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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 III. Letters To Dr. Richard
Chenevix, Lord Bishop Of Waterford, And To Some Other Friends in
Ireland.

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LORD CHESTERFIELD'S
LETTERS to his FRIENDS,

B O O K III.

L E T T E R S

To Dr. RICHARD CHENEVIX,

LORD BISHOP OF WATERFORD,

A N D

TO SOME OTHER FRIENDS

I N I R E L A N D

LORD CHESTERFIELD
LETTERS to his FRIENDS.

BOOK II
LETTERS

TO DR RICHARD CHENEVIX

LORD BISHOP OF WILMINGTON

AND

TO SOME OTHER FRIENDS

IN LETTERS

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE originals of the letters to the bishop of Waterford were entrusted with me, by that venerable prelate, after he had sent me copies of all, made under his eyes.

The letter to Dr. Whitecombe, and that to the late Dr. Madden, are only printed from copies, for which I am indebted to the same benevolent friend.

From him also I received the six original letters to Thomas Prior, esq; a man, whose philanthropy, and zealous attachment to the real interests of his country were deservedly applauded, and strenuously encouraged, by the earl of Chesterfield.

Most of the notes subjoined to these letters were sent me by the bishop of Waterford, and contain such informations, as he alone could give. A few of my own I have ventured to add, but only in cases where some elucidation seemed requisite.

Sir John Irwine, knight of the Bath, and commander in chief of his majesty's forces in Ireland, was pleased to communicate such of the letters from his noble friend, as he judged worthy of the attention of the public. Though several of them were written while the general was either in England or abroad, yet, as most relate to Irish affairs, it was thought proper to insert them in this book.

The three last letters, viz. two from Dr. Swift to lord Chesterfield, and one from his lordship to the Dean, though printed before, were too remarkable to be detached from a collection, intended in a great measure to preserve the original features of persons, equally distinguished by their humor and their wit.*

* Those of the Dean, in his Works, vol. VIII. in 4to. lord Chesterfield's, in Hawkesworth's Collection of Dr. Swift's Letters.

ADVERTISEMENT

The undersigned has the honor to announce that he has just published a new edition of his book on the history of the city of Paderborn, which is now ready for sale at the price of one Rixdollar.

The book is written in a clear and concise style, and contains a great deal of interesting and valuable information concerning the history of the city of Paderborn, and the surrounding district.

The book is now in the hands of the printer, and will be ready for sale in a few days. It is to be had of all booksellers, or of the author at his residence, No. 12, the Golden Lion, in the city of Paderborn.

The author is a native of the city of Paderborn, and has spent many years of his life in the study of its history, and is therefore well qualified to write on this subject.

The book is a valuable addition to the library of every person who is interested in the history of the city of Paderborn, and the surrounding district. It is also a valuable work for the general reader, who wishes to know more of the history of the city of Paderborn, and the surrounding district.

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LORD CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS.

B O O K III.

L E T T E R I.

To Dr. R. CHENEVIX, Lord Bishop of Waterford.

London, Feb. 15, 1740.

DEAR DOCTOR,

I THANK you for both your letters; I would have acknowledged your former sooner; but partly business and partly dispiritedness hindered me.

We have both lost a good friend in Scarborough; nobody can replace him to me, I wish I could replace him to you; but as things stand I see no great hopes of it.

As for the living of Southwark, I would not advise you to expect it; for ***** I am persuaded will never let you have it. He carries his resentment to the highest degree, even against the memory of one, who was but too long his friend, and too little a while his enemy. However, when it becomes vacant, I would have you renew your application for it.

I am, with great truth,

Your sincere friend,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T-

LETTER II.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR DOCTOR,

Spa, July 4, N. S. 1741.

IT was with real concern that I heard you were ill, and it is with equal truth that I hope this will find you perfectly recovered: that virtue, which makes you fit, and it may be, willing to die, makes those who are acquainted with it, as I am, unwilling you should; therefore take care of your health, and let it not be affected by a too great sensibility of those misfortunes that inseparably attend our state here. Do all you can to prevent them, but, when inevitable, bear them with resolution; this is the part I take with relation to my own health: I do all I can to retrieve and improve it, and if I acquire it, I will do all I can to preserve it; my bodily infirmities shall as little as possible affect my mind, and so far at least I will lessen the weight of them.

These waters have already done me so much good, that I have reason to expect a great deal more from them, and I expect still more benefit from passing my autumn afterwards in constant travelling through the south of France: thus you see I anticipate eventually the good, which is at least so much clear gain, let what will happen afterwards; do so too, dear doctor, and be as well, and as happy, as you are sincerely wished to be by,

Your most faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LET-

LETTER III.

TO THE SAME

DEAR DOCTOR,

London, March 6, 1742.

I WILL not tell you that I am sorry for your Southwark disappointment *, because, as the Irishman said, I think you have got a loss; and considering the charge of removing, and the increase of your expence by living in London, I am sure you would have been no gainer by your preferment, and yet you would have been looked upon by the court as provided for. I need not tell you, I am sure, how much I wish to be able to contribute to the advantageous change of your situation; but I am sure too, that I cannot tell you when I shall; for, till I can do it consistently with my honour and conscience, I will not do it at all, and I know you do not desire I should. The public has already assigned me different employments, and among others that which you mention; but I have been offered none, I have asked for none, and I will accept of none, till I see a little clearer into matters than I do at present: I have opposed measures, not men, and the change of two or three men only is not a sufficient pledge to me that measures will be changed, nay rather an indication that they will not; and I am sure no employment whatsoever shall prevail with me to support measures I have so justly opposed. A good conscience is in my mind a better thing than the best employment, and I will not have the latter till I can keep it with the former: when that can be, I shall not decline a public life, though in truth more inclined to a

* "The Southwark disappointment, which his lordship alludes to, was my not getting the parish of St. Olave's, when it became vacant, which had been promised me, upon his lordship's first coming from Holland, by sir Robert Walpole, on the recommendation of lord Chesterfield and lord Scarborough. On this promise not being kept, the latter complained to the king himself, and in a strong manner, of the little regard which had been paid to his recommendation in my favour."

Letter from the bishop of Waterford.

private

private one. You did very well to hinder your friend, Mr. Hutchins*, from taking a useless journey. I have heard a very good character of him, and shall be very glad to do for him when in my power; but he must naturally suppose too, that I have some prior engagements to satisfy, and you will possibly think it but reasonable that you should be my first care; at least I think so, for I am very faithfully yours,

CHESTERFIELD,

My compliments to Mrs. Chenevix.

L E T T E R I V.

T O T H E S A M E.

London, Nov. 3, 1743.

DEAR DOCTOR,

AS this is a begging letter, I think I should begin in the usual style of those epistles, and tell you that past favours embolden me to ask for new ones, and that your ale was so good that I wish you would send me a little more of it. By the time it lasted me, (for I drank the last bottle yesterday,) you may judge, that I mean literally but a little more; and if you send me more than you did last time, it will only be spoiled before it is drank.

My brother John told me he left you at Nottingham in perfect health, which I was extremely glad to hear, it being in my mind impossible for a man not to be happy with good health and a good conscience like yours. Money may improve, but cannot make happiness; and though I wish it would improve yours, yet in the mean time, I am convinced that there are many more people in this kingdom that have reason to envy your situation, than to prefer their own to it.

* Mr. Hutchins was a very worthy clergyman beneficed in Leicestershire, and a distant relation of his lordship.

I have

I have been of late a little out of order with a cold ; but bleeding set me right, and I am in hopes of resisting the winter tolerably, which is the trying season to me.

Adieu, dear doctor, *divertissez-vous, il n'y a rien de tel*; and believe me most affectionately and faithfully,

Yours,

C.

LETTER V.
TO THE SAME.

Hague, March 12, N. S. 1745.

I PUT nothing at top of this letter, not knowing whether the familiar appellation of *dear doctor* would now become me ; because I hope that by the time you receive this letter, you will be, as it were, my lord of Clonfert. I have the pleasure of telling you, that I have this day recommended you to the king, for the bishoprick of that name, now vacant by the translation of its last bishop to the see of Kildare. I hope my recommendation will not be refused, though I would not swear for it ; therefore, do not absolutely depend upon your consecration, and stay quietly where you are, till you hear further from me. I assure you, I expect few greater pleasures in the remainder of my life, than that I now feel in rewarding your long attachment to me, and, what I value still more, your own merits and virtues.

Yours sincerely,

C.

LET-

LETTER VI.

TO THE SAME.

Hague, April 27, N. S. 1745.

DEAR DOCTOR,

I TOLD you, at first, not to reckon too much upon the success of my recommendation: and I have still more reason to give you the same advice now; for it has met with great difficulties, merely as mine, and I am far from knowing yet how it will end. Pray, give no answer whatsoever to any body, that either writes or speaks to you upon that subject, but leave it to me, for I make it my own affair; and you shall have either the bishoprick of Clonfert, or a better thing, or else I will not be lord lieutenant. I hope to be in England in about a fortnight, when this affair must and shall be brought to a decision*. Good night to you.

Yours,

C.

* When the king refused his consent to the making me a bishop, he directed lord Harrington, then secretary of state, to acquaint lord Chesterfield that he would comply with his application in favour of any one, except me. His lordship's answer was, that he would not continue lord lieutenant of Ireland, except I had the vacant bishoprick. One of the reasons given by his majesty, was, because he was told I wrote political pamphlets against the administration, which was absolutely false; for I declare, in the most solemn manner, that I never wrote any pamphlet whatever, and I further declare; that lord Chesterfield never employed me to negotiate for him any political transaction, though sir Robert thought so, because I used to go to his lordship every morning at eight o'clock, and had the honor to stay with him till he was dressed. In consequence of this, I was informed, upon the best authority, that a person used to follow me upon my going out of his lordship's house; and as I sometimes went from lord Chesterfield to lord Scarborough, sir Robert thought I carried messages from one to the other, which I never did. There was no occasion for my doing it, as lord Scarborough made no secret of his going to lord Chesterfield; for I have seen him myself go from his lordship to sir Robert, they living opposite to each other, in St. James's Square. Another reason the king gave for his refusal, was because lord Scarborough had complained to him, with some warmth, of the little regard that had been shewed to his recommendation in my favour.

Perhaps another reason was, that his majesty was glad to cross his lordship's recommendation in my favour, knowing the great regard and affection he was so good to have for me.

From the bishop of Waterford.

L E T-

L E T T E R VII.

TO THE SAME.

MY GOOD LORD, Hague, May 12, N. S. 1745.

NO W you are what I had positively declared you should be, a bishop; but it is bishop of Killaloe, not Clonfert, the latter refusing the translation. Killaloe, I am assured, is better. I heartily wish you joy, and could not refuse myself that pleasure, though I am in the greatest hurry imaginable, being upon my journey to Helvoet-Sluis for England. Adieu.

Yours,

C.

L E T T E R VIII.

TO THE SAME.

MY DEAR LORD, London, June 18, 1747.

I THANK you for your letter and your kind hint, and am heartily glad to hear that you have made up your affair with your predecessor's widow.

What becomes of your intended establishment at Waterford for the reception of foreigners*? Does it go on? It would be of great advantage to the town, and a good example to others. How does Mr. Smith's linen manufacture flourish with you? If it prospers, I should think it would both invite and employ foreigners. I wish my country people, (for I look upon myself as an Irishman still) would but attend half as much to those useful objects, as they do to the glory of the militia and the purity of their claret. Drinking is a most beastly vice in every country,

* That scheme, intended for the encouragement of French protestants, did not answer the expectation of those who had formed it.

but

but it is really a ruinous one to Ireland : nine gentlemen in ten in Ireland are impoverished by the great quantity of claret, which, from mistaken notions of hospitality and dignity, they think it necessary should be drank in their houses ; this expence leaves them no room to improve their estates, by proper indulgence upon proper conditions to their tenants, who must pay them to the full, and upon the very day, that they may pay their wine merchants.

