The Works Of Horatio Walpole, Earl Of Orford

In Five Volumes

Walpole, Horace

London, 1798

Letters from the Hon. Horace Walpole to Thomas Gray, from the Year 1753 to the Year 1768: with some Letters in Answer from Mr. Gray

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LETTERS

FROM

THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE

TO

THOMAS GRAY,

From the Year 1753 to the Year 1768:

WITH

SOME LETTERS IN ANSWER

FROM MR. GRAY.

LETTERS

BETWEEN

THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE

AND

THOMAS GRAY,

From the Year 1753 to the Year 1768.

LETTER I.

To THOMAS GRAY.

Arlington-ſtreet, Feb. 20, 1753.

I AM very ſorry that the haſte I made to deliver you from your uneaſineſs the firſt moment after I received your letter, ſhould have made me expreſs myſelf in a manner to have the quite contrary effect from what I intended. You well know how rapidly and careleſsly I always write my letters: the note you mention was written in a ſtill greater hurry than ordinary, and merely to put you out of pain. I had not ſeen Dodſley, conſequently could only tell you that I did not doubt but he would have no objection to ſatisfy you, as you was willing to prevent his being a loſer by the plate [1]. Now, from this declaration, how is it poſſible for you to have for

[1] This was a print of Mr. Gray, after the portrait of him by Eckardt, at Strawberry-hill, from which the print prefixed to theſe letters is taken. It was intended to have been prefixed to Dodſley's 4to edition of his Odes, with Mr. Bentley's deſigns; but Mr. Gray's extreme repugnance to the propoſal obliged his friends to drop it. E.

one moment put ſuch a conſtruction upon my words, as would have been a downright ſtupid brutality, unprovoked? It is impoſſible for me to recollect my very expreſſion, but I am confident that I have repeated the whole ſubſtance.

How the bookſeller would be leſs a loſer by being at more expence, I can eaſily explain to you. He feared the price of half-a-guinea would ſeem too high to moſt purchaſers. If by the expence of ten guineas more he could make the book appear ſo much more rich and ſhowy as to induce people to think it cheap, the profits from ſelling many more copies would amply recompenſe him for his additional diſburſement.

The thought of having the head engraved was entirely Dodſley's own, and againſt my opinion, as I concluded it would be againſt yours; which made me determine to acquaint you with it before its appearance.

When you reflect on what I have ſaid now, you will ſee very clearly, that I had and could have no other poſſible meaning in what I wrote laſt. You might juſtly have accuſed me of neglect, if I had deferred giving you all the ſatisfaction in my power, as ſoon as ever I knew your uneaſineſs.

The head I give up. The title I think will be wrong, and not anſwer your purpoſe; for, as the drawings are evidently calculated for the poems, why will the improper diſpoſition of the word *deſigns* before *poems* make the edition leſs yours? I am as little convinced that there is any affectation in leaving out the *Mr.* before your names: it is a barbarous addition: the other is ſimple and claſſic; a rank I cannot help thinking due to both the poet and painter. Without ranging myſelf among claſſics, I aſſure you, were I to print any thing with my name, it ſhould be plain Horace Walpole: *Mr.* is one of the Gothiciſms I abominate[1]. The explanation[2] was certainly added for people who have not eyes:—ſuch are almoſt all who have ſeen Mr. Bentley's drawings, and think to compliment him by miſtaking them for prints. Alas! the generality want as much to have the words a man,

[1] By Mr. Walpole's having prefixed this "*Gothiciſm*" to his name in ſeveral works publiſhed ſubſequent to the date of this letter, it is to be ſuppoſed that Mr. Gray's opinion on this point had converted Mr. Walpole. E.

[2] Of Mr. Bentley's deſigns.

a cock,

a cock, written under his drawings, as under the moſt execrable hieroglyphics of Egypt, or of ſign-poſt painters!

I will ſay no more now, but that you muſt not wonder if I am partial to you and yours, when you can write as you do and yet feel ſo little vanity. I have uſed freedoms enough with your writings to convince you I ſpeak truth: I praiſe and ſcold Mr. Bentley immoderately, as I think he draws well or ill: I never think it worth my while to do either, eſpecially to blame, where there are not generally vaſt excellencies.—Good-night!—Don't ſuſpect me when I have no fault but impatience to make you eaſy.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER II.

Arlington-ſtreet, Feb. 15, 1759.

THE encloſed, which I have this minute received from Mr. Bentley, explains much that I had to ſay to you—yet I have a queſtion or two more.

Who and what ſort of man is a Mr. Sharp of Benet? I have received a moſt obliging and genteel letter from him, with the very letter of Edward VI. which you was ſo good as to ſend me. I have anſwered his, but ſhould like to know a little more about him. Pray thank the dean of Lincoln too for me: I am much obliged to him for his offer, but had rather draw upon his *Lincolnſhip* than his *Cambridgehood*[1]. In the library of the former are ſome original letters of Tiptoft, as you will find in my catalogue. When Dr. Greene is there, I ſhall be glad if he will let me have them copied.

I will thank you if you will look in ſome provincial hiſtory of Ireland for Odo (Hugh) Oneil king of Ulſter. When did he live? I have got a moſt curious ſeal of his, and know no more of him than of Ouacraw king of the Pawwaws.

[1] He was maſter of Benet-college, Cambridge.

I wanted to ask you, whether you, or any body that you believe in, believe in the queen of Scots' letter to queen Elizabeth [1].—If it is genuine, I don't wonder she cut her head off—but I think it must be some forgery that was not made use of.

Now to my distress.—You must have seen an advertisement, perhaps the book itself, the villainous book itself, that has been published to defend me against the Critical Review [2]. I have been childishly unhappy about it, and had drawn up a protestation or affidavit of my knowing nothing of it; but my friends would not let me publish it. I sent to the printer, who would not discover the author—nor could I guess. They tell me nobody can suspect my being privy to it: but there is an intimacy affected that I think will deceive many—and yet I must be the most arrogant fool living, if I could know and suffer any body to speak of me in that style. For God's sake, do all you can for me, and publish my abhorrence. To-day I am told that it is that puppy doctor Hill, who has chosen to make war with the magazines through my sides. I could pardon him any abuse, but I never can forgive this *friendship*. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER III.

Paris, Nov. 19, 1765.

YOU are very kind to enquire so particularly after my gout. I wish I may not be too circumstantial in my answer: but you have tapped a dangerous topic; I can talk gout by the hour. It is my great mortification, and has disappointed all the hopes that I had built on temperance and hardiness. I have resisted like a hermit, and exposed myself to all weathers and seasons like a smuggler; and in vain. I have however still so much of the obsti-

[1] See Murden's State Papers, page 558, for this curious letter. E.

[2] It was called "Observations on the account given of the Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors of England, &c. &c. in article vi. of the Critical Review, N° 25, for December 1758, where the unwarrantable liberties taken with that work and the honourable author of it are examined and exposed."

