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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**

Lord Chesterfield's Letters to his Friends. Book II. Letters To Solomon
Dayrolles, Of Henley-Park; Esq; And To Some Other Friends In England.

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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
IN ENGLAND.

LORD CHESTERFIELD

LETTERS to his FRIENDS

BOOK II

LETTERS

TO SOLOMON DAYROLLES

OF NEW-YORK, ESQ.

AND

TO SOME OTHER FRIENDS

IN ENGLAND

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.

B O O K II.

L E T T E R I.

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

London June 5, O. S. 1730.

S I R,

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.

LIVRE II.

LETTRE 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 bon-
tés que le roi a eu pour moi, et je voudrois bien qu'elles
me donnassent une occasion de vous témoigner, par des ef-
fets, la véritable amitié et considération que j'ai pour vous.
Votre neveu, qui est très-digne de la tendresse que vous
avez pour lui, peut compter sur mes services dans les occa-
sions, et j'avois pensé à cette heure de le faire secrétaire de
l' ambassade à Paris sous mylord Waldegrave, qui est des-
tiné 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 disposi-
tion 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.

Ayez la bonté d'affurer 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.

L E T-

* 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.

L E T T R E III.

A U M Ê M E

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

MON CHER CHEVALIER,

J'A I 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 recevrait lui tous les appointemens sa vie durant, cela vous l'assureroit en tout cas, et monsieur Walpole pourroit très facilement le moyenner si'il vouloit. 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 vînt 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, auprès 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 beuvez frais autant que faire se pourra. Je serai toujours.

Votre, &c.

CHESTERFIELD.

LET-

L E T T E R 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 trifle, 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-

L E T T R E IV.

A U M Ê M E

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 complimens et mes remerciemens.

Vous dites que le mariage est un mal épidémique à la Haye ; pre nez 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 plait. 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 complimens à votre oncle.

LET-

L E T T E R 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.

L E T T E R 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;

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.

VOL. III

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.

M 2

LET-

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 Hildbourghausen'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 toute 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 Laufanne 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 Laufanne, which will now be very soon, for I have ordered them to be at Leipzig by Michaelmas N. S. As they will therefore leave

Laufanne

* The country seat of count Welderen's 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 Bouchat 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 Leipzig, 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.

L E T T E R 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 goods 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.

L E T T E R 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.

L E T T E R 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,

IDON'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 stadthouder 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 Leipsic.

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

Yours,

C.

L E T T E R 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. Marêchal 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 Kreuninghen 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 Kreuninghen 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 Crébillon.

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 fullen 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*E sort 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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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 chearful 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.

ME 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 pullies 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 dutchess 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*

N 2

d'être

* 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 *maréchaux 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

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 Palairé'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 persuaded, 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 stadtholder'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.

L E T T E R XXIX.

T O T H E S A M E.

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 surprized 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, unambiti-
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 sevensnight; 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 negotiation 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 murderers, 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.

L E T T E R 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 inconveniencies 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-quieted 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.

L E T T E R 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 mettez 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.

L E T-

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

L E T T E R 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 stadtholder 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.

L E T T E R 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 packet 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 Roussel'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 raising from them.

L E T T E R XXXVII.

TO THE SAME.

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

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I RECEIVED very safe, by fir 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 Holderness 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 Buffy (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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great

* 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 satyrical 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 bouter; 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 Leipfig: 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.

L E T T E R 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 Leipfig.

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 gamblers 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-

L E T T E R XL.

T O T H E S A M E.

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 inconveniency 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 *dillettante*. 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 packet 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 fie 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.)

LET-

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-Huyfen'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-Huyfen 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 Brussels, 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.

L E T T E R XLII.

T O T H E S A M E.

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 Téniers 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 Leipfig acquaintance is setting out for Berlin. He has applied himself extremely, and with great success, at Leipfig, 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 fir 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.

L E T T E R 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. Hotham, 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 business, 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 Holdernesse 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 Stadthoudership, and employed in London, to settle the articles of his marriage with the princess 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 *commissionaire*, and my most dutiful thanks attend you for your care and trouble.

Pray, do not let your *maladie du país* 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 packet. 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 chearful 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, &c le Père Canaye.*

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 glorieux, 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 *raffaichissemens*. 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 Berkenroodt 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 twelvemonth, 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. 1747.

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 bonnête 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 Holderneffe's going to Holland.

Yours most faithfully,

C.

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 sollicitation, 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 Holderness, though he has not yet kissed the king's hand, will go in three weeks at farthest; so that in fix, 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 grenado.

