe, very unnecessary, though eventually very prudent. You will probably live, till he will want no guardians. In the course of nature, not to mention my shattered constitution, I probably shall not; but however, in the uncertainty of events, I accept that mark of your friendship and confidence, which you propose giving me, and promise you in return, that, should the case exist, which I both hope and believe will not, I will take the same care of my godson, that I would, were he my own son. But, as I am utterly ignorant of all pecuniary affairs, I could rather wish, that you would appoint proper trustees for the care of his fortune, and me only guardian of his person and education.

I suppose he now aims at some words, and, considering the composition of your family, I suppose in various languages: all the better, let him go on with all the languages of Babel, if he pleases, English, French, Flemish, and German; for though he will certainly jumble and confound them now, he will as certainly *débrouiller* them hereafter, and it will be so much clear gain for him, without any trouble. Pray, let him neither be chid nor whipped for any childish trick, but reserve chiding and whipping for his first deliberate act of obstinacy, falsehood,

falshood, or ill-nature, and then do it to the purpose. I am persuaded that a child of a year and a half old is to be reasoned with.

The bill, which passed last session, for the naturalization of the Jews, and which was a very right one, makes a strange noise among the generality of the people here. Many really think it, and many pretend to think it, calculated and intended for the destruction of the Christian religion in this kingdom, which they tell you will become the new Jerusalem, and be not only inhabited, but governed by the Jews. Among the thousand absurd and scurrilous pamphlets, letters, and advertisements, that have been published upon this occasion, there has been but one good conceit, and that I think has some humor in it. It is an advertisement inserted lately in the evening post, as from a surgeon, who takes the liberty to inform the public upon this occasion, that he has a fine hand at circumcision of adult persons as well as children, and that he performs that operation with little pain and no danger to the patient, and at the most reasonable rate. * * * * *

From a hermitage, this is, I think, a very long letter and full of news. You may very probably think the letter too long, and the news too old; but I will conclude it with a piece of much staler and older news, which you have known these twenty years, that I am,

affectionately and sincerely,

Yours,

C.

LETTER LXXXIV.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, Aug. 16, 1753.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

YOU very much over-rate an office of friendship, which I both hope and believe it will never be in my power to perform. There is little probability, I had almost said possibility,

possibility, that my shattered carcase, with twenty years more over my head, should survive your strong and healthy constitution, in the meridian of your life. But, should the unaccountable chapter of accidents determine otherwise, you may depend upon my taking all the care of my godson, that his mother would take, and at the same time with all the strictness, that a father ought to use. I owe you much more than that, in return for your constant friendship and attachment to me, in all times and upon all occasions, since our first acquaintance. With regard to myself, I might have added the epithet singular; for I have not met with the same return from many others, for whom I have done much more. I forgive them, because it is the general way of the world; but then that reflection endears those to one the more, who have virtue enough to deviate from it.

The good bishop of Waterford*, singular too in the goodness and tenderness of his heart, is now here with me, but sets out to-morrow for Ireland. He was charmed with your reception of him at Brussels. He gives me a good account of the health and strength of my godson, and tells me what, begging your pardon, I am not sorry to hear, that the resemblance of his mother is predominant. If you are angry at me for this, complain to madam Dayrolles, who probably will not; and so I shall have one friend in the family still. * * * * *

I shall bring your little friend into the next parliament. In the mean time, I shall re-export him, for he shall not idle and saunter about the town of London next winter. He goes in about three weeks, first to Holland for a month or so, and from thence to the three electoral courts of Bonn, Manheim, and Munich, where there are never any English, for that is my great object. He has conversed with them but too much in France, where they now swarm.

As soon as I have dispatched him, I shall set out for Bath, and try what a second boiling and pumping will do for me. Within these last three weeks I am grown much deafer, without being able to assign any other cause for it than the natural progression of ills. *Il faut*

* Dr. Chenevix.

patienter;

patienter ; and whether deaf, dumb, or blind, I shall always be, my dear Dayrolles,

Most faithfully yours,

C.

L E T T E R LXXXV.

T O T H E S A M E.

London, Nov. 16, 1753.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

AS I know that you interest yourself more in what is personal to myself than in what only relates to others, I delayed answering your last, till after my return from Bath, when I could give you some account of myself. It is not such a one as we could wish ; for though the waters have done a great deal of good to my general state of health, they have not done me the least in the essential point of deafness. I am full as deaf, consequently full as *absurd*, as ever. I give up all hopes of cure ; I know my place, and form my plan accordingly, for I strike society out of it. I must supply its place as well as I can, with reading, writing, walking, riding, gardening, &c. though all these together still leave a great void, into which weariness and regret will slip, in spite of all one's endeavours to banish them. But enough of this disagreeable subject.

Yesterday the parliament met ; and the Duke of Newcastle, frightened at the groundless and senseless clamors against the Jew-bill passed last year, moved for the repeal of it, and accordingly it is to be repealed. * * * *

Things are very quiet here, excepting the universal drunkenness of the whole people of England, which is already begun by way of preface to the approaching elections. Parliament stock rises extremely ; and one man,

man, an East-India director, I think, has bought the whole borough of * * *, which consists of ninety votes, at fifty guineas a man. This, by the way, is not reckoned a very dear bargain neither. The fury of this war is chiefly whig against whig, for the tories are pretty much out of the question; so that, after the new parliament shall be chosen, the greatest difficulty upon the administration will be, to find pasture enough for the beasts that they must feed. * * * * *

My plantation is of a very different nature from yours, and is all confined to my little spot of earth at Blackheath, which I now cultivate with as great eagerness, as ever I did any other spot in my life. I have turned my greenhouse into a grape-house, which, with the help of a little fire, supplies me with an immense quantity of muscat grapes, and as ripe as I please to have them, the climate depending wholly upon my orders. These two little bits of garden, *tels que vous les avez vus*, supplied me last summer with a sufficient quantity of the best fruits I ever eat. Such are now the quiet amusements of your retired, deaf, and insignificant

Friend and servant,

C.

LETTER LXXXVI.

TO THE SAME.

London, Jan. 1, 1754.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

YOU fine gentlemen, who have never committed the sin or the folly of scribbling, think that all those, who have, can do it again, whenever they please; but you are much mistaken: the pen has not only its moments, but its hours, its days of impotence, and is no more obedient to the will, than other things have been since

since the fall. Unsuccessful and ineffectual attempts are alike disagreeable and disgraceful. It is true, I have nothing else to do but to write, and for that very reason, perhaps, I should do it worse than ever; what was formerly an act of choice, is now become the refuge of necessity. Though I keep up a certain equality of spirits, better I believe than most people would do in my unfortunate situation, yet you must not suppose, that I have ever that flow of active spirits, which is so necessary to enable one to do any thing well. Besides, as the pride of the human heart extends itself beyond the short span of our lives, all people are anxious and jealous, authors perhaps more so than any others, of what will be thought and said of them, at a time when they cannot know, and therefore ought not reasonably to care, for either. Notwithstanding all these difficulties, I will confess to you that I often scribble, but at the same time protest to you that I almost as often burn. I judge myself as impartially, and I hope more severely than I do others; and upon an appeal from myself to myself, I frequently condemn the next day, what I had approved and applauded the former. What will finally come of all this I do not know; nothing, I am sure, that shall appear, while I am alive, except by chance some short trifling essays, like the Spectators, upon some new folly or absurdity that may happen to strike me, as I have now and then helped Mr. Fitz-Adam in his weekly paper called the World.

The Irish part of the world, I take it for granted you have heard, is in the utmost confusion, and I now fear, and the more because I cannot foresee, the consequences of it. The beginning of the whole affair was only the old question, who should govern the government; this produced violent personal piques and acrimony, and consequently formed, and animated, parties. While these parties avowed and confined themselves to personal views, it signified little to the public which prevailed; but now the affair is become national, and consequently very serious. The speaker's party, which is now, by the ill management of others, become the majority of the house, deny the king's right to the surpluses of the Irish revenue, and, in consequence of that principle, have rejected a bill for the application of them, because the council here had inserted, and rightly, in the preamble

of the bill, these words, *by and with the consent of his majesty*. It is believed, that the house of commons will proceed to some personal votes. * * * * *

This only is certain, that the duke of Dorset is making what haste he can to come over here, and will not, nor cannot, go back again. Various successors are talked of, but I believe no one fixed. Some talk of lord Holderness, who, in that case, they say, is to be succeeded in the secretary's office, by the solicitor general, Murray. Others talk of lord Winchelsea, as recommended by lord Granville, and this I think not improbable; but some, who go deeper, name the duke of Bedford, and this, I think, by no means impossible.

This is the season of well-bred lies indiscriminately, told by all to all; professions and wishes unfelt and unmeant, degraded by use, and profaned by falsehood, are lavished with profusion. Mine for you, Mrs. Dayrolles, and my godson, are too honest and sincere to keep such company, or to wear their dress. Judge of them then yourselves, without my saying any thing more, than that I am most heartily and faithfully yours,

C.

LETTER LXXXVII.

TO THE SAME.

London, March 1, 1754.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I Have been lately very ill, and am still far from being very well. My complaint was a goutish rheumatism, or a rheumatic gout; its principal seat was in my right arm, of which I lost the use for three weeks; but it visited all the other parts of my body by turns, not excepting my head and stomach. The weather was then so very cold, that I was confined to my room above a month, and great part of that time to my bed. I am now free from pain, and

and got abroad again, if going chiefly to take the air in my coach can be called going abroad; but what with the distemper itself, and the great, though necessary, evacuations, I am still very weak, and extremely dispirited. *Mais à quelque chose malheur est bon, dit on;* for probably this weak state, joined to my former deafness, will procure me the pleasure of seeing you and yours at Brussels, in about two months time. The learned insist upon my going to Aix-la-Chapelle and Spa, which, they promise me, will restore my health and spirits, and perhaps relieve my deafness, if it proceeds, as both they and I believe it does, from that flying goutish humor. Were it only to prolong the fag end of my tattered life, I am sure I would not take the trouble of this journey; but I undertake it merely in the hopes of making the remainder of my life, be it what it will, more easy and comfortable. If it will but do that, it is all I ask; and for that I would go any where. Pleasures are over with me; negative health and quiet are the only remaining objects of my wishes. At this moment, I know that you are allotting me a bed-chamber in your house, and resolving to write to me to insist upon my taking up my quarters there. But as I am very sure, that these intended offers are not the result of form and ceremony, but of real friendship, I will, with the same truth and sincerity, tell you, that if you would have me easy, as I am sure you would, you must let me sleep at an inn in Brussels. I will breakfast, dine, and sup with you, and I will make use of your coach to carry me from my inn to your house, for I will set my foot in no other, and back again; but it has been my rule, for these forty years, never to be in a friend's house, when I could be at an inn, it being so much more convenient to both. This preliminary being thus fixed, I hope to sup with you at Brussels, some day of the last week in April, because I would be at Spa the first week in May, that I may get away from thence before the fashionable season begins, which is about the middle of July. Pray mention this scheme of mine to no mortal living, because that, like some great German prince, though not for the same reasons, I will, as far as possible, keep the strictest *incognitio*. I have done with the world, and with those who are of it; and any civilities, which

they might still shew me, would only distress me, and make me feel more sensibly my inability of either returning or hearing them. I know comte de Lannoy and others at Brussels; but, in my present situation, I should dread to see them; and I hope I shall have all Spa to myself, and my friend and doctor Garnier, who goes along with me, during our residence there.

I am too much *isolé*, too much secluded from either the busy, or the *beau monde*, to give you any account of either. The accounts of my own microcosm I have given you, a scurvy one it is, much shattered and decayed; but the heart, that still animates it, is, most sincerely and faithfully,

Yours,

C.

L E T T E R LXXXVIII.

T O T H E S A M E.

London, April 2, 1754.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

* * * * * THE preliminaries for our meeting at Brussels have been sooner and better settled, than those for the tarif and barrière were. I am to find myself with sleep, and you are to find me with every thing else, that is, you are to *treat*, you are to furnish the matter, and I am to digest it as well as I can. *A propos*, this suggests to me a little commission, which you must allow me to trouble you with. I shall not carry my cook with me to Spa, both for my own sake and his. He is a very good cook; but as he has no settled aversion to drinking, he would find bad wine and bad company very cheap there, and be spoiled. Besides he would tempt me with things which, as I am resolved not to eat of, I am determined not to see, while I am at Spa. I wish, therefore, that you could find me at Brussels an humble *marmiton, tournebroche,* or

or other animal, who could roast and boil decently, and do nothing more. If you can find such a being, pray engage him for me, at so much certain a week, including wages, board wages, and every thing, from the 30th of this month. As, in going to Spa, I shall stay but one whole day and two nights at Brussels, I think I need not take any other name for privacy's sake. For let who will know of my arrival, as to be sure comte Lannoy must, *ne bougeant de chez vous je serai à l'abri des visites*, (not stirring from your house I shall escape visits.)

You have heard, no doubt, of the very many removes at court, occasioned by Mr. Pelham's death, more, I believe, than were ever made at any one time, unless in a total change of ministry, which is by no means the case at present, the power being continued, and in my opinion more securely than ever, in the same hands. I will not therefore repeat to you what you have already found in the news-papers, and the office letters. Still less will I trouble you with the millions of absurd reasonings, and speculations, of the uninformed, and almost always mistaken, volunteer politicians. But, when we meet, I will tell you the few things, that have accidentally come to my knowledge, and that I have reason to believe are true. This in the mean time is certain, that the parliament will be dissolved next Saturday, and that the writs for the new one will be issued on the Tuesday following, the 9th. After which day, till forty days afterwards, you may depend upon it, that much the greater part of this kingdom will be uninterruptedly drunk. My boy will be chosen without the least opposition or trouble,

* * * It was absolutely necessary for him to be in parliament. He is now at Manheim, and is to come to me at Spa, from whence, in our return to England, he will kiss your hands at Brussels. I flatter myself that he will do in the house of commons, where *les manières, les attentions, et les graces*, are by no means the most necessary qualifications. Good night.

Yours most faithfully,

C.

L E T.

LETTER LXXXIX.

TO THE SAME.

London, April 23, 1754.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

WERE I to answer Mrs. Dayrolles's compliment as a fine gentleman, I would tell her that prudence forbids me to stay more than one day at Brussels, that more would be too dangerous, and that even the recovery of my health would not make me amends for the loss of my liberty. But to answer more in character, that is as a deaf old fellow, I must tell her the truth, which is, that loving ease and quiet as I do, I transport myself with as much unwillingness as any convict at the Old Baily is transported, and I prefer it only as the lesser evil of the two. My stay abroad will consequently be as short as my health, the object for which I go, will possibly allow, for I confess that my impatience to return to my cell at Blackheath is extreme; and I must be there by the middle of July at farthest.—Formerly I did not much dislike the Tartar kind of life, of camping from place to place, but now there is nothing that I dislike so much. Moreover I can assure you, that both Mrs. Dayrolles's lungs and yours will have exercise enough in one day, with a deaf man, to be very willing to part with him the next. To bring things as near precision as I can, I will tell you, that I shall leave London next Sunday morning, and consequently be at Dover that night. From thence it is probable I shall get to Calais some time the next day, and from Calais it is certain that it is at most three days journey to Brussels; so that in all likelihood I shall get there on Thursday, and the very moment I do get there, I shall pay my duty, as due, to the British minister.

I had almost forgot to trouble you with another little commission, though a necessary one; it is to engage a *valet de place* for me, to go with me from Brussels to Spa, and to serve me during my stay there, and till my return to Brussels, at so much a day certain for wages, board-wages, rags, &c. There are always such animals to be had,

had, and I need not have troubled you with so frivolous a commission, but that I would much rather have one who will not rob me, than one who will; and some of your servants are more likely to procure me such a one, than the people at the inn. I shall tire you so soon with my company, that I will spare you in writing, and bid you abruptly good night.

LETTER XC.

TO THE SAME.

Spa, June 4, 1754.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

Am persuaded that lord Holdernes's silence was merely accidental and not intended as a civil refusal of your request, which I dare say will appear, by his answer to your private letter. In that case, I shall have the pleasure of seeing you here. * * * * * If you come you shall have excellent beef and mutton, and every thing else extremely bad; for these are, as lord Foppington says, a most barbarous race of people, strop my vitals! Most of the necessaries and conveniencies of life are absolutely unknown to them; one strong instance of this is, that the old invention of a pair of bellows has never yet been heard of in the principality of Liege, but instead of it a maid, with an exceeding strong breath, as you will easily believe, blows the fire through the broken barrel of an old gun.

Ten thousand thanks and compliments from me to Mrs. Dayrolles, for the trouble she has taken to execute those commissions herself, which I only intended for her maid. My benediction to my godson, and my sincere sentiments of love and friendship to yourself; and so good night.

L E T.

LETTER XCI.

TO THE SAME

Spa, June 12, 1754.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

NOTHING is changed in my arrangement as to this place; and I believe that you are very sure that nothing is, as to my desire of seeing you here or any where. I will complete my two months, however unwillingly, in this detestable place, that I may have nothing to reproach myself with when I leave it, which will be about the 17th or 18th of next month. You shall have good beef here, and super-excellent mutton, one entire sheep weighing but six and twenty pounds. You shall also have admirable champaign and rhenish; every thing else is as detestable as the place or the company. * * * * *

Pray make my compliments to my old and good friend your aunt, and to all others at the Hague, who may chance to remember and inquire after so insignificant a being as

Your faithful servant,

C.

LETTER XCI.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, August 1, 1754.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

A Thousand thanks to you and Mrs. Dayrolles, for your kind and friendly reception at Brussels, and your company at Spa. As those sentiments are the first in my mind, my first letter from England shall convey them.

My

My journey home would have been as good as I could have wished, had I not been immediately preceded by lord and lady Cardigan, who, travelling with six and thirty horses, sometimes left me none, but at best tired ones. However I scrambled to Calais about noon on Sunday, where I found the wind directly contrary, but polite enough to change exactly at the time I wanted it the next morning, and to waft me to Dover in less than five hours. From thence I set out for my hermitage, and arrived here on Tuesday evening, safe and sound, my ears excepted. This, I find, is my proper place ; and I know it, which people seldom do. I converse with my equals, my vegetables, which I found in a flourishing condition, notwithstanding the badness of the weather, which has been full as cold and wet here as we had at Spa. I wish I could send you some of my pine-apples, which are large and excellent : but without magic that cannot be done, and I have no magic. Contentment is my only magic, and, thank God, I have found out that art, which is by no means a black one.

I have neither heard nor asked for news ; and shall certainly tell you none, when I tell you that I am, most faithfully and affectionately,

Yours,

C.

L E T T E R XCIII.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, Sept. 25, 1754.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

COULD my letters be less dull, they should be more frequent ; but what can a deaf vegetable write to amuse a live man with ? Deaf and dull are nearer related than deaf and dumb. This, though the worst, is not all that hindered me from acknowledging your last sooner, for I have been very much out of order

der this last fortnight, with my usual giddinesses in my head, and disorders in my stomach; so that I find the Spa waters gave me but what the builders call a half repair, which is only a mere temporary vamp. In truth, all the infirmities of an age, still more advanced than mine, crowd in upon me. I must bear them as well as I can; they are more or less the lot of humanity, and I have no claim to an exclusive privilege against them. In this situation, you will easily suppose that I have no very pleasant hours; but on the other hand, thank God, I have not one melancholy one; and I rather think that my philosophy increases with my infirmities. Pleasures I think of no more; let those run after them that can overtake them, but I will not hobble and halt after them in vain. My comfort and amusements must be internal; and, by good luck, I am not afraid of looking inwards.—Some reading, some writing, some trifling in my garden, and some contemplation, concur in making me never less alone than when alone. But this letter runs too much into the moral essay of a solitaire. *Changeons de thèse* (let us change the subject.)

I shall go to London in November, upon the account of lady Chesterfield, and even of my servants, who, not having the resources that I have, would be very miserable here in the winter. The difference will be but little to me, it would be great to them, which, in my mind, makes it a social duty.

I reckon that my godson now begins to chatter, and confound two or three languages. No matter; they are so much clear gain to him, and in time he will unconfound them of himself.

I had a letter two days ago from lord Huntington, who seems very sensible of your civilities, and charmed with those he received from prince Charles of Lorraine, and comte Cobentzel §. Pray assure the latter of my respects. I like and honour him extremely. I need not surely make any compliments to Mrs. Dayrolles. Nor will I profane our friendship with any, but tell you heartily and honestly that I am

Faithfully yours,
CHESTERFIELD.

§ Her imperial Majesty's minister plenipotentiary at that time in the Low Countries.

L E T.

LETTER XCIV.

TO THE SAME.

London, Dec. 17, 1754.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I Received your last, while at Bath, from whence I arrived here a few days ago. The waters did me a great deal of good, as to my general state of health; but I grow deafer and deafer every day, by the natural progression of all ills with age. As I know my ill to be incurable, I bear it the better, from a philosophy of my own, very different from most other people's; for while I have both hopes and fears, I am anxious; but when I have no hopes, I take my *party* and am easy. * * * * *

I have now a most important commission to trouble you with, it is no less than to receive eighteen thousand pounds sterling for me at Brussels; that is, when the lottery there shall be drawn, in which I have three tickets. One of them is unquestionably the great prize. The numbers of my three tickets are 66694, 66695, 66696. I think I am very modest in only desiring one prize in three tickets. It is true that it is the great one, but then I leave you the five or six next best, which are more than equivalent to mine; and as all the drawing depends, I presume, upon you and Cobentzel, I hope you will take care of yourselves and your friends. If you chuse to have the great prize for my godson, I will give it up to him, but to nobody else. In all events, pray have my above-mentioned numbers examined, after the drawing of the lottery, and let me know my good or ill fortune. I shall bear either with great moderation.

Our ministerial affairs here are still in great confusion. It is said, they will be settled, during the recess of the parliament at Christmas; but if they should, which I much question, that settlement will, in my opinion, by no means be a lasting one. It would take up reams of paper to relate to you the various reports and conjectures of our speculative politicians here; and therefore I will only

only give you my own short conjecture, upon what little I see and hear myself. I think I see every thing gravitating to Fox's center, and I am persuaded that in six months time he will be the minister. * * * * *

My compliments to Mrs. Dayrolles; *et adieu, mon cher ami.*

LETTER XCV.

TO THE SAME.

London, Feb. 4, 1755.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

DEAF men and dead men differ very little except in one point, which is, that letters from the dead would be very curious, and probably very instructive; whereas those from the deaf must necessarily be very dull. Were I dead, and allowed to write, you should hear from me much oftener, as my letters would be like those of the missionary Jesuits, *curieuses et édifiantes* (*a*), and well worth the postage, though it would probably be considerable, *car il y a bien loin de ce païs-là*, (as the distance is great.) But being only deaf, crazy, and declining, I consider both your time and your purse, which would be but ill employed in reading, and paying for, such letters as mine.

Notwithstanding my state of ignorance and solitude, I dare say you will expect some news from me, now that you read every day of fitting out great fleets, and raising additional troops. It is true, that we are equipping a very great fleet, which is to be commanded by lord Anson, and three other admirals; and we are raising some

(*a*) These are occasional accounts of the transactions of the Jesuits sent out to different parts of the world, for the conversion of the heathen to their Christian religion, which used to be published in French at Paris, and consist of about forty volumes in octavo. Amidst an immense quantity of trash, stories of wonderful events, encomiums of their zeal and address, miracles performed, christenings by stealth of infants and dying people, of their sufferings, persecutions, &c. a good deal of information, about the natural history of the countries, as well as the manners and characters of the inhabitants, may be picked up from these relations.

regiments

regiments of marines, in order to man it, which otherwise we found that we could not. From all these warlike preparations, the public is convinced that we shall have a war; but I am by no means so. I cannot see that it is the interest, nor can I believe that it is the inclination, of France, at this time, to bring on a general war; and I am very sure that we are absolutely unable to support one. I am, therefore, persuaded, that we are reciprocally endeavouring to intimidate each other, and that all this *levée de bouclier* (blustering) will end quietly in referring our American disputes to *commissaries de part et d'autre*, who will decide and settle them, much about the time that the tarif and the barriere shall be finally determined. Should we really come to hostilities in America, with advantage on our part, monsieur de Mallebois would very probably make another journey to Lower Saxony; in which case a second neutrality would be too dangerous either to accept or refuse, which is another reason why I think, that the dilemma will, if possible, be avoided. And indeed, upon the whole, I wish it may, considering our national debt, and the two very sore places, which we have, in Lower Saxony and the Highlands of Scotland. Another little circumstance, which seems to favour my pacific opinion, is the late hasty nomination of lord Hertford to the French embassy, and the hurry he is in to go there. A Frenchman who is now here, le comte d'Estaing, said the other day, *Pardieu, messieurs, ce seroit bien ridicule de faire casser la tête à dix mille hommes pour quelques douzaines de chapeaux*, (it would be absurd to have ten thousand men knocked on the head for a few dozen of hats,) alluding to the castors of North America.

The earl of Bristol is appointed envoy to Turin, to watch the motions of that court, in the room of the earl of Rochford, who is sent for home to receive the gold key.

In parliament, things go very quietly this session. Fox has evidently the lead there. Mr. Pitt rather hints, than declares, opposition. Legge is discontented, but silently so. The parliament is to be prorogued at Easter, and his majesty will set out for Hanover the day afterwards. He is to be attended, as I am informed, only by Sir Thomas Robinson.

For

For *un reclus, un solitaire, un sourd*, I think I have given you a great deal of news; at least I am sure I have given you all I have, and no man, you know, can do more. *

Yours,

C.

LETTER XCVI.

TO THE SAME.

London, May, 2, 1755.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

WHAT can a deaf hermit write? The repetition of my affection and friendship for you would be as dull, as I am persuaded it would be unnecessary; you are either convinced of them already, or you never will be so. Would you have news? Mine is always stale; and though I was the introducer of the new stile, in all those matters I go by the old, and am at least eleven days behind-hand.

I could tell you, but I will not, that the king sailed from Harwich last Monday; but I can tell you, and will, that the duke of Cumberland and Mr. Fox are appointed of the regency; the consequence of which new measure, I presume, you can tell yourself. Peace and war seem yet so uncertain, that nobody knows which to expect.—The people in general, who always wish whatever they have not, wish for a war; but I, who have learned to be content with whatever I have, wish for the continuation of peace. My country-folks think only of the new world, where they expect to conquer, and perhaps will, but I cannot help dreading the *contrecoup* of those triumphs in the old one. I have ninety-nine reasons against a land war in Europe; the first of which being that we are not able to carry it on, I will not trouble you with the others.

You

You have certainly heard of, and probably seen, * * * extraordinary motion which he made in the house of lords, just before the rising of the parliament, when it could not possibly have any good effect, and must necessarily have some very bad ones. It was an indecent, ungenerous, and malignant question, which I had no mind should either be put or debated, well knowing the absurd and improper things, that would be said both for and against it, and therefore I moved the house to adjourn, and so put a quiet end to the whole affair. As you will imagine that this was agreeable to the king, it is supposed that I did it to make my court, and people are impatient to see what great employment I am to have, for that I am to have one they do not in the least doubt, not having any notion that any man can take any step, without some view of dirty interest. I do not undeceive them. I have nothing to fear, I have nothing to ask, and there is nothing that I will or can have. Retirement was my choice seven years ago: it is now become my necessary refuge. Blackheath, and a quiet conscience, are the only objects of my cares. What good I can do as a man and a citizen, it is my duty, and shall be my endeavour, to do; but public life and I are parted for ever.

To-morrow I go to Blackheath for the whole summer, if we have one. That little hermitage suits best with my inclinations and situation; it is there only that I do not find myself *déplacé*. My little garden, the park, reading and writing, kill time there tolerably; and time is now my enemy.

My compliments to Mrs. Dayrolles. My godson, I suppose, by this time, chatters a Babel language of English, French, and Flemish: so much the better, *c'est autant de gagné, et avec l'âge il débrouillera ce petit chaos*, (it is clear gain, and in time he will unravel that little chaos.) Good night.

Yours faithfully,

C.

LET-

LETTER XCVII.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, July 10, 1755.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

IT was my *ennui*, and not my amusements, could I now have any! that occasioned my long silence; depend upon it, nothing else could or should. I break daily, my friend, both in body and mind, their union being very intimate; spirits consequently fail, for they are the result of health; and I cannot say that, since I am here, I have had three days together uninterrupted health. Sometimes strong returns of my inveterate giddiness, sometimes convulsive disorders in my stomach, always languor, weakness, and listlessness. I find that I am got half-way down hill, and then you know the velocity increases very considerably. But what is to be done? nothing but patience. Whatever the purest air, constant moderate exercise, and strict regimen can do, I have here; but they serve only to prolong, for a little time, an irksome situation, which my reason tells me, the sooner it is ended, the better. My deafness is extremely increased, and daily increasing; this cuts me wholly off from the society of others, and my other complaints deny me the society with myself which I proposed when I came here. I have brought down with me a provision of pens, ink, and paper, in hopes of amusing myself, and perhaps entertaining or informing posterity, by some historical tracts of my own times, which I intended to write with the strictest regard to truth, and none to persons, myself not excepted. But I have not yet employed my pen, because my mind refused to do its part; and in writing, as well as in other performances, whatever is not done with spirit and desire, will be very ill done. All my amusements are therefore reduced to the idle business of my little garden, and to the reading of idle books, where the mind is seldom called upon. Notwithstanding this unfortunate situation, my old philosophy comes to my assistance,

assistance, and enables me to repulse the attacks of melancholy, for I never have one melancholic moment. I have seen and appraised every thing in its true light, and at its intrinsic value. While others are outbidding one another at the auction, exulting in their acquisitions, or grieving at their disappointments, I am easy, both from reflection, and experience of the futility of all that is to be got or lost.