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nacy of both profeſſions left, that I think I ſhall continue, and cannot obey you in keeping myſelf warm. I have gone through my ſecond fit under one blanket, and already go about in a ſilk waiſtcoat with my boſom unbuttoned. In ſhort, I am as prejudiced to my regimen, though ſo ineffectual, as I could have been to all I expected from it. The truth is, I am almoſt as willing to have the gout as to be liable to catch cold; and muſt run up ſtairs and down, in and out of doors, when I will, or I cannot have the leaſt ſatisfaction. This will convince you how readily I comply with another of your precepts, walking as ſoon as I am able.—For receipts, you may truſt me for making uſe of none: I would not ſee a phyſician at the worſt, but have quacked myſelf as boldly as quacks treat others. I laughed at your idea of quality-receipts, it came ſo à-propos. There is not a man or woman here that is not a perfect old nurſe, and who does not talk gruel and anatomy with equal fluency and ignorance. One inſtance ſhall ſerve: madame de Bouzols, marſhal Berwick's daughter, aſſured me there was nothing ſo good for the gout, as to preſerve the parings of my nails in a bottle cloſe ſtopped. When I try any illuſtrious noſtrum, I ſhall give the preference to this.

So much for the gout! I told you what was coming. As to the miniſtry, I know and care very little about them. I told you and told them long ago, that if ever a change happened I would bid adieu to politics for ever. Do me the juſtice to allow that I have not altered with the times. I was ſo impatient to put this reſolution in execution, that I hurried out of England before I was ſufficiently recovered. I ſhall not run the ſame hazard again in haſte; but will ſtay here till I am perfectly well, and the ſeaſon of warm weather coming on or arrived; though the charms of Paris have not the leaſt attraction for me, nor would keep me here an hour on their own account. For the city itſelf, I cannot conceive where my eyes were: it is the uglieſt, beaſtly town in the univerſe. I have not ſeen a mouthful of verdure out of it, nor have they any thing green but their treillage and window-ſhutters. Trees cut into fire-ſhovels, and ſtuck into pedeſtals of chalk, compoſe their country. Their boaſted knowledge of ſociety is reduced to talking of their ſuppers, and every malady they have about them, or know of. The dauphin is at the point of death: every morning the phyſicians frame an account of him; and happy is he or ſhe who can produce a copy of this lie, called a *bulletin*. The night before laſt, one of theſe was produced at ſupper where I was: it was read, and ſaid he had had *une evacuation fœtide*.

I beg

I beg your pardon, though you are not at ſupper. The old lady of the houſe (who by the way is quite blind, was the regent's miſtreſs for a fortnight, and is very agreeable) called out, Oh! they have forgot to mention that he threw down his chamber-pot, and was forced to change his bed. There were preſent ſeveral women of the firſt rank; as madame de la Valiere, whom you remember ducheſſe de Vaujour, and who is ſtill miraculouſly pretty though fifty-three; a very handſome madame de Forcalquier, and others—nor was this converſation at all particular to that evening.

Their gaiety is not greater than their delicacy—but I will not expatiate. In ſhort, they are another people from what they were. They may be growing wiſe, but the intermediate paſſage is dulneſs. Several of the women are agreeable, and ſome of the men; but the latter are in general vain and ignorant. The *ſçavants*—I beg their pardons, the *philoſophes*—are inſupportable, ſuperficial, overbearing and fanatic: they preach inceſſantly, and their avowed doctrine is atheiſm; you would not believe how openly—Don't wonder therefore if I ſhould return a Jeſuit. Voltaire himſelf does not ſatisfy them. One of their lady-devotes ſaid of him, *Il eſt bigot, c'ſt un deïſte.*

I am as little pleaſed with their taſte in trifles. Crebillon is entirely out of faſhion, and Marivaux a proverb: *marivauder* and *marivaudage* are eſtabliſhed terms for being prolix and tireſome.—I thought that we were fallen, but they are ten times lower.

Notwithſtanding all I have ſaid, I have found two or three ſocieties that pleaſe me; am amuſed with the novelty of the whole, and ſhould be ſorry not to have come. The Dumenil is, if poſſible, ſuperior to what you remember. I am ſorry not to ſee the Clairon; but ſeveral perſons whoſe judgments ſeem the ſoundeſt prefer the former. Preville is admirable in low comedy. The mixture of Italian comedy and comic operas prettily written, and ſet to Italian muſic, at the ſame theatre, is charming, and gets the better both of their operas and French comedy; the latter of which is ſeldom full, with all its merit. Petit-maîtres are obſolete, like our lords Foppington—Tout le monde eſt philoſophe—When I grow very ſick of this laſt nonſenſe, I go and compoſe myſelf at the Chartreuſe, where I am almoſt tempted to prefer Le Sœur to every painter I know——Yet what new old treaſures

treaſures are come to light, routed out of the Louvre, and thrown into new lumber-rooms at Verſailles!——But I have not room to tell you what I have ſeen! I will keep this and other chapters for Strawberry. Adieu! and thank you.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

Old Mariette has ſhown me a print by Diepenbecke of the duke and ducheſs of Newcaſtle at dinner with their family. You would oblige me, if you would look into all their graces' folios, and ſee if it is not a frontiſpiece to ſome one of them. Then he has ſuch a Petitot of madame d'Olonne! The Pompadour offered him fifty louis for it—Alack, ſo would I!

LETTER IV.

Cambridge, December 13, 1765.

I AM very much obliged to you for the detail you enter into on the ſubject of your own health: in this you cannot be too circumſtantial for me, who had received no account of you, but at ſecond hand—ſuch as, that you were dangerouſly ill, and therefore went to France; that you meant to try a better climate, and therefore ſtaid at Paris; that you had relapſed, and were confined to your bed, and extremely in vogue, and ſupped in the beſt company, and were at all public diverſions. I rejoice to find (improbable as it ſeemed) that all the wonderful part of this is ſtrictly true, and that the ſerious part has been a little exaggerated. This latter I conclude not ſo much from your own account of yourſelf, as from the ſpirits in which I ſee you write; and long may they continue to ſupport you! I mean in a reaſonable degree of elevation: but if (take notice) they are ſo volatile, ſo flippant, as to ſuggeſt any of thoſe doctrines of health, which you preach with all the zeal of a French atheiſt; at leaſt, if they really do influence your practice; I utterly renounce them and all their works. They are *evil ſpirits*, and will lead you to deſtruction.—You have long built your hopes on temperance, you ſay, and hardineſs. On the firſt point we are agreed. The ſecond has totally diſappointed you, and *therefore*

you will perſiſt in it; by all means. But then be ſure to perſiſt too in being young, in ſtopping the courſe of time, and making the ſhadow return back upon your ſun-dial. If you find this not ſo eaſy, acquieſce with a good grace in my *anilities*, put on your under-ſtockings of yarn or woollen, even in the night-time. Don't provoke me! or I ſhall order you two night-caps (which by the way would do your eyes good), and put a little of any French liqueur into your water: they are nothing but brandy and ſugar, and among their various flavours ſome of them may ſurely be palatable enough. The pain in your feet *I can* bear; but I ſhudder at the ſickneſs in your ſtomach, and the weakneſs, that ſtill continues. I conjure you, as you love yourſelf; I conjure you by Strawberry, not to trifle with theſe edge-tools. There is no cure for the gout, when in the ſtomach, but to throw it into the limbs. There is no relief for the gout in the limbs, but in gentle warmth and gradual perſpiration.