There was a law, in one of the antient governments, I have forgot which *, that empowered a man to kill his wife, if she smelt of wine. I most sincerely wish that there were a law in Ireland, and better executed than most laws are, to empower the wives to kill their husbands in the like case ; it would promote sobriety extremely, if the effects of conjugal affection were fully considered.

Do you grow fat ? Are Mrs. Chenevix and your children all well ? Are you as chearful and as happy as your good conscience ought to make you ? I hope them all, for, upon my word, nobody loves and values you more than

Your faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER IX.

TO THE SAME.

MY DEAR LORD,

1747 †.

I AM very glad to hear of your safe arrival upon Irish ground, after your distresses upon the Irish seas : escapes always make people either much bolder or much more timid than they were

* It was that of the antient Romans : that law, indeed, did not subsist long in all its severity ; but even when the ladies had obtained the permission of drinking wine, they were punished for abusing of that indulgence ; and the wife of a senator, having been convicted of drunkenness, was deprived of her marriage portion.

† This date is not in the hand of lord Chesterfield ; and I suspect it to be faulty.

before ;

before ; yours, I hope, will have the former of these effects, and encourage you rather to visit your friends in England.

I have been a country gentleman a great while, for me, that is, I have now been a fortnight together at Blackheath, and stay three or four days longer. The *furor hortensis* (garden-madness) has seized me, and my acre of ground here affords me more pleasure than kingdoms do to kings ; for my object is not to extend, but to enrich it. My gardener calls me, and I must obey. Be as well and as chearful as you can, and believe me most faithfully and truly

Yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER X.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, March 1, 1748.

MY DEAR LORD,

I THANK you for your kind letter, by which I am glad to find that you approve of my resignation, and of my resolution to enjoy the comforts of a private life : indeed I had enough both of the pageantry and hurry of public life, to see their futility, and I withdraw from them, *uti convivæ satur* (as a satisfied guest.) This conviction from experience secured me from regret : those who have only seen the gaudy outside of great stations, languish for their hidden charms, which in my mind soon satiate after possession*.

I am very glad to hear that I shall have the pleasure of seeing you and your family here this summer ; I know that I cannot see a truer nor a warmer friend, which, I assure you, you may say too when you see me. I suppose that

* When I had the honor to see lord Chesterfield, some time after his resignation, one reason he told me why he was glad he had resigned, was because it was very difficult, in the public station he was in, to be intirely free from doing things that were not quite right.

Bishop of Waterford.

you will stop in your way in Nottinghamshire to see your son, whom as you return you will probably take with you to Ireland.

I have been here now a fortnight, and have found good by the waters; not that I had any great occasion for them, but, to say the truth, I came here chiefly to be out of the way of being talked to, and talked of, while my resignation was the only object of conversation in town.

Adieu, my dear lord: I cannot tell you how sincerely and affectionately I am

Yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R XI.

TO THE SAME.

London, Dec. 28, 1749.

MY DEAR LORD,

THIS is to most people, and in most places, the season of lies, dignified and distinguished by the name of compliments; with me it is a season of truth, when I assure you that I wish you, and all who belong to you, whatever you wish for yourselves or for each other, more particularly health, with which nobody need be unhappy.

Though you would not tell me how soon, and how generously, you provided for Dr. Young's son*, he did, and with all the professions of gratitude which he owed you. I am as much obliged to you as he can be; I am glad that the young man has a good character, which you know I made a *conditio sine qua non* of my request; and I hope that

* I must observe here, that lord Chesterfield never recommended any one to the ecclesiastical preferments in my gift but Mr. Young. When he did, it was in the handsomest manner, by telling me twice in his letter, "Remember that I do not recommend, but if you approve of his character, you will do a good-natured action."

my

my recommendation interfered with no views of your own in favour of any other person.

Lord Scarborough's picture will be finished this week, and sent to Mrs. Chenevix; I think it is very well done, and indeed ought to be by the time Barret has taken to do it in; but he has taken it into his head, and I cannot say that I have discouraged him, that a great painter should also be a poet, that the same warmth of imagination equally forms both; and consequently, when I expect him to bring me home a very good copy of a picture, he frequently brings an execrable copy of verses instead of it. The melon seeds shall go by the same opportunities of the picture and candlesticks, which I suppose will be time enough, since they are not to be sown till February.

I have not yet been able to get the workmen out of my house in town; and shall have the pleasure of their company some months longer. One would think that I liked them, for I am now full of them at Blackheath, where I am adding a gallery. *Il ne faut jamais faire les sottises à demi.* (Foolish things should never be done by halves.) I am, my dear lord,

Most faithfully yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER XII.

TO THE SAME.

November 30, 1751.

MY DEAR LORD,

MY reproach by Dr. Thomas, I insist upon it, was a very just one, and your excuse a very lame one: indifferent as I am grown about most things, you could not suppose that I was become so, where the health and happiness of you and your family were concerned; on the contrary,

Y 2

trary,

trary, I find, that in proportion as one renounces public, one grows more sensible to private, social cares. My circle, thank God, is so much contracted, that my attention can, and does, from its center extend itself to every point of the circumference. I am very glad to hear that your son goes on so well, and as he does go on so well, why should you move him? The Irish schools and universities are indisputably better than ours, with this additional advantage, that having him within your reach will be much better for him than a better place out of it: a man no more liveth by Latin and Greek than by bread alone; but a father's care of his son's morals and manners is surely more useful than the critical knowledge of Homer and Virgil, supposing that it were, which it very seldom is, acquired at schools: I do not therefore hesitate to advise you, to put your son to the best school, that is, the nearest to your usual place of residence, that you may see and examine him often and strictly, and watch his progress, not only in learning, but in morals and manners, instead of trusting to interested accounts of distant school-masters.

His grace of Tuam's recovery has, I find, delayed, if not broke, a long chain of ecclesiastical promotions, of which the first link is the only one I interest myself in, I mean the translation of that good man and citizen, the bishop of Meath*, to Tuam; the more he gets, the more Ireland gets; that being your case too, pray, how goes the copper mine? Fruitful and yet inexhaustible, I hope. If it will but supply you with riches, I will answer for your making the best use of them.

I hear with great pleasure that Ireland improves daily, and that a spirit of industry spreads itself, to the great increase of trade and manufactures. I think I interest myself more in that country than in this; this is past its perfection, and seems gradually declining into weakness and caducity; that seems but tending to its vigour and perfection, and engages ones expectations and hopes; one loves a promising youth, one only esteems an old man; the former is a much

* Dr. Maul.

quicker

quicker sentiment than the latter : both those sentiments conspire, I assure you, in forming that friendship with which I am,

My dear lord,

Your most faithful humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER XIII.

TO THE SAME.

London, May 22, 1752.

MY DEAR LORD,

I AM doubly concerned at Mrs. Chenevix's illness, for, while she is so ill, I am sure you cannot be well : though in some cases I would take Ward's remedy myself, I cannot recommend it to others ; it has certainly done a great deal of good in many cases, in others it has sometimes done harm ; he gives it indiscriminately in all, and consequently improperly in some ; it is all one and the same medicine, though he gives it in different shapes, and calls it by different names of drop, pill, and powder : the principle is known to be antimony, but in what manner prepared, nobody yet has been able to discover.

You are engaged in a most useful and charitable design, and I think you and my friend the bishop of Meath have begged very successfully for the time ; he is an old experienced beggar, and you cannot learn the mendicant trade under a better master ; this undertaking is worthy of both your characters, and becomes you as men, citizens, and bishops. I desire that I may be upon your list of contributors ; therefore, pray, lay down fifty pounds for me, and draw upon me for it by the very first opportunity. Private subscriptions can never extend this excellent scheme so far as it ought to be carried, though nothing but private subscriptions and diligence could have laid the foundation of it. You have made a beginning, which is often the greatest difficulty, and I think it is now impossible but that the govern-

ment

ment and parliament must carry it on. I will venture to say that they have no object which so well deserves their attention. Could the government and parliament be brought to adopt this affair heartily, and push it effectually, a considerable sum ought to be granted for that particular purpose, as was done in England, at the time of the great *réfuge* upon the revocation of the *édit de Nantes*. Lands too might be purchased, and houses and necessaries provided, for the refugees in Kerry and in *Connaught*, near and under the protection of some of the barracks, which would greatly improve and civilize, and in time enrich, those two at present inhospitable and almost barbarous countries. The opportunity is now extremely favourable, while the weakness of the French government suffers the rage and fury of the clergy to drive such numbers of its subjects into other countries. I wish we could get them all into England and Ireland; that would be the true and justifiable way of promoting the Protestant interest, instead of following the example of the Papists, by persecuting them. *Est aliquid prodire tenus*; (there is some merit in breaking the ice;) you have that merit, and I dare say these new little colonies will thrive and extend to a certain degree, even should the government not think them worth its attention; but I hope it will.

I have been now confined near a month by a fall from my horse, which, though by good luck it neither broke nor dislocated any bone, bruised the muscles so much, that I have yet very little use of my leg; I can just hobble across my room with a stick, and that is all; but I have had, and still have, a much worse complaint, which is my deafness, for which I have yet found no relief, though I have tried a thousand infallible remedies: as soon as my lameness will allow me, I will go to Blackheath, and seek the refuge of a deaf man, reading and walking.

Lady Chesterfield sends her compliments to you and Mrs. Chenevix, at whose illness she is much concerned; she has sent you from Bristol a busto of your humble servant, cast from a marble one done by Mr. Hoare at Bath, for Mr. Adderly; it is generally thought very like. Adieu, my dear lord.

I am faithfully yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

LET-

LETTER XIV.

TO THE SAME.

London, July 14, 1752.

MY DEAR LORD,

I KNOW the gentleness, the humanity, and the tenderness of your nature too well to doubt of your grief, and I know the object of it * too well to blame it; no, in such cases it is a commendable not a blameable passion, and is always inseparable from a heart, that is capable of friendship or love. I therefore offer you no trite and always unavailing arguments of consolation; but as any strong and prevailing passion is apt to make us neglect or forget for the time out most important duties, I must remind you of two in particular, the neglect of which would render your grief, instead of pious, criminal: I mean your duty to your children as a father, and to your diocese as a bishop. Your care of your children must be doubled, in order to repair as far as possible their loss; and the public trust of your flock must not suffer from a personal and private concern. These incumbent and necessary duties will sometimes suspend, and at last mitigate, that grief, which I confess mere reason would not: they are equally moral and christian duties, which I am sure no consideration upon earth will ever make you neglect. May your assiduous discharge of them insensibly lessen that affliction, which, if indulged, would prove as fatal to you and your family, as it must be vain and unavailing to her whose loss you justly lament! I am, with the greatest truth and affection, my dear lord,

Your most faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

* The death of Mrs. Chenevix, the bishop's wife.

LET-

LETTER XV.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, Nov. 11, 1752.

MY DEAR LORD,

THIS is only to ask you how you do, and what you do; in both which I need not tell you how truly I interest myself. The former depends a great deal upon the latter; if you are, alternately, attentively employed, and agreeably amused, you will probably, considering your sobriety and temperance, be in very good health. Your children are now old enough to answer both those ends. Their establishment should excite your attention, and their conversation and progressive improvement amuse your leisure hours. Your son is of an age to enable you to guess a little at his turn and disposition, and to direct his education accordingly. If you would have him be a very learned man, you must certainly send him to some great school; but if you would have him be a better thing, a very honest man, you should have him *à portée* of your own inspection. At those great schools, the heart is wholly neglected by those who ought to form it, and is consequently left open to temptations and ill examples; paternal care and inspection, attended by proper firmness and authority, may prevent great part of that mischief.

I had a letter the other day from Mr. Simond, by which I find, with great pleasure, that both the collection, and the objects of it, the refugees, increase daily. If the receiving and retrieving those poor people be, as it certainly is, both a moral and political duty, what must be the guilt and madness of those, who, by persecution for matters of mere speculation, force those poor people to carry their industry, their labour, their legs, their arms, to other people, and enrich other countries. I wonder the French government does not rather chuse to burn them at home, than persecute them away into other countries; it would be full as just, and much more prudent.