But *trèves de réflexions morales*, (too much of moral reflections.) A man may be too sober as well as too drunk to go into company, and his philosophical reflections may be as troublesome in one case, as his extravagancy in the other.

Well then, we will hope, you warmly and I coolly, that great things are reserved for us in the fifth and last class of this lottery ; but if fortune will take my advice, though ladies are seldom apt to take the advice of old fellows, she will transfer whatever she intended to you or me to my godson. * * * * *

The present situation of neither peace nor war is, to be sure, very unaccountable, and I cannot help fearing, that we shall be the dupes of it at last. Surely we, I mean our ministers, ought to have known, before this time, which of the two the French really intended, and, if they meant peace, to have had it concluded, or, if they meant war, to have given them the first blow at sea ; for if, instead of that, you give them time to augment their marine, while you keep yours at an immense and useless expence, I believe they will be more explicit with you next year. The clamor at our inaction is universal and prodigious, people desiring something for their money. From that, and many other concurring causes, the next session will be a very boisterous one. *

Adieu, my dear Dayrolles : lady Chesterfield's and my compliments to Mrs. Dayrolles.

C.

LETTER XCVIII.

TO THE SAME.

London, Aug. 15, 1755.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

YOU insult my incredulity in your prophecy, and triumph in the possibility, or, as you call it, the probability, of its being fulfilled; but a little patience, for perhaps the distress, which you flatter yourself will happen to you, may not, and I will lay you one of our lottery tickets, that Mrs. Dayrolles will be up again, before the French take possession of Brussels. They certainly may, whenever they will, and therefore seem to be in no haste to do it; besides, can they, with the least colour of justice, invade the queen of Hungary's dominions, because captain Howe has taken captain Hocquart in America (a)? Such a step, as that, is not warranted by any thing, that I ever read in Grotius or Puffendorf. You will probably say, that great powers are not apt to trouble themselves about reason and justice, and that is certainly true; but, in my own opinion, France is at this time neither desirous of a general war, nor very fit to carry one on, so that, I rather think, they will confine their indignation to the king, both as king and elector, and attempt to invade both England and Hanover. I fear them in neither of those cases. Be easy, therefore, till the evil day draws much nearer, than it seems to be at present.

I shall say nothing to you about my own health, though I know that it is not quite indifferent to you; but it is really so indifferent in itself, that it is not worth mentioning, for I am never quite well, and the whole difference is *du plus au moins*. I will weather out these six weeks, if I can, and then go to Bath, which is always a temporary, but never a lasting, cure; however, *c'est autant de pris sur l'ennemi*.

If, by chance, you meet with any quantity of seed of excellent melons, whether canteloupes, or others, provided

(a) He commanded the Alcide, a man of war, belonging to a French squadron, conveying troops to America, and taken by captain Howe of the Dunkirk, one of the fleet sent out, under the command of vice-admiral Boscowen, to oppose the designs of the French court.

vided they are but very large ones, I shall be much obliged to you, if you will let me go a dozen or two seeds with you. I would not have more than what may be conveyed in a letter or two. My melon ground is so small, that it will not afford to raise little ones, and I must make up in size what I want in number. I have had some excellent good, and very large, ones this year, from your Sorgvliet seed (a).

How does my godson go on with his little *lingua Franca*, or jumble of different languages? Fear no Babel confusion. *L'âge débrouillera tout cela.* (Age will unravel all this.)

I hear no news, or there is none; but lyes are extremely rife, especially from America, which, I dare say, was not so much talked of, when first discovered by Columbus, or Vespusius Americus, as it is now. But I am so humble a politician, that I content myself with wishing well to my country, and for the rest, *vogue la galère.* But the rest of my countrymen, and even countrywomen, are not so passive; for I am assured they are so brim-full of politics, that they spill them wherever they go. If I had no better reason to lament my deafness than not hearing them, I should be much easier than I am under my misfortune. *Adieu, mon ami.*

LETTER XCIX.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, Sept. 12, 1755.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

* * * * THE king is expected to land every minute, which, I suppose, will produce more decision concerning war or peace than has appeared yet, for at present there is a kind of a mist before them, which one cannot see through. I do not, in the least, fear a war, provided it be not in Flanders, where the French must always make it with infinite advantage, and where the em-

T 2

press

(a) The late count Bentink's villa, near the Hague, on the road to Scheveling.

press queen will not, and our allies the Dutch cannot, assist us effectually. I am therefore very glad to find, that the garrisons in Flanders are evacuated, and I hope that the Dutch will make a neutrality, so that there may be no field of battle in the seventeen provinces, for us to be beaten in again. And what will the French do then? At sea, it is certain that we must destroy both their navy and their commerce. Will they attempt invading us here again? Let them, they are very welcome, that is too contemptible. Will they march an army to Hanover? *à la bonne heure*; (be it so) what will become of that army after a thirty days march in the desarts of Westphalia, especially now that we have secured a force in that part of the world, superior to any they can send? Their army will melt away there, faster than in Bohemia, and care will be taken, before their arrival there, to leave them even no *ponpournichil* (a) to subsist upon. * * * Your quiet situation at Brussels will therefore, I hope, not be disturbed; and in that case, I confess, I would rather have war than peace with France; as the former, if vigorously carried on at sea, must greatly check, if not destroy, their growing navy and commerce.

A thousand thanks to you for your melon seed, which I will sow and cultivate with great care, in hopes that I may give you some of the fruit of it next year, in this hermitage; for I think you gave me some reason to flatter myself, that I shall see you here next year. In that case, perhaps, I may shew you some melons much more extraordinary than yours, though probably not quite so good; for I have had a present made me, by a Persian merchant of good credit, of a few melon seeds, that he brought himself from Diarbeck, which was the ancient Mesopotamia, and which, he protests, produce melons, that weigh from ninety to one hundred and one hundred and ten pounds each. But, notwithstanding the gentleman's credit as a merchant, I am a little incredulous.

I go next week to Bath, where, for the time being, I am always well; and that is so much clear gain, and worth the journey to one, who has not, for these six months,

(a) A very coarse kind of hard brown bread, eaten in several parts of Germany, and especially by the poor inhabitants of Westphalia.

months, been well for four and twenty hours together. Besides, all places are now alike to me, and I can be more alone at Bath, than any where. Adieu, my dear friend.

Yours, wherever I am,

C.

LETTER C.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, Oct 4, 1755.

DEAR DAYROLLES.

* * * * * I HAVE been here now just a week; too little to have found much benefit, but, however, long enough to give me reason to hope, that I shall find some, for my stomach is rather less disordered than I brought it down with me here. But upon the whole, I am, and always shall be *un pauvre corps, dont il ne vaut pas la peine de parler*, (a poor wretch not worth mentioning.)

I think it impossible, that the French can insist upon more than a neutrality, on the part of the republic of the united provinces. Upon what pretence can they? But if they should, they cannot invade them, without first invading Flanders, and bringing the queen of Hungary upon their backs, which I cannot think them at present willing to do. But suppose they should, they will with ease over-run all Flanders in a fortnight, so that where will there be a field of battle left? We can send no troops to Holland, that can be of any use. The Dutch have not enough to oppose a French army of 100,000 men; so that, in that case, they have nothing to do, but *subir la loi du vainqueur* (to yield to the conquerors.) But, depend upon it, things will not be carried to those extremities. The French, at this time, dread a general war. Their ministry is weak, and their king weaker; the clergy and the parliament, hating

hating each other irreconcileably, they have no general, in whom they have the least confidence; and by the interest they pay, it is plain they want money. From all this, and from our inevitable successes at sea, I take it for granted that a peace, and a reasonable one, will somehow or other be jumbled up, in the course of seven or eight months; so that, with all your ingenuity in anticipating misfortunes, I am persuaded, that your journey to England next year will be merely a voluntary one, and not a necessary flight from where you now are.

The next session, which now draws very near, will, I believe, be a very troublesome one; and I really think it very doubtful, whether the subsidiary treaties, with Russia and Cassel, will be carried or not. To be sure, much may be said against both, but yet I dread the consequences of rejecting them by parliament, since they are made. But what have I to do with public matters? Moreover a man, who has not the whole thread of them, talks of them as a blind man does of colors; for the least circumstance unknown often changes the whole thing (a). This I know perfectly, that I am truly,

Yours.

LETTER CI.

TO THE SAME.

London, Dec. 19, 1755.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

YOU will think me very lazy, for that I am sure is the worst thing, that you will ever suspect me of, with regard to yourself, in having been so long without answering your last. But it has not been quite

(a) That was really the case with regard to lord Chesterfield, who, at that time, was totally ignorant of the French court's alliances with the principal powers of Europe, and altered his opinion when he was acquainted with them, as appears by the following letters. But the fluctuations of mind of great men may be instructive, and their dreams, at least, are always entertaining.

quite laziness, for, some few days, busines, and for many days, weakness, dispiritedness and languor would not allow me to put pen to paper; otherwise deaf people are commonly as frivolously *writative* as blind people are often frivolously talkative: but, when a general disorder and decay of the body is added to impenetrable deafness, one becomes too like a dead body to write any thing but a codicil.

Were I, now that I am writing, to pretend to send you but a short account of our transactions here, I must send you a large folio. The house of commons sits three or four times a week till nine or ten at night, and sometimes till four or five in the morning, so attentive are they to the good of their dear country. That zeal has of late transported them into much personal abuse ***

Even our insignificant house sat one day last week, till past ten at night, upon the Russian and Hessian subsidiary treaties; but I was not able to sit it out, and left it at seven, more than half dead: for I took it into my head to speak upon them for near an hour, which fatigue, together with the heat of the house, very near annihilated me. I was for the Russian treaty, as a prudent eventual measure, at the beginning of a war, and probably preventive even of a war, in that part of the world; but I could not help exposing, though without opposing, the Hessian treaty, which is, indeed, the most extraordinary one I ever saw. It can have no effect; for you are not to have the troops till after you do not want them, viz. till six months after the requisition made; and after you dismiss the troops, should you ever call for them, the subsidy is to be doubled for the remainder of the term. It is certain, that his most serene highness is full as good at making a bargain, as any Jew in Europe.

Places, as you will see by the news-papers, are emptying and filling up every day. The patriot of Monday is the courtier of Tuesday, and the courtier of Wednesday is the patriot of Thursday. This indeed has more or less been long the case, but I really think never so imprudently and so profligately as now. The power is all falling from his grace's into Fox's hands, which, you may remember I told you long ago, would happen.

Besides

Besides these discords and misfortunes, we live here in dread of two others of a very different kind, an invasion from France, and a *brûle* of the earthquake from Lisbon. For myself I cannot say that I have any great apprehensions of either, but of the two, I have more faith in the earthquake than in the invasion. France has too often experienced the futility of those attempts. But be these things how they will, *réjouissez-vous autant que faire se pourra, et surtout portez-vous bien, car il n'y a rien de tel.* *Adieu, mon ami* (Rejoice as much as you can, and above all keep in health, for there is nothing like it.) Adieu, my friend.

LETTER CII.

TO THE SAME,

London, Jan. 23, 1756.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

DO yourself justice, and you will cease to wonder at either the beginning, or the continuance, of my friendship for you. I soon discovered, and have now long experienced, the honest truth and warmth of your heart. Friendship, like health, is to be preserved by the same means, by which it is acquired, and I believe we shall neither of us *démentir* (forsake) those means.

Every thing tends more and more every day to the verification of my prophecy; for in our political balance, Fox's scale grows heavier and heavier, which every body perceives. * * * * *

We are here in daily expectation of a formal declaration of war from France, as it seems to be the natural consequence of the memorial sent by monsieur Rouillé to Mr. Fox, through Holland, which perhaps you have seen, but which no doubt you have heard the substance of, and therefore I shall not repeat it. I am not so fond of war, as I find many people are. *Mark the end on't.* Our treaty lately concluded with Prussia is a fortunate event, and secures the peace of the empire; and is it possible that

France

France can invade the low countries, which are the dominions of the empress queen, only because admiral Boscawen has taken two of their ships in America? But then you will ask me probably, where can France annoy us then? I see but two places; in America, by slipping over, in single ships, a considerable number of troops, and next, by keeping us in a state of fear and expence at home, with the threats and appearances of an intended invasion, which, I dare say, they will not think proper to attempt in reality. In my opinion, our greatest danger arises from our expence, considering the present immense national debt. I take it for granted, that the Dutch will endeavour to obtain from France a neutrality, and I wish they may get one; for, I am sure, they have no other safety, for they can neither defend themselves, nor can we defend them. They have no longer any *barrière* in Flanders, and Maestricht and Bergen-op-zoom would not delay their ruin above three months, should the French think proper to *brusquer* Flanders to get at them.

I have been for some time, and am still, very much out of order, my complaints in my head and stomach being returned, so that I fear I shall be obliged to go to the Bath this season for a month or six weeks, which, though never a radical cure, is always a palliative for some time, and that is *autant de pris sur l'ennemi*. Whatever happens to my shattered carcase, God bless you all.

Yours faithfully,

C.

LETTER CIII.

TO THE SAME.

London, Feb. 3, 1756.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I AM too sensible of your affection for me, not to know that you will be impatient to hear what is become of me, after the account I gave you of myself in my last. This is therefore to inform you, that I am something, though

though indeed but little, better than I was. I am still excessively weak and dispirited, and do not expect to regain much strength or spirits, till I have been a few days at Bath, which never fails to vamp me for a time. I set out for it to-morrow morning.

My nephew, sir Charles Hotham, either now is, or will be very soon at Brussels. I recommend him to your care, during his stay there. I am told by those who have seen him lately, *qu'il a l'air, et les manières d'un honnête homme* *, but that he is rather of too grave and solitary a turn; therefore, pray thrust him into company as much as possible, and when you have analysed him thoroughly, send me freely and sincerely your opinion of him. Pray, remember, no lodging in your house.

Yours most sincerely,

C.

LETTER CIV.

TO THE SAME.

London, April 5, 1756.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I HAD but one reason for not acknowledging, long before now, your last letter, which reason was that I could not. I went, as you know, ill to the Bath; I continued ill there, and returned from thence still worse. I am now very far from being well, and am this moment going to settle at Blackheath, for the sake of sleeping in a purer air, and more exercise, though I believe to very little purpose; for, if I do not much mistake, I think I am very near *le bout de mon latin*, (the end of my career.) In this languid and miserable state, you will easily judge that I am little informed of public matters, and must consequently

* *Honnête homme* means no more in the French style than a man of fashion.

consequently be little informing, so I shall not pretend to send you any news from hence.

I suppose that sir Charles Hotham and Tollot (a) are by this time at Brussels, to both whom I desire that you will make my compliments; and pray tell Tollot, that I received his letter, which I will answer as soon as I am able, if ever I am able.

Do you think of coming over this year with your family, as you intimated when I saw you at Brussels, or will the present strange situation of affairs keep you there this summer? Whatever you do, may it be for the best! for all happiness both to you and yours, is most sincerely wished by, dear Dayrolles,

Your most faithful friend
and servant,
CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER CV.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, April 30, 1756.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I DELAYED answering your kind inquiries after the state of my existence, in hopes of being able to have given you by this time an account of it more satisfactory to us both, and I now write these few lines, in order not to give you a worse some time hence, than I can at present. In truth, I am in so miserable and fluctuating a state, that I can in no one hour judge what, nor where, I shall be the next.

It would undoubtedly be improper for you to ask leave to come here this summer; and were I in your place, I would

(a) Dr. Tollot of Geneva, travelling governor to sir Charles Hotham.

would send for somebody from Holland to inoculate the children, that operation being, as I am assured, now very well understood there, and frequently performed.

Adieu, my dear friend; I am most truly,

Yours,

C.

LETTER CVI.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, June 17, 1756.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

COULD I give you better accounts of either myself or the public, I would give you more frequent ones; but the best, that I can give you of either, are such as will not flatter that affection, which I know you have for both. We are both going very fast, and I can hardly guess which will be gone first. I am shrunk to a skeleton, and grow weaker and weaker every day. And as for my fellow sufferer the public, it has lost Minorca, and may perhaps soon lose Gibraltar, by a secret bargain between France and Spain, which I have reason to think is negotiating, if not concluded. Our naval laurels are withered. * * * * *

The French are unquestionably masters to do what they please in America. Our good ally, the queen of Hungary, has certainly concluded some treaty, God knows what, with our, and her old, enemy France. The Swedish and Danish fleets are joined, undoubtedly not in our favour, since France pays both. We have an army here of threescore thousand men, * * * * * we cannot pay it another year, since the expence of this year amounts to twelve millions sterling; judge if we can raise that sum another year. * * * * *

These are not the gloomy apprehensions of a sick man; but real facts, obvious to whoever will see and reflect.

One

One of the chief causes of this unfortunate situation is, that we have now in truth no minister; but the administration is a mere republic, and carried on by the cabinet council, the individuals of which think only how to get the better of each other. Let us then turn our eyes, as much as we can, from this melancholy prospect, which neither of us can mend, and think of something else. * * * * *

I am told that you have an infinite number of English gentlemen now at Brussells, but I hope you do not put yourself upon the foot of stuffing them with salt beef, and drenching them with claret; for I am sure your appointments will not afford that expence, and by the way, I believe, that in their hearts, they would much rather you would let them alone, to be jolly together at their inns, than go to your house.

Make my compliments to Mrs. Dayrolles, to my godson, to *tutti quanti*, in short, who can receive them, for *mademoiselle* cannot yet. Adieu, my dear and faithful friend. May you, and all who belong to you, be long happy, whatever becomes of

Yours,

C.

LETTER CVII.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, June 27, 1756.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

BY your last of the 18th, I believe it crossed my last of, I have forgot what date, upon the road, for I there gave you an account of my poor state of vegetation, after which you inquire. I still continue to crawl upon the face of the earth, but it is like those humble and short-lived vegetables, who, seemingly conscious of their condition, crawl very near that earth, to which they are so soon to return.

I entirely

I entirely agree with you in your resolution of breeding up all your sons to some profession or other, but, at the same time, your usual vivacity carries you much too prematurely, to fix their several destinations. You must not so much consider what you would chuse for them, as what they are likely to succeed best in; and that cannot be discovered these seven or eight years. It is certain that, whether from nature, or from early accidental impressions in their youth, I will not say, it being very hard to distinguish, children, after eight or ten years of age, often shew a determined preference for some particular profession, which it would be imprudent for their parents to oppose, because, in that case, they would surely not succeed so well, or perhaps at all, in any other. In the mean time, give them all eventually a good education, so as to qualify them, to a certain degree, for whatever profession you and they may hereafter agree upon; for I repeat it again, their approbation is full as necessary as yours. These, however, are the general rules, by which I would point out to them the professions, which I should severally wish them to apply to. I would recommend the army, or the navy, to a boy of a warm constitution, strong animal spirits, and a cold genius; to one of quick, lively, and distinguishing parts, the law; to a good, dull, and decent boy, the church; and trade to an acute, thinking, and laborious one. I wish that my godson, for whom you must allow me some degree of predilection, may take a liking to the law, for that is the truly independent profession. People will only trust their property to the care of the ablest lawyer, be he whig or tory, well or ill at court.

Our public affairs are, in my opinion, as bad as possible, and I turn my thoughts from them as much as ever I can. The queen of Hungary will repent, at leisure, of the treaty, which she has concluded in such haste with France. Those two powers never can agree long, and when they come to quarrel, it is easy to foresee which will have the better of it. She will then call in vain upon her old allies, who will probably not be able, and perhaps not willing, to assist her. *Adieu mon ami.*

I believe my brother is with you now; if so, pray tell him that I writ to him, by the last post.

LETTER

LETTER CVIII.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, Sept. 16, 1756.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

IT is true, I have been long silent with regard to you : but it is as true too, that when I am so, it is because I am unable to be otherwise. I have not wrote at all, I have spoke little, and I have thought less, for these last three months ; the frequency of the attacks in my head and stomach gave me no time to recover from the weakness, langour, and dispiritedness, which they always leave behind them ; and I am, at this moment, little stronger than I was sixty-one years ago, that is at one year old. All these complicated ills, however, have not, I thank God, given me one moment's melancholy ; and though in a manner they deprive me of existence, they do not deprive me of my natural tranquillity of temper, nor of my acquired philosophy. So much, and too much, *pour cette guenille de corps*, (for this insignificant body.)

Sir William Stanhope has given me very good accounts of my godson, and of *la bonne chère de l'hôtel Dayrolles*, and I knew enough of both before to give him entire credit.

Here is a fire lighted up in Germany, which, I am persuaded, I shall not live to see extinguished ; but of which the effects must, in the mean time, be dreadful to England, considering our connection with, and our tenderness for, certain possessions in the scene of action. The queen of Hungary will, I am convinced, repent of her *envie de femme grosse* (longing) for Silesia, and her child may probably be marked with it. France will finally reap all the benefit of this new and unnatural alliance, and make a second treaty of Westphalia, more prejudicial to the house of Austria than the first. But I leave these matters to be considered by better heads than mine.—My heart is the only part worth hanging, that is now left me, and while

that

that beats, you will have a good part of it ; for I am most truly and affectionately yours,

C.

Pray return my compliments and thanks to the abbé Guasco for his books, which I have read with great pleasure and improvement.

LETTER CIX.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, Nov. 26, 1756.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

AS a good Christian, I think one should tell one's enemies of one's physical ills, to give them pleasure ; and as a good friend, conceal them from one's friends, not to give them pain. Upon this principle, I have delayed writing to you till now, well knowing the part you take in whatever good or ill happens to me. I had nothing good to tell you, but *riens au contraire*, and therefore I told you nothing. But now I can acquaint you, that I am something better, and that I have regained a little strength and flesh, of which I had neither when I came here a month ago ; but I still want a great deal more of both, before I can either persuade myself or others, of my existence. I really believe, that the undisturbed quiet, which I have enjoyed here, and could not have at London or Black-heath, has done me almost as much good as the waters ; for which reason, though I should not continue to drink them, I will continue here till the great hurly-burly at court, is in some degree over ; for, as I am an impartial and very disinterested spectator, engaged in no cabal or party, all the contending powers insist upon telling me their own story, though never with strict truth, and then quote me with as little. I say nothing to you of the late changes at court, which, to be sure, you know as well as I do, and perhaps comprehend as little. There must

must be some *deffous des cartes*, some invisible wheels within wheels, which, at this distance, I cannot guess at. * * * * *

In these strange bustles, I heartily pity the king, and the kingdom, who are both made the sport of private interest and ambition. I most frequently and heartily congratulate and applaud myself for having got out of that *galère*, which has since been so ridiculously tossed, so essentially damaged, and is now sinking. I now quietly behold the storm from the shore, and shall only be involved, but without particular blame, in the common ruin. That moment, you perceive, if you combine all circumstances, cannot be very remote. On the contrary, it is so near, that, were Machiavel at the head of our affairs, he could not retrieve them; and therefore it is very indifferent to me, what minister shall give us the last *coup de grace*. * * * * *

I believe you will not grudge the additional sixpence for the inclosed letter from king P. to king G. It has since been printed and cried about the streets. It is lord Bath's. Adieu, my dear friend.

Yours,

C.

LETTER CX.

TO THE SAME.

London, February 28, 1757.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I Have been too long in your debt: but the true reason has been, that I had no specie to pay you in; and what I give you even now, does not amount to a penny in the pound. Public matters have been long, and are still, too undecypherable for me to understand, consequently to relate. Fox, out of place, takes the lead in the house of commons; Pitt, secretary of state, declares that he is no minister, and has no ministerial influence. The duke of

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U

Newcastle

Newcastle and lord Hardwicke lye by, and declare themselves for neither party. Byng is reprieved for a fortnight; what will become of him at last, God knows: for the late admiralty want to shoot him to excuse themselves; and the present admiralty want to save him, in order to lay the blame upon their predecessors. * * *

The fright, that your friend Mr. Van-haaren has put the Dutch into, by telling them the French army is intended for Cleves and Gueldres, is a most idle alarm. They are not of importance enough to be in danger; nobody thinks of them now. Hanover is evidently the object, and the only rational one, of the operations of the French army; not as Hanover, but belonging to the king of England, and that electorate is to be a reply to the present state of Saxony. The fields of Bohemia and Moravia will become Golgothas, or fields of blood, this year; for probably an hundred thousand human creatures will perish there this year, for the quarrel of two individuals. The king of Prussia will, I suppose, seek for battle, in which, I think, he will be victorious. The Austrians will, I suppose, avoid it if they can, and endeavour to destroy his armies, as they did the French ones in the last war, by harrassing, intercepting convoys, killing straglers, and all the feats of their irregulars. These are my political dreams, or prophecies; for perhaps they do not deserve the name of reasonings.

The Bath did me more good than I thought any thing could do me; but all that good does not amount to what builders call half-repairs, and only keeps up the shattered fabric a little longer than it would have stood without them; but take my word for it, it will stand but a very little while longer. I am now in my grand climacteric, and shall not compleat it. Fontenelle's last words at a hundred were, *Je souffre d'être* (a): (I feel the pain of being).

(a) Lord Chesterfield wrote this but six weeks after the death of Fontenelle; but, as his information of that celebrated Frenchman's observations on his own death is imperfect, the readers will not be displeased to find here a more accurate, as well as fuller, account of his dying words, given us by his countryman M. le Cat in his eulogy of that great man: " His end was the last period of a machine, settled by the laws of nature. His death was not preceded by any sickness; nine days before it happened, he perceived a considerable diminution in his strength, and prepared for his dissolution, by performing the duties of an honest man and a christian. It proved, however,

ing). Deaf and infirm as I am, I can with truth say the same thing at sixty-three. In my mind, it is only the strength of our passions, and the weakness of our reason, that make us so fond of life; but, when the former subside and give way to the latter, we grow weary of being, and willing to withdraw. I do not recommend this train of serious reflections to you, nor ought you to adopt them. Our ages, our situations are widely different. You have children to educate and provide for, you have all your senses, and can enjoy all the comforts both of domestic and social life. I am in every sense *isolé*, and have wound up all my bottoms. I may now walk off quietly, neither missing nor missed. Till when,

Yours most sincerely,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER CXI,

TO THE SAME.

London, April 16, 1757.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

THE books, which my *confrère* l'abbé Guasco has sent from Paris to comte Cobenzel, and he to you, are the last volumes of the *Mémoires* of *l'Académie des belles lettres*, of which, as you know, I have the honor to be an unworthy member. Those *mémoires* are our annual perquisites, and they are really not only very entertaining, but very instructive books. However, I am in no manner of haste; so pray keep them for me, till, with-

U 2 out

" however, much flower than he expected, which made him say three days
 " before his last: *I did not think I should have made so much ado about*
 " *dying*. He continued a philosopher to the last, and preserved the
 " full enjoyment of all his faculties. He reflected upon his own situa-
 " tion, just as he would have done upon that of another man, and
 " seemed to be observing a phænomenon. Drawing near his end, he
 " said, *This is the first death I have ever seen*; and his physician having
 " asked him, whether he was in pain, or what he felt, his answer was,
 " *I feel nothing but a difficulty of existing*. (*Je ne sens autre chose*
 " *qu'une difficulté d'être*.)

out trouble to yourself, or any body else, you find a convenient opportunity of sending them to me. Pray make my compliments and excuse to comte Cobenzel, for the trouble he has had about them.

I returned the last week from the Bath, where I had run for a fortnight only, more for the sake of journeying, which always does me good, than drinking the waters, though they always do me some; and both together have now made me as well as I ever expect to be, and better than probably I commonly shall be. But this my present state is at best an intermediate state between health and illness, with which my philosophy makes me content.

Our public situation of affairs is now perhaps more ridiculous and unaccountable than ever; for those who would form themselves into an administration, cannot. Two posts, which were once thought considerable ones, which used to be solicited by many, and wished for by more, I mean those of secretary of state, and chancellor of the exchequer, have been proffered about to a degree of prostitution, and yet refused. The late possessors of them were most imprudently turned out, before the end of the session, and thereby become not only the most, but perhaps the only two, popular men now in this kingdom. *

Where all this confusion will end God only knows; but, for a while at least, I believe, it will center in Fox, who, at the end of the session, will, I presume, be the first commissioner of the treasury, and chancellor of the exchequer. In that case, the duke of Newcastle and his friends will probably join with Mr. Pitt and his, who united will make a strength, that the new ministry will not be able to withstand. *Ainsi va le monde.* (This is the way of the world.)

This would be the right season for you to carry your children to the Hague, to be inoculated; and a very proper one also, I should think, for you to ask leave to go there, as you cannot have any business now at Brussels. I look upon inoculation to be so useful and necessary a preventive, that I would not delay it one hour. I do not, at the same time, recommend to you to be inoculated yourself, though you have never had the small-pox, because at your time of life, perhaps, it may not be quite so safe. My compliments to Mrs. Dayrolles and Co. and so we heartily bid you good night.

LET-

LETTER CXII.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, July 4, 1757.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I HAVE been some time in your debt. The reason of it was, that I waited from week to week, to inform you what ministry should be finally settled, for there was one to be settled every week, for these last three months. Sometimes the duke of Newcastle and Co. were to make up matters with Fox and Co. then that plan failed. Then Pitt and Co. were to join with Newcastle and Co. and that broke off. At last, after many negotiations, breakings off, and reconciliations, things are at last fixed, as it is called, in the manner you see in the news-papers. About three weeks ago, Fox was in a manner declared the minister, to the exclusion of the duke of Newcastle and Pitt, and the seals of the chancellorship of the exchequer were to have been given him the next day. Upon this, Holderness resigned, the duke of Rutland and some others declared their intentions of following his example, and many refused the places that were offered them by Fox, as the first minister for those two or three days. Upon these discouragements, Fox went to the king, and told him, that it was impossible for him, in such a situation, to undertake the management of affairs. The king hereupon, though very unwillingly, sent for the duke of Newcastle again, and at last, after a thousand difficulties, things are as you have seen them, by last post, in the news-papers.