I was much entertained with your account of our neighbours. As an Engliſhman and an Antigallican, I rejoice at their dulneſs and their naſtineſs: though I fear we ſhall come to imitate them in both. Their atheiſm is a little too much, too ſhocking to rejoice at. I have been long ſick at it in their authors, and hated them for it: but I pity their poor innocent people of faſhion. They were bad enough, when they believed every thing!

I have ſearched where you directed me; which I could not do ſooner, as I was at London when I received your letter, and could not eaſily find her grace's works. Here they abound in every library. The print you aſk after is the frontiſpiece to *Nature's pictures drawn by Fancy's pencil*. But leſt there ſhould be any miſtake, I muſt tell you, the family are not at dinner, but ſitting round a roufing fire and telling ſtories. The room is juſt ſuch a one as we lived in at Rheims: I mean as to the glazing and ceiling. The chimney is ſupported by cariatides: over the mantle-piece the arms of the family. The duke and ducheſs are crowned with laurel. A ſervant ſtands behind him, holding a hat and feather. Another is ſhutting a window. Diepenbecke delin. & (I think) S. Clouwe ſculpſ. It is a very pretty and curious print, and I thank you for the ſight of it. If it ever was a picture, what a picture to have!

I muſt

I muſt tell you, that upon cleaning an old picture here at St. John's Lodge, which I always took for a Holbein; on a ring, which the figure wears, they have found H. H. It has been always called B. V. Fiſher; but is plainly a layman, and probably ſir Anthony Denny, who was a benefactor to the college.

What is come of your Sevigné-curioſity? I ſhould be glad of a line now and then, when you have leiſure. I wiſh you well, and am ever

Yours,

T. GRAY.

LETTER V.

Paris, January 25, 1766.

I AM much indebted to you for your kind letter and advice; and though it is late to thank you for it, it is at leaſt a ſtronger proof that I do not forget it. However, I am a little obſtinate, as you know, on the chapter of health, and have perſiſted through this Siberian winter in not adding a grain to my clothes, and in going open-breaſted without an under-waiſtcoat. In ſhort, though I like extremely to live, it muſt be in my own way, as long as I can: it is not youth I court, but liberty; and I think making one's ſelf tender, is iſſuing a *general warrant* againſt one's own perſon. I ſuppoſe I ſhall ſubmit to confinement, when I cannot help it; but I am indifferent enough to life not to care if it ends ſoon after my priſon begins.

I have not delayed ſo long to anſwer your letter, from not thinking of it, or from want of matter, but from want of time. I am conſtantly occupied, engaged, amuſed, till I cannot bring a hundredth part of what I have to ſay into the compaſs of a letter. You will loſe nothing by this: you know my volubility, when I am full of new ſubjects; and I have at leaſt many hours of converſation for you at my return. One does not learn a whole nation in four or five months; but, for the time, few, I believe, have ſeen, ſtudied, or got ſo much acquainted with the French as I have.

By what I ſaid of their religious or rather irreligious opinions, you muſt not conclude their people of quality, atheiſts—at leaſt not the men—Happily for them, poor ſouls! they are not capable of going ſo far into thinking. They aſſent to a great deal, becauſe it is the faſhion, and becauſe they don't know how to contradict. They are aſhamed to defend the Roman catholic religion, becauſe it is quite exploded; but I am convinced they believe it in their hearts. They hate the parliaments and the philoſophers, and are rejoiced that they may ſtill idolize royalty. At preſent too they are a little triumphant: the court has ſhown a little ſpirit, and the parliaments much leſs: but as the duc de Choiſeul, who is very fluttering, unſettled, and inclined to the philoſophers, has made a compromiſe with the parliament of Bretagne, the parliaments might venture out again, if, as I fancy will be the caſe, they are not glad to drop a cauſe, of which they began to be a little weary of the inconveniencies.

The generality of the men, and more than the generality, are dull and empty. They have taken up gravity, thinking it was philoſophy and Engliſh, and ſo have acquired nothing in the room of their natural levity and cheerfulneſs. However, as their high opinion of their own country remains, for which they can no longer aſſign any reaſon, they are contemptuous and reſerved, inſtead of being ridiculouſly, conſequently pardonably, impertinent. I have wondered, knowing my own countrymen, that we had attained ſuch a ſuperiority.—I wonder no longer, and have a little more reſpect for Engliſh *heads* than I had.

The women do not ſeem of the ſame country: if they are leſs gay than they were, they are more informed, enough to make them very converſable. I know ſix or ſeven with very ſuperior underſtandings; ſome of them with wit, or with ſoftneſs, or very good ſenſe.

Madame Geoffrin, of whom you have heard much, is an extraordinary woman, with more common ſenſe than I almoſt ever met with. Great quickneſs in diſcovering characters, penetration in going to the bottom of them, and a pencil that never fails in a likeneſs—ſeldom a favourable one. She exacts and preſerves, ſpite of her birth and their nonſenſical prejudices about nobility, great court and attention. This ſhe acquires by a thouſand little arts and offices of friendſhip; and by a freedom and ſeverity, which

which ſeems to be her ſole end of drawing a concourſe to her; for ſhe inſiſts on ſcolding thoſe ſhe inveigles to her. She has little taſte and leſs knowledge, but protects artiſans and authors, and courts a few people to have the credit of ſerving her dependents. She was bred under the famous madame Tencin, who adviſed her never to refuſe any man; for, ſaid her miſtreſs, though nine in ten ſhould not care a farthing for you, the tenth may live to be an uſeful friend. She did not adopt or reject the whole plan, but fully retained the purport of the maxim. In ſhort, ſhe is an epitome of empire, ſubſiſting by rewards and puniſhments. Her great enemy, madame du Deffand, was for a ſhort time miſtreſs of the regent, is now very old and ſtone blind, but retains all her vivacity, wit, memory, judgment, paſſions and agreeableneſs. She goes to operas, plays, ſuppers, and Verſailles; gives ſuppers twice a week; has every thing new read to her; makes new ſongs and epigrams, aye, admirably, and remembers every one that has been made theſe fourſcore years. She correſponds with Voltaire, dictates charming letters to him, contradicts him, is no bigot to him or any body, and laughs both at the clergy and the philoſophers. In a diſpute, into which ſhe eaſily falls, ſhe is very warm, and yet ſcarce ever in the wrong: her judgment on every ſubject is as juſt as poſſible; on every point of conduct as wrong as poſſible: for ſhe is all love and hatred, paſſionate for her friends to enthuſiaſm, ſtill anxious to be loved, I don't mean by lovers, and a vehement enemy, but openly. As ſhe can have no amuſement but converſation, the leaſt ſolitude and ennui are inſupportable to her, and put her into the power of ſeveral worthleſs people, who eat her ſuppers when they can eat nobody's of higher rank; wink to one another and laugh at her; hate her becauſe ſhe has forty times more parts—and venture to hate her becauſe ſhe is not rich. She has an old friend whom I muſt mention, a monſieur Pondevelle, author of the Fat puni, and the Complaiſant, and of thoſe pretty novels, the Comte de Cominge, the Siege of Calais, and les Malheurs de l'Amour. Would not you expect this old man to be very agreeable? He can be ſo, but ſeldom is: yet he has another very different and very amuſing talent, the art of parody, and is unique in his kind. He compoſes tales to the tunes of long dances: for inſtance, he has adapted the Regent's Daphnis and Chloe to one, and made it ten times more indecent; but is ſo old and ſings it ſo well, that it is permitted in all companies. He has ſucceeded ſtill better in les caracteres de la danſe, to which he has adapted words that expreſs all the characters

of love. With all this, he has not the leaſt idea of cheerfulneſs in converſation; ſeldom ſpeaks but on grave ſubjects, and not often on them; is a humouriſt, very ſupercilious, and wrapt up in admiration of his own country, as the only judge of his merit. His air and look are cold and forbidding; but aſk him to ſing, or praiſe his works, his eyes and ſmiles open and brighten up. In ſhort, I can ſhow him to you: the ſelf-applauding poet in Hogarth's Rake's Progreſs, the ſecond print, is ſo like his very features and very wig, that you would know him by it, if you came hither—for he certainly will not go to you.