These

These waters, which I have now used six weeks, in every way that it is possible to use them, drinking, bathing, and pumping, have done my hearing some good, but not enough to refit me for social life. I stay here a fortnight longer, in hopes of more benefit, which my physician promises me strongly; as I do not expect it, if I receive it, it will be the more welcome. If not, I have both philosophy and religion enough to submit to my fate, without either melancholy or murmur, for though I can by no means account why there is either moral or physical evil in the world, yet, conscious of the narrow bounds of human understanding, and convinced of the wisdom and justice of the eternal divine Being, who placed them here, I am persuaded that it is fit and right that they should be here.

Adieu, my dear lord; believe me most truly and affectionately,

Your faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER XVI.

TO THE SAME.

London, Dec. 19, 1752.

MY DEAR LORD,

I AM extremely glad to find, by your last very friendly letter, that you enjoy that greatest blessing of this life, the health of body and mind: proper exercise is necessary for both; go as little in your coach and as much on foot as ever you can, and let your paternal and pastoral functions at once share and improve the health of your mind. The mind must have some worldly objects to excite its attention; otherwise it will stagnate in indolence, sink into melancholy, or rise into visions and enthusiasm. Your children cannot be in a better way than, by your account, they seem to be in at present: your son learns what a boy should learn,

learn, and your daughters read what girls should read, history; the former cannot know too much, and the latter ought not.

I am so weary of giving an account of my own wretched deafness, that I should not attempt it, did not I know that the kind interest which you take in whatever concerns me, makes you both desire and expect it. I am then neither better nor worse than when I wrote to you last; I have tried many things, and am going on to try many others, but without expecting any benefit from any medicine but patience. I am,

My dear lord,

sincerely yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R XVII*.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, Oct. 10, 1755.

MY DEAR LORD,

I DELAYED for some time acknowledging your kind letter, that I might be better able to answer your inquiries after my health. I know the flow from the part you take in it, and not from custom or ceremony. I am sure you wish all your fellow-creatures well, and I am almost as sure that you distinguish me among them as your friend. But what account can I now give you of myself? None that will please either of us. I came here deafer than you left me at Blackheath. I have bathed and pumped my head four times, by which operations I think I have gained a little, but so little that a solid citizen would call it at most

* The original of this letter was not received.

a farthing

a farthing in a thousand pounds; though at the same time he would add, that that was better than nothing. I belong no more to social life, which, when I quitted busy public life, I flattered myself would be the comfort of my declining days; but that, it seems, is not given me. I neither murmur nor despair; the lot of millions of my fellow-creatures is still worse than mine. Exquisite pains of the body, and still greater of the mind, conspire to torture many of them. I thank God I am free from both, and I look upon the privation of those ills as a real good. A prouder being than I am, a lord, or if you will a stately duke, of the whole creation, would place this singly to the account of his reason; but I am humble enough to allow my constitution its share. I am naturally of a chearful disposition. I view things in their most comfortable light, and I unavailingly repine at nothing that cannot be retrieved.

I am very glad that you, and your little family, met reciprocally so well at Waterford. May you always part unwillingly and meet tenderly! That, I am persuaded, will always be the case; I can trust to you for it; for I maintain that children and subjects, though their obligations are certainly the lesser of the two, are much seldomer in the wrong, than parents and kings.

You ask me what books your daughters should read. Histories of all kinds; first, *Puffendorff's Introduction to the History of all Nations*, which is very short, and then the particular and more extensive history of each. Corneille, Racine, Moliere and Boileau, with as many of the modern French plays as they please; they being most correctly pure and moral. I do not mean those *du Théâtre Italien*, or *de la Foire*, which are exceedingly licentious. These will not be less proper for your son, whom you should never suffer to be idle one minute. I do not call play, of which he ought to have a good share, idleness; but I mean sitting still in a chair in total inaction: it makes boys lazy and indolent.

Good night, my dear lord; no man can be more faithfully yours, than

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T-

LETTER XVIII.

TO THE SAME

London, February 7, 1757.

MY DEAR LORD,

I WOULD not suffer your friendship for me to be alarmed by an account of my illness, for which I must have employed another hand, and therefore stayed till I could give you at the same time an account of my recovery under my own. This I can now do; and it is all that I can do, for I am not yet got out of my room, to which I have been confined these three weeks, and with great pain by a flying rheumatic gout. My pain is almost gone, but my strength and spirits are by no means restored. At my age, and with my shattered constitution, freedom from pain is the best that I can expect, and as far as my care will procure me that negative happiness, I will exert it; where it will not, I will patiently bear my share of ills.

I suppose your ill humours in Ireland are still in strong fermentation; but I hope that between the end of this session and the beginning of the next, an interval of near two years, they will subside; I mean with regard to those national points, which have been unfortunately stirred this winter; for I do not care two pence for your personal quarrels and animosities, if they were but kept clear of national points, the discussion of which can never turn out to the advantage of Ireland.

The remaining pain in my right hand hinders me from troubling you with a longer letter, but is suspended while I have the pleasure of assuring you that I am,

My dear lord,

Your most faithful humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LET-

L E T T E R XIX.

TO THE SAME.

Spa, June 15, 1754.

MY DEAR LORD,

I DELAYED acknowledging your last kind letter, which I received just before I left England, till I could give you some account of myself, and the effects of these waters upon that crazy self. I have now drank them just a month, to the greatest benefit of my general state of health, but without the least to my deafness. They have in a great measure restored both my strength and my spirits, which, when I left England, were much affected by my long illness in the spring. In hopes of still farther benefit, (for who is ever satisfied with what he has?) I shall drink them a month longer, and then return with as much impatience to my own country, as I left it with reluctance. You know this detestable place well enough to judge what a sacrifice I make to the hopes of health, by resolving to stay here a month longer.

By the public news papers I find that you are still far from being quiet in Ireland; I am heartily sorry for it. The country in general must suffer in the mean time. Bourdeaux and its environs alone will be the gainers. Go on and follow your own good conscience, which will, I am sure, never mislead you. Vote unbiaſſed for the real good of both countries, without the least regard either to the *clamor civium prava jubentium* (out-cry of citizens commanding unjust things), or to the *vultus instantis tyranni* (dread of a menacing tyrant).

I hope you and all your family are well. I wish it sincerely; for I am most heartily, my dear lord,

Yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

LET-

L E T T E R XX.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, Nov. 14, 1754.

MY DEAR LORD,

K NOWING, by long experience, the kind part you take in whatever concerns me, I delayed acknowledging your last letter, in hopes of being able, in some time, to give you a better account of my health than I could then have done. I had just at that time, had a very severe return of my old vertiginous complaint, which, as usual, left my whole animal system weak and languid. The best air in England, which I take that of Blackheath to be, a strict regimen, and a proper degree of exercise, did not restore, I might almost say, revive me. I sought therefore for refuge here, and thank God, I have not only found it, but in some measure recovery too. The disorders of my head and stomach are intirely removed by these waters, which I have now drank three weeks; so that I may reasonably hope that the three weeks more, which I propose passing here, will set me up for part of the winter at least: for at my age, and with my shattered constitution, I am not fillily sanguine enough to expect a radical cure. I consider myself here, as an old decayed vessel, of long wear and tear, brought into the wet dock, to be careened and patched up, not for any long voyage, but only to serve as a coaster for some little time longer. How long that may be, I little know, and as little care; I am unrelative to this world, and this world to me. My only attention now is to live, while I do live in it, without pain, and when I leave it, to leave it without fear.

I hope that you, your young family, and *tutti quanti*, are all well. May you long continue so! I am, my dear lord,

Your most faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T -

L E T T E R XXI.

TO THE SAME.

January 29, 1755.

MY DEAR LORD,

I AM little able to write, and less so to think, having been so ill all this week, of my old complaints in my head and stomach, that I am to go to Bath as soon as I shall be able to endure the fatigue of the journey, which I hope may be in five or six days. My answer to your last kind letter must therefore be much shorter than otherwise it probably would have been.

I have carefully read over lord Limerick's * bill, and approve of the principle. I had thought of such a one, when I was in Ireland, but soon found it would be impossible to carry it through the house of commons in any decent shape; but should lord Limerick think proper to push it this session, I would recommend a few alterations. I would only require the priests to take the oath of allegiance simply, and not the subsequent oaths, which, in my opinion, no real papist can take; the consequence of which would be, that the least conscientious priests would be registered, and the most conscientious ones excluded. Besides that, where one oath will not bind, three will not; and the pope's dispensation from the oath of allegiance will not be more prevalent, nor more easily granted, than his dispensation from that oath, by which his power is abjured. Put then I would make that single oath of allegiance more full and solemn, as for instance.

“ I, A. B. duly considering the sacred nature of an oath,
 “ and the horrible crime of perjury, which, by all the reli-
 “ gions in the world, is justly abhorred as a most damnable
 “ sin; do most sincerely promise and swear that I will be
 “ faithful and bear true allegiance to his majesty king
 “ George the second. So help me that great and eternal
 “ God, who knows my inmost thoughts, and whom I now
 “ most solemnly call upon to attest the truth of them.”

* Afterwards earl of Clanbrazil.

The

The person taking this oath should be obliged to recite it distinctly and deliberately, and not to be allowed to mutter it over in that indecent and slovenly manner, in which oaths are generally taken. I will venture to add, those who will not observe this oath, taken in this manner, will still less observe any abjuration of the Pope's dispensing power; since such abjuration is, by all papists looked upon as a nullity.

I would also advise that all penalties of death, which in these cases must end in impunity, should be changed into close imprisonment, for a term of years, or in some cases for life. Then there would be perhaps detections and prosecutions; but in case of death there will be none; for who will go and hang a poor devil only for being a regular, or an enthusiast?

When I tell you that these are my thoughts upon this subject, I do not affirm that I think at all, for in truth; I am so weak in body at this time, that I presume I am just as weak in mind too. This only I am sure of, that I am, my dear lord, most faithfully

Yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER XXII.

TO THE SAME.

London, March 12, 1755.

MY DEAR LORD,

WHITE* was puzzled, what account to give you of me, and therefore gave you none, and, to say the truth, I am pretty much in the same case myself; only resolved to answer as well as I can your kind enquiries after me. I am tolerably well one day, ill the next, and well

* An old and faithful servant of lord Chesterfield.

again

again perhaps the third; that is, my disorders in my stomach, and my giddinesses in my head, return frequently and unexpectedly. Proper care and medicines remove them for the time, but none will prevent them. My deafness grows gradually worse, which in my mind implies a total one before it be long. In this unhappy situation, which I have reason to suppose will every day grow worse, I still keep up my spirits tolerably, that is, I am free from melancholy, which I think is all that can be expected. This I impute to that degree of philosophy, which I have acquired by long experience of the world. I have enjoyed all its pleasures, and consequently know their futility, and do not regret their loss. I appraise them at their real value, which in truth is very low; whereas those, who have not experienced, always over-rate them. They only see their gay outside, and are dazzled with their glare; but I have been behind the scenes. It is a common notion, and like many common ones a very false one, that those, who have led a life of pleasure and business, can never be easy in retirement; whereas I am persuaded that they are the only people who can, if they have any sense, and reflection. They can look back *oculo irretorto* (without an evil eye) upon what they from knowledge despise; others have always a hankering after what they are not acquainted with. I look upon all that has passed, as one of those romantic dreams, that opium commonly occasions, and I do by no means desire to repeat the nauseous dose, for the sake of the fugitive dream. When I say that I have no regret, I do not mean that I have no remorse; for a life of either business or still more pleasure, never was, nor never will be, a state of innocence. But God, who knows the strength of human passions, and the weakness of human reason, will, it is to be hoped, rather mercifully pardon, than justly punish, acknowledged errors.

I suppose you already know that you have a new lord lieutenant, lord Hartington, who, it is thought, will heal and compose your divisions. I heartily wish, for the sake of the country, that it may prove so.

A war with France is generally looked upon here as inevitable; but for my own part, I cannot help thinking as well as wishing that things may end quietly in a treaty. I am so remote, and so indifferent a spectator, except in the

wishes, which every man owes to his country, that I am ill informed myself, and consequently no good informer of others.