These are only the outlines of what has passed: the details would fill reams of paper, which you would not have time to read, nor I to write.

Whoever is in, or whoever is out, I am sure we are undone, both at home and abroad; at home, by our increasing debt and expences; abroad by our ill luck, and incapacity. The king of Prussia, the only ally we had in the world, is now, I fear, *hors de combat*. Hanover, I look

I look upon to be, by this time, in the same situation with Saxony ; the fatal consequence of which is but too obvious. The French are masters to do what they please in America. We are no longer a nation. I never yet saw so dreadful a prospect (a).

As Collaredo (b) and Zöhrn (c) are recalled from hence, without taking leave, I suppose you will receive the same orders from hence ; which must be very inconvenient to you. * * * * *

I am rather in a better state than I have been in for some time past ; and as a proof of it, I went post thirty miles beyond York, to make a visit of four days only to sir Charles Hotham, and was back here, at my hermitage, the eleventh day. However, you must not judge from this, that I have recovered my health and strength of seven years ago ; but only that I am a less miserable and uneasy being to myself, than I have been these last two years. If my body will but let me alone, while it lasts, I am satisfied ; for my mind, I am sure, will. Adieu, my dear friend.

Yours,

C.

LETTER CXIII.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, Aug. 15, 1757.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I HAVE this moment received your letter, and am, as you will easily believe, much concerned at your present situation, and the more so as I know that no man in Europe has a quicker sense of distresses than you have. This occurs to me, though problematically, to prevent some of the inconveniencies you mention. Why should you not stay at the Hague, till Mrs. Dayrolles is brought to bed, and

(a) Subsisting only in the noble writer's imagination, which was rendered somewhat gloomy by his own melancholy situation, and his feelings for his country.

(b) The envoy and minister plenipotentiary from the Imperial to the British court.

(c) Secretary of embassy from the same court.

and in the mean time have your children inoculated by the professor. Besides, as the war must soon now be at an end, (for it is evident that neither we, nor our only ally, the king of Prussia, can carry it on three months longer;) perhaps you may have a better chance of recovering your old employment, or of getting some other of that sort, by being ready on the other side of the water than on this. All that I can do, you are sure that I will do. I will speak strongly to his grace; but whether he can serve you, or who can, is much above my skill to discover; for, in the present unaccountable state of our domestic affairs, no man knows, who is minister, and who not. We inquire here, as the old woman at Amsterdam did long ago, *où demeure le souverain?* (where does the sovereign live?)

In my retirement, and with my deafness, and other infirmitiess, I am useles to you, and to every body else; but in my sentiments, I am not the less warmly and faithfully,

Yours,

C.

LETTER CXIV.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, Dec. 10, 1757.

I PASS over lightly the arrival of the young lady, to congratulate you very heartily upon Mrs. Dayrolles's recovery from pain and danger. My compliments to her thereupon.

I am glad that Keith goes soon to Russia; he will execute his orders, I believe, faithfully, but I wish we had somebody there, who could occasionally soften, or invigorate, his instructions, venture to take something upon himself, insinuate rather than propose, and, according to occurrences, say more or less than he thinks; but where is this man? I am sure I do not know him. I wish the king of Prussia could and would send a very able fellow,

who

who belongs to him, *incognito* to Petersburgh. It is one Cagnoni, who is well acquainted with that court, and is, I believe, the ablest, and most dexterous, agent for that sort of work in Europe. We may flatter ourselves as much as we please, and be in silly high spirits upon trifling fortunate events, but if we cannot break the alliance, that now subsists against us, we must be finally undone ; and that is as demonstrable, as it is that three are more than one. O, but now we have hopes of Denmark ; such hopes, I suppose, as we had very lately of Spain, with whom we never were worse than at that very moment. But take my word for it, you will not get Denmark. *Que diable feroit notre gendre dans cette galère ?* (Why should our son in law (a) interfere in this quarrel) ? Will he renounce the French subsidies, which he now enjoys gratis and quietly, and thrust himself in, between Russia and Sweden, to be crushed by both ? Are we in a situation to invite or tempt foreign powers to embark in our wretched bottom ? Surely not. They are perhaps not convinced that we have heads to contrive ; but they are very sure, by experience, that we have no hands to execute. * * * * *

They know our debt, and they know our expence. *Bernsdorf (b) ne s'y laissera pas prendre.* (Bernsdorf is not to be taken in). Our prince of Brunswick will, I believe, have the advantage in the first blow, and then how glad we shall be, in what spirits ! The post afterwards will bring an account of Hanover's being put to fire and sword ; and then how sorry, how dejected we shall be ! * * *

His grace of Bedford seems to pass his time but indifferently in Ireland. Our news-mongers here recal him from Ireland, and make him lord steward, which by the way, I dare say he will not accept of. They send lord Holderness in his room to Ireland, where, if he does go, the Lord have mercy upon him ! for that machine is falling to pieces, let who will go. Then they make lord Halifax secretary of state in his stead, and Dupplin first lord of trade. Whether this, or but half on't, or none on't, be true, I little either know or care. I am but a passenger, and so near my journey's end, that I am very little inquisitive about the remainder of it.

I am

(a) The king of Denmark. This lord Chesterfield took from Moliere's *Fourberies de Scapin*. Several of this inimitable author's sentences are become proverbs.

(b) The prime minister of Denmark.

I am very *unwell*, but not worse than when I wrote to you last. This, I am sure, I am,

Yours,

C.

P. S. This moment I have received the news of the king of Prussia's farther successes. I am very glad of them, but calmly so. Whereas I am sure they will make many, I might say most, people drunk, and mad with joy. But the great alliance still subsists, and that is the object that I have always in my mind. I have also this morning received a letter from the resident at Ham-bourg, (a) in which he tells me, that he has reason to believe, that he shall be soon ordered to return here, to attend this session of parliament. I hope he is misinformed; for, in the first place, I see no probability that his single vote can be wanted, as the vigorous prosecution of the war, the king of Prussia for ever, and down with the French, makes all that mob as unanimous as any bear-garden mob whatsoever. In the next place, it would take the boy from his trade, which he has but begun to learn, and seems to apply himself to, to be sauntering about the streets of London, with all our young *fainéans*. Pray, therefore, lose no time in soliciting the duke of Newcastle and lord Holderness, in my name, that he may not be sent for over this year, unless there should be such an absolute necessity for one single vote, as I am sure I cannot, and as I believe they do not, foresee. I should be very glad, hereafter, to have him find favour in his walk of life; but I would first have him deserve it, by his diligence and abilities. This winter's interruption of his business, would put him at least three or four years back. Therefore again, with my best compliments to the duke of Newcastle and lord Holderness, tell them that I earnestly beg it as a favour of them, that he may not return this year at least, without a most absolute necessity.

C.

(a) His son Mr. Stanhope, then member of parliament for Liskeard in Cornwall.

LETTER CXV.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, Dec. 20, 1757.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

* * * * I AM afraid still, as I told you in a former, of the consequences of the king of Prussia's passionate desire of taking Breslaw, not only for the sake of recovering his capital of Silesia, but of taking prince Charles, Daun, and the numerous Austrian garrison; exactly the case of Prague. As to our final success upon the whole of the war, I absolutely despair of it, and I think it must necessarily end both disgracefully and disadvantageously for us. Were my three schemes executed, as I am morally sure they might be, our terms of peace would be something better. I hope we shall no longer be frightened out of our wits, with the never-intended French invasion of this country, which has been hitherto puffed by, I know who, and I know why, and has crippled all our operations abroad. Is lord Loudon recalled as the news-papers say? For my part, since he is there, I would rather continue him, and send him positive and unequivocal orders what to do, than send a new man, who might perhaps get there too late, and might then, if a backward one, plausibly plead his ignorance of the state of those affairs, and do nothing at all. * * *

Adieu, my friend.

Yours,

C.

LETTER

LETTER CXVI.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, Christmas-day, 1757.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I HAVE, this moment, received your letter. I firmly believe the king of Prussia's victory at Lissa; the account of it, to, and from, the two Mitchels (a) must, I think upon the whole, be true, though perhaps magnified in particular parts. I am very glad of it; but soberly so, for, to give me joy, I must have a great deal more. If there has been a battle in the electorate, I will venture to prophesy that those who attacked got the better; for I suppose that monsieur de Richelieu would be wise enough not to risk a battle, without a great superiority, and in that case, if he attacked, I fear we shall be beaten; but if he found himself in a situation, in which he could not avoid a battle, and that we attacked him, I think we shall beat him. But if we do, still mark the end on't.

The more I think over the three plans mentioned in my last, the more I think them both necessary and practicable. This, at least, I am sure of, that they are our last convulsive struggles, for at this rate we cannot possibly live through the year 1759. *Nous jouons de notre reste*, and therefore should push it, *à toute outrance*. (This being our last stroke should be a desperate one.)

As for the house of lords, I may say with truth, What can I do in that numerous assembly, who cannot enjoy the company of three or four friends, by the chimney corner, or round a table? Can I, or should I speak, when I cannot reply? No: quiet is both my choice and my lot. The will must now stand for the deed; I shall sincerely wish well to my species, to my country, and to my friends, but can serve none of them. What little offices I can do in private life, I will to my power.

This

(a) Sir Andrew Mitchel, the British envoy to the Prussian court, and Mr. Mitchel, for many years resident from the king of Prussia in London.

This is the season of compliments, consequently of lies, I will therefore make you none, at such a suspicious time. You know, I love you, Mrs. Dayrolles, and all who belong to you both: guess the rest.

Yours, faithfully,

C.

LETTER CXVII.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, June 10, 1763.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I Heartily congratulate you upon your gout, it is a certain cure for all your other complaints.—It is a proof of present riches, and a certain pledge of their future increase.—It is a sign of long life; for it is well known that every man lives just as long after the first fit of the gout, as he had done before it.

Though this fit has been a very slight and short one, it is, however, an earnest of frequent and beneficial returns of it.

It is a grant of health for life, not in the power of kings and courts to give or take away; and therefore more valuable than all the places and reverions, which his majesty has been pleased to grant lately to so many of his faithful subjects.

As an introduction to this last favour, it pleased heaven to grant you previously a great share of exemplary patience, to enable you to make a right use of it.

But after all, if comparison lessens calamities, and that you should grumble a little at some trifling shootings and throbings in your foot, any lady can assure you, that they are nothing when compared to the pangs of child-bearing.

God bless you and Co. very seriously; for I am very seriously and sincerely

Yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER

LETTER CXVIII.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, Sept. 10, 1772.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I know, by long experience of your friendship, that you will not grudge in a manner any trouble, that I may desire of you, that can either be of use or pleasure to me. My present request to you is of that kind.

I have had several letters from the boy (*a*), since he has been abroad, and hitherto all seems to go very well. But I am too old to trust to appearances, and therefore I will beg of you to write to Mr. D'Eyverdun (*b*), and desire him to send you a letter concerning every thing good or bad, about him. You must be sensible of the great importance, which it is of for me to be thoroughly informed of his faults, as well as of his perfections; and this is, if not the only one, I am sure the best, method, of my knowing them really and truly.

I am rather better than I was when you saw me last; but indeed very little, and extremely weak. I hope you and *tutti quanti* are in a better plight. My compliments to them all, and believe me to be, what I sincerely am,

Your faithful friend,

and very humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

(*a*) The present earl of Chesterfield.

(*b*) A Swiss gentleman, of great merit, to whom the care of the young man was intrusted by our earl, during his first travels.

LET.

LETTER CXIX.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, Sept. 17, 1772.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I Acknowledge my blunder; for how should the boy and monsieur D'Eyverdun have communicated to you their direction, without inspiration, which, though you are a very devout man, I don't believe has been granted you. The direction is very short; To monsieur D'Eyverdun at Leipzig, and I send all my letters by the common post, and not one of them has miscarried.

I am very angry at the return of Mrs. Dayrolles's old complaint, especially as she is out of the call of doctor Warren; but I am glad to hear, that your olive-branches are all well. Good night to you.

Yours, most faithfully and sincerely,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER CXX.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, Sept. 24, 1772.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I Have just now received your letter, and likewise the copy of that, which, at my request, you wrote to ***. I think it must have its effect.

I am extremely sorry for Mrs. Dayrolles's situation, but I am a little in her case; for it is now four months since I have been labouring under a diarrhoea, which our common doctor Warren has not been able to cure. To be nearer him, and all other helps, I shall settle in town this day se'nnight, which is the best place, for sick people, or well people, to reside at, for health, business, or pleasure. God bless you all.

CHESTERFIELD.

LET-

LETTER CXXI*.

To Sir THOMAS ROBINSON, Bart.

Blackheath, Oct. 13, 1756.

SIR,

WHAT can a hermit send you from hence in return for your entertaining letter, but his thanks? I see nobody here by choice, and I hear nobody by necessity. As for the contemplations of a deaf, solitary sick man, I am sure they cannot be entertaining to a man in health and spirits, as I hope you are. Since I saw you, I have had not one hour's health, the returns of my vertigos and subsequent weaknesses and langours, grow both stronger and more frequent, and in short I exist to no one good purpose of life; and therefore do not care how soon so useless and tiresome an existence ceases entirely. This wretched situation makes me read, with the utmost coolness and indifference, the accounts in the news-papers; for they are my only informers, now you are gone, of wars abroad, and changes at home. I wish well to my species in general, and to my country in particular, and therefore lament the havock that is already made, and likely to be made, of the former, and the inevitable ruin which I see approaching by great strides to the latter: but I confess, those sensations are not so quick in me now as formerly; long illness blunts them, as well as others, and perhaps too, self-love being now out of the case, I do not feel so sensibly for others, as I should do, if that were more concerned. This I know is wrong, but I fear it is nature.

Since

* This and the two following detached letters are fallen into my hands: however unconnected with the former, they are here inserted, as, I flatter myself, every genuine piece of the noble author will prove acceptable to my readers.

I have been informed that an intimate acquaintance subsisted between the writer of the following letters, and the gentleman to whom they are addressed, for above half a century, which gave rise to a very voluminous correspondence. Should these letters, together with the answers that have been carefully preserved, ever appear in print, as possibly they may, they must prove an agreeable literary acquisition, and furnish a very striking and progressive picture of modern times.

Since you are your own steward, do not cheat yourself; for I have known many a man lose more by being his own steward, than he would have been robbed of by any other: tenants are always too hard for landlords, especially such landlords as think they understand those matters and do not, which with submission may possibly be your case.

I go next week to the Bath, by orders of the skilful; which I obey, because all places are alike to me; otherwise, I expect no advantage from it. But in all places, I shall be most faithfully

Yours,

C.

LETTER CXXII.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, Jan. 15, 1757.

RECEIVED of sir Thomas Robinson, baronet, two letters, the one bearing date the 10th, and the other the 13th of this present month, both containing great information and amusement; for which I promise to pay at sight my sincerest thanks and acknowledgments. Witness my hand.

CHESTERFIELD.

This promising note is all that, in my present state of ignorance and dullness, I can offer you, for pay I cannot. The attempt upon the king of France was undoubtedly the result of religious enthusiasm: for civil enthusiasm often draws the sword, but seldom the dagger. The latter seems sacred to ecclesiastical purposes; it must have a great effect upon him one way or other, according as fear or resentment may operate. In the former case, he will turn bigot, which

which is the most likely. In the latter he would turn man, which I do not take to be easy for him. In either case, the priesthood or the parliament must be desperate. And with all my heart.

I am impatient to read some of the 209 letters addressed to your humble servant, under the name of Fitz Adam; for God forbid that I should read them all.

Though Archibald Bower, esq; has used a great deal of paper, he has not, in my opinion, wiped himself clean; a noble friend of ours loves sudden and extraordinary conversions; but, for my part, I am very apt to suspect them.

I shall so soon have the pleasure of seeing you in person, that I will spare you upon paper, and only assure you, *en attendant mieux*, that I am most faithfully

Yours,

C.

LETTER CXXIII.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, Nov. 30, 1767.

SIR,

I CANNOT conceive why you will not allow your letter to have been a news letter; I am sure I received it as such, and a very welcome one too. However, I am glad you do not reckon it one, for that makes me expect another very soon, according to a good custom, which I hope you will not break through now.

I ask no politics, they are both above and below me. I have quite lost the clue to them, and should only bewilder myself, if I were to put my head into that labyrinth. The three great strokes of lord—— I approve of. The inclosure of the king's

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forests,

forests, now an expence to the crown, and a great grievance to the country, will be an advantage to both, and I am astonished it has not been done long ago; but for a general excise, it must change its name by act of parliament before it will go down with the people, who know names better than things. For aught I know, if an act for a general excise were to be entitled an act for the better securing the liberty and property of his majesty's subjects, by repealing some of the most burthensome custom-house laws, it might be gladly received.

The two great weddings you mention have supplied the town with that sort of conversation which is the fittest for them. Custom, which governs much more than reason, has laid the tax of foolish expence upon young and rich couples, which is collected by folly. I do not entirely disapprove of that ingenious gentleman, who has married —; he has rushed into the danger to avoid the apprehension, reflecting, no doubt, that had he married any other woman of equal beauty, he must, at all events, have worn the fashionable badge of distinction that he now does.

I flatter myself that I am well with your brother, the primate of Ireland, who is here at present in perfect health, and by much the fittest of the family. My brother's fit I take to have been only such a vertigo as I had a thousand times formerly, when, if I had not been supported by two people, I should have fallen down. I have sent him my prescription, which, I am sure, will relieve, if not cure him, if he will but follow it.

Yours faithfully,

C.

LET-

LETTER CXXIV.

To Dr. CHEYNE, of Bath *

London, April 20, 1742.

DEAR DOCTOR,

YOUR inquiries and advice concerning my health are very pleasing marks of your remembrance and friendship, which, I assure you, I value as I ought. It is very true, I have, during these last three months, had frequent returns of my giddinesses, languors, and other nervous symptoms, for which I have, taken vomits; the first did me good, the others rather disagreed with me. It is the same with my diet; sometimes the lowest agrees, at other times disagrees with me. In short, after all the attention and observation I am capable of, I can hardly say what does me good and what not. My constitution conforms itself so much to the fashion of the times, that it changes almost daily its friends for its enemies, and its enemies for its friends. Your alkaliſed mercury, and your Burgundy, have proved its two most constant friends. I take them both now, and with more advantage than any other medicine. I propose going again to Spa, as soon as the season will permit, having really received great benefit by those waters last year, and I find my shattered tenement admits of but half repairs, and requires them annually.

The *corpus sanum*, which you wish me, will never be my lot, but the *mens sana*; I hope, will be continued to me, and then I shall better bear the infirmities of the body. Hitherto, far from impairing my reason, they have only made me more reasonable, by subduing the tumultuous and troublesome passions. I enjoy my friends and my books as much as ever, and I seek for no other enjoyments; so that I am become a perfect philosopher, but whether *malgré moi* or no, I will not take upon me to determine, not being sure that we do not owe more of our merit to accidents than our pride and self-love are willing to ascribe to them.

* This letter is printed from a copy, which was given me by the countess of Chesterfield. Dr. Cheyne died soon after the date of this letter.

I read with great pleasure your book, which your bookseller sent me according to your directions. The physical part is extremely good, and the metaphysical part may be so too, for what I know, and I believe it is; for as I look upon all metaphysics to be guess work of imagination, I know no imagination likelier to hit upon the right than yours; and I will take your guess against any other metaphysician's whatsoever. That part, which is founded upon knowledge and experience, I look upon as a work of public utility, and for which the present age and their posterity may be obliged to you, if they will be pleased to follow it.

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

LORD CHESTERFIELD's
LETTERS to his FRIENDS.

BOOK III.

LETTERS

To Dr. RICHARD CHENEVIX,

LORD BISHOP OF WATERFORD,

AND

TO SOME OTHER FRIENDS

IN IRELAND

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THE originals of the letters to the bishop of Waterford were entrusted with me, by that venerable prelate, after he had sent me copies of all, made under his eyes.

The letter to Dr. Whitecombe, and that to the late Dr. Madden, are only printed from copies, for which I am indebted to the same benevolent friend.

From him also I received the six original letters to Thomas Prior, esq; a man, whose philanthropy, and zealous attachment to the real interests of his country were deservedly applauded, and strenuously encouraged, by the earl of Chesterfield.

Most of the notes subjoined to these letters were sent me by the bishop of Waterford, and contain such informations, as he alone could give. A few of my own I have ventured to add, but only in cases where some elucidation seemed requisite.

Sir John Irwine, knight of the Bath, and commander in chief of his majesty's forces in Ireland, was pleased to communicate such of the letters from his noble friend, as he judged worthy of the attention of the public. Though several of them were written while the general was either in England or abroad, yet, as most relate to Irish affairs, it was thought proper to insert them in this book.

The three last letters, viz. two from Dr. Swift to lord Chesterfield, and one from his lordship to the Dean, though printed before, were too remarkable to be detached from a collection, intended in a great measure to preserve the original features of persons, equally distinguished by their humor and their wit.*

* Those of the Dean, in his Works, vol. VIII. in 4to. lord Chesterfield's, in Hawkesworth's Collection of Dr. Swift's Letters.

11. KOMMUNALER VELA

LORD CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS.

BOOK III.

LETTER I.

To Dr. R. CHENEVIX, Lord Bishop of Waterford.

London, Feb. 15, 1740.

DEAR DOCTOR,

I THANK you for both your letters; I would have acknowledged your former sooner; but partly business and partly dispiritedness hindered me.

We have both lost a good friend in Scarborough; nobody can replace him to me, I wish I could replace him to you; but as things stand I see no great hopes of it.

As for the living of Southwark, I would not advise you to expect it; for ***** I am persuaded will never let you have it. He carries his resentment to the highest degree, even against the memory of one, who was but too long his friend, and too little a while his enemy. However, when it becomes vacant, I would have you renew your application for it.

I am, with great truth,

Your sincere friend,

CHESTERFIELD.

LET-

LETTER II.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR DOCTOR,

Spa, July 4, N. S. 1741.

IT was with real concern that I heard you were ill, and it is with equal truth that I hope this will find you perfectly recovered: that virtue, which makes you fit, and it may be, willing to die, makes those who are acquainted with it, as I am, unwilling you should; therefore take care of your health, and let it not be affected by a too great sensibility of those misfortunes that inseparably attend our state here. Do all you can to prevent them, but, when inevitable, bear them with resolution; this is the part I take with relation to my own health: I do all I can to retrieve and improve it, and if I acquire it, I will do all I can to preserve it; my bodily infirmities shall as little as possible affect my mind, and so far at least I will lessen the weight of them.

These waters have already done me so much good, that I have reason to expect a great deal more from them, and I expect still more benefit from passing my autumn afterwards in constant travelling through the south of France: thus you see I anticipate eventually the good, which is at least so much clear gain, let what will happen afterwards; do so too, dear doctor, and be as well, and as happy, as you are sincerely wished to be by,

Your most faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LET-

LETTER III.

TO THE SAME

DEAR DOCTOR,

London, March 6, 1742.

I WILL not tell you that I am sorry for your Southwark disappointment *, because, as the Irishman said, I think you have got a loss; and considering the charge of removing, and the increase of your expence by living in London, I am sure you would have been no gainer by your preferment, and yet you would have been looked upon by the court as provided for. I need not tell you, I am sure, how much I wish to be able to contribute to the advantageous change of your situation; but I am sure too, that I cannot tell you when I shall; for, till I can do it consistently with my honour and conscience, I will not do it at all, and I know you do not desire I should. The public has already assigned me different employments, and among others that which you mention; but I have been offered none, I have asked for none, and I will accept of none, till I see a little clearer into matters than I do at present: I have opposed measures, not men, and the change of two or three men only is not a sufficient pledge to me that measures will be changed, nay rather an indication that they will not; and I am sure no employment whatsoever shall prevail with me to support measures I have so justly opposed. A good conscience is in my mind a better thing than the best employment, and I will not have the latter till I can keep it with the former: when that can be, I shall not decline a public life, though in truth more inclined to a

* " The Southwark disappointment, which his lordship alludes to, " was my not getting the parish of St. Olave's, when it became vacant, " which had been promised me, upon his lordship's first coming from " Holland, by sir Robert Walpole, on the recommendation of lord " Chesterfield and lord Scarborough. On this promise not being kept, " the latter complained to the king himself, and in a strong manner, of " the little regard which had been paid to his recommendation in my " favour."

Letter from the bishop of Waterford.

private

private one. You did very well to hinder your friend, Mr. Hutchins*, from taking a useless journey. I have heard a very good character of him, and shall be very glad to do for him when in my power; but he must naturally suppose too, that I have some prior engagements to satisfy, and you will possibly think it but reasonable that you should be my first care; at least I think so, for I am very faithfully yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

My compliments to Mrs. Chenevix.

LETTER IV.

TO THE SAME.

London, Nov. 3, 1743.

DEAR DOCTOR,

AS this is a begging letter, I think I should begin in the usual style of those epistles, and tell you that past favours embolden me to ask for new ones, and that your ale was so good that I wish you would send me a little more of it. By the time it lasted me, (for I drank the last bottle yesterday,) you may judge, that I mean literally but a little more; and if you send me more than you did last time, it will only be spoiled before it is drank.

My brother John told me he left you at Nottingham in perfect health, which I was extremely glad to hear, it being in my mind impossible for a man not to be happy with good health and a good conscience like yours. Money may improve, but cannot make happiness; and though I wish it would improve yours, yet in the mean time, I am convinced that there are many more people in this kingdom that have reason to envy your situation, than to prefer their own to it.

* Mr. Hutchins was a very worthy clergyman beneficed in Leicestershire, and a distant relation of his lordship.

I have

I have been of late a little out of order with a cold ; but bleeding set me right, and I am in hopes of resisting the winter tolerably, which is the trying season to me.

Adieu, dear doctor, divertissez-vous, il n'y a rien de tel;
and believe me most affectionately and faithfully,

Yours,

C.

LETTER V.

TO THE SAME.

Hague, March 12, N. S. 1745.

I PUT nothing at top of this letter, not knowing whether the familiar appellation of *dear doctor* would now become me ; because I hope that by the time you receive this letter, you will be, as it were, my lord of Clonfert. I have the pleasure of telling you, that I have this day recommended you to the king, for the bishoprick of that name, now vacant by the translation of its last bishop to the see of Kildare. I hope my recommendation will not be refused, though I would not swear for it ; therefore, do not absolutely depend upon your consecration, and stay quietly where you are, till you hear further from me. I assure you, I expect few greater pleasures in the remainder of my life, than that I now feel in rewarding your long attachment to me, and, what I value still more, your own merits and virtues.

Yours sincerely,

C.

LET-

LETTER VI.

TO THE SAME.

Hague, April 27, N. S. 1745.

DEAR DOCTOR,

I TOLD you, at first, not to reckon too much upon the success of my recommendation: and I have still more reason to give you the same advice now; for it has met with great difficulties, merely as mine, and I am far from knowing yet how it will end. Pray, give no answer whatsoever to any body, that either writes or speaks to you upon that subject, but leave it to me, for I make it my own affair; and you shall have either the bishoprick of Clonfert, or a better thing, or else I will not be lord lieutenant. I hope to be in England in about a fortnight, when this affair must and shall be brought to a decision*. Good night to you.

Yours,

C.

* When the king refused his consent to the making me a bishop, he directed lord Harrington, then secretary of state, to acquaint lord Chesterfield, that he would comply with his application in favour of any one, except me. His lordship's answer was, that he would not continue lord lieutenant of Ireland, except I had the vacant bishoprick. One of the reasons given by his majesty, was, because he was told I wrote political pamphlets against the administration, which was absolutely false; for I declare, in the most solemn manner, that I never wrote any pamphlet whatever, and I further declare; that lord Chesterfield never employed me to negotiate for him any political transaction, though sir Robert thought so, because I used to go to his lordship every morning at eight o'clock, and had the honor to stay with him till he was dressed. In consequence of this, I was informed, upon the best authority, that a person used to follow me upon my going out of his lordship's house; and as I sometimes went from lord Chesterfield to lord Scarborough, sir Robert thought I carried messages from one to the other, which I never did. There was no occasion for my doing it, as lord Scarborough made no secret of his going to lord Chesterfield; for I have seen him myself go from his lordship to sir Robert, they living opposite to each other, in St. James's Square. Another reason the king gave for his refusal, was because lord Scarborough had complained to him, with some warmth, of the little regard that had been shewed to his recommendation in my favour.

Perhaps another reason was, that his majesty was glad to cross his lordship's recommendation in my favour, knowing the great regard and affection he was so good to have for me.

From the bishop of Waterford.

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LETTER VII.

TO THE SAME.

MY GOOD LORD, Hague, May 12, N. S. 1745.

NOW you are what I had positively declared you should be, a bishop; but it is bishop of Killaloe, not Clonfert, the latter refusing the translation. Killaloe, I am assured, is better. I heartily wish you joy, and could not refuse myself that pleasure, though I am in the greatest hurry imaginable, being upon my journey to Helvoet-Sluy's for England. Adieu.

Yours,

C.

LETTER VIII.

TO THE SAME.

MY DEAR LORD, London, June 18, 1747.