Madame de Mirepoix's underſtanding is excellent of the uſeful kind, and can be ſo when ſhe pleaſes of the agreeable kind. She has read, but ſeldom ſhows it, and has perfect taſte. Her manner is cold, but very civil; and ſhe conceals even the blood of Lorrain, without ever forgetting it. Nobody in France knows the world better, and nobody is perſonally ſo well with the king. She is falſe, artful, and inſinuating beyond meaſure when it is her intereſt, but indolent and a coward. She never had any paſſion but gaming, and always loſes. For ever paying court, the ſole produce of a life of art is to get money from the king to carry on a courſe of paying debts or contracting new ones, which ſhe diſcharges as faſt as ſhe is able. She advertiſed devotion to get made dame du palais to the queen; and the very next day this princeſs of Lorrain was ſeen riding backwards with madame Pompadour in the latter's coach. When the king was ſtabbed and heartily frightened, the miſtreſs took a panic too, and conſulted d'Argenſon, whether ſhe had not beſt make off in time. He hated her, and ſaid, By all means. Madame de Mirepoix adviſed her to ſtay. The king recovered his ſpirits, d'Argenſon was baniſhed, and la marechale inherited part of the miſtreſs's credit.——I muſt interrupt my hiſtory of illuſtrious women with an anecdote of monſieur de Maurepas, with whom I am much acquainted, and who has one of the few heads that approach to good ones, and who luckily for us was diſgraced, and the marine dropped, becauſe it was his favourite object and province. He employed Pondevelle to make a ſong on the Pompadour: it was clever and bitter, and did not ſpare even majeſty. This was Maurepas abſurd enough to ſing at ſupper at Verſailles. Baniſhment enſued; and leſt he ſhould ever be reſtored, the miſtreſs perſuaded the king that he had poiſoned her predeceſſor madame de Chateauroux. Maurepas is very agreeable, and exceedingly

cheerful;

cheerful; yet I have ſeen a tranſient ſilent cloud when politics are talked of.

Madame de Boufflers, who was in England, is a ſçavante, miſtreſs of the prince of Conti, and very deſirous of being his wife. She is two women, the upper and the lower. I need not tell you that the lower is galant, and ſtill has pretenſions. The upper is very ſenſible too, and has a meaſured eloquence that is juſt and pleaſing—but all is ſpoiled by an unrelaxed attention to applauſe. You would think ſhe was always ſitting for her picture to her biographer.

Madame de Rochfort is different from all the reſt. Her underſtanding is juſt and delicate; with a fineſſe of wit that is the reſult of reflection. Her manner is ſoft and feminine, and, though a ſçavante, without any declared pretenſions. She is the *decent* friend of monſieur de Nivernois, for you muſt not believe a ſyllable of what you read in their novels. It requires the greateſt curioſity, or the greateſt habitude, to diſcover the ſmalleſt connection between the ſexes here. No familiarity, but under the veil of friendſhip, is permitted, and love's dictionary is as much prohibited, as at firſt ſight one ſhould think his ritual was. All you hear, and that pronounced with nonchalance, is, that *monſieur un tel* has had *madame une telle*. The duc de Nivernois has parts, and writes at the top of the mediocre, but, as madame Geoffrin ſays, is *manqué par tout*; *guerrier manqué*, *ambaſſadeur manqué*, *homme d'affaires manqué*, and *auteur manqué*—no, he is not *homme de naiſſance manqué*. He would think freely, but has ſome ambition of being governor to the dauphin, and is more afraid of his wife and daughter, who are eccleſiaſtic ſagots. The former out-chatters the duke of Newcaſtle; and the latter, madame de Giſors, exhauſts Mr. Pitt's eloquence in defence of the archbiſhop of Paris. Monſieur de Nivernois lives in a ſmall circle of dependent admirers, and madame de Rochfort is high prieſteſs for a ſmall ſalary of credit.

The ducheſs of Choiſeul, the only young one of theſe heroines, is not very pretty, but has fine eyes, and is a little model in wax-work, which not being allowed to ſpeak for ſome time as incapable, has a heſitation and modeſty, the latter of which the court has not cured, and the former of which is atoned for by the moſt intereſting ſound of voice, and forgotten

in the moſt elegant turn and propriety of expreſſion. Oh! it is the gentleſt, amiable, civil, little creature that ever came out of a fairy egg! So juſt in its phraſes and thoughts, ſo attentive and good-natured! Every body loves it, but its huſband, who prefers his own ſiſter the ducheſſe de Grammont, an amazonian, fierce, haughty dame, who loves and hates arbitrarily, and is deteſted. Madame de Choiſeul, paſſionately fond of her huſband, was the martyr of this union, but at laſt ſubmitted with a good grace; has gained a little credit with him, and is ſtill believed to idolize him—But I doubt it—ſhe takes too much pains to profeſs it.

I cannot finiſh my liſt without adding a much more common character—but more complete in its kind than any of the foregoing, the marechale de Luxembourg. She has been very handſome, very abandoned, and very miſchievous. Her beauty is gone, her lovers are gone, and ſhe thinks the devil is coming. This dejection has ſoftened her into being rather agreeable, for ſhe has wit and good-breeding; but you would ſwear, by the reſtleſſneſs of her perſon and the horrors ſhe cannot conceal, that ſhe had ſigned the compact, and expected to be called upon in a week for the performance.

I could add many pictures, but none ſo remarkable. In thoſe I ſend you, there is not a feature beſtowed gratis or exaggerated. For the beauties, of which there are a few conſiderable, as meſdames de Brionne, de Monaco, et d'Egmont, they have not yet loſt their characters, nor got any.