My boy, who was going to the carnival 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.

L E T T E R LVI.

T O T H E S A M E.

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 sevensnight 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.

LET.

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 lorica et fago, in mar more. Ant.*

298 *Bacchus, cum corona bederacea. 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, *bon soir*.

C.

L E T T E R LX.

T O T H E S A M E.

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 panegyrick. 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'oeil, 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-

L E T T E R L X I I .

T O T H E S A M E .

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 pié 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

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.

L E T T E R 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*.

VOL. III.

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 sus donc.* In my mind, the whole will depend upon the conduct of the *gouvernante*. If that be moderate, gentle, and æconomical, 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 rouse 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 Hagne 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 Holdernesse'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-

L E T T E R 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 Holderness, with a sybil's leaf, which I snatched and saved from the wind. Pray, make my compliments to Mrs. Dayrolles.

Yours faithfully,

C.

L E T T E R 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.

LETTER LXVII.

TO THE SAME.

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.

LET-

L E T T E R LXVIII.

, T O T H E S A M E .

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 business 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 business, 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.

L E T T E R LXIX.

T O T H E S A M E.

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 business, which always takes up more time than great business, 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, *reinfecta* §. 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 T E R 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.

LET-

L E T T E R LXXI.
TO THE SAME.

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 four 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.
LET-

L E T T E R LXXII.

T O T H E S A M E.

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 Eyndhovan 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, fussiez vous dix mille, je suis votre très fidèle serviteur.*

C.

* The late duke of Newcastle. † Famous for curing deafness.

L E T-

L E T T E R LXXIII.

T O T H E S A M E.

London, Sept. 15, 1752.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I N 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'étoit 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 news papers, 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 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.

L E T-

L E T T E R 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 Bruffels. 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-

L E T T E R LXXV.

T O T H E S A M E.

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 chearful, 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 immoveable, 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 *abond*, 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 useless 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.

L E T T E R 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 *bôtel*, 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.

L E T T E R 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.

L E T T E R LXXVIII.

T O T H E S A M E.

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.

L E T

L E T T E R LXXIX.

TO THE SAME.

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 negotiations out of your hands. It secures you ministers of a subordinate rank from any blame, in whatsoever manner the negotiations 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-

L E T T E R LXXX.

T O T H E S A M E.

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 commissaries.

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-

L E T T E R 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.

L E T T E R 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.

LETTER LXXXIII.

TO THE SAME.

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 so-

ciety

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,

falsehood, 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.

TO THE SAME.

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 vûs*, 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.

L E T T E R 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 lyes indiscriminately, told by all to all; professions and wishes unfelt and unmeant, degraded by use, and profaned by falshood, 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.

L E T T E R 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 sag 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 *incognito*. 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.

TO THE SAME.

London, April 2, 1754.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

* * * * * THE preliminaries for our meeting at Brussels have been sooner and better settled, than those for the tariff 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 Bruffels, 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 Bruffels. 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.

L E T T E R LXXXIX.

T O T H E S A M E.

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.

L E T T E R XC.

TO THE SAME.

Spa, June 4, 1754.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I Am persuaded that lord Holdernesse'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, flap 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.

L E T T E R 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.

L E T T E R XCII.

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 Huntingdon, 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 prophane 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.

L E T T E R 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.*

L E T T E R 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 pays-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 tariff and the barriere shall be finally determined. Should we really come to hostilities in America, with advantage on our part, monsieur de Maillebois 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-

L E T T E R XCVII.

T O T H E S A M E.

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 giddinesses, 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 *trève 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.

L E T T E R XCVIII.

T O T H E S A M E.

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 Bruffels. 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 Boscawen, 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 Vesputius 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 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 irreconcilably, 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 some how 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, business, 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 *bricole* 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 bonnête 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 Brussels, 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 Blackheath, 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 diſinterreſted 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 buffles, 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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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 stragglers, 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 memoirs 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-

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out

“ however, much ſlower 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 ſituation, 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.

L E T-

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, Holdernesse 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 Colloredo (*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 infirmities, I am useless 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 Petersburg. 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 Hambourg, (*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 Liskard 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 lyes, 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.

L E T T E R CXVII.

T O T H E S A M E.

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 reversions, 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 throbbings 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

L E T T E R 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.

L E T.

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 Leipfig, 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.

S I R,

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.

L E T T E R CXXII.

T O T H E S A M E.

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 burthenfome 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 fattest 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,

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 book-feller 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.

I have the pleasure to inform you, that your copy of the second book of the Letters is now in the hands of the printer, and will be ready for the press in a few days.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,