I THANK you for your letter and your kind hint, and am heartily glad to hear that you have made up your affair with your predecessor's widow.

What becomes of your intended establishment at Waterford for the reception of foreigners *? Does it go on? It would be of great advantage to the town, and a good example to others. How does Mr. Smith's linen manufacture flourish with you? If it prospers, I should think it would both invite and employ foreigners. I wish my country people, (for I look upon myself as an Irishman still) would but attend half as much to those useful objects, as they do to the glory of the militia and the purity of their claret. Drinking is a most beastly vice in every country,

* That scheme, intended for the encouragement of French protestants, did not answer the expectation of those who had formed it.

but

but it is really a ruinous one to Ireland : nine gentlemen in ten in Ireland are impoverished by the great quantity of claret, which, from mistaken notions of hospitality and dignity, they think it necessary should be drank in their houses ; this expence leaves them no room to improve their estates, by proper indulgence upon proper conditions to their tenants, who must pay them to the full, and upon the very day, that they may pay their wine merchants.

There was a law, in one of the antient governments, I have forgot which *, that empowered a man to kill his wife, if she smelt of wine. I most sincerely wish that there were a law in Ireland, and better executed than most laws are, to empower the wives to kill their husbands in the like case ; it would promote sobriety extremely, if the effects of conjugal affection were fully considered.

Do you grow fat ? Are Mrs. Chenevix and your children all well ? Are you as cheerful and as happy as your good conscience ought to make you ? I hope them all, for, upon my word, nobody loves and values you more than

Your faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER IX.

TO THE SAME.

MY DEAR LORD,

1747 †.

I AM very glad to hear of your safe arrival upon Irish ground, after your distresses upon the Irish seas : escapes always make people either much bolder or much more timid than they were

* It was that of the antient Romans : that law, indeed, did not subsist long in all its severity ; but even when the ladies had obtained the permission of drinking wine, they were punished for abusing of that indulgence ; and the wife of a senator, having been convicted of drunkenness, was deprived of her marriage portion.

† This date is not in the hand of lord Chesterfield ; and I suspect it to be faulty.

before ;

before ; yours, I hope, will have the former of these effects, and encourage you rather to visit your friends in England.

I have been a country gentleman a great while, for me, that is, I have now been a fortnight together at Blackheath, and stay three or four days longer. The *furor hortensis* (garden-madness) has seized me, and my acre of ground here affords me more pleasure than kingdoms do to kings ; for my object is not to extend, but to enrich it. My gardener calls me, and I must obey. Be as well and as cheerful as you can, and believe me most faithfully and truly

Yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER X.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, March 1, 1748.

MY DEAR LORD,

I THANK you for your kind letter, by which I am glad to find that you approve of my resignation, and of my resolution to enjoy the comforts of a private life : indeed I had enough both of the pageantry and hurry of public life, to see their futility, and I withdraw from them, *ut conviva satur* (as a satisfied guest.) This conviction from experience secured me from regret : those who have only seen the gaudy outside of great stations, languish for their hidden charms, which in my mind soon satiate after possession*.

I am very glad to hear that I shall have the pleasure of seeing you and your family here this summer ; I know that I cannot see a truer nor a warmer friend, which, I assure you, you may say too when you see me. I suppose that

* When I had the honor to see lord Chesterfield, some time after his resignation, one reason he told me why he was glad he had resigned, was because it was very difficult, in the public station he was in, to be intirely free from doing things that were not quite right.

Bishop of Waterford.

you will stop in your way in Nottinghamshire to see your son, whom as you return you will probably take with you to Ireland.

I have been here now a fortnight, and have found good by the waters; not that I had any great occasion for them, but, to say the truth, I came here chiefly to be out of the way of being talked to, and talked of, while my resignation was the only object of conversation in town.

Adieu, my dear lord: I cannot tell you how sincerely and affectionately I am

Yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER XI.

TO THE SAME.

London, Dec. 28, 1749.

MY DEAR LORD,

THIS is to most people, and in most places, the season of lies, dignified and distinguished by the name of compliments; with me it is a season of truth, when I assure you that I wish you, and all who belong to you, whatever you wish for yourselves or for each other, more particularly health, with which nobody need be unhappy.

Though you would not tell me how soon, and how generously, you provided for Dr. Young's son*, he did, and with all the professions of gratitude which he owed you. I am as much obliged to you as he can be; I am glad that the young man has a good character, which you know I made a *conditio sine qua non* of my request; and I hope that

* I must observe here, that lord Chesterfield never recommended any one to the ecclesiastical preferments in my gift but Mr. Young. When he did, it was in the handsomest manner, by telling me twice in his letter, "Remember that I do not recommend, but if you approve of his character, you will do a good-natured action."

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my recommendation interfered with no views of your own in favour of any other person.

Lord Scarborough's picture will be finished this week, and sent to Mrs. Chenevix; I think it is very well done, and indeed ought to be by the time Barret has taken to do it in; but he has taken it into his head, and I cannot say that I have discouraged him, that a great painter should also be a poet, that the same warmth of imagination equally forms both; and consequently, when I expect him to bring me home a very good copy of a picture, he frequently brings an execrable copy of verses instead of it. The melon seeds shall go by the same opportunities of the picture and candlesticks, which I suppose will be time enough, since they are not to be sown till February.

I have not yet been able to get the workmen out of my house in town; and shall have the pleasure of their company some months longer. One would think that I liked them, for I am now full of them at Blackheath, where I am adding a gallery. *Il ne faut jamais faire les sorties à demi.* (Foolish things should never be done by halves.) I am, my dear lord,

Most faithfully yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER XII.

TO THE SAME.

November 30, 1751.

MY DEAR LORD,

MY reproach by Dr. Thorne, I insist upon it, was a very just one, and your excuse a very lame one: indifferent as I am grown about most things, you could not suppose that I was become so, where the health and happiness of you and your family were concerned; on the con-

Y 2

trary,

trary, I find, that in proportion as one renounces public, one grows more sensible to private, social cares. My circle, thank God, is so much contracted, that my attention can, and does, from its center extend itself to every point of the circumference. I am very glad to hear that your son goes on so well, and as he does go on so well, why should you move him? The Irish schools and universities are indisputably better than ours, with this additional advantage, that having him within your reach will be much better for him than a better place out of it: a man no more liveth by Latin and Greek than by bread alone; but a father's care of his son's morals and manners is surely more useful than the critical knowledge of Homer and Virgil, supposing that it were, which it very seldom is, acquired at schools: I do not therefore hesitate to advise you, to put your son to the best school, that is, the nearest to your usual place of residence, that you may see and examine him often and strictly, and watch his progress, not only in learning, but in morals and manners, instead of trusting to interested accounts of distant school-masters.

His grace of Tuam's recovery has, I find, delayed, if not broke, a long chain of ecclesiastical promotions, of which the first link is the only one I interest myself in, I mean the translation of that good man and citizen, the bishop of Meath *, to Tuam; the more he gets, the more Ireland gets; that being your case too, pray, how goes the copper mine? Fruitful and yet inexhaustible, I hope. If it will but supply you with riches, I will answer for your making the best use of them.

I hear with great pleasure that Ireland improves daily, and that a spirit of industry spreads itself, to the great increase of trade and manufactures. I think I interest myself more in that country than in this; this is past its perfection, and seems gradually declining into weakness and caducity; that seems but tending to its vigour and perfection, and engages ones expectations and hopes; one loves a promising youth, one only esteems an old man; the former is a much

quicker

quicker sentiment than the latter: both those sentiments conspire, I assure you, in forming that friendship with which I am,

My dear lord,

Your most faithful humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER XIII.

TO THE SAME.

London, May 22, 1752.

MY DEAR LORD,

I AM doubly concerned at Mrs. Chenevix's illness, for, while she is so ill, I am sure you cannot be well: though in some cases I would take Ward's remedy myself, I cannot recommend it to others; it has certainly done a great deal of good in many cases, in others it has sometimes done harm; he gives it indiscriminately in all, and consequently improperly in some; it is all one and the same medicine, though he gives it in different shapes, and calls it by different names of drop, pill, and powder: the principle is known to be antimony, but in what manner prepared, nobody yet has been able to discover.

You are engaged in a most useful and charitable design, and I think you and my friend the bishop of Meath have begged very successfully for the time; he is an old experienced beggar, and you cannot learn the mendicant trade under a better master; this undertaking is worthy of both your characters, and becomes you as men, citizens, and bishops. I desire that I may be upon your list of contributors; therefore, pray, lay down fifty pounds for me, and draw upon me for it by the very first opportunity. Private subscriptions can never extend this excellent scheme so far as it ought to be carried, though nothing but private subscriptions and diligence could have laid the foundation of it. You have made a beginning, which is often the greatest difficulty, and I think it is now impossible but that the govern-

ment

ment and parliament must carry it on. I will venture to say that they have no object which so well deserves their attention. Could the government and parliament be brought to adopt this affair heartily, and push it effectually, a considerable sum ought to be granted for that particular purpose, as was done in England, at the time of the great *réfuge* upon the revocation of the *&dit de Nantes*. Lands too might be purchased, and houses and necessaries provided, for the refugees in Kerry and in *Connaught*, near and under the protection of some of the barracks, which would greatly improve and civilize, and in time enrich, those two at present inhospitable and almost barbarous countries. The opportunity is now extremely favourable, while the weakness of the French government suffers the rage and fury of the clergy to drive such numbers of its subjects into other countries. I wish we could get them all into England and Ireland; that would be the true and justifiable way of promoting the Protestant interest, instead of following the example of the Papists, by persecuting them. *Est aliquid prodire tenuis;* (there is some merit in breaking the ice;) you have that merit, and I dare say these new little colonies will thrive and extend to a certain degree, even should the government not think them worth its attention: but I hope it will.

I have been now confined near a month by a fall from my horse, which, though by good luck it neither broke nor dislocated any bone, bruised the muscles so much, that I have yet very little use of my leg; I can just hobble across my room with a stick, and that is all; but I have had, and still have, a much worse complaint, which is my deafness, for which I have yet found no relief, though I have tried a thousand infallible remedies: as soon as my lameness will allow me, I will go to Blackheath, and seek the refuge of a deaf man, reading and walking.

Lady Chesterfield sends her compliments to you and Mrs. Chenevix, at whose illness she is much concerned; she has sent you from Bristol a busto of your humble servant, cast from a marble one done by Mr. Hoare at Bath, for Mr. Adderly: it is generally thought very like. Adieu, my dear lord.

I am faithfully yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

LET

LETTER XIV.

TO THE SAME.

London, July 14, 1752.

MY DEAR LORD,

I KNOW the gentleness, the humanity, and the tenderness of your nature too well to doubt of your grief, and I know the object of it * too well to blame it ; no, in such cases it is a commendable not a blameable passion, and is always inseparable from a heart, that is capable of friendship or love. I therefore offer you no trite and always unavailing arguments of consolation ; but as any strong and prevailing passion is apt to make us neglect or forget for the time out most important duties, I must remind you of two in particular, the neglect of which would render your grief, instead of pious, criminal : I mean your duty to your children as a father, and to your diocese as a bishop. Your care of your children must be doubled, in order to repair as far as possible their loss ; and the public trust of your flock must not suffer from a personal and private concern. These incumbent and necessary duties will sometimes suspend, and at last mitigate, that grief, which I confess mere reason would not : they are equally moral and christian duties, which I am sure no consideration upon earth will ever make you neglect. May your assiduous discharge of them insensibly lessen that affliction, which, if indulged, would prove as fatal to you and your family, as it must be vain and unavailing to her whose loss you justly lament ! I am, with the greatest truth and affection, my dear lord,

Your most faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

* The death of Mrs. Chenevix, the bishop's wife.

LET-

LETTER XV.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, Nov. 11, 1752.

MY DEAR LORD,

THIS is only to ask you how you do, and what you do; in both which I need not tell you how truly I interest myself. The former depends a great deal upon the latter; if you are, alternately, attentively employed, and agreeably amused, you will probably, considering your sobriety and temperance, be in very good health. Your children are now old enough to answer both those ends. Their establishment should excite your attention, and their conversation and progressive improvement amuse your leisure hours. Your son is of an age to enable you to guess a little at his turn and disposition, and to direct his education accordingly. If you would have him be a very learned man, you must certainly send him to some great school; but if you would have him be a better thing, a very honest man, you should have him *à portée* of your own inspection. At those great schools, the heart is wholly neglected by those who ought to form it, and is consequently left open to temptations and ill examples: paternal care and inspection, attended by proper firmness and authority, may prevent great part of that mischief.

I had a letter the other day from Mr. Simond, by which I find, with great pleasure, that both the collection, and the objects of it, the refugees, increased daily. If the receiving and retrieving those poor people be, as it certainly is, both a moral and political duty, what must be the guilt and madness of those, who, by persecution for matters of mere speculation, force those poor people to carry their industry, their labour, their legs, their arms, to other people, and enrich other countries. I wonder the French government does not rather chuse to burn them at home, than persecute them away into other countries; it would be full as just, and much more prudent.

These

These waters, which I have now used six weeks, in every way that it is possible to use them, drinking, bathing, and pumping, have done my hearing some good, but not enough to refit me for social life. I stay here a fortnight longer, in hopes of more benefit, which my physician promises me strongly ; as I do not expect it, if I receive it, it will be the more welcome. If not, I have both philosophy and religion enough to submit to my fate, without either melancholy or murmur, for though I can by no means account why there is either moral or physical evil in the world, yet, conscious of the narrow bounds of human understanding, and convinced of the wisdom and justice of the eternal divine Being, who placed them here, I am persuaded that it is fit and right that they should be here.

Adieu, my dear lord ; believe me most truly and affectionately,

Your faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER XVI.

TO THE SAME.

London, Dec. 19, 1752.

MY DEAR LORD,

I AM extremely glad to find, by your last very friendly letter, that you enjoy that greatest blessing of this life, the health of body and mind : proper exercise is necessary for both ; go as little in your coach and as much on foot as ever you can, and let your paternal and pastoral functions at once share and improve the health of your mind. The mind must have some worldly objects to excite its attention ; otherwise it will stagnate in indolence, sink into melancholy, or rise into visions and enthusiasm. Your children cannot be in a better way than, by your account, they seem to be in at present : your son learns what a boy should learn,

learn, and your daughters read what girls should read, history ; the former cannot know too much, and the latter ought not.

I am so weary of giving an account of my own wretched deafness, that I should not attempt it, did not I know that the kind interest which you take in whatever concerns me, makes you both desire and expect it. I am then neither better nor worse than when I wrote to you last ; I have tried many things, and am going on to try many others, but without expecting any benefit from any medicine but patience. I am,

My dear lord,

sincerely yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER XVII*.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, Oct. 10, 1753.

MY DEAR LORD,

I DELAYED for some time acknowledging your kind letter, that I might be better able to answer your inquiries after my health. I know the flow from the part you take in it, and not from custom or ceremony. I am sure you wish all your fellow-creatures well, and I am almost as sure that you distinguish me among them as your friend. But what account can I now give you of myself ? None that will please either of us. I came here deafier than you left me at Blackheath. I have bathed and pumped my head four times, by which operations I think I have gained a little, but so little that a solid citizen would call it at most

* The original of this letter was not received.

a farthing

a farthing in a thousand pounds ; though at the same time he would add, that that was better than nothing. I belong no more to social life, which, when I quitted busy public life, I flattered myself would be the comfort of my declining days ; but that, it seems, is not given me. I neither murmur nor despair ; the lot of millions of my fellow-creatures is still worse than mine. Exquisite pains of the body, and still greater of the mind, conspire to torture many of them. I thank God I am free from both, and I look upon the privation of those ills as a real good. A prouder being than I am, a lord, or if you will a stately duke, of the whole creation, would place this singly to the account of his reason ; but I am humble enough to allow my constitution its share. I am naturally of a cheerful disposition. I view things in their most comfortable light, and I unavailingly repine at nothing that cannot be retrieved.

I am very glad that you, and your little family, met reciprocally so well at Waterford. May you always part unwillingly and meet tenderly ! That, I am persuaded, will always be the case ; I can trust to you for it ; for I maintain that children and subjects, though their obligations are certainly the lesser of the two, are much seldomer in the wrong, than parents and kings.

You ask me what books your daughters should read. Histories of all kinds ; first, *Puffendorff's Introduction to the History of all Nations*, which is very short, and then the particular and more extensive history of each. Corneille, Racine, Moliere and Boileau, with as many of the modern French plays as they please ; they being most correctly pure and moral. I do not mean those *du Théâtre Italien*, or *de la Foire*, which are exceedingly licentious. These will not be less proper for your son, whom you should never suffer to be idle one minute. I do not call play, of which he ought to have a good share, idleness ; but I mean sitting still in a chair in total inaction : it makes boys lazy and indolent.

Good night, my dear lord ; no man can be more faithfully yours, than

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T-

LETTER XVIII.

TO THE SAME

MY DEAR LORD,

London, February 7, 1757.

I WOULD not suffer your friendship for me to be alarmed by an account of my illness, for which I must have employed another hand, and therefore stayed till I could give you at the same time an account of my recovery under my own. This I can now do; and it is all that I can do, for I am not yet got out of my room, to which I have been confined these three weeks, and with great pain by a flying rheumatic gout. My pain is almost gone, but my strength and spirits are by no means restored. At my age, and with my shattered constitution, freedom from pain is the best that I can expect, and as far as my care will procure me that negative happiness, I will exert it; where it will not, I will patiently bear my share of ills.

I suppose your ill humours in Ireland are still in strong fermentation; but I hope that between the end of this session and the beginning of the next, an interval of near two years, they will subside; I mean with regard to those national points, which have been unfortunately stirred this winter; for I do not care two pence for your personal quarrels and animosities, if they were but kept clear of national points, the discussion of which can never turn out to the advantage of Ireland.

The remaining pain in my right hand hinders me from troubling you with a longer letter, but is suspended while I have the pleasure of assuring you that I am,

My dear lord,

Your most faithful humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LET-

LETTER XIX.

TO THE SAME.

Spa, June 15, 1754.

MY DEAR LORD,

I DELAYED acknowledging your last kind letter, which I received just before I left England, till I could give you some account of myself, and the effects of these waters upon that crazy self. I have now drank them just a month, to the greatest benefit of my general state of health, but without the least to my deafness. They have in a great measure restored both my strength and my spirits, which, when I left England, were much affected by my long illness in the spring. In hopes of still farther benefit, (for who is ever satisfied with what he has?) I shall drink them a month longer, and then return with as much impatience to my own country, as I left it with reluctance. You know this detestable place well enough to judge what a sacrifice I make to the hopes of health, by resolving to stay here a month longer.

By the public news papers I find that you are still far from being quiet in Ireland; I am heartily sorry for it. The country in general must suffer in the mean time. Bourdeaux and its environs alone will be the gainers. Go on and follow your own good conscience, which will, I am sure, never mislead you. Vote unbiassed for the real good of both countries, without the least regard either to the *clamor civium prava jubentium* (out-cry of citizens commanding unjust things), or to the *vultus instantis tyranni* (dread of a menacing tyrant).

I hope you and all your family are well. I wish it sincerely; for I am most heartily, my dear lord,

Yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

LET-

THE

LETTER XX.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, Nov. 14, 1754.

MY DEAR LORD,

KNOWING, by long experience, the kind part you take in whatever concerns me, I delayed acknowledging your last letter, in hopes of being able, in some time, to give you a better account of my health than I could then have done. I had just at that time, had a very severe return of my old vertiginous complaint, which, as usual, left my whole animal system weak and languid. The best air in England, which I take that of Blackheath to be, a strict regimen, and a proper degree of exercise, did not restore, I might almost say, revive me. I sought therefore for refuge here, and thank God, I have not only found it, but in some measure recovery too. The disorders of my head and stomach are intirely removed by these waters, which I have now drank three weeks; so that I may reasonably hope that the three weeks more, which I propose passing here, will set me up for part of the winter at least: for at my age, and with my shattered constitution, I am not sillily sanguine enough to expect a radical cure. I consider myself here, as an old decayed vessel, of long wear and tear, brought into the wet dock, to be careened and patched up, not for any long voyage, but only to serve as a coaster for some little time longer. How long that may be, I little know, and as little care; I am unrelative to this world, and this world to me. My only attention now is to live, while I do live in it, without pain, and when I leave it, to leave it without fear.

I hope that you, your young family, and *tutti quanti*, are all well. May you long continue so! I am, my dear lord,

Your most faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LET-

L E T T E R XXI.

TO THE SAME.

January 29, 1755.

MY DEAR LORD,

I AM little able to write, and less so to think, having been so ill all this week, of my old complaints in my head and stomach, that I am to go to Bath as soon as I shall be able to endure the fatigue of the journey, which I hope may be in five or six days. My answer to your last kind letter must therefore be much shorter than otherwise it probably would have been.

I have carefully read over lord Limerick's* bill, and approve of the principle. I had thought of such a one, when I was in Ireland, but soon found it would be impossible to carry it through the house of commons in any decent shape; but should lord Limerick think proper to push it this session, I would recommend a few alterations. I would only require the priests to take the oath of allegiance simply, and not the subsequent oaths, which, in my opinion, no real papist can take; the consequence of which would be, that the least conscientious priests would be registered, and the most conscientious ones excluded. Besides that, where one oath will not bind, three will not; and the pope's dispensation from the oath of allegiance will not be more prevalent, nor more easily granted, than his dispensation from that oath, by which his power is abjured. But then I would make that single oath of allegiance more full and solemn, as for instance.

" I, A. B. duly considering the sacred nature of an oath,
" and the horrible crime of perjury, which, by all the reli-
" gions in the world, is justly abhorred as a most damnable
" sin; do most sincerely promise and swear that I will be
" faithful and bear true allegiance to his majesty king
" George the second. So help me that great and eternal
" God, who knows my inmost thoughts, and whom I now
" most solemnly call upon to attest the truth of them."

* Afterwards earl of Clanbrazil.

The

The person taking this oath should be obliged to recite it distinctly and deliberately, and not to be allowed to mutter it over in that indecent and slovenly manner, in which oaths are generally taken. I will venture to add, those who will not observe this oath, taken in this manner, will still less observe any abjuration of the Pope's dispensing power; since such abjuration is, by all papists looked upon as a nullity.

I would also advise that all penalties of death, which in these cases must end in impunity, should be changed into close imprisonment, for a term of years, or in some cases for life. Then there would be perhaps detections and prosecutions; but in case of death there will be none; for who will go and hang a poor devil only for being a regular, or an enthusiast?

When I tell you that these are my thoughts upon this subject, I do not affirm that I think at all, for in truth; I am so weak in body at this time, that I presume I am just as weak in mind too. This only I am sure of, that I am, my dear lord, most faithfully

Yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER XXII.

TO THE SAME.

London, March 12, 1755.

MY DEAR LORD,

WHITE* was puzzled, what account to give you of me, and therefore gave you none, and, to say the truth, I am pretty much in the same case myself; only resolved to answer as well as I can your kind enquiries after me. I am tolerably well one day, ill the next, and well

* An old and faithful servant of lord Chesterfield.

bdT

again

again perhaps the third ; that is, my disorders in my stomach, and my giddinesses in my head, return frequently and unexpectedly. Proper care and medicines remove them for the time, but none will prevent them. My deafness grows gradually worse, which in my mind implies a total one before it be long. In this unhappy situation, which I have reason to suppose will every day grow worse, I still keep up my spirits tolerably, that is, I am free from melancholy, which I think is all that can be expected. This I impute to that degree of philosophy, which I have acquired by long experience of the world. I have enjoyed all its pleasures, and consequently know their futility, and do not regret their loss. I appraise them at their real value, which in truth is very low ; whereas those, who have not experienced, always over-rate them. They only see their gay outside, and are dazzled with their glare ; but I have been behind the scenes. It is a common notion, and like many common ones a very false one, that those, who have led a life of pleasure and business, can never be easy in retirement ; whereas I am persuaded that they are the only people who can, if they have any sense, and reflection. They can look back *occulo irretorto* (without an evil eye) upon what they from knowledge despise ; others have always a hankering after what they are not acquainted with. I look upon all that has passed, as one of those romantic dreams, that opium commonly occasions, and I do by no means desire to repeat the nauseous dose, for the sake of the fugitive dream. When I say that I have no regret, I do not mean that I have no remorse ; for a life of either business or still more pleasure, never was, nor never will be, a state of innocence. But God, who knows the strength of human passions, and the weakness of human reason, will, it is to be hoped, rather mercifully pardon, than justly punish, acknowledged errors.

I suppose you already know that you have a new lord lieutenant, lord Hartington, who, it is thought, will heal and compose your divisions. I heartily wish, for the sake of the country, that it may prove so.

A war with France is generally looked upon here as inevitable ; but for my own part, I cannot help thinking as well as wishing that things may end quietly in a treaty. I am so remote, and so indifferent a spectator, except in the

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Z

wishes,

wishes, which every man owes to his country, that I am ill informed myself, and consequently no good informer of others.

I hope your little family are all well, and continue to answer your care in their education. May you and they be long and mutually comforts to each other! Adieu, my dear lord; no man living can be more sincerely and affectionately than I am,

Your faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER XXIII.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, June 26, 1753.

MY DEAR LORD,

COULD I take any thing ill of you, who I am sure never meant any to me or any man living, it would be your suspecting that I did; which I believe is the first unjust suspicion that ever you entertained of any body, and I am the more concerned at it, because I know that it gave you uneasiness. I confess myself four letters in your debt, but, to tell you the truth, I have of late contracted so many debts of that kind that I am very near a bankruptcy, though not a fraudulent one, upon my word, for I will honestly declare my circumstances; and then my creditors will, I dare say, compound with me upon reasonable terms. White told you true, when he told you that I was well, by which he meant all that he could know, which was, that I had no immediate illness; but he did not know the inward feelings, which increasing deafness and gradually declining health occasion. Some time before I left London I had a severe return of my old complaints in my head and stomach, which are always followed

followed by such weakness, and languors, that I am incapable of any thing but reading, and that too in an idle and desultory manner. Writing seems to be acting, as was asserted in the case of Algernon Sidney, which my *vis inertiæ* will not suffer me to undertake, and I put it off from day to day, as Felix did Paul, to a more convenient season. When I removed to this place, I flattered myself that the purity of the air, and the exercise of riding, which it would tempt me to take, would restore me to such a degree of health, strength, and consequently spirits, as to enable me not only to discharge my epistolary debts, but also to amuse myself with writing some essays and historical tracts. I was soon disappointed; for I had not been here above ten days, when I had a stronger attack than my former, and which, I believe, would have been the final one, had I not very seasonably been let blood. From that time, though, as they call it, recovered, I have more properly crawled, than walked among my fellow vegetables, breathed than existed, and dreamed than thought. This, upon my word, is the true and only cause of my long silence. I begin to regain ground a little, but indeed very slowly.

As to the letter which you feared might have displeased me, I protest, my dear lord, I looked upon it as the tenderest mark of your friendship; I had given occasion to it, and I expected it both from your affection and your character. Those reflections are never improper, though too often unwelcome, and consequently useless in youth: but I am now come to a time of life both to make and receive them with satisfaction, and therefore I hope with utility. One cannot think of one's own existence without thinking of the eternal author of it; and one cannot consider his physical or moral attributes without some fear, though in my mind still more hopes. It is true we can have no adequate notions of the attributes of a being so infinitely superior to us; but according to the best notions, which we are capable of forming of his justice and mercy, the latter, which is the comfortable scale, seems necessarily to preponderate. Your quotation from archbishop Tillotson contains a fair and candid account of the Christian religion; and had his challenge been accepted, he would certainly have had an easy victory. He was certainly the most gentle and candid of all churchmen of any religion.

Un esprit de corps is too apt, though I believe often unperceived, to bias their conduct and inflame an honest, though too intemperate, zeal. It is the same in every society of men; for it is in human nature to be affected and warped by example and numbers: you are, without a compliment, the only one that I know untainted.

To descend to the world, and particularly to that part of it where you reside, your present state seems to me an awkward one; your late ferment seems rather suspended than quieted, and I think I see matter for a second fermentation, when your parliament meets. Some, I believe, will ask too much, and others perhaps will grant too little. I wish both parties may be wiser and honester, and then they will be quieter than they have been of late. Both sides would be highly offended, if one were to advise them to apply themselves to civil matters only, in the limited sense of that word, I mean trade, manufactures, good domestic order, subordination, &c. and not to meddle so much with politics, in which I cannot help saying, they are but bunglers. No harm is intended them from hence, and if they will be quiet, no harm will be done them. The people have liberty enough, and the crown has prerogative enough. Those are the real enemies to Ireland, who would enlarge either at the expence of the other, and who have started points, that ought never to have been mentioned at all, but which will now perpetually recur.

By this time, I fear, I have tired you; but I am sure that in half this time I should have been tired with writing half so much to any body else. Adieu then, my dear lord, and be convinced that while I am at all, I shall be, with the truest esteem and affection,

Your most faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

I hope the young family continues to be well, and to do well.

LET-

LETTER XXIV.

Blackheath, Aug. 30, 1755.

MY DEAR LORD,

I confess myself in every respect a very bad correspondent. My heart only does its duty, but my head and hand often refuse to do theirs. You, I am sure, are charitable enough to every body, and just enough to me, to accept of intentions instead of actions. Besides I must acquaint you, that I have of late had a great deal more on my hands, than I either cared or was fit for. *L'académie aes belles lettres* at Paris having, God knows why, associated me to their body, in return to this unexpected and undeserved compliment, I have been obliged to write many letters to individuals, and one to the *académie en corps* (academic body), which was to be a kind of speech; and I fear it was of the very worst kind, for I have been long disused to compliments and declamations.