You muſt not attribute my intimacy with Paris to curioſity alone. An accident unlocked the doors for me. That *paſſe-par-tout*, called the faſhion, has made them fly open—and what do you think was that faſhion?—I myſelf—Yes, like queen Elinor in the ballad, I ſunk at Charing-croſs, and have riſen in the fauxbourg St. Germain. A *plaiſanterie* on Rouſſeau, whoſe arrival here in his way to you brought me acquainted with many anecdotes conformable to the idea I had conceived of him, got about, was liked much more than it deſerved, ſpread like wild-fire, and made me the ſubject of converſation. Rouſſeau's devotees were offended. Madame de Boufflers, with a tone of ſentiment, and the accents of lamenting humanity, abuſed me heartily, and then complained to myſelf with the utmoſt ſoftneſs. I acted contrition, but had like to have ſpoiled all, by growing dreadfully tired of a

ſecond

ſecond lecture from the prince of Conti, who took up the ball, and made himſelf the hero of a hiſtory wherein he had nothing to do. I liſtened, did not underſtand half he ſaid (nor he neither), forgot the reſt, ſaid Yes when I ſhould have ſaid No, yawned when I ſhould have ſmiled, and was very penitent when I ſhould have rejoiced at my pardon. Madame de Boufflers was more diſtreſſed, for he owned twenty times more than I had ſaid: ſhe frowned, and made him ſigns; but ſhe had wound up his clack, and there was no ſtopping it. The moment ſhe grew angry, the houſe of the lord grew charmed, and it has been my fault if I am not at the head of a numerous ſect:—but when I left a triumphant party in England, I did not come hither to be at the head of a faſhion. However, I have been ſent for about like an African prince or a learned canary-bird, and was, in particular, carried by force to the princeſs of Talmond, the queen's couſin, who lives in a charitable apartment in the Luxembourg, and was ſitting on a ſmall bed hung with ſaints and Sobieſkis, in a corner of one of thoſe vaſt chambers, by two blinking tapers. I ſtumbled over a cat, a foot-ſtool, and a chamber-pot in my journey to her preſence. She could not find a ſyllable to ſay to me, and the viſit ended with her begging a lap-dog. Thank the Lord! though this is the firſt month, it is the laſt week, of my reign; and I ſhall reſign my crown with great ſatisfaction to a bouillie of cheſnuts, which is juſt invented, and whoſe annals will be illuſtrated by ſo many indigeſtions, that Paris will not want any thing elſe theſe three weeks. I will encloſe the fatal letter [a] after I have finiſhed this enormous one; to which I will only add, that nothing has interrupted my Sevigné-reſearches but the froſt. The abbé de Malesherbes has given me full power to ranſack Livry. I did not tell you, that by great accident, when I thought on nothing leſs, I ſtumbled on an original picture of the comte de Grammont. Adieu! You are generally in London in March: I ſhall be there by the end of it.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[a] The letter from the king of Pruſſia to Rouſſeau.

LETTER

LETTER VI.

Feb. 14, 1768. Pembroke College.

I RECEIVED the book[1] you were ſo good to ſend me, and have read it again (indeed I could hardly be ſaid to have read it before) with attention and with pleaſure. Your ſecond edition is ſo rapid in its progreſs, that it will now hardly anſwer any purpoſe to tell you either my own objections, or thoſe of other people. Certain it is, that you are univerſally read here; but what *we* think, is not ſo eaſy to come at. We ſtay as uſual to ſee the ſucceſs, to learn the judgment of the town, to be directed in our opinions by thoſe of more competent judges. If they like you, we ſhall; if any one of name write againſt you, we give you up: for we are modeſt and diffident of ourſelves, and not without reaſon. Hiſtory in particular is not our *fort*; for (the truth is) we read only modern books and the pamphlets of the day. I have heard it objected, that you raiſe doubts and difficulties, and do not ſatisfy them by telling us what was *really* the caſe. I have heard you charged with diſreſpect to the king of Pruſſia; and above all to king William, and the revolution. Theſe are ſeriouſly the moſt ſenſible things I have heard ſaid, and all that I can recollect. If you pleaſe to juſtify yourſelf, you may.

My own objections are little more eſſential: they relate chiefly to inaccuracies of ſtyle, which either debaſe the expreſſion or obſcure the meaning. I could point out ſeveral ſmall particulars of this kind, and will do ſo, if you think it can ſerve any purpoſe after publication. When I hear you read, they often eſcape me, partly becauſe I am attending to the ſubject, and partly becauſe from habit I underſtand you where a ſtranger might often be at a loſs.

As to your arguments, moſt of the principal points are made out with a clearneſs and evidence that no one would expect where materials are ſo ſcarce. Yet I ſtill ſuſpect Richard of the murder of Henry VI. The chronicler of Croyland charges it full on him, though without a name or any mention of circumſtances. The intereſts of Edward were the intereſts of Richard too, though the throne were not then in view; and that Henry ſtill ſtood in their way, they might well imagine, becauſe, though depoſed

[1] The Hiſtoric Doubts.

and

and impriſoned once before, he had regained his liberty, and his crown; and was ſtill adored by the people. I ſhould think, from the word *tyranni*, the paſſage was written after Richard had aſſumed the crown: but, if it was earlier, does not the bare imputation imply very early ſuſpicions at leaſt of Richard's bloody nature, eſpecially in the mouth of a perſon that was no enemy to the houſe of York, nor friend to that of Beaufort?

That the ducheſs of Burgundy, to try the temper of the nation, ſhould ſet up a falſe pretender to the throne (when ſhe had the true duke of York in her hands), and that the queen mother (knowing her ſon was alive) ſhould countenance that deſign, is a piece of policy utterly incomprehenſible; being the moſt likely means to ruin their own ſcheme, and throw a juſt ſuſpicion of fraud and falſehood on the cauſe of truth, which Henry could not fail to ſeize, and turn to his own advantage.

Mr. Hume's firſt query, as far as relates to the queen-mother, will ſtill have ſome weight. Is it probable, ſhe ſhould give her eldeſt daughter to Henry, and invite him to claim the crown, unleſs ſhe had been ſure that her ſons were then dead? As to her ſeeming conſent to the match between Elizabeth and Richard, ſhe and her daughters were in his power, which appeared now well fixed, his enemies' deſigns within the kingdom being every where defeated, and Henry unable to raiſe any conſiderable force abroad. She was timorous and hopeleſs; or ſhe might diſſemble, in order to cover her ſecret dealings with Richmond: and if this were the caſe, ſhe hazarded little, ſuppoſing Richard to diſſemble too, and never to have thought ſeriouſly of marrying his niece.

Another unaccountable thing is, that Richard, a prince of the houſe of York, undoubtedly brave, clear-ſighted, artful, attentive to buſineſs; of boundleſs generoſity, as appears from his grants; juſt and merciful, as his laws and his pardons ſeem to teſtify; having ſubdued the queen and her hated faction, and been called firſt to the protectorſhip and then to the crown by the body of the nobility and by the parliament; with the common people to friend (as Carte often aſſerts), and having nothing againſt him but the illegitimate family of his brother Edward, and the attainted houſe of Clarence (both of them within his power);—that ſuch a man ſhould ſee within a few months Buckingham, his beſt friend, and almoſt all the ſouthern and

weſtern counties on one day in arms againſt him; that, having ſeen all theſe inſurrections come to nothing, he ſhould march with a gallant army againſt a handful of needy adventurers, led by a fugitive, who had not the ſhadow of a title, nor any virtues to recommend him, nor any foreign ſtrength to depend on; that he ſhould be betrayed by almoſt all his troops, and fall a ſacrifice;—all this is to me utterly improbable, and I do not ever expect to ſee it accounted for.