I hope your little family are all well, and continue to answer your care in their education. May you and they be long and mutually comforts to each other! Adieu, my dear lord; no man living can be more sincerely and affectionately than I am,

Your faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R XXIII.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, June 26, 1755.

MY DEAR LORD,

COULD I take any thing ill of you, who I am sure never meant any to me or any man living, it would be your suspecting that I did; which I believe is the first unjust suspicion that ever you entertained of any body, and I am the more concerned at it, because I know that it gave you uneasiness. I confess myself four letters in your debt, but, to tell you the truth, I have of late contracted so many debts of that kind that I am very near a bankruptcy, though not a fraudulent one, upon my word, for I will honestly declare my circumstances; and then my creditors will, I dare say, compound with me upon reasonable terms. White told you true, when he told you that I was well, by which he meant all that he could know, which was, that I had no immediate illness; but he did not know the inward feelings, which increasing deafness and gradually declining health occasion. Some time before I left London I had a severe return of my old complaints in my head and stomach, which are always followed

followed by such weakness, and languors, that I am incapable of any thing but reading, and that too in an idle and desultory manner. Writing seems to be acting, as was asserted in the case of Algernon Sidney, which my *vis inertiae* will not suffer me to undertake, and I put it off from day to day, as Felix did Paul, to a more convenient season. When I removed to this place, I flattered myself that the purity of the air, and the exercise of riding, which it would tempt me to take, would restore me to such a degree of health, strength, and consequently spirits, as to enable me not only to discharge my epistolary debts, but also to amuse myself with writing some essays and historical tracts. I was soon disappointed; for I had not been here above ten days, when I had a stronger attack than my former, and which, I believe, would have been the final one, had I not very seasonably been let blood. From that time, though, as they call it, recovered, I have more properly crawled, than walked among my fellow vegetables, breathed than existed, and dreamed than thought. This, upon my word, is the true and only cause of my long silence. I begin to regain ground a little, but indeed very slowly.

As to the letter which you feared might have displeased me, I protest, my dear lord, I looked upon it as the tenderest mark of your friendship; I had given occasion to it, and I expected it both from your affection and your character. Those reflections are never improper, though too often unwelcome, and consequently useless in youth: but I am now come to a time of life both to make and receive them with satisfaction, and therefore I hope with utility. One cannot think of one's own existence without thinking of the eternal author of it; and one cannot consider his physical or moral attributes without some fear, though in my mind still more hopes. It is true we can have no adequate notions of the attributes of a being so infinitely superior to us; but according to the best notions, which we are capable of forming of his justice and mercy, the latter, which is the comfortable scale, seems necessarily to preponderate. Your quotation from archbishop Tillotson contains a fair and candid account of the Christian religion; and had his challenge been accepted, he would certainly have had an easy victory. He was certainly the most gentle and candid of all churchmen of any religion.

Un esprit de corps is too apt, though I believe often unperceived, to bias their conduct and inflame an honest, though too intemperate, zeal. It is the same in every society of men; for it is in human nature to be affected and warped by example and numbers: you are, without a compliment, the only one that I know untainted.

To descend to the world, and particularly to that part of it where you reside, your present state seems to me an awkward one; your late ferment seems rather suspended than quieted, and I think I see matter for a second fermentation, when your parliament meets. Some, I believe, will ask too much, and others perhaps will grant too little. I wish both parties may be wiser and honest, and then they will be quieter than they have been of late. Both sides would be highly offended, if one were to advise them to apply themselves to civil matters only, in the limited sense of that word, I mean trade, manufactures, good domestic order, subordination, &c. and not to meddle so much with politics, in which I cannot help saying, they are but bunglers. No harm is intended them from hence, and if they will be quiet, no harm will be done them. The people have liberty enough, and the crown has prerogative enough. Those are the real enemies to Ireland, who would enlarge either at the expence of the other, and who have started points, that ought never to have been mentioned at all, but which will now perpetually recur.

By this time, I fear, I have tired you; but I am sure that in half this time I should have been tired with writing half so much to any body else. Adieu then, my dear lord, and be convinced that while I am at all, I shall be, with the truest esteem and affection,

Your most faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

I hope the young family continues to be well, and to do well.

L E T.

L E T T E R XXIV.

Blackheath, Aug. 30, 1755.

MY DEAR LORD,

I Confess myself in every respect a very bad correspondent. My heart only does its duty, but my head and hand often refuse to do theirs. You, I am sure, are charitable enough to every body, and just enough to me, to accept of intentions instead of actions. Besides I must acquaint you, that I have of late had a great deal more on my hands, than I either cared or was fit for. *L'académie des belles lettres* at Paris having, God knows why, associated me to their body, in return to this unexpected and undeserved compliment, I have been obliged to write many letters to individuals, and one to the *académie en corps* (academic body), which was to be a kind of speech; and I fear it was of the very worst kind, for I have been long refused to compliments and declamations.

These last six weeks my state of health has been rather better, tho, by no means good; and if I can but weather out the next month tolerably, I am morally sure of being better the two following months, which I shall pass at Bath; for those waters always prove a temporary, though never a radical or permanent, cure of my complaints. However *c'est autant de gagné*, (it is so much clear gain) and that is worth the trouble of the journey.

Hawkins brought me the other day your kind present of Dr. Seed's sermons. I have read some of them, and like them very well. But I have neither read nor intend to read those which are meant to prove the existence of God; because it seems to me too great a disparagement of that reason which he has given us, to require any other proofs of his existence, than those which the whole, and every part of the creation afford us. If I believe my own existence, I must believe his: it cannot be proved *à priori* as some have idly attempted to do, and cannot be doubted of *à posteriori*. Cato says very justly, *And that he is all nature cries aloud.*

By

By what I hear from Ireland, the ferment does not seem to subside hitherto, but rather to encrease. However I cannot help thinking but that things will go quietly enough in the next session of parliament. The castle will, I take it for granted, some how or other, procure a majority, which, when the patriots perceive, they will probably think half a loaf better than no bread, and come into measures. I wish, for the sake of Ireland, that they may; for I am very sure that, while the squabbles subsist, the public good never enters into the head of either party.

However your public affairs may go, I am very glad to find that your private ones go so well, and that your children answer your care and expectations. May you long contribute mutually to your respective happiness!

Yours most faithfully,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R XXV.

MY DEAR LORD,

Bath, Oct. 8, 1755.

I Received your last kind letter, but the day before I was to leave Blackheath, and set out for this place, where I have now been just a fortnight. In one respect I am the better for that fortnight, I mean with regard to my stomach, or more properly my digestion; for I do not care twopence whither I eat or not, but I care much to digest what I do eat, which I have not done the last three months, and now do. *D'ailleurs*, I am what you call in Ireland, and a very good expression I think it is, *unwell*. This *unwellness* affects the mind as well as the body, and gives them both a disagreeable inertness. I force my body into action, and take proper exercise; but there is no forcing the mind, and all attempts of that kind are at least ineffectual, but oftener disgraceful.

You

You will be convinced of that truth, when I send you a copy of my letter to *l'academie des belles lettres*. It was wrote *invita Minerva*, and is the poor offspring of a rape upon my reluctant mind. I had not time to have it copied for you before I came here, and forgot to bring it with me; but when I return to London I will send you a copy.

I am heartily glad that your quarrels are at last made up in Ireland; but I am glad from a very different motive from most other peoples. I am glad of it for the sake of the country, which I fear was the least concern of either the belligerent parties. The triumph of the patriots is complete, and the power is now theirs; with all my heart, let them but use it well.

There is a great deal of money lying dead in the treasury: let them apply that to real public uses. Let them encourage the extension and improvement of their manufactures, the cultivation of their lands, and above all the protestant charter schools. Let them people and civilize the country, by establishing a fund to invite and provide for protestant strangers. Let them make Connaught and Kerry know that there is a God, a king, and a government, three things, to which they are at present utter strangers. These and other such kind of measures would make them patriots indeed, and give them just weight and reputation. They have got their own sops, and have now leisure to think of the public, if they please.

I propose staying here a month or six weeks longer, or even more, if I think that the waters will do more for me. All places are now alike to me, as I carry my own solitude with me wherever I go. Adieu, my dear lord.

Yours most faithfully,

C.

L E T-

L E T T E R XXVI.

TO THE SAME.

London, Dec. 15, 1755.

MY DEAR LORD,

I Brought with me from Bath rather a little more health than I carried with me there, but full as much deafness; and this is all the answer I can make to your last kind inquiries. This, you see, is a state rather of suffering, than enjoying life, and indeed I am very weary of it, but, thank God, *ennui* is not, as it commonly is, attended with melancholy; and during the rest of my journey, I shall rather sleep in the *voiture* (carriage) than be restless and uneasy, as most travellers are.

I cannot find here the only copy which I had kept of my letter to *l'academie des belles lettres*; but Mr. Bristow took one over with him to Ireland, which I dare say he will readily shew you, and you may signify my consent to it, by shewing him this part of my letter. When you do see it, you will find that its only merit is its being pretty correct French, and that it has no intrinsic right to be reckoned among *les belles lettres*.

Que le chien mange le loup, ou que le loup mange le chien, (let the dog devour, or be devoured by, the wolf) either in Ireland or here, is to me matter of great indifference, provided that those who govern either kingdom would but at their leisure moments, and when they have nothing better to do, a little consider the public good; for after all, there is such a thing as public good, though in general people seem not to think so. I am not Utopian enough to propose, that it should interfere with private interest; but perhaps if duly considered, it might appear in some few cases to coincide with, and promote it.

Sheridan has lately published here an excellent book entitled *British education*. Warm'd with his subject he pushes it rather too far, as all authors do the particular object that
has

has struck their imagination, and he is too diffuse; but upon the whole, it is both a very useful and entertaining book. When you see it, you will perhaps think that I am bribed by the dedication to say what I now say of it, for he lays me on thick; but that, upon my word, is not the case. The truth is, that the several situations, which I have been in, having made me long the *plastron* of dedications, I am become as callous to flattery, as some people are to abuse.

I think your brother would be much in the wrong to quit his present commission of lieutenant-colonel to an old regiment of horse, for a new-raised regiment of foot, which with twenty others, would, I hope, be very soon broke. The extravagant and groundless, though general fears of an invasion from France, justify, to the timid public, the present military phrenzy; but, as I am convinced that the former will soon vanish, it is to be hoped the latter will soon after subside. This, at least, I am very sure of, that we shall not be able to pay three years longer the number of troops which we now have in our pay. Make my compliments to your young family; and be assured that I am, most faithfully and sincerely, your's,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER XXVII.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, July 15, 1756.

MY DEAR LORD,

IT is not without doing some violence to my weak hand, and weaker head, that I attempt to satisfy your friendly anxiety about my health. I still crawl upon the face of the earth, neither worse nor better than I was some months ago, weary of, but not murmuring at, my disagreeable situation. Speaking tires and exhausts me; and as for hearing I have none left; so that I am *isolé* in the midst of my friends and acquaintance:

acquaintance : but, as I have had much more than my share of the good things of this world in the former part of my life, I neither do, nor ought to complain, of the change which I now experience. I will make the best use I can of this wretched remnant of my life, and atone, as well as I can, for the abuse of the whole piece, by wishing that I had employed it better.

I hope your children continue to deserve well all your tenderness: that you may have that and every other happiness, is the sincere wish of

Your faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R XXVIII.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, Oct. 11, 1756.

MY DEAR LORD,

WHAT can a hermit send you from the desarts of Blackheath, in return for your kind letter, but his hearty thanks? I see nobody here by choice, and I hear nobody any where, by fatal necessity; and as for the thoughts of a deaf, solitary, sick man, they cannot be entertaining for one in health, as I hope you are. Those thoughts which relate to you are such as you would desire, that is, such as you deserve. My others seem to be a succession of dreams, but with this comfortable circumstance, that I have no gloomy ones. No passions agitate me, no fears disturb me, and no silly hopes gull me any longer. I have done with this world, and think of my journey to another, which I believe is not very remote. In the mean time, I shall next week take one to Bath, which the skilful say may perhaps do me good; *à la bonne heure*, I will try. I only ask for negative health; and if those waters will procure me that, I shall be abundantly satisfied.