These last six weeks my state of health has been rather better, tho, by no means good; and if I can but weather out the next month tolerably, I am morally sure of being better the two following months, which I shall pass at Bath; for those waters always prove a temporary, though never a radical or permanent, cure of my complaints. However *c'est autant de gagné*, (it is so much clear gain) and that is worth the trouble of the journey.

Hawkins brought me the other day your kind present of Dr. Seed's sermons. I have read some of them, and like them very well. But I have neither read nor intend to read those which are meant to prove the existence of God; because it seems to me too great a disparagement of that reason which he has given us, to require any other proofs of his existence, than those which the whole, and every part of the creation afford us. If I believe my own existence, I must believe his: it cannot be proved *à priori* as some have idly attempted to do, and cannot be doubted of *à posteriori*. Cato says very justly, *And that he is all nature cries aloud.*

By

By what I hear from Ireland, the ferment does not seem to subside hitherto, but rather to encrease. However I can not help thinking but that things will go quietly enough in the next session of parliament. The castle will, I take it for granted, some how or other, procure a majority, which, when the patriots perceive, they will probably think half a loaf better than no bread, and come into measures. I wish, for the sake of Ireland, that they may; for I am very sure that, while the squabbles subsist, the public good never enters into the head of either party.

However your public affairs may go, I am very glad to find that your private ones go so well, and that your children answer your care and expectations. May you long contribute mutually to your respective happiness!

Yours most faithfully,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER XXV.

MY DEAR LORD,

Bath, Oct. 8, 1755.

I Received your last kind letter, but the day before I was to leave Blackheath, and set out for this place, where I have now been just a fortnight. In one respect I am the better for that fortnight, I mean with regard to my stomach, or more properly my digestion; for I do not care twopence whether I eat or not, but I care much to digest what I do eat, which I have not done the last three months, and now do. *D'ailleurs*, I am what you call in Ireland, and a very good expression I think it is, *unwell*. This *unwellness* affects the mind as well as the body, and gives them both a disagreeable inertness. I force my body into action, and take proper exercise; but there is no forcing the mind, and all attempts of that kind are at least ineffectual, but oftener disgraceful.

You

You will be convinced of that truth, when I send you a copy of my letter to *l'academie des belles lettres*. It was wrote *invita Minerva*, and is the poor offspring of a rape upon my reluctant mind. I had not time to have it copied for you before I came here, and forgot to bring it with me ; but when I return to London I will send you a copy.

I am heartily glad that your quarrels are at last made up in Ireland ; but I am glad from a very different motive from most other peoples. I am glad of it for the sake of the country, which I fear was the least concern of either the belligerent parties. The triumph of the patriots is complete, and the power is now theirs ; with all my heart, let them but use it well.

There is a great deal of money lying dead in the treasury : let them apply that to real public uses. Let them encourage the extension and improvement of their manufactures, the cultivation of their lands, and above all the protestant charter schools. Let them people and civilize the country, by establishing a fund to invite and provide for protestant strangers. Let them make Connaught and Kerry know that there is a God, a king, and a government, three things, to which they are at present utter strangers. These and other such kind of measures would make them patriots indeed, and give them just weight and reputation. They have got their own sops, and have now leisure to think of the public, if they please.

I propose staying here a month or six weeks longer, or even more, if I think that the waters will do more for me. All places are now alike to me, as I carry my own solitude with me wherever I go. Adieu, my dear lord.

Yours most faithfully,

C.

LET-

LETTER XXVI.

TO THE SAME.

London, Dec. 15, 1755.

MY DEAR LORD,

I brought with me from Bath rather a little more health than I carried with me there, but full as much deafness; and this is all the answer I can make to your last kind inquiries. This, you see, is a state rather of suffering, than enjoying life, and indeed I am very weary of it, but, thank God, *ennui* is not, as it commonly is, attended with melancholy; and during the rest of my journey, I shall rather sleep in the *voiture* (carriage) than be restless and uneasy, as most travellers are.

I cannot find here the only copy which I had kept of my letter to *l'academie des belles lettres*; but Mr. Bristow took one over with him to Ireland, which I dare say he will readily shew you, and you may signify my consent to it, by shewing him this part of my letter. When you do see it, you will find that its only merit is its being pretty correct French, and that it has no intrinsic right to be reckoned among *les belles lettres*.

Que le chien mange le loup, ou que le loup mange le chien, (let the dog devour, or be devoured by, the wolf) either in Ireland or here, is to me matter of great indifference, provided that those who govern either kingdom would but at their leisure moments, and when they have nothing better to do, a little consider the public good; for after all, there is such a thing as public good, though in general people seem not to think so. I am not Utopian enough to propose, that it should interfere with private interest; but perhaps if duly considered, it might appear in some few cases to coincide with, and promote it.

Sheridan has lately published here an excellent book entitled *British education*. Warm'd with his subject he pushes it rather too far, as all authors do the particular object that has

has struck their imagination, and he is too diffuse; but upon the whole, it is both a very useful and entertaining book. When you see it, you will perhaps think that I am bribed by the dedication to say what I now say of it, for he lays me on thick; but that, upon my word, is not the case. The truth is, that the several situations, which I have been in, having made me long the *plaſtron* of dedications, I am become as callous to flattery, as some people are to abuse.

I think your brother would be much in the wrong to quit his present commission of lieutenant-colonel to an old regiment of horse, for a new-raised regiment of foot, which with twenty others, would, I hope, be very soon broke. The extravagant and groundless, though general fears of an invasion from France, justify, to the timid public, the present military phrenzy; but, as I am convinced that the former will soon vanish, it is to be hoped the latter will soon after subside. This, at least, I am very sure of, that we shall not be able to pay three years longer the number of troops which we now have in our pay. Make my compliments to your young family; and be assured that I am, most faithfully and sincerely, your's,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER XXVII.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, July 15, 1756.

MY DEAR LORD,

IT is not without doing some violence to my weak hand, and weaker head, that I attempt to satisfy your friendly anxiety about my health. I still crawl upon the face of the earth, neither worse nor better than I was some months ago, weary of, but not murmuring at, my disagreeable situation. Speaking tires and exhausts me; and as for hearing I have none left; so that I am *isolé* in the midst of my friends and acquaintance:

acquaintance: but, as I have had much more than my share of the good things of this world in the former part of my life, I neither do, nor ought to complain, of the change which I now experience. I will make the best use I can of this wretched remnant of my life, and atone, as well as I can, for the abuse of the whole piece, by wishing that I had employed it better.

I hope your children continue to deserve well all your tenderness: that you may have that and every other happiness, is the sincere wish of

Your faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER XXVIII.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, Oct. 11, 1756.

MY DEAR LORD,

WHAT can a hermit send you from the desarts of Blackheath, in return for your kind letter, but his hearty thanks? I see nobody here by choice, and I hear nobody anywhere, by fatal necessity; and as for the thoughts of a deaf, solitary, sick man, they cannot be entertaining for one in health, as I hope you are. Those thoughts which relate to you are such as you would desire, that is, such as you deserve. My others seem to be a succession of dreams, but with this comfortable circumstance, that I have no gloomy ones. No passions agitate me, no fears disturb me, and no silly hopes gull me any longer. I have done with this world, and think of my journey to another, which I believe is not very remote. In the mean time, I shall next week take one to Bath, which the skilful say may perhaps do me good; *à la bonne heure*, I will try. I only ask for negative health; and if those waters will procure me that, I shall be abundantly satisfied.

I think

TO HIS FRIENDS. BOOK III. LET. XXVIII. XXIX. 347

I think you have taken a very prudent resolution with regard to your approaching election.

My friend George Faulkner dined with me here one day; he tells me that reading is not yet come in fashion in Ireland, and that more bottles are bought in one week, than books in one year. Adieu, my dear lord: it is impossible to be more truly and faithfully than I am yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER XXIX.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, Nov. 21, 1756.

MY DEAR LORD,

I Can now make you a return to your last kind letter, which I know will be more welcome to you, than that which I made to your former; for I can tell you that I am something better, and have, in the month that I have drank these waters, regained a little strength and flesh. But, as my relapses have been very frequent, when I have been in still a better state of health than I am yet, I take it thankfully, but only *à bon compte* (on account), without relying upon its duration or improvement. Whatever happens to me, I am armed with patience, satiety, and confidence in my Creator to meet it coolly. The mad busines of the world, as Swift says, is over with me; and when my time comes, and the sooner the better, for I am weary, I am ready and willing.

Adieu, my dear friend; writing much hitherto is very troublesome to me. Yours faithfully,

CHESTERFIELD.

LET.

LETTER XXX.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, Sept. 8, 1757.

I Was very glad to hear of your safe arrival on the other side of the water, and that you found the part of your family, which you had left there, so well; I hope that part of it which you took with you from hence will, by time and care, be as well too. My own health, which I know you always interest yourself in, gives me nothing to brag of. About three weeks ago, I had a return of my disorder; it is now gone off, and I am again in that state of vegetation, in which you left me. In about a month or six weeks, I propose going to Bath, which always gives me a reprieve, but never a free pardon. The halter is always about my neck, and that you will allow to be rather an uncomfortable state of life.

From this hermitage you must expect no news: news does not become an hermitage, but truth does; and *soi d'hermite* (on the faith of an hermit) I am

Your sincere and faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER XXXI.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, Nov. 22, 1757.

MY DEAR LORD,

I Shall make but a very unsatisfactory return to your kind inquiries and solicitude about my health, when I tell you, that but three days ago I had a very strong attack of my illness, which has left me still weak and languid. I thought

thought myself the better for the waters, which I have now drank a month, till this relapse came and undeceived me. All mineral waters, and the whole *materia medica*, lose their efficacy upon my shattered carcase; and the enemy within is too hard for them. I bear it all with patience, and without melancholy, because I must bear it whether I will or no. Physical ills are the taxes laid upon this wretched life; some are taxed higher, and some lower, but all pay something. My philosophy teaches me to reflect, how much higher, rather than how much lower, I might have been taxed. How gentle are my physical ills, compared with the exquisite torments of gout, stone, &c. ! The faculties of my mind are, thank God, not yet much impaired; and they comfort me in my worst moments, and amuse me in the best.

I read with more pleasure than ever; perhaps, because it is the only pleasure I have left. For, since I am struck out of living company by my deafness, I have recourse to the dead whom alone I can hear; and I have assigned them their stated hours of audience. Solid *folios* are the people of business, with whom I converse in the morning. *Quartos* are the easier mixed company, with whom I sit after dinner; and I pass my evenings in the light, and often frivolous, *chit-chat* of small *octavos* and *duodecimos*. This, upon the whole, hinders me from wishing for death, while other considerations hinder me from fearing it.

Does lord Clanbrassil bring in his register bill this session? If he can keep it short, clear, and mild, it will be, in my opinion, a very good one. Some time or other, though God knows when, it will be found out in Ireland, that the popish religion and influence cannot be subdued by force, but may be undermined and destroyed by art. Allow the papists to buy lands, let and take leases equally with the protestants, but subject to the *gavel* act, which will always have its effect upon their posterity at least. Tye them down to the government by the tender but strong bonds of landed property, which the pope will have much ado to dissolve, notwithstanding his power of loosening and binding. Use those who come over to you, though perhaps only seemingly at first, well and kindly, instead of looking for their cloven feet and their tails as you do now. Increase both
your

your number, and your care of the protestant charter schools. Make your penal laws extremely mild, and then put them strictly in execution.

Hæ tibi erunt artes.
(These will be your arts.)

This would do in time, and nothing else will, or ought. I would as soon murder a man for his estate, as prosecute him for his religious and speculative errors; and, since I am in a way of quoting verses, I will give you three out of Walsh's famous ode to King William,

Nor think it a sufficient cause,
To punish men by penal laws,
For not believing right.

I am very glad that your daughter is recovered. I am glad that you are well, and whatever you are glad of will, upon my word, gladden,

Your faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER XXXII.

TO THE SAME.

MY DEAR LORD,

London, March 23, 1758.

I Find by your letter to madame d'Elitz *, that my two last to you miscarried; for, upon my word, since my return from Bath I have sent you two letters, one of them particularly with my opinion upon lord Clanbrassil's bill. We have neither of us any reason to regret their loss; nor should I do it if my supposed silence had not given you uneasiness, and

* Sister to the countess of Chesterfield.

made

made you suspect very unjustly a change in my sentiments towards you. Be assured that can never happen, I am so well convinced of yours for me: my disorders in my head may, and do very often, render me incapable of writing; but they cannot affect my heart, which will always be warm for my friends: and I am very sure that you are of that number.

Lord Clanbrassil's bill is thrown out at last, and perhaps never the worse, though I approved of it; but it would be so altered and mangled before it had passed the two houses, that it would have been worse than none.

My health and strength decay daily, and of course my spirits. The idle dream of this world is over with me; I am tired of being every thing but of being

Your faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER XXXIII.

TO THE SAME.

London, April 14, 1758.

MY DEAR LORD,

I Received your kind letter of the 7th. The post is favourable to us both, for I receive your letters, and you escape mine, which are not worth your receiving, but from the interest you take in the health of a faithful friend. I should rather have used the word existence, than that of health, not having been acquainted with the thing these two or three years. I am now comparatively better than I have been this winter, but very far from being what a healthy man would call well. That degree of health I give up entirely; I might as well expect rejuvenescence.

your

Your political world in Ireland is now quieted for the time being. May that quiet last; but I do not think it will. You are come to that state in Ireland, which Dr. Brown too truly represents to be the state of England, in his Estimate of the Manners and Principles of the times, of which he has just published a second volume. If you have not already got them, I advise you to apply to my philosophical friend George Faulkner for them. They are writ with spirit and elegancy, and are, I fear, too just.

I am, my dear lord,

Your most faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER XXXIV.

TO THE SAME

Blackheath, May 23, 1758.

MY DEAR LORD,

I Have received your letter of the 4th instant. The day afterwards I received the book which you was so kind as to send me by major Maccullogh, and the day after that, by Mr. Russel, your bill for expences incurred and not provided for, which I have paid.

Now, first to the first. You sollicit a very poor employment so modestly, and offer your daughters as security for your good behaviour, that I cannot refuse it you, and do hereby appoint you my sole commissioner for the kingdom of Ireland. To the second. This ninth volume of Swift will not do him so much honour, as I hope it will bring profit to my friend George Faulkner. The historical part* is a party pamphlet, founded on the lie of the day, which, as lord Bolingbroke who had read it often assured me, was coined and delivered out to him, to write Examiners, and other political papers upon.

* The history of the four last years of the queen.

That

That spirit remarkably runs through it. Macarteney, for instance, murdered duke Hamilton; nothing is falser, for though Macarteney was very capable of the vilest actions, he was guiltless of that, as I myself can testify, who was at his trial in the king's bench, when he came over voluntarily to take it, in the late king's time. There did not appear even the least ground for a suspicion of it, nor did Hamilton, who appeared in court, pretend to tax him with it, which would have been in truth accusing himself of the utmost baseness, in letting the murderer of his friend go off from the field of battle, without either resentment, pursuit, or even accusation, till three days afterwards. This *lie* was invented to inflame the Scotch nation against the whigs; as the other, that prince Eugene intended to murder lord Oxford, by employing a set of people called Mohocks, which society, by the way, never existed, was calculated to inflame the mob of London. Swift took those hints *de la meilleure foi du monde*, and thought them materials for history. So far he is blameless.

Thirdly and lastly, I have paid Mr. Russel the twenty-seven pounds five shillings, for which you drew your bill. I hope you are sensible that I need not have paid it till I had received the goods, or at least till I had proofs of your having sent them, but where I have in general a good opinion of the person, I always proceed frankly, and do not stand upon forms, and I have without flattery so good an opinion of you, that I would trust you not only with twenty-seven pounds, but even as far as thirty-seven.

Your friend's letter to you, inclosed in the book, is an honest and melancholic one: but what can I do in it? He seems not to know the nature of factions in Ireland, the prevailing for the time being is absolute, and whoso transgresseth the least of their commandments is guilty of the whole. A lord lieutenant may if he pleases govern alone, but then he must, as I know by experience, take a great deal more trouble upon himself than most lord lieutenants care to do, and he must not be afraid: but as they commonly prefer *otium cum dignitate*, their guards, their battle-axes, and their trumpets, not to mention perhaps, the profits of their post, to a laborious execution of it, they must necessarily rule by a faction, of which faction

for the time being, they are only the first slaves: the condition of the obligation is this, your excellency or your grace wants to carry on his majesty's business smoothly, and to have it to say when you go back, that you met with no difficulties, this we have sufficient strength in parliament to engage for, provided we appear to have the favour and countenance of the government, the money, be it what it will, shall be chearfully voted; as for the public you shall do what you will, or nothing at all, for we care for that no more than we suppose your grace or excellency does, but we repeat it again, our recommendations to places, pensions, &c. must prevail, or we shall not be able to keep our people in order. These are always the expressed, or at least the implied, conditions of these treaties, which either the indolence or the insufficiency of the governors ratify: from that moment these undertakers bury the governor alive, but indeed pompously: different from the worshipful company of undertakers here, who seldom bury any body alive, or at least never without the consent and privity of the next heirs.

I am now settled here for the summer, perhaps for ever, in great tranquillity of mind, not equally of body; I make the most of it, I vegetate with the vegetables, and I crawl with the insects in my garden, and I am, such as I am, most faithfully and sincerely

Yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER XXXV.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, June 2, 1758.

MY DEAR LORD,

I AM now in possession of the goods you procured me, and they are both excellent in their kind; but how difficult, not to say impossible, it is to find an honest factor! You have not cheated me it is true, but you have most grossly

TO HIS FRIENDS. BOOK II. LET. XXXIV. XXXV. XXXVI. 355
grossly defrauded the bishop of Waterford, as appears by
your own account here inclosed, you set down two pieces
and fourteen yards of cloth £. 16. 7s. 3d: whereas I
have received seven pieces and fourteen yards, which must
certainly come to a great deal more. *Item*, you set down
but six dozen and six pints of Usquebaugh, whereas I have
received nine dozen and six, for which you put down only
£. 13. 5s. and which makes it as cheap as porter's ale.
Pray retrieve your character, which is at stake, and clear
up this matter to the Bishop, and to

Your faithful servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER XXXVI.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, Aug. 29, 1758.

I Cannot return such an answer as we could either of us
wish, to your frequent and friendly inquiries after my
weakened and decaying body and mind. I am at least
unwell, often worse, and never quite well. My deafness,
which is considerably increased, deprives me of that con-
solation, which sickness commonly admits of, the conver-
sation of a few friends; and my illness deprives me of the
chief consolation under deafness, which is reading and
writing. My head will seldom let me read, and seldom let
me think, consequently still seldom let me write.
Shall I tell you that I bear this melancholy situation, with
that meritorious constancy and resignation which most
people boast of? No, for I really cannot help it; if I
could, I certainly would, and since I cannot, I have com-
mon sense and reason enough, not to make my situation
worse, by unavailing restlessness and regret.

I hope, for your sake and many other people's, that
your health is perfect, for I know that you will employ it

in

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in doing good. May you long have that power, as I am sure you will always have those inclinations! I am, with real truth and friendship,

My dear lord,

Your most faithful servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER XXXVII.

TO THE SAME.

London, Feb. 20, 1759.

MY DEAR LORD,

I Received yesterday your very kind letter of the 10th, with the inclosed, which I forwarded according to the directions. No apologies about that, for I am very glad to be the *entrepot* between you and whoever you correspond with. White protests that he troubled you with a letter, long since the time mentioned in your's. For these three months he has been confined with the gout, and is but just got about me again. But neither could he, nor I myself, have given you any account of my most unaccountable illness, for I am ill, better, and worse, within the space of every half hour; all that I know is, that it is a miserable latter end of life. But it would not be reasonable in me to complain, as the former part was happier than I could in justice pretend to.

I said nothing to you upon the death of your brother (a); I never upon those occasions do, where I am sure the concern is sincere: yours, I dare say, was so; but you had this just reflection to comfort you, that he left a good character, and a reasonable fortune to his family, behind him.

Adieu, my dear lord; my head will not be held down any longer.

Yours sincerely,

CHESTERFIELD.

(a) The bishop's brother, colonel Cheneyx, of the Carabineers

LETTER XXXVIII.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, June 13, 1759.

MY DEAR LORD,

I AM extremely obliged to you for your kind letter of the 2d, and thank God, can return you a more satisfactory answer than, for some time past, I have been able to do. In the first place, I am alive, which neither I nor any body else, six months ago, thought that I should be. In the next place my old, crazy, and shattered carcase enjoys more negative health than it has done for a long time. I owe this unexpected amendment to milk, which, in this my second infancy, I live upon almost as entirely as I did in my first. Asses, cows, and even goats club to maintain me. I have in particular a white *amalthea*, that strays upon the heath all day, and selects the most salutary and odoriferous herbs, which she brings me night and morning filtrated into milk. Thus I rub on in a tolerable mediocrity; life is neither a burthen nor a pleasure to me, but a certain degree of *ennui* necessarily attends that neutral state, which makes me very willing to part with it, when he who placed me here thinks fit to call me away.

I suppose you felt some pangs at parting with your son, and your tender anxiety will make you feel still more in his absence. May he answer not only your expectation, but your fondest wishes! I am sure it is one of the warmest of mine.

I am

Your most faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER XXXIX.

TO THE SAME.

London, Dec. 9, 1759.

MY DEAR LORD,

I confess I have been long in arrears with you, and owe you a great deal for your frequent and kind enquiries after my health, or, to speak more properly, my want of it; but it has not been in my power to pay. I have been often within these three months, not only too ill to write, but too ill to speak, think, or move. I have now a favourable moment of negative health, and that is the most that I must ever expect, and I think I cannot employ it better than in thanking you for your friendship, and in assuring you of mine. When I reflect upon the poor remainder of my life, I look upon it as a burthen that must every day grow heavier and heavier, from the natural progression of physical ills, the usual companions of increasing years; and my reason tells me that I should wish for the end of it, but instinct, often stronger than reason, and perhaps oftener in the right, makes me take all proper methods to put it off. This innate sentiment alone, makes me bear life with patience, for I assure you I have no farther hopes, but on the contrary many fears, from it. None of the primitive Anachoretes in the Thebais could be more detached from life than I am. I consider it as one who is wholly unconcerned in it, and even when I reflect back, upon what I have seen, what I have heard, and what I have done myself, I can hardly persuade myself that all that frivolous hurry and bustle, and pleasures of the world, had any reality, but they seem to have been the dreams of restless nights. This philosophy, however, I thank God, neither makes me sour nor melancholic; I see the folly and absurdity of mankind, without indignation or peevishness. I wish them wiser, and consequently better than they are. I pity the weak and the wicked, without envying the wise and the good, but endeavouring to the utmost of my abilities to be one of that minority.

You

You are not quite so philosophical in Ireland, where all the tourbillons of Descartes seem to be in the most rapid motion. What do your mobs mean? The Hibernian spirits are exceedingly inflammable. Lenients and refrigeratives will cool and quiet them.

I am very sorry that your daughter's lameness seems incurable, for I heartily wish well to every limb of your family, and am

Your most sincere and faithful servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

P. S. Lady Chesterfield bids me assure you of her service and esteem.

LETTER XL.

TO THE SAME.

London, Jan. 22, 1760.

MY DEAR LORD,

WHEN I received your last letter, I was not in a condition to answer, and hardly to read it; I was so extremely ill, that I little thought that I should live to the date of this letter. I have within these few months more than once seen death very near, and when one does see it near, let the best or the worst people say what they please, it is a very serious consideration. I thank God, I saw it without very great terrors, but at the same time the divine attribute of mercy, which gives us comfort, cannot make us forget, nor ought it, his attribute of justice, which must blend some fears with our hopes. The faculty tell me that I am now much better, and to be sure I am so, compared with what I was a fortnight ago, but however still in a very weak and lingering condition, not likely in my opinion to hold out long; but whether my end be more or less remote, I know I am tottering upon the brink of this

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world,

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world, and my thoughts are employed about the other. However, while I crawl upon this planet, I think myself obliged to do what good I can, in my narrow domestic sphere, to my fellow creatures, and to wish them all the good I cannot do. What share you will always have in those wishes, our long friendship, and your own merit, which I have so long known, will best tell you.

I am, with great truth and just esteem,

Your most faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER XLI.

TO THE SAME.

London, April 29, 1760.

MY DEAR LORD,

MR. des Voeux brought me your kind letter, and will send me (for he is gone to Germany) his Ecclésiastes as soon as it comes out. *A propos* of that book, I hope you have seen Voltaire's *précis* of it in verse. Nothing in my mind can be finer, than both the sense and poetry of it; for fear that you should not have seen it, I will give you two passages out of it, that struck me exceedingly.

Dieu nous donna les biens, il veut qu'on en jouisse,
Mais n'oubliez jamais leur cause et leur auteur,
Et lorsque vous goutez sa divine faveur,
O ! mortels gardez vous d'oublier sa justice*.

* These lines may be thus rendered in English:

God gave us blessings, freely to enjoy;
Mortals! remember from whose hand they came,
And, while you taste his gracious gifts with joy,
Both love and reverence his awful name.

This

This is exactly from the original, but the following lines are in my mind a great improvement.

Répandez vos bienfaits avec magnificence,
Même aux moins vertueux ne les refusez pas,
Ne vous informez pas de leur reconnoissance,
Il est grand, il est beau de faire des ingratis*.

I now read Solomon with a sort of sympathetic feeling. I have been as wicked and as vain, though not so wise as he; but am now at last wise enough to feel and attest the truth of his reflection, that all is vanity and vexation of spirit. This truth is never sufficiently discovered or felt by mere speculation, experience in this case is necessary for conviction, though perhaps at the expence of some morality.

I do not comprehend you in Ireland *en détail*, but this I comprehend *en gros*, that that poor country will be undone. All the causes, that ever destroyed any country, conspire in this point to ruin Ireland; premature luxury, for your luxury outstrips your riches, which in other countries it only accompanies; a total disregard to the public interest, both in the governed and the governors; a profligate and shameless avowal of private interest; a universal corruption of both morals and manners. All this is more than necessary to subvert any constitution in the world.

You expect, from the interest which I know you take in it, to have some account of my wretched and almost destroyed constitution; but I will only tell you in short, that I am not worse than I was, and that I know I never can be better than I am now, though that is bad enough of all conscience. My stay in this world cannot be long. God, who placed me here, only knows when he will order me out of it; but whenever he does, I shall most willingly obey his command, with confidence in his mercy. Adieu, my dear lord. I am most sincerely yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

* Diffuse your bounties with a liberal hand;
Nor spare the least deserving to relieve:
No thanks the generous mind should e'er demand;
'Tis great, 'tis godlike, unrepaid to give.

LET.

LETTER XLII.

TO THE SAME

Blackheath, Aug. 28, 1760.

MY DEAR LORD,

I Should have answered your last and most friendly letter sooner, but that the weak and languid state which I have been in, for some time, did not leave me spirits to do any thing, much less any thing well. What was unjustly and infamously urged against Algernoon Sidney, I found too true in my own case, that *Scribere est agere*, (writing is acting) and therefore I did not undertake it. I am now a little better, but this better moment is no security that the next will not be a very bad one, for I am more than *journalier* in my complaints, even hours make great variations in them. This, you must allow, is an unfortunate latter end of my life, and consequently a tiresome one ; but I must own too that perhaps it is a very just one, and a sort of balance, to the tumultuous and imaginary pleasures of the former part of it. In the general course of things, there seems to be, upon the whole, a pretty equal distribution of physical good and evil, some extraordinary cases excepted, and even moral good and evil seem mixed to a certain degree ; for one never sees any body so perfectly good, or so perfectly bad, as they might be. Why this is so, it is in vain for us upon this planet to inquire, for it is not given us yet to know. I behold it with a respectful admiration, and cry out, *O altitudo !*

White told me that you intend to turn gardener, and that your first trial is to be raising of melons, for which reason I have sent you such a provision of good melon seed of different kinds, as will serve you, your *nati natorum, et qui nascentur ab illis* ; (your children's children, and those that will be born of them) but, as an older and more experienced gardener, than you are, I must add some instructions as to their culture. Know then that they are much better raised in tanner's bark than in dung ; that you should put but two seeds in what the gardeners call a light, and that when they are about half grown, if the weather is hot, you should cover them with oiled paper,

TO HIS FRIENDS. BOOK III. LET. XLII. XLIII. 363
paper, instead of glass, to save the vines from being
burned up before the fruit is ripe. I, and most people
here, prefer the Canteloupes, but they are not the best
bearers.

I am very glad that your son does hitherto so well at
the university, and there is no doubt of his continuing to
do so, provided he keeps clear of the epidemical vices of
colleges in general, and of Irish colleges in particular.
You may easily guess that I mean that beastly degrading
vice of drinking, which increases with years, and which
ends in stupid sottishness. I hope all the rest of your
family are as well as I wish them, for upon my word, I
sincerely wish you all *tutti quanti* as well as you can wish
yourselves.

I am, my dear lord,
Your faithful friend and humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER XLIII.

TO THE SAME.

London, Dec. 16, 1760.