I take this opportunity to tell you, that Algarotti (as I ſee in the new edition of his works printed at Leghorn) being employed to buy pictures for the king of Poland, purchaſed among others the famous Holbein, that was at Venice. It don't appear that he knew any thing of your book: yet he calls it the *conſul Meyer and his family*, as if it were then known to be ſo in that city.

A young man here, who is a diligent reader of your books, an antiquary, and a painter, informs me, that at the Red-lion inn at Newmarket is a piece of tapeſtry containing the very deſign of your marriage of Henry the ſixth, only with ſeveral more figures in it, both men and women; that he would have bought it of the people, but they refuſed to part with it.

Mr. Maſon, who is here, deſires to preſent his reſpects to you. He ſays, that to efface from our annals the hiſtory of any tyrant is to do an eſſential injury to mankind: but he forgives it, becauſe you have ſhown Henry the ſeventh to be a greater devil than Richard.

Pray do not be out of humour. When you firſt commenced an author, you expoſed yourſelf to pit, box and gallery. Any coxcomb in the world may come in and hiſs, if he pleaſes; aye, and (what is almoſt as bad) clap too, and you cannot hinder him. I ſaw a little ſquib fired at you in a newſpaper by ſome of the *houſe of York*, for ſpeaking lightly of chancellors. Adieu!

I am ever yours,

T. GRAY.

LETTER

LETTER VII.

Arlington-ſtreet, February 18, 1768.

YOU have ſent me a long and very obliging letter, and yet I am extremely out of humour with you. I ſaw *poems* by *Mr. Gray* advertiſed: I called directly at Dodſley's to know if this was to be more than a new edition? He was not at home himſelf, but his foreman told me he thought there were ſome new pieces, and notes to the whole. It was very unkind, not only to go out of town without mentioning them to me, without ſhowing them to me, but not to ſay a word of them in this letter. Do you think I am indifferent, or not curious, about what you write? I have ceaſed to aſk you, becauſe you have ſo long refuſed to ſhow me any thing. You could not ſuppoſe I thought that you never write. No; but I concluded you did not intend, at leaſt yet, to publiſh what you had written. As you did intend it, I might have expected a month's preference. You will do me the juſtice to own that I had always rather have ſeen your writings than have ſhown you mine; which you know are the moſt haſty trifles in the world, and which, though I may be fond of the ſubject when freſh, I conſtantly forget in a very ſhort time after they are publiſhed. This would ſound like affectation to others, but will not to you. It would be affected, even to you, to ſay I am indifferent to fame——I certainly am not, but I am indifferent to almoſt any thing I have done to acquire it. The greater part are mere compilations; and no wonder they are, as you ſay, incorrect, when they are commonly written with people in the room, as Richard and the Noble Authors were. But I doubt there is a more intrinſic fault in them; which is, that I cannot correct them. If I write tolerably, it muſt be at once; I can neither mend nor add. The articles of lord Capel and lord Peterborough, in the ſecond edition of the Noble Authors, coſt me more trouble than all the reſt together: and you may perceive that the worſt part of Richard, in point of eaſe and ſtyle, is what relates to the papers you gave me on Jane Shore, becauſe it was tacked on ſo long afterwards, and when my impetus was chilled. If ſome time or other you will take the trouble of pointing out the inaccuracies of it, I ſhall be much obliged to you: at preſent I ſhall meddle no more with it. It has taken its fate; nor did I mean to complain. I found it was condemned indeed before

hand, which was what I alluded to. Since publication (as has happened to me before) the ſucceſs has gone beyond my expectation.

Not only at Cambridge, but here, there have been people wiſe enough to think me too free with the king of Pruſſia! A newſpaper has talked of my known inveteracy to him.—Truly, I love him as well as I do moſt kings. The greater offence is my reflection on lord Clarendon. It is forgotten that I had overpraiſed him before. Pray turn to the new State Papers, from which, *it is ſaid*, he compoſed his hiſtory. You will find they are the papers from which he did *not* compoſe his hiſtory. And yet I admire my lord Clarendon more than theſe pretended admirers do. But I do not intend to juſtify myſelf. I can as little ſatisfy thoſe who complain that I do not let them know what *really did* happen. If this inquiry can ferret out any truth, I ſhall be glad. I have picked up a few more circumſtances. I now want to know what Perkin Warbeck's proclamation was, which Speed in his hiſtory ſays is preſerved by biſhop Leſlie. If you look in Speed, perhaps you will be able to aſſiſt me.

The duke of Richmond and lord Lyttelton agree with you, that I have not diſculpated Richard of the murder of Henry VI. I own to you, it is the crime of which in my own mind I believe him moſt guiltleſs. Had I thought he committed it, I ſhould never have taken the trouble to apologize for the reſt. I am not at all poſitive or obſtinate on your other objections, nor know exactly what I believe on many points of this ſtory. And I am ſo ſincere, that, except a few notes hereafter, I ſhall leave the matter to be ſettled or diſcuſſed by others. As you have written much too little, I have written a great deal too much, and think only of finiſhing the two or three other things I have begun—and of thoſe, nothing but the laſt volume of painters is deſigned for the preſent public. What has one to do when turned fifty, but really think of *finiſhing*?

I am much obliged and flattered by Mr. Maſon's approbation, and particularly by having had almoſt the ſame thought with him. I ſaid, "People need not be angry at my excuſing Richard; I have not diminiſhed their fund of hatred, I have only transferred it from Richard to Henry."—Well, but I have found you cloſe with Maſon—No doubt, cry prating I, ſomething

thing will come out [1].——Oh! no—leave us, both of you, to Annabellas and Epiſtles to Ferney, that give Voltaire an account of his own tragedies, to Macarony fables that are more unintelligible than Pilpay's are in the original, to Mr. Thornton's hurdy-gurdy poetry, and to Mr. ——, who has imitated himſelf worſe than any fop in a magazine would have done. In truth, if you ſhould abandon us, I could not wonder—When Garrick's prologues and epilogues, his own Cymons and farces, and the comedies of the fools that pay court to him, are the delight of the age, it does not deſerve any thing better.

Pray read the new account of Corſica. What relates to Paoli will amuſe you much. There is a deal about the iſland and its diviſions that one does not care a ſtraw for. The author, Boſwell, is a ſtrange being, and, like ———, has a rage of knowing any body that ever was talked of. He forced himſelf upon me at Paris in ſpite of my teeth and my doors, and I ſee has given a fooliſh account of all he could pick up from me about king Theodore. He then took an antipathy to me on Rouſſeau's account, abuſed me in the newſpapers, and exhorted Rouſſeau to do ſo too: but as he came to ſee me no more, I forgave all the reſt. I ſee he now is a little ſick of Rouſſeau himſelf, but I hope it will not cure him of his anger to me. However, his book will I am ſure entertain you.

I will add but a word or two more. I am criticized for the expreſſion *tinker up* [2] in the preface. Is this one of thoſe that you object to? I own I think ſuch a low expreſſion, placed to ridicule an abſurd inſtance of wiſe folly, very forcible. Replace it with an elevated word or phraſe, and to my conception it becomes as flat as poſſible.