I think

I think you have taken a very prudent resolution with regard to your approaching election.

My friend George Faulkner dined with me here one day; he tells me that reading is not yet come in fashion in Ireland, and that more bottles are bought in one week, than books in one year. Adieu, my dear lord: it is impossible to be more truly and faithfully than I am yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER XXIX.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, Nov. 21, 1756.

MY DEAR LORD,

I Can now make you a return to your last kind letter, which I know will be more welcome to you, than that which I made to your former; for I can tell you that I am something better, and have, in the month that I have drank these waters, regained a little strength and flesh. But, as my relapses have been very frequent, when I have been in still a better state of health than I am yet, I take it thankfully, but only *à bon compte* (on account), without relying upon its duration or improvement. Whatever happens to me, I am armed with patience, satiety, and confidence in my Creator to meet it coolly. The mad business of the world, as Swift says, is over with me; and when my time comes, and the sooner the better, for I am weary, I am ready and willing.

Adieu, my dear friend; writing much hitherto is very troublesome to me. Yours faithfully,

CHESTERFIELD.

LET

L E T T E R XXX.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, Sept. 8, 1757.

I Was very glad to hear of your safe arrival on the other side of the water, and that you found the part of your family, which you had left there, so well; I hope that part of it which you took with you from hence will, by time and care, be as well too. My own health, which I know you always interest yourself in, gives me nothing to brag of. About three weeks ago, I had a return of my disorder; it is now gone off, and I am again in that state of vegetation, in which you left me. In about a month or six weeks, I propose going to Bath, which always gives me a reprieve, but never a free pardon. The halter is always about my neck, and that you will allow to be rather an uncomfortable state of life.

From this hermitage you must expect no news: news does not become an hermitage, but truth does; and *foi d'hermite* (on the faith of an hermit) I am

Your sincere and faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R XXXI.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, Nov. 22, 1757.

MY DEAR LORD,

I Shall make but a very unsatisfactory return to your kind inquiries and sollicitude about my health, when I tell you, that but three days ago I had a very strong attack of my illness, which has left me still weak and languid. I
thought

thought myself the better for the waters, which I have now drank a month, till this relapse came and undeceived me. All mineral waters, and the whole *materia medica*, lose their efficacy upon my shattered carcase; and the enemy within is too hard for them. I bear it all with patience, and without melancholy, because I must bear it whether I will or no. Physical ills are the taxes laid upon this wretched life; some are taxed higher, and some lower, but all pay something. My philosophy teaches me to reflect, how much higher, rather than how much lower, I might have been taxed. How gentle are my physical ills, compared with the exquisite torments of gout, stone, &c. ! The faculties of my mind are, thank God, not yet much impaired; and they comfort me in my worst moments, and amuse me in the best.

I read with more pleasure than ever; perhaps, because it is the only pleasure I have left. For, since I am struck out of living company by my deafness, I have recourse to the dead whom alone I can hear; and I have assigned them their stated hours of audience. *Solid folios* are the people of business, with whom I converse in the morning. *Quartos* are the easier mixed company, with whom I sit after dinner; and I pass my evenings in the light, and often frivolous, *chit-chat* of small *octavos* and *duodecimos*. This, upon the whole, hinders me from wishing for death, while other considerations hinder me from fearing it.

Does lord Clanbrassil bring in his register bill this session? If he can keep it short, clear, and mild, it will be, in my opinion, a very good one. Some time or other, though God knows when, it will be found out in Ireland, that the popish religion and influence cannot be subdued by force, but may be undermined and destroyed by art. Allow the papists to buy lands, let and take leases equally with the protestants, but subject to the *gavel* act, which will always have its effect upon their posterity at least. Tye them down to the government by the tender but strong bonds of landed property, which the pope will have much ado to dissolve, notwithstanding his power of loosening and binding. Use those who come over to you, though perhaps only seemingly at first, well and kindly, instead of looking for their cloven feet and their tails as you do now. Increase both
your

your number, and your care of the protestant charter schools. Make your penal laws extremely mild, and then put them strictly in execution.

Hæ tibi erunt artes.

(These will be your arts.)

This would do in time, and nothing else will, or ought. I would as soon murder a man for his estate, as prosecute him for his religious and speculative errors; and, since I am in a way of quoting verses, I will give you three out of Walsh's famous ode to King William,

Nor think it a sufficient cause,
To punish men by penal laws,
For not believing right.

I am very glad that your daughter is recovered. I am glad that you are well, and whatever you are glad of will, upon my word, gladden,

Your faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R XXXII.

TO THE SAME.

London, March 23, 1758.

MY DEAR LORD,

I Find by your letter to madame d'Elitz*, that my two last to you miscarried; for, upon my word, since my return from Bath I have sent you two letters, one of them particularly with my opinion upon lord Clanbrassil's bill. We have neither of us any reason to regret their loss; nor should I do it if my supposed silence had not given you uneasiness, and

* Sister to the countess of Chesterfield.

made you suspect very unjustly a change in my sentiments towards you. Be assured that can never happen, I am so well convinced of yours for me: my disorders in my head may, and do very often, render me incapable of writing; but they cannot affect my heart, which will always be warm for my friends: and I am very sure that you are of that number.

Lord Clanbrassil's bill is thrown out at last, and perhaps never the worse, though I approved of it; but it would be so altered and mangled before it had passed the two houses, that it would have been worse than none.

My health and strength decay daily, and of course my spirits. The idle dream of this world is over with me; I am tired of being every thing but of being

Your faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER XXXIII.

TO THE SAME.

London, April 14, 1758.

MY DEAR LORD,

I Received your kind letter of the 7th. The post is favourable to us both, for I receive your letters, and you escape mine, which are not worth your receiving, but from the interest you take in the health of a faithful friend. I should rather have used the word existence, than that of health, not having been acquainted with the thing these two or three years. I am now comparatively better than I have been this winter, but very far from being what a healthy man would call well. That degree of health I give up entirely; I might as well expect rejuvenescence.

your

Your political world in Ireland is now quieted for the time being. May that quiet last; but I do not think it will. You are come to that state in Ireland, which Dr. Brown too truly represents to be the state of England, in his Estimate of the Manners and Principles of the times, of which he has just published a second volume. If you have not already got them, I advise you to apply to my philosophical friend George Faulkner for them. They are writ with spirit and elegance, and are, I fear, too just.

I am, my dear lord,

Your most faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R XXXIV.

T O T H E S A M E

Blackheath, May 23, 1758.

MY DEAR LORD,

I Have received your letter of the 4th instant. The day afterwards I received the book which you was so kind as to send me by major Maccullogh, and the day after that, by Mr. Ruffel, your bill for expences incurred and not provided for, which I have paid.

Now, first to the first. You solicit a very poor employment so modestly, and offer your daughters as security for your good behaviour, that I cannot refuse it you, and do hereby appoint you my sole commissioner for the kingdom of Ireland. To the second. This ninth volume of Swift will not do him so much honour, as I hope it will bring profit to my friend George Faulkner. The historical part * is a party pamphlet, founded on the lie of the day, which, as lord Bolingbroke who had read it often assured me, was coined and delivered out to him, to write Examiners, and other political papers upon.

* The history of the four last years of the queen.

That

That spirit remarkably runs through it. Macartenev, for instance, murdered duke Hamilton; nothing is falser, for though Macartenev was very capable of the vilest actions, he was guiltless of that, as I myself can testify, who was at his trial in the king's bench, when he came over voluntarily to take it, in the late king's time. There did not appear even the least ground for a suspicion of it, nor did Hamilton, who appeared in court, pretend to tax him with it, which would have been in truth accusing himself of the utmost baseness, in letting the murderer of his friend go off from the field of battle, without either resentment, pursuit, or even accusation, till three days afterwards. This *lie* was invented to inflame the Scotch nation against the whigs; as the other, that prince Eugene intended to murder lord Oxford, by employing a set of people called Mohocks, which society, by the way, never existed, was calculated to inflame the mob of London. Swift took those hints *de la meilleure foi du monde*, and thought them materials for history. So far he is blameless.

Thirdly and lastly, I have paid Mr. Ruffel the twenty-seven pounds five shillings, for which you drew your bill. I hope you are sensible that I need not have paid it till I had received the goods, or at least till I had proofs of your having sent them, but where I have in general a good opinion of the person, I always proceed frankly, and do not stand upon forms, and I have without flattery so good an opinion of you, that I would trust you not only with twenty-seven pounds, but even as far as thirty-seven.

Your friend's letter to you, inclosed in the book, is an honest and melancholic one: but what can I do in it? He seems not to know the nature of factions in Ireland, the prevailing for the time being is absolute, and whoso transgresseth the least of their commandments is guilty of the whole. A lord lieutenant may if he pleases govern alone, but then he must, as I know by experience, take a great deal more trouble upon himself than most lord lieutenants care to do, and he must not be afraid: but as they commonly prefer *otium cum dignitate*, their guards, their battle-axes, and their trumpets, not to mention perhaps, the profits of their post, to a laborious execution of it, they must necessarily rule by a faction, of which faction

for the time being, they are only the first slaves: the condition of the obligation is this, your excellency or your grace wants to carry on his majesty's business smoothly, and to have it to say when you go back, that you met with no difficulties, this we have sufficient strength in parliament to engage for, provided we appear to have the favour and countenance of the government, the money, be it what it will, shall be cheerfully voted; as for the public you shall do what you will, or nothing at all, for we care for that no more than we suppose your grace or excellency does, but we repeat it again, our recommendations to places, pensions, &c. must prevail, or we shall not be able to keep our people in order. These are always the expressed, or at least the implied, conditions of these treaties, which either the indolence or the insufficiency of the governors ratify: from that moment these undertakers bury the governor alive, but indeed pompously: different from the worshipful company of undertakers here, who seldom bury any body alive, or at least never without the consent and privity of the next heirs.

I am now settled here for the summer, perhaps for ever, in great tranquillity of mind, not equally of body; I make the most of it, I vegetate with the vegetables, and I crawl with the insects in my garden, and I am, such as I am, most faithfully and sincerely

Yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R XXXV.

T O T H E S A M E.

Blackheath, June 2, 1758.

M Y D E A R L O R D,

I AM now in possession of the goods you procured me, and they are both excellent in their kind; but how difficult, not to say impossible, it is to find an honest factor! You have not cheated me it is true, but you have most grossly

TO HIS FRIENDS. BOOK II. LET. XXXIV. XXXV. XXXVI. 355
grossly defrauded the bishop of Waterford, as appears by
your own account here inclosed, you set down two pieces
and fourteen yards of cloth £. 16. 7 s. 3 d. whereas I
have received seven pieces and fourteen yards, which must
certainly come to a great deal more. *Item*, you set down
but six dozen and six pints of Usquebaugh, whereas I have
received nine dozen and six, for which you put down only
£. 13. 5 s. and which makes it as cheap as porter's ale.
Pray retrieve your character, which is at stake, and clear
up this matter to the Bishop, and to

Your faithful servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R XXXVI.

T O T H E S A M E.

Blackheath, Aug. 29, 1758.

I Cannot return such an answer as we could either of us
wish, to your frequent and friendly inquiries after my
weakened and decaying body and mind. I am at least
unwell, often worse, and never quite well. My deafness,
which is considerably increased, deprives me of that con-
solation, which sickness commonly admits of, the conver-
sation of a few friends; and my illness deprives me of the
chief consolation under deafness, which is reading and
writing. My head will seldom let me read, and seldom
let me think, consequently still seldom let me write.
Shall I tell you that I bear this melancholy situation, with
that meritorious constancy and resignation which most
people boast of? No, for I really cannot help it; if I
could, I certainly would, and since I cannot, I have com-
mon sense and reason enough, not to make my situation
worse, by unavailing restlessness and regret.