MY DEAR LORD,

I make no excuses for the irregularity of my correspondence, or the unfrequency of my letters; for my declining mind keeps pace with my decaying body, and I can no more *scribere digna legi* (write things worthy to be read), than I can *facere digna scribi*, (do things worthy to be written). My health is always bad, though sometimes better and sometimes worse, but never good. My deafness increases, and consequently deprives me of the comforts of society, which other people have in their illnesses; in short, this last stage of my life is a very tedious one, and the roads very bad; the end of it cannot be very far off, and I cannot be sorry for it. I wait for it, imploring the mercy of my Creator, and deprecating his justice. The best of us must trust to the former, and dread the latter.

I do

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I do not know what picture it is of the late lord Scarborough, that you would have copied; I have none, nor do I know of any, unless perhaps Jemmy Lumley has one, so send me your farther directions about it.

In my opinion you are very much in the right not to concern yourself in the contested elections. *Abstine à fabis* (Abstain from beans) is as becoming a maxim for a bishop, as it was for Pythagoras; moreover, in parliamentary elections perhaps there is no choice. You are all wild about them in Ireland, and want, it seems, to have all the ill blood, expence, and riot, which they occasion, renewed every seven years. I wish you would be quiet, for I prophesy that you will get no good by your politics, but I fear much the contrary.

I question whether you will ever see my friend George Faulkner in Ireland again, he is become so great and considerable a man here in the republic of letters; he has a constant table open to all men of wit and learning, and to those sometimes who have neither. I have been able to get him to dine with me but twice, though otherwise, I must do him the justice to say, he lives with his old friends upon the same easy foot as formerly. Adieu, my dear lord: I am the most faithful of your friends and servants.

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER XLIV.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, Mar. 19, 1761.

MY DEAR LORD,

I Have been much and long in your debt, contrary to my inclination, for I hate to be in any debt, especially in marks of friendship and affection; but I am persuaded you know the sentiments of my heart, with regard to yourself, too well to require regular promissory notes, for my debts of that kind. Besides, in truth, paper

TO HIS FRIENDS. BOOK III. LET. XLIII. XLIV. 365
per credit is so much stretched, both here and in Ireland,
that I think it will now go for very little in either country.

You have a new lord lieutenant for your country, who
certainly is able, and I dare say willing to do well. But
for God's sake be quiet, mind your interior civil interest,
and do not get into any more political scrapes with Eng-
land, that will always be too hard for you in the end,
and, if provoked, I doubt too hard upon you. I have
still a tenderness for Ireland, and am really concerned
when I hear of its being worked up into a general fer-
ment, only that a few individuals may make the better
bargain for themselves.

I will tell you nothing of the several changes at court,
which from the gazettes you will know as much of as I
do here from the same authority, for I have no better,
and am glad of it; for what is the world now to me, or
I to the world, except as a citizen of it, in which capa-
city I will always endeavour to do my little part to my
fellow creatures? I know no use that a deaf, infirm,
wretched creature as I am, can be of to society, unless
that of maintaining the necessary number of his species,
to attend and nurse him. Your constant and kind anxi-
ety about my health makes you, I know, desire that I
should give you some account of it, but I cannot by
any means give you such an account as you would wish
for. I came here just six weeks ago, and for the first
fortnight was abundantly better, and I wish I had then
cut out a winner, to use the gamester's phrase; but it
was very natural to continue a medicine that did me a
great deal of good, in hopes of more; for who is satis-
fied with, or knows what is, enough? Since that, the
waters have done me as much harm as at first they did me
good, and I return to London next Monday, in just the
same weak and miserable condition in which I came here.

I hope you and all your family are unacquainted with
the ills I feel. May you all long continue so, and enjoy
all the other comforts and blessings of life. I am, my
dear lord,

Your most faithful friend,

and humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

L F T-

LETTER XLV.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, June 9, 1761.

MY DEAR LORD,

TO satisfy your kind impatience concerning my health, I am obliged to take up the pen myself, though little able to conduct it. Poor White has been very ill these two months, and part of the time in great danger, from a violent fever, which returned after such short intervals as left him no time to recover any strength; but now fortunately all his complaints have centered in a very severe fit of the gout, which I hope will set all right. He has lived with me now above forty years; we were young and healthy together, we are old and crazy, and seem to be tending to our last stage together. This is the natural course of things, and upon the whole we have neither of us any cause of complaint. As to myself, I am one day better, and another worse; and my state of vegetation, for it is no more, is a lingering and a drooping one.

Lord Halifax will be with you at the end of September, or the beginning of October. I am sure he will make you a good governor, and I hope a popular one; for I know he goes firmly resolved to do all the good he can to Ireland. He understands business, and, what is more, loves it; he has steadiness and resolution to govern you well himself, and he will not be governed by undertakers. Adieu, my dear lord; my head, and my hand, both call upon me to trouble you no longer.

I am your most affectionate friend,

and faithful servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LET-

LETTER XLVI.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, Sept. 12, 1761.

MY DEAR LORD,

I DO not know whether I shall give you a reason which you will reckon a good one, but I will honestly give you the true one, for my writing so seldom. It is one of the effects, and not the least disagreeable one, of my disorder, to make one indolent, and unwilling to undertake even what one has a mind to do. I have often set down in the intention of writing to you, when the apparatus of a table, pen, ink and paper has discouraged me, and made me procrastinate, and say, like Festus, "at a convenient time will I speak to thee." Those, who have not experienced this indolence and languor, I know, have no conception of them, and therefore many people say that I am extremely well, because I can walk and speak, without knowing how much it costs me to do either. This was the case of the bishop of Ossory, who reported only from my outside, which is not much altered. I cannot say, however, that I am positively ill, but I can positively say that I am always *unwell*. In short I am in my health, what many, reckoned in the main good sort of people, are in their morals; they commit no flagrant crimes, but their conscience secretly reproaches them with the non-observance or the violation of many lesser duties. White is recovered from his acute illness, and is now only infirm and crazy, and will be so as long as he lives. I believe we shall start fair.

The bishop of Ossory told me one thing, that I heard with great pleasure, which was, that your son did extremely well at the university, and answered, not only your hopes, but your wishes; I sincerely congratulate you upon it.

The town of London and the city of Westminster are gone quite mad with the wedding and the approaching coronation. People think and talk of nothing else. For my part, I have not seen our new queen yet; and as for the coronation, I am not alive enough to march,

nor

nor dead enough to *walk* at it. You can bear now and then a quibble, I hope; but I am, without the least *equivoque*, my dear lord,

Your most faithful friend,

and humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

P. S. Your lord lieutenant will be with you immediately after the coronation. He has heard of combinations, confederations, and all sorts of *ations*, to handcuff and fetter him; but he seems not in the least apprehensive of them.

L E T T E R XLVII.

T O T H E S A M E.

London, Oct. 31, 1761.

MY DEAR LORD,
 I NEVER doubted but that lord Halifax's reception of you would be such as, by your last letter, you inform me it was. The least relation to his late uncle*, and my friend, will always be a recommendation to him; but you have a better. I received yesterday, from my old friend Faulkner, his speech at the opening of this new parliament, and am most extremely pleased both with the matter and the manner. He dwells upon my three favourite points; the protestant charter schools, the linen manufacture, and a proper indulgence of the Roman Catholics.

I have sent Mrs. Russell some melon-seed for you, which she will convey to you when she has a proper opportunity. There are two sorts, one of the largest and best canteloups I ever eat in my life; the other is of a smaller size, the coat very near black, but rather I think of a superior flavor to the other. If, in raising them you make use of tann, instead of dung, they will be much the better.

* The earl of Scarborough.

I am

I am persuaded that your busines in parliament will go smoothly on, at least this session; I hope so for the sake of Ireland, that can never be a gainer by quarrelling with England, however justly.

As you always insist upon my acquainting you with my state of health for the time being, I will tell you that I am not worse, rather a little better, but far from well. Well I must never expect to be. I shall go, in about ten days, to the Bath, in hopes of being something better, and I will compound for small gains.

I am, my dear lord, most faithfully yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER XLVIII.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, July 8, 1762.

MY DEAR LORD,

I CANNOT answer your last kind letter as I could wish, and as you, I believe, wish full as much as I, by telling you that I am better: all I can do for you is, to tell you that I am not worse. I have always reminiscences of my rheumatism more or less, sometimes very severe ones in my legs, which I do not expect ever to be entirely free from, for I never knew any man radically cured of rheumatism; *d'ailleurs je végete & voilà tout*, (I vegetate, and that is all.)

I sincerely congratulate you upon the academical triumphs of your son, which must give you the most sensible pleasure. I look upon your care of him to be now over, as he has learning and knowledge to know, that he must not only keep what he has, but improve it. It is only those who know very little, that stop short, thinking they know enough, which ends in knowing nothing.

The piece of calico, which you sent White, is extremely good and fine. Mind your weaving and spinning, and

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lay aside your politics ; the former will enrich you, but take my word for it, you will never be the better for the latter. I wish I could fee your great politicians labouring for the good of the country, like Hercules, with distafts, instead of septennial bills in their hands. What, and so be dependent upon England? says Mr. Lucas. Yes, I hope so; for when Ireland is no longer dependent upon England, the Lord have mercy on it!

I am, most sincerely,

Your faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER XLIX.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, Sept. 4, 1762.

MY DEAR LORD,

MY wretched health, about which you are so kindly sollicitous, is so very variable, that I can hardly give you any account of it at the beginning of a letter, without having reason at the end of it to alter that account. The humor, whether gouty or rheumatic, or rather as I think a compound of both, teases and *chicanes* me, sometimes in my legs, sometimes in my head and stomach, and sometimes, though seldom, is quite quiet, and then I am as well as at my time of life I can ever hope to be. I must take it all as it comes, and will bear it with patience. God has sent physical, as well as moral, ills into the world, and for good and wise reasons of his own, I am convinced, which I do not pretend to know ; nor do I at all admit those reasons which men are pleased to assign for it. I wish mankind would condescend to be respectfully ignorant of many things, which it is impossible they can ever know whilst in this world. But no, we must know every thing, and our pride will not let us own our ignorance.

The

The piece of raw silk, which you sent me inclosed in your last, seems to me, who understand very little of the matter, extremely good; but to tell you the truth, I doubt it will never prove an extensive and profitable manufacture. Your climate is not warm enough for mulberry trees, and the worms will not be nourished as they are in hotter countries. However, you do very well to try, for whatever quantity of silk you may make, will be so much clear gain, will encourage industry, and let the worst come to the worst, the plantations of mulberry trees will adorn the country. I am glad to find the spirit of industry is so active amongst you; it is much better than the spirit of politics, and Ireland will get much more by it. Adieu, my dear lord. I am, with the greatest truth and affection,

Yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER L.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, Oct. 7, 1762.

MY DEAR LORD,

I THANK you heartily for your last kind letter; it is some satisfaction, in all misfortunes, to know that those people whom one loves and values interest themselves in them, and I am sure that you take a sincere part in mine. I am not worse, and I am not better, than when I wrote to you last. I know that I never can nor shall be better, and I will readily compound for never being worse. President Montesquieu, who had been almost blind for many years, used to say, *je sais être aveugle*, (I know how to be blind;) and I am sure I have been long enough ill, to know how to be so. But he was not deaf, and if I were not so, I should be much less affected by my other complaints. I cannot use myself to deafness, though I have now had it

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fourteen years; it gives one a stupid look at first, and soon afterwards makes one really so.

This has been a very bad season for the Jesuits, and I do not very well see why, unless it be that there is a time for all things, and that theirs is come; for their religious and moral, or if you will immoral doctrines, have been the same these two hundred years. They have often indeed been attacked during that time, and by great men, but have always recovered it, whereas now they die. I will venture to prophesy they will never recover, this being by no means an ecclesiastical age. I even question whether the popes will hold it out much longer.

I will send some excellent melon-seed to Mrs. Russel, who I take it for granted can find some means of forwarding it to you. It is three years old, which we gardeners reckon the best age. Adieu, my dear lord.

I am, most faithfully,

Yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

In about three weeks, I propose going to Bath, for my rheumatic pains.

LETTER LI.

TO THE SAME.

London, January 6, 1763.

MY DEAR LORD,

I CONFESS myself a most lazy and awkward correspondent, but it is not so much my fault as it is my misfortune, for writing now is not the easy task to me that it was formerly, and both my head and my hand undertake it unwillingly. However, in spite of them both, I could not let this season pass by, without wishing you and yours a great many happy new years; not in compliance with custom,

TO HIS FRIENDS. BOOK III. LET. L. LI. LII. 373
custom, but to satisfy my sentiments of friendship and
affection for you.

I am returned from the Bath with much better health
than I carried there. I have now a tolerable negative
degree of health, which at my age, and with my shat-
tered constitution, is all that I can reasonably ask of hea-
ven, for the short remainder of my span.

I am glad to hear that I shall have the pleasure of seeing
you and your son this summer: I hope you will not em-
bark before the stormy season is over, which is not till
April or May.

I am, with the truest friendship and esteem,

My dear lord,

Your most faithful humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER LII.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, Dec. 5, 1763.

MY DEAR LORD,

I THANK you for your kind and informing letter,
which I received by the last post. I cannot give you
such an account of myself as I know you wish. I was
dangerously ill of a bilious fever ten days before I left
London, and remained extremely weak and low from it.
The faculty hastened me to this place, which was, as they
said, to carry off the dregs of the fever, restore my
strength and spirits, and what not. The waters, howe-
ver, which I have now drank a full fortnight, have done
no such thing; instead of that, I grow weaker every day,
and my spirits lower.

You

You have acted in the affair of the charities as becomes your ecclesiastical character, and your private character of integrity and charity as a man, in endeavouring to detect, if you cannot punish, those sacrilegious frauds, in diverting to infamous political jobs, the sums of money bequeathed and appropriated for the relief of the poor. That I call sacrilege in the highest degree, if giving to the poor be, as undoubtedly it is, lending to God. This is a much more criminal sacrilege than stealing an old pulpit cloth out of a parish church, that can do as well without it, and which, though canonically called sacrilege, is, in my mind, but humble robbery. Go on then, my good lord, and detect not only the thieves, but those who connive at them. Thou sawest a thief, and consentedst unto him, was formerly the description of a very bad character, and should be so still, unless your doctors of divinity will say, like Moliere's doctor of physic, *nous avons changé tout cela*, (we have altered all that.) Good night, my dear lord.

Yours most faithfully,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER LIII.

TO THE SAME.

London, Mar. 17, 1764.

MY DEAR LORD,

YOUR last letter, which I received this week, made me two letters in your debt; but you are so used to my bad payment, that I am sure you will excuse it, especially when you consider that people of quality seldom pay at all, whereas I sometimes pay something in part, and upon account.

I assure you it is no compliment, but a literal truth, when I tell you that I have the *warmest* sense of your kindness,

kindnes, in providing my old and chilled carcase, with such a quantity of flannel. I have cut my waistcoats according to my cloth, and they come half way down my thighs.

I am told you are all together by the ears in Ireland. We are so here too; and it will always be so, while avarice and ambition triumph over reason and virtue. Adieu, my dear lord. I am

Most faithfully yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER LIV.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, Oct. 1, 1764.

I HAVE been a long time in your debt, but I hope that my age and infirmities give me some privileges to compensate a little for the loss of youth and health. I am past the age at which a Roman soldier was *rude donatus*, which some have translated, *given to be rude*. I adopt that version. Since your friendship for me makes you solicitous to have accounts of my health, I will tell you that I am neither better nor worse than when you heard from me last. I am never free from physical ills of one kind or another, but use and patience make them supportable; and I own this obligation to them, that they have cured me of worse ills than themselves, I mean moral ills, for they have given me leisure to examine, and reflection to subdue, all my passions. I think only of doing my duty to my Creator, and to my fellow-created beings, and *omnis in hoc sum* (this is my only object.)

Are you a grandfather in embryo yet? That ought by this time to be manifest. When you shall be really so, may your grand-children give you as much satisfaction as your own children have done!

Good night, my dear lord; I am most affectionately yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

P. S. Lady Chesterfield desires me to add her compliments to all.

L E T.

LETTER LV.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, Sept. 25, 1765.

MY DEAR LORD,

YOUR letter gave me the pleasure of knowing your safe arrival in Ireland; but if you were as sick as usual at sea, notwithstanding my brandy and lemon, and your own saffron bag, you sink it upon me, which is not quite fair to your doctor, who should always be informed of the success of his prescriptions.

As you are always as solicitous about my health as I am, and more so about my life, I will tell you that I am just as you left me, neither well nor ill, and hobbling on to my journey's end, which I think I am not afraid of, but will not answer for myself, when the object draws very near, and is very sure. That moment is at least a very respectable one, let people who boast of not fearing it say what they please, and by the way those people have commonly the most reason to fear it.

Your lord lieutenant* will be with you very soon, to meet your parliament. Those first meetings are generally kind ones, and often much kinder than the partings. I really think he will be liked, for he is, in my opinion, the honestest and most religious man in the world, and moreover, very much a gentleman in his behaviour to every body. But what orders he may bring with him from hence, or what temper he may find you in, that may create differences, I cannot say, because I am sure I do not know; but this I know, that those amongst you who are wise, will avoid quarrelling with England. I say this only for the sake of Ireland, to which I most sincerely wish well, and believe that I am generally thought to do so. Do not think of mimicking our parliamentary tricks in England, for they will not do in Ireland.

* Lord Hertford.

I propose

I propose going to Bath in about three weeks, for half repairs at most, whole ones I do not pretend to: my wretched vessel is too much shattered to be ever fit for sailing again. May yours fail easily and safely many years!

I am, my dear lord,

Yours most affectionately and faithfully,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER LVI.

TO THE SAME.

London, Jan. 26, 1766.

MY DEAR LORD,

THOUGH I too long delayed sending you my wishes of this season, I am sure you did me the justice to believe that I formed them as heartily and sincerely for you, as you could do for me; and more I think cannot be said on either side. We have known one another too long to have any doubts upon that subject.

The business of pamphleteering, I find, is not monopolized on this side of the channel; for I have lately read two or three angry papers, and one of them squirted out by my friend Dr. Lucas. Surely your government will be wise enough not to take any notice of them. Punishment will make sectaries and political writers considerable, when their own works would not; and if my friend Lucas had not been persecuted under lord Harrington's government, I believe he would have been, long before this, only a good apothecary, instead of a scurvy politician. I remember, at the latter end of queen Anne's reign, there was a great number of fanatics, who said they had, and very possibly really thought they had, the gift of prophecy. They used to assemble in Moor-fields to exert that gift, and were attended by a vast number of idle and curious spectators. The then ministry,

nistry, who loved a little persecution well enough, was however wise enough not to disturb these madmen, and only ordered one Powel, who was the master of a famous puppet-show, to make Punch turn prophet, which he did so well, that it soon put an end to the prophets and their prophecies.

I have been *unwell* of late, and have been let blood twice this week, which has done me so much good, that I am now better than I was before my disorder; but, well or *unwell*, I am always,

My dear lord,

Yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER LVII.

TO THE SAME.

London, May 17, 1766.

MY DEAR LORD,

I Received your kind letter yesterday, and forwarded the incloſed according to your direcſions. It is true I was long in your debt; but it is as true too, that I am no longer, as I once was, the pen of a ready writer; both my head and my hand ſeem to decline writing; in ſhort, *Non ſum qualis eram* (I am no more the man I formerly was). My ſtate of health, which you are always kindly inquisitive about, is just as you left it. I am too old to expect it to mend, and thank God it declines but gently, and I rather glide than tumble down hill.

I heartily congratulate you upon the good effects of your bill, and it is almost pity that you have no ſins for this act of charity to cover. Adieu, my dear lord.

I am moſt faithfully yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

P. S. My compliments to your ſon.

LET.

L E T T E R LVIII.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, Oct. 10, 1766.

MY DEAR LORD,

I AM conscious that I have been long in your debt ; and, were my letters of any value, I would make you my excuses for non-payment. The mind unfortunately keeps pace in decay with the body, and age and infirmities weaken them equally. I feel it most sensibly ; my body totters, and my understanding stutters ; but, I thank God, I am wise enough still, not to put either of them upon attempting, what neither of them could probably perform. I have run the silly rounds both of pleasure and business, and have done with them all. I think there is some merit in knowing when to have done. I have lived here at my hermitage in peaceful retirement all this summer, without any grievous physical ills, but at the same time never quite free from some of the lesser ones. Upon the whole, I have no reason to murmur at my lot, it is better than I have deserved ; and, as I have generally observed that there is a compensation of good and ill even in this world, I ought not to complain, considering the former part of my life, that the latter part of it is as wretched as it now is, I mean relative to my deafness.

You have a new lord lieutenant*. I have seen him once, and he seems resolved to do well. One thing I verily believe, that he will have no dirty work done, nor the least corruption suffered.

I give you a thousand thanks for executing the commissions, which I was impudent enough to trouble you with ; but I do not know so good a master of the robes as you are. You keep me in flannel, and you procure me linen, which are all the cloathings I want.

* Lord Townshend.

How goes it with your son, and also with your little grandson ? for I shall always take a sincere part in whatever relates to you, being, with great truth and affection,

Your most faithful humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER LIX.

TO THE SAME.

London, March 12, 1767.

MY DEAR LORD,

YOU cloathed me when I was naked, but I believe you have often done that to many others ; so I will not trouble you with many thanks upon that subject. Your linen was very good and cheap, and flannel very comfortable to my old carcase, during the last very severe winter, and I shall not leave it off even in summer ; but, conformably to the laws of Ireland, I believe I shall be buried in Irish woollen.

My kinsman, Mr. Stanhope of Mansfield, has married a niece of Mr. Barnes of Derby, whom you know. His son, whom I have taken and adopted, turns out prodigiously well, both as to parts and learning, and gives me great amusement and pleasure, in superintending his education, and in some things instructing him myself, in which I flatter myself that I do some good, considering his future rank and fortune.

Your new lord lieutenant seems extremely well disposed to Ireland, and I really believe will do it all the good that his situation, and some deep-rooted national prejudices, will allow of.

Has your son taken either orders or a wife yet ? Both these blessings are indelible. For my own part, I am as well as I could expect to be at seventy three past. I have no immediate complaint of either pain

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pain or sickness, and *nihil amplius opto* (I wish nothing more); but our poor friend White is in a most declining way, and I fear will not last much longer. He has now lived with me above fifty years, and served me very faithfully. I shall feel the loss of him very sensibly. I have survived almost all my contemporaries, and as I am too old to make new acquaintances, I find myself *isolé*; but I find too, upon self-examination, for which I have abundant time, that I am most affectionately and sincerely

Yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER LX.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, Oct. 16, 1767.

MY DEAR LORD,

MY right hand being now tolerably able, and my heart being, I am sure, extremely willing, I cannot employ the former so well, as in conveying my hearty and sincere thanks to you, for the uncommon and extraordinary proofs of your friendship and affection in my last illness. Nothing but the warmest sentiments of friendship could have carried you through the deserts of Ireland and Scotland, not to mention crossing the sea, to see an old acquaintance, who, it was ten to one, you did not find alive at your journey's end. This overpays any debt of gratitude you might think you owed me, and I confess myself your debtor. My general state of health is at present tolerable, that is, negatively well, but I continue very near as weak as when you saw me. My legs neither recover strength nor flesh, as I expected, and as I was promised by the skilful, and my two *valets de chambre* are as necessary to me as they were a month ago.

I shall

I shall remove to London this week for the winter, as the weather is now excessively cold and damp. Perhaps I may take my usual journey to Bath, if the faculty pronounce me free from all suspicions of a lurking fever. I do all I can to make the short remains of life as comfortable as I can; but if that will not do, I shall with the greatest resignation consider the physical ills of my old age, as a very slight and reasonable tax upon the errors and follies of my youth. I am, with the utmost truth and esteem,

My dear lord,

Your most faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

P. S. I thank you before-hand for the books you left for me at my house in town, for I have not yet seen one of them. I forbad their being unpacked, till I came to town myself. I cannot read above a quarter of an hour at a time, for my eyes have suffered by my illness as much as my legs.

LETTER LXI.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, Dec. 25, 1767.

MY DEAR LORD,

I Received yesterday your very kind letter, which reiterates your solicitude for the state of my health. It is, in general, neither bad nor good; I have no actual illness nor pain to complain of, but I am as lame of my legs as when you saw me, and must expect to be so for the rest of my life. Every year, at a certain period of life, takes away something from us; this

this last has taken away my legs, and therefore I must now content myself with those of my horses; otherwise I am tolerably well for me.

I most heartily congratulate you upon the success of your son in his first pulpit. It is a pledge of still more, when his concern and trepidation, inseparable from his first attempt, shall be got over.

I hope you go on successfully in your charity affair, in which I am sure neither your zeal nor your diligence will be wanting. It becomes your profession, and your life becomes it. To you it is an ornament, to many it is a cloak to cover a multitude of sins.

May I beg of you to make my compliments to my old and constant friend George Faulkner? and tell him that I will answer his letter very soon, but that one letter a day is as much as either my head or my hand will admit of. When I go to town, which will be in about three weeks, I shall open all his packets, which lie there ready for me.

My compliments to your son. I make you none, for we have known one another too long and too well for that.

I am, with the greatest truth imaginable,

My dear lord,

Your most faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER LXII.

TO THE SAME.

London, March 2, 1768.

MY DEAR LORD,

MANY thanks to you for your friendly anxiety concerning my health, or, as the more fashionable phrase is, for your kind inquiries. As I told you in my former letter, I have, I thank God, neither pain

pain nor sickness, and I think it would be both impudent and absurd in me to wish for better at my age, and with my constitution. It is true that I am very weak in my limbs, but I can walk for a quarter of an hour at a time upon even ground, which I do five or six times a day, for you know that *use legs and have legs*; but I cannot go up stairs without great difficulty, and I should tumble down stairs with great facility, if I were not supported by the rails on one side, and a *valet de chambre* on the other.

I do not comprehend your transactions in Ireland, but in general they appear to me to be *tout comme chez nous* (just as with us). Courtiers want to keep their places or to have better, and patriots want those very places. By the way, I am apt to think that the patriot members of your house of commons are confoundedly bit, by passing the octennial bill, which I believe was never their intention. This is certain, that it will ruin a great number of your country gentlemen, who are as election-mad as we are here. I reckon that this next summer will be the maddest and most drunken summer, that ever was known in the three kingdoms; and if the weather should prove very hot into the bargain, the Lord have mercy upon us!

My little boy * received your son's letter in due time, and will answer it soon; which he tells me he should have done much sooner, but that he has had a great deal of business of late upon his hands: doubtless very important. Pray make my compliments to him, and to his son if born.

Adieu, my dear lord: may you be for these many years as happy as you deserve to be!

Yours most sincerely,

CHESTERFIELD.

* The present earl of Chesterfield.

LETTER LXIII.

TO THE SAME.

London, March 29, 1768.

MY DEAR LORD,

I AM ordered by my little boy to send you the inclosed for your son, which I hope you will do with my compliments: I thank you for your letter, and also for your red flannel, which I have received, and in which I am at this time very comfortably wrapped up.

It is not either worth your while or mine to tell you of the riots and tumults, which the general election produces in this island, as you will soon see a duplicate of them in Ireland. In this country it is Wilkes and Liberty, for ever, huzza! in that of Dublin, I suppose, it will be Lucas and Liberty for ever. For my own part, I say, *Beatus ille qui procul negotiis!* (Happy the man who lives remote from public business!)

I am, my dear lord,

Most faithfully yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER LXIV.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, June 25, 1768.

MY DEAR LORD,

I Cannot send you a satisfactory answer to the inquiries your friendship prompts you to make concerning my health; for I am not ill, and very far from being well. I suffer no pain nor sickness, but on the other hand I enjoy

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joy no health : I feel what the French call a general *malaise*, and what we call in Ireland an *unwellness*. This awkward situation I impute to seventy-five, which will account for any physical ill ; and mine is, thank God, more a privation of health than any one positive ill. *J'en connais de plus misérables* (I know some that are worse off), though the greater sufferings of any of my fellow creatures, will never be the least comfort to me under mine.

I am very glad you have placed your son upon the first step of the ecclesiastical ladder. *Felix faustumque sit !* may he rise as high as he wishes himself ! I chid my boy for not acknowledging his letter, but he excused himself, by saying that he had so much writing of his task upon his hands that he had very little time. The truth I take to be, that to so young a penman a letter is a laborious work, and requires time.

I congratulate the poor upon your being their champion, and you upon your success in so good a work. It becomes your honest and compassionate heart, and your character in the church. Adieu, my dear lord. I am,

Most sincerely and affectionately,

Yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER LXV.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, Oct. 30, 1768.

MY DEAR LORD,

THIS morning I received your most friendly inquiry after my wretched constitution ; the best that I can say of it is, that it is not worse, but I think, rather a shade better than it was six months ago. I can walk upon my three legs half an hour at a time, and repeat that exercise

exercise three or four times in a day; which I could by no means have done when you saw me in my go-cart at Blackheath. I have now been here a fortnight, and am something the better for the water, especially as to bathing, which suples my old, stiff, and almost ossified limbs.

Here is a young man of your country, a lord Mountmorris, whom I take to be a very hopeful one. I am told that he has distinguished himself already in your house of lords, as a speaker, and you are extremely well with him. He is very warm from the honesty of his heart, as a young and honest heart always is.

I find by all accounts that your lord lieutenant is very popular, and will not enrich himself by the lieutenancy. I even question whether he will get so much by it as I did, for I can assure you I got five hundred pounds clear upon the whole.

Good night, my dear lord, I believe I need not tell you that no man living can be more sincerely your faithful friend and servant than

CHESTERFIELD.

P. S. Lady Chesterfield sends you many compliments, or rather truths.

LETTER LXVI.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, July 9, 1769.