George Selwyn ſays I may, if I pleaſe, write hiſtoric doubts on the preſent duke of G——— too. Indeed they would be doubts, for I know nothing certainly.

[1] "I found him cloſe with Swift—Indeed?—
No doubt,
(Cries prating Balbus) ſomething will come out." *Pope's Epiſtle to Arbuthnot.*

[2] "The want of records, of letters, of printing, of critics; wars, revolutions, factions, and other cauſes occaſioned theſe defects in ancient hiſtory. Chronology and aſtronomy are forced to *tinker up* and reconcile as well as they can thoſe uncertainties." *Preface to Hiſtoric Doubts*, vol. ii. p. 106.

Will you be ſo kind as to look into Leſlie de rebus Scotorum, and ſee if Perkin's proclamation is there, and if there, how authenticated. You will find in Speed my reaſon for aſking this.

I have written in ſuch a hurry, I believe you will ſcarce be able to read my letter—and as I have juſt been writing French, perhaps the ſenſe may not be clearer than the writing. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER VIII.

Pembroke-college, Feb. 25, 1768.

TO your friendly accuſation, I am glad I can plead not guilty with a ſafe conſcience. Dodſley told me in the ſpring that the plates from Mr. Bentley's deſigns were worn out, and he wanted to have them copied and reduced to a ſmaller ſcale for a new edition. I diſſuaded him from ſo ſilly an expence, and deſired he would put in no ornaments at all. The *Long Story* was to be totally omitted, as its only uſe (that of explaining the prints) was gone: but to ſupply the place of it in bulk, leſt *my works* ſhould be miſtaken for the works of a flea, or a piſmire, I promiſed to ſend him an equal weight of poetry or proſe: ſo, ſince my return hither, I put up about two ounces of ſtuff; viz. The Fatal Siſters, The Deſcent of Odin (of both which you have copies), a bit of ſomething from the Welch, and certain little notes, partly from juſtice (to acknowledge the debt, where I had borrowed any thing), partly from ill temper, juſt to tell the gentle reader, that Edward I. was not Oliver Cromwell, nor queen Elizabeth the witch of Endor. This is literally all; and with all this I ſhall be but a ſhrimp of an author. I gave leave alſo to print the ſame thing at Glaſgow; but I doubt my packet has miſcarried, for I hear nothing of its arrival as yet. To what you ſay to me ſo civilly, that I ought to write more, I reply in your own words (like the pamphleteer, who is going to confute you out of your own mouth), What has one to do, when *turned of fifty*, but really to think of finiſhing? However, I will be candid (for you ſeem to be ſo with me), and avow to you, that till fourſcore-and-ten, whenever the humour takes me, I will write,

write, becauſe I like it; and becauſe I like myſelf better when I do ſo. If I do not write much, it is becauſe I cannot. As you have not this laſt plea, I ſee no reaſon why you ſhould not continue as long as it is agreeable to yourſelf, and to all ſuch as have any curioſity or judgment in the ſubjects you chooſe to treat. By the way let me tell you (while it is freſh) that lord Sandwich, who was lately dining at Cambridge, ſpeaking (as I am told) handſomely of your book, ſaid, it was pity you did not know that his couſin Mancheſter had a genealogy of the kings, which came down no lower than to Richard III. and at the end of it were two portraits of Richard and his ſon, in which that king appeared to be a handſome man. I tell you it as I heard it: perhaps you may think it worth enquiring into.

I have looked into Speed and Leſlie. It appears very odd, that Speed in the ſpeech he makes for P. Warbeck, addreſſed to James IV. of Scotland, ſhould three times cite the *manuſcript proclamation* of Perkin, then in the hands of ſir Robert Cotton; and yet when he gives us the proclamation afterwards (on occaſion of the inſurrection in Cornwall) he does not cite any ſuch manuſcript. In Caſley's Catalogue of the Cotton Library you may ſee whether this manuſcript proclamation ſtill exiſts or not: if it does, it may be found at the Muſæum. Leſlie will give you no ſatisfaction at all: though no ſubject of England, he could not write freely on this matter, as the title of Mary his miſtreſs to the crown of England was derived from that of Henry VII. Accordingly, he every where treats Perkin as an impoſtor; yet drops ſeveral little expreſſions inconſiſtent with that ſuppoſition. He has preſerved no proclamation: he only puts a ſhort ſpeech into Perkin's mouth, the ſubſtance of which is taken by Speed, and tranſlated in the end of his, which is a good deal longer: the whole matter is treated by Leſlie very conciſely and ſuperficially. I can eaſily tranſcribe it, if you pleaſe; but I do not ſee that it could anſwer any purpoſe.

Mr. Boſwell's book I was going to recommend to you, when I received your letter: it has pleaſed and moved me ſtrangely, all (I mean) that relates to Paoli. He is a man born two thouſand years after his time! The pamphlet proves what I have always maintained, that any fool may write a moſt valuable book by chance, if he will only tell us what he heard and ſaw with veracity. Of Mr. Boſwell's truth I have not the leaſt ſuſpicion, becauſe I am ſure he could invent nothing of this kind. The true title of this part of his work is, A Dialogue between a Green-gooſe and a Hero.

I had

I had been told of a manuſcript in Benet-library: the inſcription of it is *Itinerarium Fratris Simonis Simeonis et Hugonis Illuminatoris*, 1322. Would not one think this ſhould promiſe ſomething? They were two Franciſcan friars that came from Ireland, and paſſed through Wales to London, to Canterbury, to Dover, and ſo to France in their way to Jeruſalem. All that relates to our own country has been tranſcribed for me, and (ſorry am I to ſay) ſignifies not a halfpenny: only this little bit might be inſerted in your next edition of the Painters: Ad aliud caput civitatis (Londoniæ) eſt monaſterium nigrorum monachorum nomine Weſtmonaſterium, in quo conſtanter et communiter omnes reges Angliæ ſepeliuntur——et eidem monaſterio quaſi immediatè conjungitur illud famoſiſſimum palatium regis, in quo eſt illa vulgata camera, in cujus parietibus ſunt omnes hiſtoriæ bellicæ totius Bibliæ ineffabiliter depictæ, atque in Gallico completiſſimè et perfectiſſimè conſcriptæ, in non modicâ intuentium admiratione et maximâ regali magnificentiâ.

I have had certain obſervations on your Royal and Noble Authors given me to ſend you perhaps about three years ago: laſt week I found them in a drawer, and (my conſcience being troubled) now encloſe them to you. I have even forgot whoſe they are.

I have been alſo told of a paſſage in Ph. de Comines, which (if you know) ought not to have been paſſed over. The book is not at hand at preſent, and I muſt conclude my letter. Adieu!

I am ever yours,

T. GRAY.

LETTER IX.

Arlington-ſtreet, Friday night, Feburary 26.

I PLAGUE you to death, but I muſt reply a few more words. I ſhall be very glad to ſee in print, and to have thoſe that are worthy ſee your ancient odes; but I was in hopes there were ſome pieces too that I had not ſeen. I am ſorry there are not.