I hope, for your sake and many other people's, that
your health is perfect, for I know that you will employ it
in

in doing good. May you long have that power, as I am sure you will always have those inclinations! I am, with real truth and friendship,

My dear lord,

Your most faithful servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R XXXVII.

T O T H E S A M E.

London, Feb. 20, 1759.

M Y D E A R L O R D,

I Received yesterday your very kind letter of the 10th, with the inclosed, which I forwarded according to the directions. No apologies about that, for I am very glad to be the *entrepôt* between you and whoever you correspond with. White protests that he troubled you with a letter, long since the time mentioned in your's. For these three months he has been confined with the gout, and is but just got about me again. But neither could he, nor I myself, have given you any account of my most unaccountable illness, for I am ill, better, and worse, within the space of every half hour; all that I know is, that it is a miserable latter end of life. But it would not be reasonable in me to complain, as the former part was happier than I could in justice pretend to.

I said nothing to you upon the death of your brother (*a*); I never upon those occasions do, where I am sure the concern is sincere: yours, I dare say, was so; but you had this just reflection to comfort you, that he left a good character, and a reasonable fortune to his family, behind him.

Adieu, my dear lord; my head will not be held down any longer.

Yours sincerely,

CHESTERFIELD.

(*a*) The bishop's brother, colonel Chenevix, of the Carabineers

L E T-

LETTER XXXVIII.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, June 13, 1759.

MY DEAR LORD,

I AM extremely obliged to you for your kind letter of the 2d, and thank God, can return you a more satisfactory answer than, for some time past, I have been able to do. In the first place, I am alive, which neither I nor any body else, six months ago, thought that I should be. In the next place my old, crazy, and shattered carcase enjoys more negative health than it has done for a long time. I owe this unexpected amendment to milk, which, in this my second infancy, I live upon almost as entirely as I did in my first. Asses, cows, and even goats club to maintain me. I have in particular a white *amalthea*, that strays upon the heath all day, and selects the most salutary and odoriferous herbs, which she brings me night and morning filtrated into milk. Thus I rub on in a tolerable mediocrity; life is neither a burthen nor a pleasure to me, but a certain degree of *ennui* necessarily attends that neutral state, which makes me very willing to part with it, when he who placed me here thinks fit to call me away.

I suppose you felt some pangs at parting with your son, and your tender anxiety will make you feel still more in his absence. May he answer not only your expectation, but your fondest wishes! I am sure it is one of the warmest of mine.

I am

Your most faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER XXXIX.

TO THE SAME.

London, Dec. 9, 1759.

MY DEAR LORD,

I Confess I have been long in arrears with you, and owe you a great deal for your frequent and kind enquiries after my health, or, to speak more properly, my want of it; but it has not been in my power to pay. I have been often within these three months, not only too ill to write, but too ill to speak, think, or move. I have now a favourable moment of negative health, and that is the most that I must ever expect, and I think I cannot employ it better than in thanking you for your friendship, and in assuring you of mine. When I reflect upon the poor remainder of my life, I look upon it as a burthen that must every day grow heavier and heavier, from the natural progression of physical ills, the usual companions of increasing years; and my reason tells me that I should wish for the end of it, but instinct, often stronger than reason, and perhaps oftener in the right, makes me take all proper methods to put it off. This innate sentiment alone, makes me bear life with patience, for I assure you I have no farther hopes, but on the contrary many fears, from it. None of the primitive Anachorettes in the Thebais could be more detached from life than I am. I consider it as one who is wholly unconcerned in it, and even when I reflect back, upon what I have seen, what I have heard, and what I have done myself, I can hardly persuade myself that all that frivolous hurry and bustle, and pleasures of the world, had any reality, but they seem to have been the dreams of restless nights. This philosophy, however, I thank God, neither makes me sour nor melancholic; I see the folly and absurdity of mankind, without indignation or peevishness. I wish them wiser, and consequently better than they are. I pity the weak and the wicked, without envying the wise and the good, but endeavouring to the utmost of my abilities to be one of that minority.

You

You are not quite so philosophical in Ireland, where all the tourbillons of Descartes seem to be in the most rapid motion. What do your mobs mean? The Hibernian spirits are exceedingly inflammable. Lenients and refrigeratives will cool and quiet them.

I am very sorry that your daughter's lameness seems incurable, for I heartily wish well to every limb of your family, and am

Your most sincere and faithful servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

P. S. Lady Chesterfield bids me assure you of her service and esteem.

LETTER XL.

TO THE SAME.

London, Jan. 22, 1760.

MY DEAR LORD,

WHEN I received your last letter, I was not in a condition to answer, and hardly to read it; I was so extremely ill, that I little thought that I should live to the date of this letter. I have within these few months more than once seen death very near, and when one does see it near, let the best or the worst people say what they please, it is a very serious consideration. I thank God, I saw it without very great terrors, but at the same time the divine attribute of mercy, which gives us comfort, cannot make us forget, nor ought it, his attribute of justice, which must blend some fears with our hopes. The faculty tell me that I am now much better, and to be sure I am so, compared with what I was a fortnight ago, but however still in a very weak and lingering condition, not likely in my opinion to hold out long; but whether my end be more or less remote, I know I am tottering upon the brink of this

A a 4

world,

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world, and my thoughts are employed about the other. However, while I crawl upon this planet, I think myself obliged to do what good I can, in my narrow domestic sphere, to my fellow creatures, and to wish them all the good I cannot do. What share you will always have in those wishes, our long friendship, and your own merit, which I have so long known, will best tell you.

I am, with great truth and just esteem,

Your most faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER XLI.

TO THE SAME.

London, April 29, 1760.

MY DEAR LORD,

MR. des Voeux brought me your kind letter, and will send me (for he is gone to Germany) his Ecclesiastes as soon as it comes out. *A propos* of that book, I hope you have seen Voltaire's *précis* of it in verse. Nothing in my mind can be finer, than both the sense and poetry of it; for fear that you should not have seen it, I will give you two passages out of it, that struck me exceedingly.

Dieu nous donna les biens, il veut qu'on en jouisse,
Mais n'oubliez jamais leur cause et leur auteur,
Et lorsque vous goûtez sa divine faveur,
O! mortels gardez vous d'oublier sa justice*.

* These lines may be thus rendered in English:

God gave us blessings, freely to enjoy;
Mortals! remember from whose hand they came,
And, while you taste his gracious gifts with joy,
Both love and reverence his awful name.

This

This is exactly from the original, but the following lines are in my mind a great improvement.

Répandez vos bienfaits avec magnificence,
Même aux moins vertueux ne les refusez pas,
Ne vous informez pas de leur reconnoissance,
Il est grand, il est beau de faire des ingrats*.

I now read Solomon with a sort of sympathetic feeling. I have been as wicked and as vain, though not so wise as he; but am now at last wise enough to feel and attest the truth of his reflection, that all is vanity and vexation of spirit. This truth is never sufficiently discovered or felt by mere speculation, experience in this case is necessary for conviction, though perhaps at the expence of some morality.

I do not comprehend you in Ireland *en détail*, but this I comprehend *en gros*, that that poor country will be undone. All the causes, that ever destroyed any country, conspire in this point to ruin Ireland; premature luxury, for your luxury outstrips your riches, which in other countries it only accompanies; a total disregard to the public interest, both in the governed and the governors; a profligate and shameless avowal of private interest; a universal corruption of both morals and manners. All this is more than necessary to subvert any constitution in the world.

You expect, from the interest which I know you take in it, to have some account of my wretched and almost destroyed constitution; but I will only tell you in short, that I am not worse than I was, and that I know I never can be better than I am now, though that is bad enough of all conscience. My stay in this world cannot be long. God, who placed me here, only knows when he will order me out of it; but whenever he does, I shall most willingly obey his command, with confidence in his mercy. Adieu, my dear lord. I am most sincerely yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

* Diffuse your bounties with a liberal hand;
Nor spare the least deserving to relieve.
No thanks the generous mind should e'er demand;
'Tis great, 'tis godlike, unrepaid to give.

LET-

L E T T E R XLII.

T O T H E S A M E

Blackheath, Aug. 28, 1760.

M Y D E A R L O R D,

I Should have answered your last and most friendly letter sooner, but that the weak and languid state which I have been in, for some time, did not leave me spirits to do any thing, much less any thing well. What was unjustly and infamously urged against Algernoon Sidney, I found too true in my own case, that *Scribere est agere*, (writing is acting) and therefore I did not undertake it. I am now a little better, but this better moment is no security that the next will not be a very bad one, for I am more than *journalier* in my complaints, even hours make great variations in them. This, you must allow, is an unfortunate latter end of my life, and consequently a tiresome one; but I must own too that perhaps it is a very just one, and a sort of balance, to the tumultuous and imaginary pleasures of the former part of it. In the general course of things, there seems to be, upon the whole, a pretty equal distribution of physical good and evil, some extraordinary cases excepted, and even moral good and evil seem mixed to a certain degree; for one never sees any body so perfectly good, or so perfectly bad, as they might be. Why this is so, it is in vain for us upon this planet to inquire, for it is not given us yet to know. I behold it with a respectful admiration, and cry out, *O altitudo!*

White told me that you intend to turn gardener, and that your first trial is to be raising of melons, for which reason I have sent you such a provision of good melon seed of different kinds, as will serve you, your *nati natorum, et qui nascentur ab illis*; (your children's children, and those that will be born of them) but, as an older and more experienced gardener, than you are, I must add some instructions as to their culture. Know then that they are much better raised in tanner's bark than in dung; that you should put but two seeds in what the gardeners call a light, and that when they are about half grown, if the weather is hot, you should cover them with oiled paper,

paper, instead of glass, to save the vines from being burned up before the fruit is ripe. I, and most people here, prefer the Canteloupes, but they are not the best bearers.

I am very glad that your son does hitherto so well at the university, and there is no doubt of his continuing to do so, provided he keeps clear of the epidemical vices of colleges in general, and of Irish colleges in particular. You may easily guess that I mean that beastly degrading vice of drinking, which increases with years, and which ends in stupid sottishness. I hope all the rest of your family are as well as I wish them, for upon my word, I sincerely wish you all *tutti quanti* as well as you can wish yourselves.

I am, my dear lord,

Your faithful friend and humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R XLIII.

TO THE SAME.

London, Dec. 16, 1760.

MY DEAR LORD,

I Make no excuses for the irregularity of my correspondence, or the unfrequency of my letters; for my declining mind keeps pace with my decaying body, and I can no more *scribere digna legi* (write things worthy to be read), than I can *facere digna scribi*, (do things worthy to be written). My health is always bad, though sometimes better and sometimes worse, but never good. My deafness increases, and consequently deprives me of the comforts of society, which other people have in their illnesses; in short, this last stage of my life is a very tedious one, and the roads very bad; the end of it cannot be very far off, and I cannot be sorry for it. I wait for it, imploring the mercy of my Creator, and deprecating his justice. The best of us must trust to the former, and dread the latter.

I do

I do not know what picture it is of the late lord Scarborough, that you would have copied; I have none, nor do I know of any, unless perhaps Jemmy Lumley has one, so send me your farther directions about it.

In my opinion you are very much in the right not to concern yourself in the contested elections. *Abstine à fabis* (Abstain from beans) is as becoming a maxim for a bishop, as it was for Pythagoras; moreover, in parliamentary elections perhaps there is no choice. You are all wild about them in Ireland, and want, it seems, to have all the ill blood, expence, and riot, which they occasion, renewed every seven years. I wish you would be quiet, for I prophesy that you will get no good by your politics, but I fear much the contrary.

I question whether you will ever see my friend George Faulkner in Ireland again, he is become so great and considerable a man here in the republic of letters; he has a constant table open to all men of wit and learning, and to those sometimes who have neither. I have been able to get him to dine with me but twice, though otherwise, I must do him the justice to say, he lives with his old friends upon the same easy foot as formerly. Adieu, my dear lord: I am the most faithful of your friends and servants.

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R XLIV.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, Mar. 19, 1761.