MY DEAR LORD,

THE only reason that I had for not writing to you sooner, was that I could not, which I dare say you will allow to be a sufficient one. I have, for these last three months, had an inflammation in my eyes, which hindered me from either writing or reading; and this letter is almost the first, as well as the most pleasing service they have done me. You will easily judge how irksome

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it must have been to a man, who has lost his ears these last twenty years, to lose his eyes, though but for three months. It is losing my livelihood, for I live only upon reading, incapable of any other amusement. Nature has laid very heavy taxes upon old age; and I must pay my share of them, be it what it will.

I congratulate you heartily upon your success in detecting and punishing the worst sort of thieves, those sacrilegious robbers of the poor.

As for the papists of Ireland, you know I never feared them, but, on the contrary, used them like good subjects, and to a certain degree made them such, for not one man of them stirred during the whole rebellion. Good usage, and a strict adherence to the gavel act, are the only honest and effectual means that can be employed with regard to the papists.

You do not tell me one word of your family, in which you are very sure that I interest myself very sincerely. Have you another grandson or grand-daughter, and are those you have already all well? I look upon you now as a patriarch. I am sure you have all the virtues of any that I ever read of. I am, with the greatest truth and affection,

My dear lord,

Your most faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R L X V I I .

T O T H E S A M E .

Bath, Nov. 21, 1769.

MY DEAR LORD,

A Thousand thanks for your kind letter; you inquire after my health, in which I well know that you warmly interest yourself; but I can hardly return you a precise answer; I am turned of seventy six, a sufficient distemper

distemper itself, and moreover attended with all the usual complaints of old age; the most irksome of them all to me, is that my eyes begin to fail me, so that I cannot write nor read as I used to do, which were my only comforts, but *melius fit patientia quicquid corrigeret nefas*, (what cannot be mended grows lighter by patience).

The archbishop of Cashel (*a*), who is now here, tells me that, by your indefatigable endeavours, you have recovered near twenty thousand pounds for the several defrauded charities. He always speaks of you with great esteem and regard. Go on to detect such abominable sacrileges, infinitely worse than the stealing of a pulpit cloth out of a church. Excommunication would be more proper for such robbers of the poor, than for the usual and slight causes for which it is commonly denounced. As for your political affairs in Ireland, I am not in the least surprized when I hear of the many and sudden variations of patriots to castlemen, and of castlemen to patriots; *c'est tout comme ici* (it is there as it is here); and money, which is the necessary medium of foreign commerce, is not a less powerful medium in domestic transactions.

You have nothing of a pope about you, not even the nepotism, or by this time you might have done better for your son, to whom I desire my compliments. I hope you will live long enough to provide for him abundantly, notwithstanding all your moderation.

Lady Chesterfield, who charges me with her compliments to you, has been very much out of order here, of a disorder in her stomach and bowels, but is now so much better, that we shall set out for London in a couple of days.

My old friend George Faulkner sent me the other day a pamphlet relative to the present state of Ireland, as to trade, commerce, absentees, &c. which, if it states mat-

(*a*) Dr. Whitcombe, first transferred from the bishoprick of Clonfert to the archiepiscopal see of Cashel. From a letter of lord Chesterfield to him, which we shall insert among those of this collection, his character as a citizen, a bishop, and a scholar, will sufficiently appear.

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ters fairly, as I have but too much reason to believe it
does, proves that Ireland must in a few years be undone.
Adieu, my dear lord.

I am, with the warmest affection,

Your faithful humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER LXVIII.

TO THE SAME.

London, March 11, 1770.

MY DEAR LORD,

THE correspondents I have left, though few, must
forgive my irregularity, and accept my intentions
instead of my letters, especially you, who I am sure will
never doubt of the truth of mine. I am an anomalous
noun, and scarcely a substantive one. My eyes are not
what they were a few years ago; and my understanding,
if I may use that expression, for want of a better, stut-
ters. In short, without any immediate distemper, I feel
most sensibly the complaints of old age; however, I am
thankful that I feel none of those torturing ills, which
frequently attend the last stage of life, and I flatter my-
self that I shall go off quietly, but I am sure with resig-
nation. Upon the whole, I have no reason to complain of
my lot, though reason enough to regret my abuse of it.

I am sorry that you met with so many rubs in your
commendable endeavours to do justice to the poor.

You do not seem to be very quiet in Ireland, but I can
assure you, you are so in comparison of what we are now
in England. A factious spirit on one side has seized three
parts

parts of the kingdom, and a most notorious incapacity distinguishes the administration: what this collision may produce, God only knows, but I confess I fear. Good night, my dear lord, I need not tell you, and I am sure I cannot tell you, how sincerely and affectionately I am

Yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

P. S. Lady Chesterfield charges me with her compliments.

There seems to be an infectious distemper in the house of Stanhope; your acquaintance Arthur died about ten days ago, as did his next brother sir Thomas three days after. I suppose I am too old and too tough to take the infection.

L E T T E R . L X I X .

T O T H E S A M E .

London, June 14, 1770.

MY DEAR LORD,

I Have long told you, and you have as long found, that I was an anomalous noun, I can hardly say a substantive, for I grow weaker and weaker every day, particularly in my legs and my thighs, so that I can walk very little at a time, and am obliged to take my share of exercise by several snatches in the day: but this is by no means the worst part of my present case, for the humour that has fallen into my eyes about a year ago rather increases than decreases, and to a degree that makes writing and reading very troublesome to me, as they were the only comforts that a deaf old fellow could have: if I should lose my eyes as well as my ears, I should be of all men the most miserable.

You know that you have long been in possession of cloathing me; and I must now apply to you to do so again, not

not only as an act of friendship, but of charity, for I have not a shirt to my back. I therefore must beg of you to procure me some Irish linen to make me four dozen of shirts, much about the same fineness and price of the last which you got me. I know you too well to make any excuses for giving you this trouble. Adieu! my dear lord; you know my sentiments with regard to you, too well for me to mention them. I am,

Most sincerely and faithfully,

Yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

P. S. Lady Chesterfield charges me with her compliments.

LETTER LXX.

TO THE SAME.

London, Aug. 15, 1770.

MY DEAR LORD,

THE linen, which you were so kind as to procure me, dropped out of the clouds into my house in town last week, and is declared, by better judges than I am, very good, and very cheap. I shall not thank you for it, but on the contrary expect your thanks for giving you an opportunity of doing what always gives you pleasure, *cloathing the naked*. I am sure that, could you equally relieve all my other wants, you would; but there is no relief for the miseries of a crazy old age, but patience: and as I have many of Job's ills, thank God, I have some of his patience too, and I consider my present wretched old age as a just compensation for the follies, not to say sins, of my youth.

I send you here inclofed some melon-seed, of the best and largest canteloup kind, and also of the green Persian sort, as much as I can venture at one time with the post; but as none can be sown at this time of the year, I will from time to time send you more, so that you shall have of different kinds before the season. Adieu, my dear lord; my eyes will have it so.

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L E T T E R LXXI (a).

T O T H E S A M E .

London, Aug. 12, 1771.

M Y D E A R L O R D ,

I Received your kind letter three days ago, and make haste to acknowledge it, never knowing nor gueffing what may happen to me from one day to another. I am most prodigiously old, and every month of the kalendar adds at least a year to my age. My hand trembles to that degree that I can hardly hold my pen, my understanding stutters, and my memory fumbles. I have exhausted all the physical ills of Pandora's box, without finding hope at the bottom of it; but who can hope at seventy-seven? One must only seek for little comforts at that age. One of mine is, that all my complaints are rather teasing than torturing; and my lot, compared with that of many other people's, who deserve a better, seems rather favourable. Philosophy, and confidence in the mercy of my Creator, mutually assist me in bearing my share of physical ills, without murmuring.

I send you here inclosed two little papers of melon-seed of the best kind I ever tasted; and I shall from time to time send you more, as you cannot sow any till February.

I had the pleasure of your son's company at dinner six weeks ago, where he met lord Bristol, who observed exactly his diet, in eating no animal food, and drinking no wine, and is in better health and spirits than I ever knew him. I am glad that he goes to Nice, which I have known do a great deal of good to many people in his case. May you and he have all you wish for!

Adieu, my dear lord; I am, to you and yours,

A most faithful and affectionate servant,

C H E S T E R F I E L D .

(a) The original of this is written in a very trembling hand.

L E T -

LETTER LXXII (a).

TO THE SAME.

London, Dec. 19, 1771.

MY DEAR LORD,

I AM sure you will believe me when I tell you that I am sincerely sorry for your loss, which I received the account of yesterday, and upon which I shall make you none of the trite compliments of condolence. Your grief is just; but your religion, of which I am sure you have enough, (with the addition of some philosophy) will make you keep it within due bounds, and leave the rest to time and avocations. When your son was with me here, just before he embarked for France, I plainly saw that his consumption was too far gone to leave the least hopes of a cure, and, if he had dragged on this wretched life some few years longer, that life could have been but trouble and sorrow to you both. This consideration alone should mitigate your grief, and the care of your grandson will be a proper avocation from it. Adieu, my dear lord: may this stroke of adversity be the last you may ever experience from the hand of Providence!

Yours, most affectionately and sincerely,

CHESTERFIELD.

(a) This whole letter is in the hand of lord Chesterfield, but so altered, that, except the first line, the strokes have been covered by another hand. It preceded his death but a few months, and is probably the last he ever wrote to his dear bishop; with whom his correspondence thus closes with an office of tenderness and affection, that of comforting an afflicted parent.

LET-

LETTER LXXIII.

To THOMAS PRIOR, Esq. (a).

London, June 14, 1746.

SIR,

I THANK you for the favor of your letter, with the inclosed scheme for carrying on the war, which, if others approved of as much as I do, and the present situation of the war permitted, would be soon put in execution.

As you are one of the few in Ireland, who always think of the public, without any mixture of private, interest, I do not doubt but that you have already thought of some useful methods of employing the king's bounty to the Dublin society. The late additional tax upon glass here, as it must considerably raise the price of glass bottles imported into Ireland, seems to point out the manufacturing them there; which consideration, with a small premium added to it, would, in my mind, set up such a manufacture. Fine writing and printing paper, we have often talked of together; and the specimen you gave me before I left Dublin proves that nothing but care and industry is wanting to bring that manufacture to such a perfection as to prevent the importation of it from Holland, and through Holland from France; nay I am convinced that you might supply England with a great deal if you pleased, that is, if you would make it, as you could do, both good and cheap. Here is a man who has found out a method of making starch of potatoes, and, by the help of an engine of his own invention, to make a prodigious quantity of it in a day. But here is an act of parliament which strictly prohibits the making starch of any thing but flour. Have you such an act of parliament in Ireland? If you have not, and that you import your starch

(a) This gentleman, who had a good estate in Ireland, seems to have been particularly distinguished by lord Chesterfield, on account of his amiable qualities as a man, and his eminent ones as a good citizen and a true patriot. See what has been said of that gentleman in the memoirs, Sect. V.

from

from England, as I take it for granted that you do, for you import every thing that you can, it would be well worth this man's while to go to Ireland, and advantageous for you that he should ; his starch being to my knowledge and experience full as good, and abundantly cheaper than any other.

These are the sorts of jobs that I wish people in Ireland would attend to with as much industry and care, as they do to jobs of a very different nature. These honest arts would solidly increase their fortunes, and improve their estates, upon the only true and permanent foundation, the public good. Leave us and your regular forces in Ireland to fight for you : think of your manufactures at least as much as of your militia, and be as much upon your guard against poverty as against popery ; take my word for it, you are in more danger of the former than of the latter.

I hope my friend, the bishop of Meath, goes on prosperously with his charter schools. I call them his, for I really think that without his care and perseverance they would hardly have existed now. Though their operation is sure, yet, being slow, it is not suited to the Irish taste of *the time present only* ; and I cannot help saying, that, except in your claret, which you are very sollicitous should be two or three years old, you think less of two or three years hence than any people under the sun. If they would but wish themselves as well as I wish them, and take as much pains to promote their own true interest, as I should be glad to do to contribute to it, they would in a few years be in a very different situation from that which they are in at present. Go on, however, you and our other friends ; be not weary of well-doing, and though you cannot do all the good you would, do all the good you can.

When you write to the most worthy bishop of Cloyne (*a*), pray assure him of my truest regard and esteem, and remember me to my honest and indefatigable friend in good works doctor Madden ; and be persuaded yourself, that I am, with sincere friendship and regard,

Your most faithful humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

(*a*) Dr. Berkeley.

LET.

LETTER LXXIV.

TO THE SAME.

London, July 15, 1746.

SIR,

I Acknowledge the favour of your two letters of the 3d, and 5th; they were doubly welcome to me, as coming from one, who I know wishes so well to the public as you do, and as they brought me good accounts of the progress you make in your public-spirited views. The manufacture of glass bottles cannot possibly fail, but from want of care and industry; for as the price of glass bottles is risen considerably here, upon account of the new duty, if you would but make them in Ireland, you are sure of sale for them; and I should hope, at least that, considering the close connection there is between bottles and claret, this manufacture, *though your own*, may meet with encouragement. I think you are in the right to do it as quietly as can be, and to give your premiums without publishing them, not to alarm our glass people here; though in truth it could never be thought reasonable, nor would it, I dare say, ever be attempted here, to prohibit any manufactures in Ireland, merely for home consumption.

The paper you gave me in Ireland, though good, was not so good as it should, and as I am sure it might be with care. It was too spongy and bibulous, which proceeds only from want of care, in chusing and sorting the best rags. Some premiums for this purpose will have a great effect; and I am convinced that, if this manufacture were carefully and diligently pursued, you might in time not only entirely supply yourselves, but us too, with great part of that paper, which we now take from Holland and other countries. But then, indeed, you must make it cheap as well as good, and, contrary to your custom, content yourselves with less present profit, in order to get possession of a future and permanent advantage.

I have

I have not yet taken any step concerning the charter for the Dublin society, and I confess to you I have great doubts about it. Your society, as it is, does so very well, that I am afraid of touching it. However if you and others, who, I am sure, mean well, and can judge well, think upon the whole that a charter would be beneficial, I will endeavour to get one.

You did extremely right to open the Spaniard's letter to me, and, in consequence of it, to proceed in that humane manner with him. His post was a very considerable one in the West-Indies, and is never given but to people of consideration. In that light he deserves to have regard shewn him; but still more, in my mind, from being unfortunate. I have writ to him by this post, in answer to his. As you tell me that part of the cargo of the ship is snuff, which I should think, must be good, I shall be obliged to you, if, when it comes to be sold, you will send me twenty pounds of the strongest and deepest coloured, and ask Mr. Lingen for the money.

The death of the king of Spain must produce good effects in Italy at least.

I received a very kind letter from my charter-school apostle, the bishop of Meath, which I have not time to answer by this post, but I will soon.

I am, with the esteem which you deserve,

Your faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LET.

LETTER LXXV.

TO THE SAME.

London, July 26, 1746.

SIR,

I Received by the last post the favour of your letter of the 17th, with the inclosed account of the premiums offered for 1746. I think them all perfectly right, and, as I told you in my last, I think you will do well to pursue the manufacture of glafs bottles, with as little noise as possible. I heartily wish you success, and am, very truly,

Your faithful humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER LXXVI.

TO THE SAME.

London, Sept. 23, 1746.

SIR,

A Long and dangerous illness has hindered me from acknowledging till now, your two last letters; and though I am a great deal better, I still feel, by extreme weakness, the shock which that illness has given to a constitution too much shattered before.

Pray be under no kind of uneasiness as to the accident that happened to my letter, for I assure you I am under none myself. I confess, the printing of a letter carelessly and inaccurately written, in the freedom and confidence of a friendly correspondence, is not very agreeable, especially to me, who am so idle and negligent in my familiar letters, that I never wrote one over twice in my life, and

am

am consequently often guilty both of false spelling and false English; but as to my sentiments with regard to Ireland, I am not only willing, but desirous, that all Ireland should know them. I very well recollect the two paragraphs in my letter, which might be objected to by many people; but I recollect them without retracting them. I repeat it again that there are not many people there, who, like you, employ their thoughts, their time, and their labour, merely for the public good, without any private view. The condition of Ireland sufficiently proves that truth. How different would the state of your lands, your trade, your manufactures, your arts and sciences, have been now from what it is, had they been the objects of general, as they have been of your particular, attention! I still less recant what I said about claret, which is a known and melancholy truth; and I could add a great deal more upon that subject. Five thousand tuns of wine imported *communibus annis* into Ireland, is a sure, but indecent, proof of the excessive drinking of the gentry there, for the inferior sort of people cannot afford to drink wine there, as many of them can here; so that these five thousand tuns of wine are chiefly employed in destroying the constitutions, the faculties, and too often the fortunes, of those of superior rank, who ought to take care of all the others. Were there to be a contest between public cellars and public granaries, which do you think would carry it? I believe you will allow that a claret board, if there were one, would be much better attended than the linen board, unless *when flax-seed were to be distributed*. I am sensible that I shall be reckoned a very shallow politician, for my attention to such trifling objects, as the improvement of your lands, the extension of your manufactures, and the increase of your trade, which only tend to the advantage of the public; whereas an able lord lieutenant ought to employ his thoughts in greater matters. He should think of jobs for favourites, sops for enemies, managing parties, and engaging parliaments to vote away their own and their fellow subjects liberties and properties. But these great arts of government, I confess, are above me, and people should not go out of their depth. I will modestly be content with wishing Ireland all the good that is possible, and with doing it all the good I can; and so weak am I, that I would much rather be distinguished and remembered

by

TO HIS FRIENDS. BOOK III. LET. LXXVI. LXXVII. 401
by the name of the *Irish lord lieutenant*, than by that of the
lord lieutenant of Ireland.

My paper puts me in mind that I have already troubled
you too long, so I conclude abruptly, with assuring you
that I am, with the truest esteem,

Your faithful humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER LXXVII.

TO THE SAME.

London, Jan. 10, 1747.

SIR,

THE person who will deliver you this letter, is a most
skilful mechanic, and has made many useful disco-
veries. He is going to try his fortune in Ireland, and desi-
red me to recommend him to somebody there. I could
not refuse him, knowing his Ingenuity; and then, who
could I recommend him to so well, as to my good friend
Mr. Prior, the disinterested and zealous patron of all good
and useful things? I really think he may be of use to the
Dublin society, who I know are of very great use to the
public. If he should prove so, well and good; so far only
I recommend him to you eventually. This obligation how-
ever I have to him, that he has given me an opportunity
of assuring you of the continuance of that esteem and re-
gard with which I am,

Your most faithful humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

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LETTER LXXVIII.

TO THE SAME.

London, May, 6, 1747.

MY GOOD FRIEND,

I Have been long in your debt, and am ashamed of it; but I am sure you do me too much justice to suspect me of either fraud or negligence. The truth is, that I have as little command of time, as many people have of money; and, though my intentions are honest, I am often forced by necessity to be a very bad pay-master.

I desire that the Dublin society will dispose of that trifle that I gave them, in the manner they shall think proper. They are the best judges, and have shewn themselves so by all their past conduct. They have done more good to Ireland, with regard to arts and industry, than all the laws that could have been formed; for, unfortunately, there is a perverseness in our natures, which prompts us to resist authority, though otherwise inclined to do the thing, if left to our choice. Invitation, example, and fashion, with some premiums attending them, are, I am convinced, the only methods of bringing people in Ireland to do what they ought to do; and this is the plan of your society.

I am glad to find that your paper manufacture goes on so well. If it does but once take root with you, I am sure it will flourish; for it is the begining only of things that is difficult with you. You want stock to set out with, and patience for the returns; but when once the profit begins to be felt, you will go on as well as any people in the world.

I am surprized that the high duty upon glass here, and the suspension of the manufacture of it in some degree, has not encouraged you to apply yourselves to that part of trade, in which I am sure the profits would be very considerable, and your making your own bottles might be some little degree of equivalent for what emptying of bottles costs you. I wish every man in Ireland were obliged to

to make as many bottles as he empties, and your manufacture would be a flourishing one indeed.

I am very glad to hear that your linen board is to give no more flax-seed, but only premiums for the raising of it; for that same flax-seed was the seed of corruption, which thrived wonderfully in the soil of particular people, and produced jobs one hundred fold.

The snuff you sent me was extremely good, and I am much obliged to you for the trouble you took about it, though I know you think it no trouble to serve your friends, and hope that you reckon me in that number. I assure you I am, and I should not be the friend that I really am to Ireland, if I were not so to you, who deserve so well of your country. I know few people who, like you, employ both their time and their fortunes in doing public good, without the thoughts or expectations of private advantage: when I say advantage, I mean it in the common acceptation of the word, which, thanks to the virtue of the times, implies only money; for otherwise your advantage is very considerable, from the consciousness of the good you do; the greatest advantage which an honest mind is capable of enjoying. May you long enjoy it, with health, the next happiness to it!

I am, with the truest esteem,

Your most faithful humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD:

P. S. Pray make my compliments to the good bishop of Cloyne, when you write to him.

LETTER LXXIX.

To Dr. MADDEN (a).

London, Dec. 12, 1746.

CAN you forgive me, my dear Dr. M——, what I can scarcely forgive myself; I mean, having so long delayed my acknowledgments for your first very friendly letter? but, though I am blameable, I am not quite so much so as by the length of time it would seem, when you consider my long and dangerous illness, and since my recovery, the multiplicity of business which the late change of my situation (b) has brought upon me.

I can with the strictest truth assure you, that my sentiments of esteem and friendship for you are in no degree lessened, and I am sure never will be, since they are founded upon your love and zeal for mankind in general, your country and friends in particular, which I am sure will never end but with your life. I have read your work with great satisfaction (c); it is full * * * * *

A concurrence of circumstances has obliged me to change an easy for a laborious employment, in which too, I fear it will be much less in my power to do good, than it was in my former. It may seem vain to say so, but I will own that I thought I could, and began to hope that I should, do some good in Ireland. I flattered myself that I had put jobs a little out of fashion, and your own manufactures a little in fashion, and that I had in some degree discouraged the pernicious and beastly practice of drinking, with many other pleasing visions of public good. At least I am sure I was earnest in my wishes, and would have been assiduous in my endeavours for it. Fortune, chance, or providence, call it which you will, has removed me from you, and has assigned me another destination, but has not, I am sure, changed my inclinations, wishes, or my efforts, upon occasion,

(a) The Rev. Dr. Samuel Madden first institutor of the Dublin society. A more particular account of that extraordinary man may be seen in the memoirs, Sect. V. The copy of this letter is endorsed "22 Dec. 1746, Copy; Chesterfield's letter to Dr. Madden."

(b) His acceptance of the seals as secretary of state.

(c) Probably a tragedy in manuscript inscribed to lord Chesterfield. It is now in the possession of Mr. Sheridan, to whom it was bequeathed as a legacy by the author.

for

for the interest and prosperity of Ireland ; and I shall always retain the truest affection for, and remembrance of, that country ; I wish I could say of that rich, flourishing, and industrious nation. I hope it will in time be so, and I even think it makes some progress that way, though not so quick as I could wish ; but however, there are righteous enough to save the city, and the examples of you, and many of your friends, will, I hope, prove happily and beneficially contagious. I did flatter myself, a little before my removal, that I should * * *

Continue me, dear sir, your friendship and remembrance, which I will say that in some degree I deserve, by the sincere regard and esteem with which I am,

Your most faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD:

P. S. Pray make my compliments to the worthy bishop of Meath, to whom I will write soon, and likewise to my friend Mr. Prior.

LETTER LXXX (a).

To Dr. WHITCOMBE, then Bishop of Clonfert, and afterwards Archbishop of Cashel.

1753, or 1754.

MY GOOD LORD,

I Find that you are still what I always knew you, active to promote the improvement and advantage of Ireland, and that you do me the justice to believe that I sincerely wish them.

The two schemes which your lordship communicated to me, in the favour of your letter of the 8th, will, in my opinion, greatly tend to those good purposes. That for the improvement of useful literature in the university of Dublin is, I think, an extreme good one, and I wish

(a) The original of this letter was not sent.

it

it may be steadily pursued, though I cannot, with the same degree of faith, say that I expect it will; however I think it should be tried, and carried as far as it will go: whether the professorships should be continued, and appropriated to fellows of the college singly, is what I can possibly form no opinion upon, not being well acquainted enough with the present situation of the college, and the abilities of the fellows, but I should rather think that they ought to be given to those, whether fellows or not, who, from their eminence in those several branches of learning, deserve them best: but this rule too of *detur digniori*, your lordship must not expect will be scrupulously observed. That part of the plan, which relates to writing and speaking the English language with purity and elegance hath, in my opinion, long been one of the *desiderata* both in Ireland and England, where pedantry and an affectation of learning have, in pursuit of two dead languages, which can never be known correctly, let our own be neglected to such a degree, that though we have ten thousand Greek and Latin grammars and dictionaries, we have not yet a single one on English (b).

The other scheme, for encouraging foreign Protestants to settle in Ireland, is a most excellent one. I have long wished, and the nation long wanted it. The first foundation of it, consisting only of some voluntary subscriptions, can be but narrow, and, what is worse, precarious; consequently will persuade very few foreigners to expatriate themselves, in the uncertainty of finding a permanent establishment elsewhere. However, it will be very right to give a beginning and a form to that scheme as soon as possible; and then I should hope, that your next session of parliament, finding a foundation laid, for that is the difficulty, would contribute largely and solidly to extend that foundation, and to raise a superstructure upon it which would be of such real advantage to their country. They are very well able to do it; the public revenues being considerably increased, not to mention that an additional number of inhabitants would increase them still more. Money disbursed upon such a charitable, as well as poli-

(b) The case is now much altered; the number of English grammars being actually very considerable. Indeed lord Chesterfield seems to have overlooked Dr. Wallis's grammar, the best, perhaps, that was composed for any language. Dr. Johnson's grammar and dictionary were not yet published.

tical

tical account, is money prudently placed at interest both for this world and the next. Your lordship may depend upon my exerting my utmost endeavours to promote and recommend so useful a design, and the more so, because that, from your lordship being at the head of it, I can safely answer for its being faithfully and skilfully carried on.

I am, with the greatest truth and esteem,

Your lordship's

most obedient humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R LXXXI (a).

To Captain IRWINE, at Paris.

London, April 4, O. S. 1749.

SIR,

I send you the letter of recommendation to Mr. Villettes (b), which you desired, by yours to Mr. Grevenkop; but I fear that he will be gone from Turin before you arrive there. But in that case you will find a young Academician and his governor there, who will be very glad to do you any service, and to whom I have sent orders upon that subject. They will take the carnival at Venice, in their way, where you will likewise probably meet them, for I take it for granted that you will contrive to see that uncommon ceremony. It is worth your while. There will be a much greater ceremony next

(a) This, and the ten following letters, were most obligingly communicated to me by sir John Irwine, knight of the Bath, lieutenant-general and commander in chief of his majesty's forces in Ireland. They are printed from the originals.

(b) Arthur Villettes, esq; his majesty's envoy at the court of Turin, and afterwards employed under the same denomination at Bern. He is now retired at Bath, where he enjoys the distinction due to great merit and virtue. He was one of lord Chesterfield's friends.

Christmas

Christmas at Rome, which, at all events, I think you ought to see; that is, the grand jubilee, which is celebrated but once in fifty years. So that, young as you are, if you do not see it then, you probably never will; and, upon so extraordinary an occasion, I cannot suppose that your father will refuse to prolong your leave of absence. For my own part, I think it so well worth seeing, that I send my young traveller there, though it very much shortens the stay which I originally intended that he should make at the academy at Turin. I return you my sincere thanks for the favour of your letter, with the inclosed speech of monsieur de Richelieu, which is perfectly in character, and, I dare say, all his own.

Any instance of your friendship and remembrance will always be agreeable to one, who is, with those sentiments of esteem, with which I am,

SIR,

Your most faithful humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER LXXXII.

TO THE SAME, at Dublin.

SIR,

London, Oct. 26, 1749.

YOU judge very right in believing that I take a part in what concerns Ireland; I do, and always shall, though an unavailing one. You judged as right too, in thinking that no accounts of that country could come to me from a more welcome hand than yours. Nothing can be better or more clearly stated, than your account of the present *important* transactions relative to Charles Lucas apothecary at Dublin, who, I believe, is the first apothecary that ever was voted an enemy to his country. That apothecary's stuff, of which, till now, only the recipes were printed, will henceforwards be universally taken, and make a part of the Dublin Dispensatory. In the book

book of holy martyrs, there are many Charles Lucases, whose names would hardly have been known in their own times, but certainly never transmitted down to ours, if they had not been broiled a little; and the obscure Dr. Sacheverell's fortune was made by a parliamentary prosecution, much about the same time that the French prophets were totally extinguished by a puppet-show. Great souls are sometimes desirous to purchase fame at the expence of their bodies. If Charles Lucas, apothecary, is one of those, one should congratulate him upon this occasion. But if his views were, as from his profession I should be very apt to think they were, of a much *lower nature*, one ought to condole with him upon the suspension of them, at least for some time. In this uncertainty I withhold my compliments of either kind, to Charles Lucas, apothecary.

But let us come to a better subject. Pray are you major, or only captain still? For greater security I direct this to you, by the latter title, but if in so doing I injure you, I will publish my recantation upon the back of my next. But in either case, I hope you have not laid aside the thoughts of going abroad again. You have travelled a little with great profit; travel again, and it will be with still greater. The knowledge of the manners, the language, and the government of the several countries of Europe is well worth two years delay of military promotion, supposing that should be the case. I am, with great truth,

Your faithful humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LET-

LETTER LXXXIII.

To Major IRWINE, Dublin.