I troubled you about Perkin's proclamation, becauſe Mr. Hume lays great ſtreſs

ſtreſs upon it, and inſiſts, that if Perkin affirmed his brother was killed, it muſt have been true, if he was true duke of York. Mr. Hume would have perſuaded me that the proclamation is in Stowe, but I can find no ſuch thing there; nor, what is more, in Caſley's catalogue, which I have twice looked over carefully. I wrote to ſir David Dalrymple in Scotland, to enquire after it, becauſe I would produce it if I could, though it ſhould make againſt me: but he, I believe, thinking I enquired with the contrary view, replied very drily, that it was publiſhed at York, and was not to be found in Scotland. Whether he is diſpleaſed that I have plucked a hair from the treſſes of their great hiſtorian; or whether, as I ſuſpect, he is offended for king William; this reply was all the notice he took of my letter and book. I only ſmiled, as I muſt do when I find one party is angry with me on king William's, and the other on lord Clarendon's account.

The anſwer advertiſed is Guthrie's, who is furious that I have taken no notice of *his* Hiſtory. I ſhall take as little of his pamphlet; but his end will be anſwered, if he ſells that and one or two copies of his Hiſtory. Mr. Hume, I am told, has drawn up an anſwer too, which I ſhall ſee, and, if I can, will get him to publiſh; for, if I ſhould ever chooſe to ſay any thing more on this ſubject, I had rather reply to him than to hackney-writers:—to the latter, indeed, I never will reply. A few notes I have to add that will be very material; and I wiſh to get ſome account of a book that was once ſold at Oſborn's, that exiſts perhaps at Cambridge, and of which I found a memorandum t'other day in my note-book. It is called A paradox, or apology for Richard III. by ſir William Cornwallis. If you could diſcover it, I ſhould be much obliged to you.

Lord Sandwich, with whom I have not exchanged a ſyllable ſince the general warrants, very obligingly ſent me an account of the roll at Kimbolton; and has ſince, at my deſire, borrowed it for me and ſent it to town [1]. It is as long as my lord Lyttelton's Hiſtory; but by what I can read of it (for it is both ill written and much decayed), it is not a roll of kings, but of all that have been poſſeſſed of, or been earls of Warwick: or have not—for one of the firſt earls is Æneas. How, or wherefore, I do not know, but amongſt the firſt is Richard III. in whoſe reign it was finiſhed, and with whom it

[1] From this roll were taken the two plates of portraits in the Hiſtoric Doubts, now firſt publiſhed in this edition. E.

concludes. He is there again with his wife and ſon, and Edward IV. and Clarence and his wife, and Edward their ſon (who unluckily is a little old man), and Margaret counteſs of Saliſbury, their daughter——But why do I ſay with theſe? There is every body elſe too—and what is moſt meritorious, the habits of all the times are admirably well obſerved from the moſt ſavage ages. Each figure is tricked with a pen, well drawn, but neither coloured nor ſhaded. Richard is ſtraight, but thinner than my print; his hair ſhort, and exactly curled in the ſame manner; not ſo handſome as mine, but what one might really believe intended for the ſame countenance, as drawn by a different painter, eſpecially when ſo ſmall; for the figures in general are not ſo long as one's finger. His queen is ugly, and with juſt ſuch a ſquare forehead as in my print, but I cannot ſay like it. Nor, indeed, where forty-five figures out of fifty (I have not counted the number) muſt have been imaginary, can one lay great ſtreſs on the five. I ſhall, however, have theſe figures copied, eſpecially as I know of no other image of the ſon. Mr. Aſtle is to come to me to-morrow morning to explain the writing.

I wiſh you had told me in what age your Franciſcan friars lived; and what the paſſage in Comines is. I am very ready to make amende honorable.

Thank you for the notes on the Noble Authors. They ſhall be inſerted when I make a new edition, for the ſake of the trouble the perſon has taken, though they are of little conſequence. Dodſley has aſked me for a new edition; but I have little heart to undertake ſuch work, no more than to mend my old linen. It is pity one cannot be born an ancient, and have commentators to do ſuch jobs for one! Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

Saturday morning.

ON reading over your letter again this morning, I do find the age in which the friars lived—I read and write in ſuch a hurry, that I think I neither know what I read or ſay.

LETTER

LETTER X.

Pembroke-hall, March 6, 1768.

HERE is ſir William Cornwallis, entitled Eſſayes of certaine Paradoxes. 2d Edit. 1617, Lond.

King Richard III.
The French Pockes
Nothing
Good to be in debt
Sadneſſe
Julian the Apoſtate's vertues
} praiſed.

The title-page will probably ſuffice you; but if you would know any more of him, he has read nothing but the common chronicles, and thoſe without attention: for example, ſpeaking of Anne the queen, he ſays, ſhe was *barren*, of which Richard had often complained to Rotheram. He extenuates the murder of Henry VI. and his ſon: the firſt, he ſays, might be a malicious accuſation, for that many did ſuppoſe he died of mere melancholy and grief: the latter cannot be proved to be the action of Richard (though executed in his preſence); and if it were, he did it out of love to his brother Edward. He juſtifies the death of the lords at Pomfret, from reaſons of ſtate, for his own preſervation, the ſafety of the commonwealth, and the ancient nobility. The execution of Haſtings he excuſes from neceſſity, from the diſhoneſty and ſenſuality of the man: what was his crime with reſpect to Richard, he does not ſay. Dr. Shaw's ſermon was not by the king's command, but to be imputed to the preacher's own ambition: but if it was by order, *to charge his mother with adultery was a matter of no ſuch great moment, ſince it is no wonder in that ſex.* Of the murder in the Tower he doubts; but if it were by his order, the offence was to God, not to his people; and *how could he demonſtrate his love more amply, than to venture his ſoul for their quiet?* Have you enough, pray? You ſee it is an idle declamation, the exerciſe of a ſchool-boy that is to be bred a ſtateman.

I have looked in Stowe: to be ſure there is no proclamation there. Mr. Hume, I ſuppoſe, means *Speed*, where it is given, how truly I know not;

but that he had ſeen the original is ſure, and ſeems to quote the very words of it in the beginning of that ſpeech which Perkin makes to James IV. and alſo juſt afterwards, where he treats of the Corniſh rebellion.

Guthrie, you ſee, has vented himſelf in the Critical Review. His Hiſtory I never ſaw, nor is it here, nor do I know any one that ever ſaw it. He is a raſcal, but raſcals may chance to meet with curious records; and that commiſſion to ſir J. Tyrrell (if it be not a lye) is ſuch: ſo is the order for Henry the ſixth's funeral. I would by no means take notice of him, write what he would. I am glad you have ſeen the Mancheſter-roll.

It is not I that talk of Phil. de Comines; it was mentioned to me as a thing that looked like a voluntary omiſſion: but I ſee you have taken notice of it in the note to page 71, though rather too ſlightly. You have not obſerved that the ſame writer ſays, c. 55, *Richard tua de ſa main, ou fit tuer en ſa preſence, quelque lieu apart, ce bon homme le roi Henry.* Another overſight I think there is at p. 43, where you ſpeak of the *roll of parliament* and the contract with lady Eleanor Boteler, as things newly come to light; whereas Speed has given at large the ſame roll in his Hiſtory. Adieu!

I am ever yours,

T. GRAY.