MY DEAR LORD,

I Have been much and long in your debt, contrary to my inclination, for I hate to be in any debt, especially in marks of friendship and affection; but I am persuaded you know the sentiments of my heart, with regard to yourself, too well to require regular promissory notes, for my debts of that kind. Besides, in truth, paper

per credit is so much stretched, both here and in Ireland, that I think it will now go for very little in either country.

You have a new lord lieutenant for your country, who certainly is able, and I dare say willing to do well. But for God's sake be quiet, mind your interior civil interest, and do not get into any more political scrapes with England, that will always be too hard for you in the end, and, if provoked, I doubt too hard upon you. I have still a tenderness for Ireland, and am really concerned when I hear of its being worked up into a general ferment, only that a few individuals may make the better bargain for themselves.

I will tell you nothing of the several changes at court, which from the gazettes you will know as much of as I do here from the same authority, for I have no better, and am glad of it; for what is the world now to me, or I to the world, except as a citizen of it, in which capacity I will always endeavour to do my little part to my fellow creatures? I know no use that a deaf, infirm, wretched creature as I am, can be of to society, unless that of maintaining the necessary number of his species, to attend and nurse him. Your constant and kind anxiety about my health makes you, I know, desire that I should give you some account of it, but I cannot by any means give you such an account as you would wish for. I came here just six weeks ago, and for the first fortnight was abundantly better, and I wish I had then cut out a winner, to use the gamester's phrase; but it was very natural to continue a medicine that did me a great deal of good, in hopes of more; for who is satisfied with, or knows what is, enough? Since that, the waters have done me as much harm as at first they did me good, and I return to London next Monday, in just the same weak and miserable condition in which I came here.

I hope you and all your family are unacquainted with the ills I feel. May you all long continue so, and enjoy all the other comforts and blessings of life. I am, my dear lord,

Your most faithful friend,
and humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

L F T.

L E T T E R XLV.

T O T H E S A M E.

Blackheath, June 9, 1761.

M Y D E A R L O R D,

TO satisfy your kind impatience concerning my health, I am obliged to take up the pen myself, though little able to conduct it. Poor White has been very ill these two months, and part of the time in great danger, from a violent fever, which returned after such short intervals as left him no time to recover any strength; but now fortunately all his complaints have centered in a very severe fit of the gout, which I hope will set all right. He has lived with me now above forty years; we were young and healthy together, we are old and crazy, and seem to be tending to our last stage together. This is the natural course of things, and upon the whole we have neither of us any cause of complaint. As to myself, I am one day better, and another worse; and my state of vegetation, for it is no more, is a lingering and a drooping one.

Lord Halifax will be with you at the end of September, or the beginning of October. I am sure he will make you a good governor, and I hope a popular one; for I know he goes firmly resolved to do all the good he can to Ireland. He understands business, and, what is more, loves it; he has steadiness and resolution to govern you well himself, and he will not be governed by undertakers. Adieu, my dear lord; my head, and my hand, both call upon me to trouble you no longer.

I am your most affectionate friend,

and faithful servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T

L E T T E R XLVI.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, Sept. 12, 1761.

MY DEAR LORD,

I DO not know whether I shall give you a reason which you will reckon a good one, but I will honestly give you the true one, for my writing so seldom. It is one of the effects, and not the least disagreeable one, of my disorder, to make one indolent, and unwilling to undertake even what one has a mind to do. I have often set down in the intention of writing to you, when the apparatus of a table, pen, ink and paper has discouraged me, and made me procrastinate, and say, like Festus, "at a convenient time will I speak to thee." Those, who have not experienced this indolence and languor, I know, have no conception of them, and therefore many people say that I am extremely well, because I can walk and speak, without knowing how much it costs me to do either. This was the case of the bishop of Ossory, who reported only from my outside, which is not much altered. I cannot say, however, that I am positively ill, but I can positively say that I am always *unwell*. In short I am in my health, what many, reckoned in the main good sort of people, are in their morals; they commit no flagrant crimes, but their conscience secretly reproaches them with the non-observance or the violation of many lesser duties. White is recovered from his acute illness, and is now only infirm and crazy, and will be so as long as he lives. I believe we shall start fair.

The bishop of Ossory told me one thing, that I heard with great pleasure, which was, that your son did extremely well at the university, and answered, not only your hopes, but your wishes; I sincerely congratulate you upon it.

The town of London and the city of Westminster are gone quite mad with the wedding and the approaching coronation. People think and talk of nothing else. For my part, I have not seen our new queen yet; and as for the coronation, I am not alive enough to march,

no:

nor dead enough to *walk* at it. You can bear now and then a quibble, I hope; but I am, without the least *equivoque*, my dear lord,

Your most faithful friend,

and humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

P. S. Your lord lieutenant will be with you immediately after the coronation. He has heard of combinations, confederations, and all sorts of *ations*, to handcuff and fetter him; but he seems not in the least apprehensive of them.

L E T T E R XLVII.

TO THE SAME.

London, Oct. 31, 1761.

MY DEAR LORD,

I NEVER doubted but that lord Halifax's reception of you would be such as, by your last letter, you inform me it was. The least relation to his late uncle*, and my friend, will always be a recommendation to him; but you have a better. I received yesterday, from my old friend Faulkner, his speech at the opening of this new parliament, and am most extremely pleased both with the matter and the manner. He dwells upon my three favourite points; the protestant charter schools, the linen manufacture, and a proper indulgence of the Roman Catholics.

I have sent Mrs. Russell some melon-seed for you, which she will convey to you when she has a proper opportunity. There are two sorts, one of the largest and best canteloups I ever eat in my life; the other is of a smaller size, the coat very near black, but rather I think of a superior flavor to the other. If, in raising them you make use of tann, instead of dung, they will be much the better.

* The earl of Scarborough.

I am

I am persuaded that your business in parliament will go smoothly on, at least this session; I hope so for the sake of Ireland, that can never be a gainer by quarrelling with England, however justly.

As you always insist upon my acquainting you with my state of health for the time being, I will tell you that I am not worse, rather a little better, but far from well. Well I must never expect to be. I shall go, in about ten days, to the Bath, in hopes of being something better, and I will compound for small gains.

I am, my dear lord, most faithfully yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER XLVIII.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, July 8, 1762.

MY DEAR LORD,

I CANNOT answer your last kind letter as I could wish, and as you, I believe, wish full as much as I, by telling you that I am better: all I can do for you is, to tell you that I am not worse. I have always reminiscences of my rheumatism more or less, sometimes very severe ones in my legs, which I do not expect ever to be entirely free from, for I never knew any man radically cured of rheumatism; *d'ailleurs je végete & voilà tout*, (I vegetate, and that is all.)

I sincerely congratulate you upon the academical triumphs of your son, which must give you the most sensible pleasure. I look upon your care of him to be now over, as he has learning and knowledge to know, that he must not only keep what he has, but improve it. It is only those who know very little, that stop short, thinking they know enough, which ends in knowing nothing.

The piece of callico, which you sent White, is extremely good and fine. Mind your weaving and spinning, and

lay aside your politics; the former will enrich you, but take my word for it, you will never be the better for the latter. I wish I could see your great politicians labouring for the good of the country, like Hercules, with distaffs, instead of septennial bills in their hands. What, and so be dependent upon England? says Mr. Lucas. Yes, I hope so; for when Ireland is no longer dependent upon England, the Lord have mercy on it!

I am, most sincerely,

Your faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER XLIX.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, Sept. 4, 1762.

MY DEAR LORD,

MY wretched health, about which you are so kindly sollicitous, is so very variable, that I can hardly give you any account of it at the beginning of a letter, without having reason at the end of it to alter that account. The humor, whether gouty or rheumatic, or rather as I think a compound of both, teazes and *chicanes* me, sometimes in my legs, sometimes in my head and stomach, and sometimes, though seldom, is quite quiet, and then I am as well as at my time of life I can ever hope to be. I must take it all as it comes, and will bear it with patience. God has sent physical, as well as moral, ills into the world, and for good and wise reasons of his own, I am convinced, which I do not pretend to know; nor do I at all admit those reasons which men are pleased to assign for it. I wish mankind would condescend to be respectfully ignorant of many things, which it is impossible they can ever know whilst in this world. But no, we must know every thing, and our pride will not let us own our ignorance.

The

The piece of raw silk, which you sent me inclosed in your last, seems to me, who understand very little of the matter, extremely good; but to tell you the truth, I doubt it will never prove an extensive and profitable manufacture. Your climate is not warm enough for mulberry trees, and the worms will not be nourished as they are in hotter countries. However, you do very well to try, for whatever quantity of silk you may make, will be so much clear gain, will encourage industry, and let the worst come to the worst, the plantations of mulberry trees will adorn the country. I am glad to find the spirit of industry is so active amongst you; it is much better than the spirit of politics, and Ireland will get much more by it. Adieu, my dear lord. I am, with the greatest truth and affection,

Yours,

CHESTERFIELD,

LETTER L.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, Oct. 7, 1762.

MY DEAR LORD,

I THANK you heartily for your last kind letter; it is some satisfaction, in all misfortunes, to know that those people whom one loves and values interest themselves in them, and I am sure that you take a sincere part in mine. I am not worse, and I am not better, than when I wrote to you last. I know that I never can nor shall be better, and I will readily compound for never being worse. President Montesquieu, who had been almost blind for many years, used to say, *je sais être aveugle*, (I know how to be blind;) and I am sure I have been long enough ill, to know how to be so. But he was not deaf, and if I were not so, I should be much less affected by my other complaints. I cannot use myself to deafness, though I have now had it

Bb 2

fourteen

372 LORD CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS
fourteen years; it gives one a stupid look at first, and soon afterwards makes one really so.

This has been a very bad season for the Jesuits, and I do not very well see why, unless it be that there is a time for all things, and that theirs is come; for their religious and moral, or if you will immoral doctrines, have been the same these two hundred years. They have often indeed been attacked during that time, and by great men, but have always recovered it, whereas now they die. I will venture to prophesy they will never recover, this being by no means an ecclesiastical age. I even question whether the popes will hold it out much longer.

I will send some excellent melon-seed to Mrs. Ruffel, who I take it for granted can find some means of forwarding it to you. It is three years old, which we gardeners reckon the best age. Adieu, my dear lord.

I am, most faithfully,

Yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

In about three weeks, I propose going to Bath, for my rheumatic pains.

L E T T E R L I.

TO THE SAME.

London, January 6, 1763.

MY DEAR LORD,

I CONFESS myself a most lazy and aukward correspondent, but it is not so much my fault as it is my misfortune, for writing now is not the easy task to me that it was formerly, and both my head and my hand undertake it unwillingly. However, in spite of them both, I could not let this season pass by, without wishing you and yours a great many happy new years; not in compliance with custom,

TO HIS FRIENDS. BOOK III. LET. L. LI. LII. 373
custom, but to satisfy my sentiments of friendship and
affection for you.

I am returned from the Bath with much better health
than I carried there. I have now a tolerable negative
degree of health, which at my age, and with my shat-
tered constitution, is all that I can reasonably ask of hea-
ven, for the short remainder of my span.

I am glad to hear that I shall have the pleasure of seeing
you and your son this summer: I hope you will not em-
bark before the stormy season is over, which is not till
April or May.

I am, with the truest friendship and esteem,

My dear lord,

Your most faithful humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R LII.

T O T H E S A M E .

Bath, Dec. 5, 1763.

M Y D E A R L O R D ,

I THANK you for your kind and informing letter,
which I received by the last post. I cannot give you
such an account of myself as I know you wish. I was
dangerously ill of a bilious fever ten days before I left
London, and remained extremely weak and low from it.
The faculty hastened me to this place, which was, as they
said, to carry off the dregs of the fever, restore my
strength and spirits, and what not. The waters, howe-
ver, which I have now drank a full fortnight, have done
no such thing; instead of that, I grow weaker every day,
and my spirits lower.

