

dare to say that her dress was very becoming, and that she looked charmingly.

The month of June according to custom immemorial is as cold as Christmas. I had a fire last night, and all my rosebuds, I believe, would have been very glad to sit by it. I have other grievances to boot, but as they are annuals too, *videlicet*, people to see my house,¹¹ I will not torment your Ladyship with them—yet I know nothing else. None of my neighbours are come into the country yet; one would think all the dowagers were elected into the new Parliament.

Adieu! my dear Madam; I hope your tongue runs like wildfire!

From CONWAY, ca Wednesday 23 June 1784

Missing; answered *post* 25 June 1784.

To CONWAY, Friday 25 June 1784

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Strawberry Hill, June 25, 1784.

I CAN answer you very readily in your own tone, that is, about weather and country grievances, and without one word of news or politics; for I know neither, nor inquire of them. I am very well content to be a Strulbrug, and to *exist* after I had done *being*:¹ and I am still better pleased that you are in the same way of thinking, or of not thinking; for I am sure both your health and your mind will

tle of Bn Walsingham was revived in the de Grey family in 1780, when William de Grey was created Bn Walsingham. He was succeeded by his son, Thomas de Grey, in 1781. There were two Lady Walsinghams living at this time.

11. See OSSORY ii. 435–6; BERRY ii. 221.

1. 'When they came to fourscore years, which is reckoned the extremity of living in this country, they had not only all the follies and infirmities of other old men, but many more which arose from the dreadful prospect of never

dying. They were not only opinionative, peevish, covetous, morose, vain, talkative; but incapable of friendship, and dead to all natural affection, which never descended below their grandchildren. Envy and impotent desires, are their prevailing passions. But those objects against which their envy seems principally directed, are the vices of the younger sort, and the deaths of the old. . . . The least miserable among them, appear to be those who turn to dotage, and entirely lose their memories' (Jonathan Swift, *Gulliver's Travels*, Oxford, 1941, p. 196).