Greenwich, Sept. 1, 1751.

SIR,

SHOULD you ever be miserable enough to want my assistance, or I unexpectedly happy enough to be able to give you any, your commands will want no preamble to introduce, nor excuses to attend them. My friendship and esteem for you will sufficiently incline, though your situation will not sufficiently enable, me to serve you.

Lord Albemarle is too good a courtier, and I too bad a one, for us to have met more than once, since his return to England. I have twice endeavoured to see him, but to no purpose, since you desired me to speak to him, but I will persevere till I do; not that I think I can be of any use to you there, but that you may not think that I would omit the least possible occasion of being so. If lord George Sackville is sincerely in your interest, your affair will certainly do, as he has not only a great deal to say with his father, but as he is the duke of Cumberland's military man of confidence in Ireland. I heartily wish that you could get to be lieutenant-colonel to your father's regiment, because with that rank, at your age, the rest would do itself. And if you can get the consent of the government, I would advise you not to haggle with * * * about the price, but to make him a *pont d'or* to go out upon.

My young man has been with me here this fortnight, and in most respects, I am very well satisfied with him; his knowledge is sound and extensive, and by all that I have yet observed, his heart is what I could wish it. But for his air and manners, Paris has still a great deal to do. He stoops excessively, which I have known *some very pretty fellows* do, though he dances very well; and as to manners, the easy and genteel turn *d'un honnête homme* is yet very much wanting. I shall carry him with me in a fortnight to Bath for the season, where I shall rub him till his re-exportation to Paris, which will be the

TO HIS FRIENDS. BOOK III. LET. LXXIII. LXXXIV. 411

the first week in November, for near a year more. I hardly flatter myself with the hopes of seeing you at Bath this season; nor indeed would I advise you to leave Ireland, till your affair is decided one way or other. The observation, *que les absens ont toujours tort*, (that the absent always come off worst) is in general true, and in your case, would be particularly true in regard to a certain general whom I know.

I am extremely obliged to you for your kindness to your lieutenant Heathcote, in which I think I have some share, though I hope and believe he deserves it personally.

I will end this abruptly, rather than employ the common words to assure you of the uncommon esteem and friendship with which I am

Your most faithful humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

P. S. Pray make my compliments to the primate, and to the house of Clements.

LETTER LXXXIV.

TO THE SAME.

London, April 25, 1752.

SIR,

I AM two letters in your debt, a debt which I am more inclined to acknowledge, than able to pay. Yours bring me informations, mine can only return you thanks. I make you therefore no excuse for the delay, possibly I deserve your thanks for it. I live too much out of the world to entertain you, and lately I have lived too much out of it to entertain myself; for I have been for these last two months extremely deaf, from what cause I know not any more than the doctors whom I have consulted; but the effects I still feel, though not in quite so great a degree. This makes me very disagreeable, both to myself, and to the few people with whom I desire to converse; and puts me in the situation of a man who understands at best but half the language of the country he lives

lives in. If the weather, which is hitherto very bad, would but mend a little, and look something like summer, I would settle at Blackheath, where I can amuse myself by myself, better than in town.

As well as I can judge at this distance, from the various accounts I have had of your squabbles and quarrels in Ireland, *c'est tout comme chez nous*. The great point is who shall govern the government; and I presume that all heads have been too busy upon that point, to think one moment of the real interest of Ireland. What an effusion of claret must all this have occasioned! for it is a maxim, that business is best done over a bottle, and that people are never so fit for it, as when they are fit for nothing else. I make no doubt but that there has more claret been drank over the barracks this winter than will be drank in them these ten years. And I wonder the bridge was not agreed to, considering the national aversion to water. I not only hope, but am persuaded, that you do not give into this *cochonnerie*, which ungentlemanly every body. A sprightly *débauche* now and then is very well; but the dull, sedate, and continued guzzling of claret is very unbecoming to a young fellow.

I find that Dublin has been this winter the seat of pleasure, as well as of war. We have heard of the magnificence of your balls and entertainments. They are liberal and proper diversions, and, with submision to the grave and the wise, that luxury and expence is beneficial to the public. It employs many hands, and circulates property, provided that luxury be confined to home produce.

We have married you here to the daughter of lady * * *, but that is no proof that you have married yourself to her in Ireland. If you have, I heartily wish you joy, for it is possible that there may be joy in marriage. In either case, I hope we shall see you this year in England. You have attended your post as a major long enough, I should think, to be allowed a furlow for next winter; and I take it for granted that your whole regiment is very perfect now, in the round-about way of doing every thing. I assure you that of all your friends here, none can with more satisfaction and sincerity tell you they are so, than

Your faithful humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.
LET-

LETTER LXXXV.

TO THE SAME.

London, Dec. 29, 1753.

SIR,

I Thought at least that I perfectly understood the meaning of all your disputes in Ireland, while they related only to the roasting or the *Boyleing* (pardon a written quibble) of Arthur Jones Nevil Esq; and I heard of them with the same indifference with which I formerly heard of those of Charles Lucas, apothecary. Those objects were indifferent to me, because I thought them so to Ireland; and I humbly apprehended that the only point in question was the old one, who should govern the governor. But now I confess my indifference ceases, and my astonishment and concern, as a sincere well-wisher to Ireland, begin. I cannot comprehend this last point carried by five, which was merely national, and which has excited such general joy and drunkennes; and I have the failing of all little minds, I am apt to suspect and dislike whatever I do not understand. I know nothing of the arguments on either side, nor how groundless, or how well grounded, they may severally be; but this I know, that the dispute, being now become national, must come to a decision, and how favourable to Ireland that decision is likely to be, the enemies of Ireland will, I fear, foresee and foretell with pleasure. I observe that whole provinces splendidly proclaim in the news papers the Bacchanals they have lately celebrated; that of Munster has in particular favoured the public with a list of the toasts, in which, I think, I discover all the guards of prudence, all the depths of policy, and all the urbanity of refined and delicate satire. I am informed too that these disputes have, to a great degree, revived that antient, Gothick, humane, sensible, and equitable method of decision of right and wrong, the *duellum*, or single combat. In short, you are all in a violent fever, not without some paroxysms of delirium,

for

for which I fear your father in law and my friend Dr. Barry, whom I very sincerely love and esteem, has no cure. Pray tell him that I do not take this (to use our terms of physic) to be the *febricula*, or slow fever, but a high and inflammatory one, *mali moris*, and subject to exacerbations.

Friends may, and often do, among themselves, laugh and quibble upon subjects, in which however they take a very serious part. I have done so with you, though, upon my word, I am truly affected with the present situation of affairs in Ireland, from which I expect no one good, but fear many ill, consequences. Your own personal situation at Dublin, I should imagine, cannot be now very agreeable, and therefore, as you have, for so long together, discharged the duties of a diligent, indefatigable officer, (and husband too I hope) why should you not come over here, to see *your uncle* and other friends? among whom you will, I can assure you, see none more truly and sincerely so, than

Your most faithful humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER LXXXVI.

TO THE SAME.

London, Mar. 7, 1754.

SIR,

A Long and painful illness has hindered me from thanking you sooner for the favour of your letters, which contained very clear accounts of the late important transactions in Ireland. However strong the ferment may still be, I will venture to affirm that it must and will subside to a certain degree, before the next session of parliament, I mean with regard to the national point. It is not tenable, and upon cooler thoughts will, I am convinced, appear so to many of those who, from personal piques and sudden heat, were hurried into

into it. I dare answer for it that the speaker himself wishes that it had never been stirred, and I dare say will contrive to have it dropped in the next session. I am sure he wishes well to his country, and upon reflection he must be sensible that a national dispute with England upon a point so intirely unsupported by either law or prudence, can by no means tend to the good of Ireland. Dr. Barry, I know, thinks exactly as I do upon this subject, and I dare say will administer, whenever he is consulted, emollient, quieting, and cooling medicines. If it would but please God, by his lightning, to blast all the vines in the world, and by his thunder to turn all the wines now in Ireland sour, as I most sincerely wish he would, Ireland would enjoy a degree of quiet and plenty that it has never yet known. By the way, I am not so partial neither to Ireland, as not to pray for the same blessing for this my native country, notwithstanding the grief and desolation which I know it would occasion in our two learned universities, the body of our clergy, and among our knights of shires, burgesses, &c. and in general among all those worthy honest gentlemen, who toast and are toasted. But I will leave these public considerations, of which I am a remote and insignificant spectator, and indulge the tender sentiments of private friendship. Is it possible that my worthy friend, George Faulkner, can even for a moment have seen a vile cudgel impending over his head? Who can think himself safe, when gravity of deportment, dignity of character, candor, impartiality, and even a wooden leg, are no longer a protection? This rough manner of treating a man of letters, which my friend must be allowed to be, implies perhaps more zeal than knowledge; at least I never met with it among the canons of criticism. If my friend discovered upon this occasion some degree of human weakness, his other half, at least, exerted the undaunted spirit of a Roman wife. Why is she not lady Faulkner? And why are they not blessed with a numerous issue, the happy compound of their father's stoicism, and their mother's heroism? I have had several pacquets from my friend since this affair happened, but he has never touched upon it, prudently observing, I presume, the advice of Horace, *Quæ desperes tractata nitescere posse, relinque.* (Whatever cannot be improved by handling, is best let alone.)

Are

Are there are no hopes of seeing you in England this summer, and have you any of getting into the new parliament? I shall take a longer journey as soon as the season will give me leave, for I shall go to drink the waters of Aix-la-Chapelle and Spa, in hopes of recovering some degree of my strength and spirits, which my late illness robbed me of, not to prolong my life, for which I assure you I would not take so much trouble, but to make it less burthensome while it lasts. Deafness alone is a sufficient misfortune, but weakness and dispiritedness, added to it, complete it. From such a being as I am, this letter is already too long, and may probably infect you with the *ennui*, which the writer commonly feels, except in the moment in which he assures you that he is, with the greatest truth,

Your most faithful humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

Pray, make my compliments to my good friend the doctor.

L E T T E R LXXXVII.

T O T H E S A M E.

London, March 15, 1757.

SIR,

THE installation is to be at Windsor on this day fortnight the 29th; it is a foolish piece of pageantry, but worth seeing once. The ceremony in the chapel is the most solemn, and consequently the silliest, part of the show. The tickets for that operation are the pretended property of the dean and chapter. I will take care to procure you one. I will also try to procure you a ticket for the feast, though it is full late. There you will dine very ill and very inconveniently, but however with the comfort of hearing the style

style and titles of the puissant knights proclaimed by Gar-
ter king at arms. I take it for granted that Mrs. Irwine
is to be of your Windsor party, and I will endeavour to
accommodate you both as far as I can. She made you
too favourable a report of my health which you have too
easily believed, from wishing it true. It is vegetation at
most, and I should be very sorry if my fellow vegetables
at Blackheath were not in a more lively and promising
state than

Your most faithful servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

To the Honourable Colonel IRWINE.

Indorsed, August 1762.

SIR,

I SHALL be most extremely glad to see you and the
good company you mention to-morrow at dinner. I
have not seen the doctor since he has given himself up to
women, and I was afraid that he had forgot me.

Mr. Hutchinson* is one whom I have wanted long to
see, more than he could to see me; but what is the worst
of it is, that I am in the case of ***** with relation to
him, which is, that I cannot see him, without his seeing
me. However, you will let him know that I have been
dead these twelve years, by way of preparing him to see
a mind and body equally decayed. I am, with the greatest
truth and esteem,

Your most faithful humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

Sunday night.

* The present provost of Trinity College, Dublin.

VOL. III.

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LET-

LETTER LXXXIX.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, Nov. 21, 1768.

I BELIEVE, my dear general, that you are the first English traveller that could bring testimonials from Paris of having kept good company there. I know the reason of it; but I will not tell you, because I am sure you know it yourself as well as I do. Our friend seems to know it too, and, in justice to her, I send you here inclosed her letter which you brought. In seeing my old acquaintance, the marechal de Richelieu, you saw without exception the greatest, but at the same time the prettiest, coxcomb in Europe. To be sure, he did not say a word of Minorca, Genoa, or lower Saxony. Your late debate about Corsica was surely a very idle one. How can we hinder the French from taking Corsica, but by a war with France? And how can we make that war? Where can we find the money for it? Where can we find a minister to conduct it? And where an Eugene or Marlborough to command it? Do not put the *Gentle Shepherd* upon me for all these *wheres*. Besides, I fear there is a very sore place in this affair. What will you, gentlemen of the lower house, do with Wilkes the defender of our liberty? Do not wonder at my question, for I know that not a fortnight ago one minister asked another that very question, and was answered, *I do not know*. As they puzzled themselves into this difficulty, I confess I want to see how they will puzzle themselves out of it. * * * * *

My old kinsman and cotemporary * is at last dead, and for the first time quiet. He had the start of me at his birth by one year and two months, and I think we shall observe the same distance at our burial. I own I feel for his death, not because it will be my turn next, but be-

* Thomas Holles, duke of Newcastle.

cause

cause I knew him to be very good-natured, and his hands to be extremely clean, and even too clean if that were possible; for, after all the great offices, which he had held for fifty years, he died three hundred thousand pounds poorer than he was when he first came into them. A very unministerial proceeding! It is a common observation, that blind people are apt to be talkative, and it is no less true (as you find to your cost) that deaf people are apt to be *writative*; but I am only so *quoad hunc*, and from a desire of expressing the true friendship and esteem with which I am

Your most faithful humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER XC.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, Nov. 27, 1768.

SIR,

HOW can un mylord *Anglois* answere a letter *frappée au coin du bon ton de Paris*, (that bears the stamp of the Paris *bon ton*) where flattery passes only for common civility? I must content myself with telling you, in home-spun English, that I thank you heartily for your letter which I received yesterday; and though I know you flatter me, I am extremely pleased with your thinking me worth your flattery. *Tu m'aduli, ma tu mi piaci*, (you flatter me, but you please me) is a very true Italian saying, which self-love, if sincere, would confess.

Conway's motion was the only sensible one that could be made, now that the people called ministers (as the news papers call the Quakers) have bungled themselves into a situation of not being able to do any thing quite right.

I am much obliged to you, and through you to Madame de Choiseul, for communicating to me the verses, of the chevalier de Bouflers; they are exceedingly pretty

E e 2 and,

and, had you not told me the author, I should have mistaken them for Voltaire's, a mistake which no author could have no reason to take ill. The 9th line is extremely pretty, though not quite new; but the last line of all is new, true, and wonderfully delicate, perhaps too delicate for our solid found classical judges to relish, who will call it *French tinsel*.

I will abruptly wish you good night; and am

Your most faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER XCI.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, Aug. 6, 1769.

SIR,

I AM extremely obliged to you for the favour of your letter; it informs me of an event which I should hardly have believed from a less authentic hand than yours. The journey to Wootton seems to confirm the reunion of the triumvirate; but still it is a triumvirate, and a triumvirate consists of three, who, without an Athanasian unity, which is not to be expected, will be subject to accidents and jealousies. This I am sure of, that it is the interest of all the three to keep strictly united. It will alarm the administration; but still I think they will hold it out another year, by certain ways and means, which the payment of the civil debts will enable them to put in practice, and you well know that the votes in both the chaste houses of parliament are counted, not weighed. Another thing will be of use to the administration, which is, that factious and seditious spirit that has appeared of late in petitions, associations, &c. which shocks all sober thinking people, and will hinder them from going so far as otherwise they would have gone. At the latter end of king Charles the second's reign, the two belligerant parties

ties

ties remonstrated and addressed, upon which my grandfather Halifax told the king, that the remonstrants spit in his face, and that the addressers spit in his mouth. The livery petition seems to be of the former kind. But enough of politics, which, from long disuse, and seeing them at present only remotely and through a mist, I must necessarily talk absurdly about.

As to my own decayed carcase, which you so kindly inquire after, I can only tell you that it crumbles away daily; my eyes are still so bad, that they are of little use to a deaf man, who lived by reading alone; many other physical ills croud upon me, and I have drained Pandora's box, without finding hope at the bottom. The taxes that nature lays upon old age are very heavy; and I would rather that death would constrain at once, than groan longer under the burthen.

Pray, how have I deserved some compliments in your letter? I cannot recollect that I have ever offended you; I never made you any compliments, and I am sure that I do not make you one now, when I assure you that I am, with the truest esteem and friendship,

Your most faithful humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

Pray, make my compliments to *tutti quanti* where you are, with whom I have passed the most agreeable time of my life formerly at Stowe.

LET.

LETTER XCII*.

From Dr. SWIFT to the Earl of CHESTERFIELD.

November 10, 1730.

MY LORD,

I WAS positively advised by a friend, whose opinion has much weight with me, and who has a great veneration for your lordship, to venture a letter of solicitation: and it is the first request of this kind that I ever made, since the public changes, in times, persons, measures, and opinions, drove me into distance and obscurity.

There is an honest man, whose name is Launcelot; he has been long a servant to my lord Sussex: he married a relation of mine, a widow, with a tolerable jointure; which, depending upon a lease which the duke of Grafton suffered to expire about three years ago, sunk half her little fortune. Mr. Launcelot had many promises from the duke of Dorset, while his grace held that office which is now in your lordship†; but they all failed, after the usual fate that the bulk of court-suiters must expect.

I am very sensible that I have no manner of claim to the least favour from your lordship, whom I have hardly the honor to be known to, although you were always pleased to treat me with much humanity, and with more distinction than I could pretend to deserve. I am likewise conscious of that demerit which I have largely shared with all those who concerned themselves in a court and ministry, whose maxims and proceedings have been ever since so much exploded. But your lordship will grant me leave to say, that, in those times, when any persons of the ejected party came to court, and were of tolerable consequence, they never failed to succeed in any reasonable request they made for a friend. And, when I some-

* Though these three letters have been printed already, yet as they are so characteristic, and do so much honor to our noble author, it was thought not improper to detach them from the voluminous collection, in which they are dispersed, to unite them in this.

† The earl of Chesterfield was then lord steward of his majesty's household.

times

times added my poor solicitations, I used to quote the then ministers a passage in the Gospel, *the poor* (meaning their own dependents) *you have always with you, &c.*

This is the strongest argument I have, to intreat your lordship's favour from Mr. Launcelot, who is a perfect honest man, and as loyal as you could wish. His wife, my near relation, has been my favourite from her youth, and as deserving as it is possible for one of her level. It is understood, that some little employments about the court may be often in your lordship's disposal; and that my lord Sussex will give Mr. Launcelot the character he deserves: and then let my petition be (to speak in my own trade) a drop in the bucket.

Remember, my lord, that, although this letter be long, yet what particularly concerns my request is but of a few lines.

I shall not congratulate with your lordship upon any of your present great employments, or upon the greatest that can possibly be given to you; because you are one of those very few, who do more honour to a court, than you can possibly receive from it, which I take to be a greater compliment to a court than it is to your lordship.

I am,

My lord, &c.

LETTER XCIII.

From the Earl of CHESTERFIELD to Doctor SWIFT.

Hague, Dec. 15, N. S. 1730.

SIR,

YOU need not have made any excuse to me for your solicitation: on the contrary, I am proud of being the first person, to whom you have thought it worth the while to apply since those changes, which, you say, drove you into distance and obscurity. I very well know the person you recommend to me, having lodged at his

at his house a whole summer at Richmond. I have always heard a very good character of him, which alone would incline me to serve him; but your recommendation, I can assure you, will make me impatient to do it. However, that he may not again meet with the common fate of court-suitors, nor I lie under the imputation of making court-promises, I will exactly explain to you how far it is likely I may be able to serve him.

When first I had this office, I took the resolution of turning out nobody; so that I shall only have the disposal of those places, that the death of the present possessors will procure me. Some old servants, that have served me long and faithfully, have obtained the promises of the first four or five vacancies; and the early solicitations of some of my particular friends have tied me down for about as many more. But, after having satisfied these engagements, I do assure you, Mr. Launcelot shall be my first care. I confess, his prospect is more remote than I could have wished it; but as it is so remote, he will not have the uneasiness of a disappointment, if he gets nothing; and if he gets something, we shall both be pleased.

As for his political principles, I am in no manner of pain about them. Were he a Tory, I would venture to serve him, in the just expectation that, should I ever be charged with having preferred a Tory, the person, who was the author of my crime, would likewise be the author of my vindication.

I am, with real esteem,

SIR,

Your most obedient humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LET.

LETTER XCIV.

From Dean SWIFT to the Earl of CHESTERFIELD.

January 5, 1730-1.

MY LORD,

IRETURN your lordship my most humble thanks for the honor and favour of your letter, and desire your justice to believe, that, in writing to you a second time, I have no design of giving you a second trouble. My only end at present is to beg your pardon for a fault of ignorance. I ought to have remembered, that the arts of courts are like those of play; where, if the most expert be absent for a few months, the whole system is so changed, that he hath no more skill than a new beginner. Yet I cannot but wish, that your lordship had pleased to forgive one, who has been an utter stranger to public life above sixteen years. Buffy Rabutin himself, the politest person of his age, when he was recalled to court after a long banishment, appeared ridiculous there: and what could I expect from my antiquated manner of addressing your lordship in the prime of your life, in the height of fortune, favour, and merit; so distinguished by your active spirit, and greatness of your genius? I do here repeat to your lordship, that I lay the fault of my misconduct entirely on a friend, whom I exceedingly love and esteem, whom I dare not name, and who is as bad a courtier by nature as I am grown by want of practice. God forbid that your lordship should continue in an employment, however great and honorable, where you only can be an ornament to the court so long, until you have an opportunity to provide offices for a dozen low people, like the poor man, whom I took the liberty to mention! And God forbid, that, in one particular branch of the king's family, there should ever be such a mortality, as to take away a dozen of meaner servants in less than a dozen years!

Give me leave, in further excuse of my weakness, to confess, that besides some hints from my friends, your lordship

lordship is in great measure to blame, for your obliging manner of treating me in every place where I had the honor to see you; which I acknowledge to have been a distinction that I had not the least pretence to, and consequently as little to ground upon it the request of a favour.

As I am an utter stranger to the present forms of the world, I have imagined more than once, that your lordship's proceeding with me, may be a refinement introduced by yourself: and that as, in my time, the most solemn and frequent promises of great men usually failed, against all probable appearances, so that single slight one of your lordship may, by your generous nature, early succeed against all visible impossibilities (a).

I am, &c.

(a) And so it did; lord Chesterfield having soon found an opportunity of providing for the person recommended by Dean Swift.

I am happy in the opportunity of communicating to the public the three following letters, from lord Chesterfield to lord Stair, which were sent to me in the most obliging manner by a person of distinction in Scotland, whose name I am not at liberty to mention, but whom I desire to accept my public thanks for this favor. They are of such a nature as to make me, and I trust, every one of my readers, regret that there are so few of them.

LET-

LETTER XCV.

To the Earl of STAIR.

London, Sept. 3, 1739.

MY LORD,

BY the return of the messenger, by whom I received the favour of your letter, with the inclosed papers, I writ to lord Marchmont my poor sentiments upon the points in question. I thought it the same as writing to you; but chose to direct it rather to him, because the messenger told me, he should see him first. I shall say no more now, by the common post, upon that subject, than that I thought the first part of the plan extremely right; but the latter part rather ill-timed now, and would not have the effect proposed or hoped for. What do you say to the vigor of our administration? The sleeping lion is roused; and a hundred and twenty men of war now in commission, and forty thousand land forces in England, will shew our enemies abroad, that they have presumed too much and too long upon sir Robert's pacific temper. I say this on the supposition and hopes that these land forces are only raised against our common enemies abroad, and not against sir Robert's enemies at home; though I know which I believe. It is reported too, but I don't know with what grounds, that this parliament is this session to be continued seven years longer, upon pretence that, in this time of danger, the nation is not in a proper temper to meet and chuse new representatives. Violent as this step may seem, I cannot think it is totally improbable, when I combine several circumstances; but this I know, that, if it is taken, there is an end of us, I mean constitutionally. Your visit to Ireland is a sign of your good health and spirits, which I rejoice at, and wish you the long continuance of, as much as any man upon earth can do, being, I am sure, as much as any man upon earth can be,

My dear lord,

Your most faithful humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LET.

LETTER XCVI.

TO THE SAME.

London, Dec. 3, 1739.

MY DEAR LORD,

SINCE I troubled you last, I have three letters from you to acknowledge. As to the two first, you will have heard from all your friends here, that the D. of A. is by no means as yet ripe to come into any of those propositions. I both think and hope he will by next year; but, in the mean time, he must be stroked and not spurred. The plan inclosed in your letter, which I received yesterday, is, in my opinion, a perfect right one, and is now followed by many corporations in England, in their instructions to their members; and ought to have been so by all the counties, if those, who at the end of last session of parliament undertook that province, had not either carelessly or wilfully neglected it till the assizes were over, which has now made it impossible for this year. The bill, to limit the number of placemen in parliament, is to be brought in after the holidays, and will, I suppose, be as soon rejected; after which, it will be necessary to print the names of those who voted for or against it; and then fresh instructions from every county or borough, both in England and Scotland, wherever they can be obtained, and, I believe, they may from almost every county, and a great majority of the boroughs will come with still greater weight next year. As for postponing the money bills till such a bill be agreed to, which is what you propose, and what is likewise mentioned in the instructions of the city of London, I find that will not do; because, to tell you the plain truth, many of the opposition do not in their hearts greatly relish the place bill itself, which they think might prove a clog upon their administration, and they will by no means hear of any thing like a tack, or a postponing of the money bills. If the whole opposition meant the same thing as you and I do, they would most certainly entertain this measure, which is

is the only one that can recover the constitution; all others are but temporary palliatives: for while the houses of lords and commons are absolutely in the power of the crown, as they visibly now are, we have no constitution, and the crown alone is, without a mystery, the three branches of the legislature. But unfortunately, I doubt, this is what many people desire as heartily as you and I wish the contrary. Sir Robert's health is thought to be very precarious, and there are many of us who already anticipate in their thoughts the joyful moment, which they think not remote, of coming into power; and consequently, far from desiring to make shackles for themselves, are rather willing to continue those upon the people which sir Robert has forged for them. This, I own, is a melancholy case; but I fear it is too much the case. The persons you allude to, that you think might be prevailed with to act against sir Robert, are not to be moved. They have been tried, and their own interest in so doing has been manifestly shewn them, but to no purpose. They consider money as their own interest, and would not venture the suspension of a quarter's salary to save the whole nation. This, my dear lord, is our wretched situation, from whence, I think, little good can arise. Union among ourselves cannot be expected, where our views are so widely different. This sir Robert knows, and triumphs in. I despair of either doing good or seeing any done; yet, while I live, I assure you, I will endeavour it. I wish my country well, and upon that principle alone must wish you so; but many other considerations concur to make me honor and esteem you as I do, and to form that attachment and friendship with which I shall ever be,

My dear lord,

Most faithfully yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

LET.

LETTER XCVII.

TO THE SAME.

MY DEAR LORD,

I WISH I had any thing better than thanks to return you for your several letters, but unfortunately I can send you no accounts from hence, that I can write or you read with satisfaction. The opposition is in truth become no opposition at all; is looked upon already in that light by the court, and, I am afraid, will soon be so by the whole nation. The views of the individuals are too different for them to draw together. Some few mean the public good, and they are for acting and pushing of constitutional measures; but many more mean only their private interest, and they think public inaction and secret negotiations the most conducive to it. They consider sir Robert's life as a bad one, and desire, by their submision and tameness, to recommend themselves to be his successors. The court, they say, is too strong to be overcome by opposition; that is, in truth, they think it would be too strong for their impatience for power upon any terms. In this distracted state of the opposition, you will not be surprized that nothing is done, and that the court triumphs. Those of your friends here, with whom I am connected, wish, as I do, many things which it is not in our power to bring about, and which would only discover our weakness to attempt. My only hopes are from the spirit of the nation in the next election, where, if we exert, I think there are hopes of having a better parliament than this. In your part of the kingdom more may be done with effect in that affair than in this part, where the influence of the court is more powerful; and I hope, therefore, you will all exert at that last struggle for our constitution. We are to have here next week a general meeting, to settle the elections for the next parliament, in which, I make no doubt, but those who have ruined the opposition will use their endeavours to frustrate this design too; but still I hope, it will have some good effect, though to

to be sure not so good a one as if we all meant the same thing. The place bill comes in on Tuesday next, and will be thrown out the same day. Some of our patriots will rant that day, *par manière d'acquit*, by permission from the court, and then the session is ended. I shewed your paper upon that subject to some of my friends, who will endeavour to make what use they can of it.

Your old friend lord Cathcart kissed the king's hand yesterday, for the command of the intended expédition. Some say it is against Cuba; others, against Buenos Ayres; but none know, and the secret is inviolably kept. For my own part, wherever it is intended, I have a very bad opinion of the success of it, when I know that nobody capable of forming a right plan has been consulted in it, and that no officer able to conduct it is well enough at court to be employed in it.

As I have writ all this to you *à cœur ouvert*, I beg it may go no further, it being better that the real wretched state of the opposition should not be universally known, though, I fear, it is but too well guessed at. It might discourage, and could do no good.

If all meant as well as you do, I should, with more hopes and better spirits, take what little part I am able; but I confess that, in the present situation of things, I rather content myself with not doing ill, than hope to do any good. I will keep my conscience and my character clear, wish what I should, and do what I can, *et pour le reste, alors comme alors*. But in all situations, pleased and proud of being reckoned in the number of those who love and value you as you deserve, and who wish you in a condition of doing your country all the good you are both so desirous and so able to do it. Adieu, my dear lord; believe me,

Most faithfully yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

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