You

You have acted in the affair of the charities as becomes your ecclesiastical character, and your private character of integrity and charity as a man, in endeavouring to detect, if you cannot punish, those sacrilegious frauds, in diverting to infamous political jobs, the sums of money bequeathed and appropriated for the relief of the poor. That I call sacrilege in the highest degree, if giving to the poor be, as undoubtedly it is, lending to God. This is a much more criminal sacrilege than stealing an old pulpit cloth out of a parish church, that can do as well without it, and which, though canonically called sacrilege, is, in my mind, but humble robbery. Go on then, my good lord, and detect not only the thieves, but those who connive at them. Thou sawest a thief, and consentedst unto him, was formerly the description of a very bad character, and should be so still, unless your doctors of divinity will say, like Moliere's doctor of physic, *nous avons changé tout cela*, (we have altered all that.) Good night, my dear lord.

Yours most faithfully,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R LIII.

T O T H E S A M E.

London, Mar. 17, 1764.

M Y D E A R L O R D,

YOUR last letter, which I received this week, made me two letters in your debt; but you are so used to my bad payment, that I am sure you will excuse it, especially when you consider that people of quality seldom pay at all, whereas I sometimes pay something in part, and upon account.

I assure you it is no compliment, but a literal truth, when I tell you that I have the *warmest* sense of your kindness,

kindness, in providing my old and chilled carcase, with such a quantity of flannel. I have cut my waistcoats according to my cloth, and they come half way down my thighs.

I am told you are all together by the ears in Ireland. We are so here too; and it will always be so, while avarice and ambition triumph over reason and virtue. Adieu, my dear lord. I am

Most faithfully yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R L I V .

T O T H E S A M E .

Blackheath, Oct. 1, 1764.

I HAVE been a long time in your debt, but I hope that my age and infirmities give me some privileges to compensate a little for the loss of youth and health. I am past the age at which a Roman soldier was *rudè donatus*, which some have translated, *given to be rude*. I adopt that version. Since your friendship for me makes you solicitous to have accounts of my health, I will tell you that I am neither better nor worse than when you heard from me last. I am never free from physical ills of one kind or another, but use and patience make them supportable; and I own this obligation to them, that they have cured me of worse ills than themselves, I mean moral ills, for they have given me leisure to examine, and reflection to subdue, all my passions. I think only of doing my duty to my Creator, and to my fellow-created beings, and *omnis in hoc sum* (this is my only object.)

Are you a grandfather in embryo yet? That ought by this time to be manifest. When you shall be really so, may your grand-children give you as much satisfaction as your own children have done!

Good night, my dear lord; I am most affectionately yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

P. S. Lady Chesterfield desires me to add her compliments to all.

L E T .

L E T T E R LV.

T O T H E S A M E .

Blackheath, Sept. 25, 1765.

M Y D E A R L O R D ,

YOUR letter gave me the pleasure of knowing your safe arrival in Ireland; but if you were as sick as usual at sea, notwithstanding my brandy and lemon, and your own saffron bag, you sink it upon me, which is not quite fair to your doctor, who should always be informed of the success of his prescriptions.

As you are always as solicitous about my health as I am, and more so about my life, I will tell you that I am just as you left me, neither well nor ill, and hobbling on to my journey's end, which I think I am not afraid of, but will not answer for myself, when the object draws very near, and is very sure. That moment is at least a very respectable one, let people who boast of not fearing it say what they please, and by the way those people have commonly the most reason to fear it.

Your lord lieutenant* will be with you very soon, to meet your parliament. Those first meetings are generally kind ones, and often much kinder than the partings. I really think he will be liked, for he is, in my opinion, the honestest and most religious man in the world, and moreover, very much a gentleman in his behaviour to every body. But what orders he may bring with him from hence, or what temper he may find you in, that may create differences, I cannot say, because I am sure I do not know; but this I know, that those amongst you who are wise, will avoid quarrelling with England. I say this only for the sake of Ireland, to which I most sincerely wish well, and believe that I am generally thought to do so. Do not think of mimicking our parliamentary tricks in England, for they will not do in Ireland.

* Lord Hertford.

I propose

I propose going to Bath in about three weeks, for half repairs at most, whole ones I do not pretend to: my wretched vessel is too much shattered to be ever fit for sailing again. May yours sail easily and safely many years!

I am, my dear lord,

Yours most affectionately and faithfully,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R LVI.

TO THE SAME.

London, Jan. 26, 1766.

MY DEAR LORD,

THOUGH I too long delayed sending you my wishes of this season, I am sure you did me the justice to believe that I formed them as heartily and sincerely for you, as you could do for me; and more I think cannot be said on either side. We have known one another too long to have any doubts upon that subject.

The business of pamphleteering, I find, is not monopolized on this side of the channel; for I have lately read two or three angry papers, and one of them squirted out by my friend Dr. Lucas. Surely your government will be wise enough not to take any notice of them. Punishment will make sectaries and political writers considerable, when their own works would not; and if my friend Lucas had not been persecuted under lord Harrington's government, I believe he would have been, long before this, only a good apothecary, instead of a scurvy politician. I remember, at the latter end of queen Anne's reign, there was a great number of fanatics, who said they had, and very possibly really thought they had, the gift of prophecy. They used to assemble in Moorfields to exert that gift, and were attended by a vast number of idle and curious spectators. The then ministry,

nistry, who loved a little persecution well enough, was however wise enough not to disturb these madmen, and only ordered one Powel, who was the master of a famous puppet-show, to make Punch turn prophet, which he did so well, that it soon put an end to the prophets and their prophecies.

I have been *unwell* of late, and have been let blood twice this week, which has done me so much good, that I am now better than I was before my disorder; but, well or *unwell*, I am always,

My dear lord,

Yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R LVII.

TO THE SAME.

London, May 17, 1766.

MY DEAR LORD,

I Received your kind letter yesterday, and forwarded the inclosed according to your directions. It is true I was long in your debt; but it is as true too, that I am no longer, as I once was, the pen of a ready writer; both my head and my hand seem to decline writing; in short, *Non sum qualis eram* (I am no more the man I formerly was). My state of health, which you are always kindly inquisitive about, is just as you left it. I am too old to expect it to mend, and thank God it declines but gently, and I rather glide than tumble down hill.

I heartily congratulate you upon the good effects of your bill, and it is almost pity that you have no sins for this act of charity to cover. Adieu, my dear lord.

I am most faithfully yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

P. S. My compliments to your son.

LET.

L E T T E R LVIII.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, Oct. 10, 1766.

MY DEAR LORD,

I AM conscious that I have been long in your debt ; and, were my letters of any value, I would make you my excuses for non-payment. The mind unfortunately keeps pace in decay with the body, and age and infirmities weaken them equally. I feel it most sensibly ; my body totters, and my understanding stutters ; but, I thank God, I am wise enough still, not to put either of them upon attempting, what neither of them could probably perform. I have run the silly rounds both of pleasure and business, and have done with them all. I think there is some merit in knowing when to have done. I have lived here at my hermitage in peaceful retirement all this summer, without any grievous physical ills, but at the same time never quite free from some of the lesser ones. Upon the whole, I have no reason to murmur at my lot, it is better than I have deserved ; and, as I have generally observed that there is a compensation of good and ill even in this world, I ought not to complain, considering the former part of my life, that the latter part of it is as wretched as it now is, I mean relative to my deafness.

You have a new lord lieutenant*. I have seen him once, and he seems resolved to do well. One thing I verily believe, that he will have no dirty work done, nor the least corruption suffered.

I give you a thousand thanks for executing the commissions, which I was impertinent enough to trouble you with ; but I do not know so good a master of the robes as you are. You keep me in flannel, and you procure me linen, which are all the cloathings I want.

* Lord Townshend.

How

How goes it with your son, and also with your little grandson? for I shall always take a sincere part in whatever relates to you, being, with great truth and affection,

Your most faithful humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R L I X .

T O T H E S A M E .

London, March 12, 1767.

MY DEAR LORD,

YOU cloathed me when I was naked, but I believe you have often done that to many others; so I will not trouble you with many thanks upon that subject. Your linen was very good and cheap, and flannel very comfortable to my old carcase, during the last very severe winter, and I shall not leave it off even in summer; but, conformably to the laws of Ireland, I believe I shall be buried in Irish woollen.

My kinsman, Mr. Stanhope of Mansfield, has married a niece of Mr. Barnes of Derby, whom you know. His son, whom I have taken and adopted, turns out prodigiously well, both as to parts and learning, and gives me great amusement and pleasure, in superintending his education, and in some things instructing him myself, in which I flatter myself that I do some good, considering his future rank and fortune.

Your new lord lieutenant seems extremely well disposed to Ireland, and I really believe will do it all the good that his situation, and some deep-rooted national prejudices, will allow of.

Has your son taken either orders or a wife yet? Both these blessings are indelible. For my own part, I am as well as I could expect to be at seventy three past. I have no immediate complaint of either
pain

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pain or sickness, and *nihil amplius opto* (I wish nothing more); but our poor friend White is in a most declining way, and I fear will not last much longer. He has now lived with me above fifty years, and served me very faithfully. I shall feel the loss of him very sensibly. I have survived almost all my contemporaries, and as I am too old to make new acquaintances, I find myself *isolé*; but I find too, upon self-examination, for which I have abundant time, that I am most affectionately and sincerely

Yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R LX.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, Oct. 16, 1767.

MY DEAR LORD,

MY right hand being now tolerably able, and my heart being, I am sure, extremely willing, I cannot employ the former so well, as in conveying my hearty and sincere thanks to you, for the uncommon and extraordinary proofs of your friendship and affection in my last illness. Nothing but the warmest sentiments of friendship could have carried you through the desarts of Ireland and Scotland, not to mention crossing the sea, to see an old acquaintance, who, it was ten to one, you did not find alive at your journey's end. This overpays any debt of gratitude you might think you owed me, and I confess myself your debtor. My general state of health is at present tolerable, that is, negatively well, but I continue very near as weak as when you saw me. My legs neither recover strength nor flesh, as I expected, and as I was promised by the skilful, and my two *valets de chambre* are as necessary to me as they were a month ago.

I shall

I shall remove to London this week for the winter, as the weather is now excessively cold and damp. Perhaps I may take my usual journey to Bath, if the faculty pronounce me free from all suspicions of a lurking fever. I do all I can to make the short remains of life as comfortable as I can; but if that will not do, I shall with the greatest resignation consider the physical ills of my old age, as a very slight and reasonable tax upon the errors and follies of my youth. I am, with the utmost truth and esteem,

My dear lord,

Your most faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

P. S. I thank you before-hand for the books you left for me at my house in town, for I have not yet seen one of them. I forbade their being unpacked, till I came to town myself. I cannot read above a quarter of an hour at a time, for my eyes have suffered by my illness as much as my legs.

L E T T E R L X I .

TO THE SAME.

Bath, Dec. 25, 1767.

MY DEAR LORD,

I Received yesterday your very kind letter, which reiterates your solicitude for the state of my health. It is, in general, neither bad nor good; I have no actual illness nor pain to complain of, but I am as lame of my legs as when you saw me, and must expect to be so for the rest of my life. Every year, at a certain period of life, takes away something from us; this

this last has taken away my legs, and therefore I must now content myself with those of my horses; otherwise I am tolerably well for me.

I most heartily congratulate you upon the success of your son in his first pulpit. It is a pledge of still more, when his concern and trepidation, inseparable from his first attempt, shall be got over.

I hope you go on successfully in your charity affair, in which I am sure neither your zeal nor your diligence will be wanting. It becomes your profession, and your life becomes it. To you it is an ornament, to many it is a cloak to cover a multitude of sins.

May I beg of you to make my compliments to my old and constant friend George Faulkner? and tell him that I will answer his letter very soon, but that one letter a day is as much as either my head or my hand will admit of. When I go to town, which will be in about three weeks, I shall open all his packets, which lie there ready for me.

My compliments to your son. I make you none, for we have known one another too long and too well for that.

I am, with the greatest truth imaginable,

My dear lord,

Your most faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R LXII.

T O T H E S A M E .

London, March 2, 1768.

M Y D E A R L O R D ,

MANY thanks to you for your friendly anxiety concerning my health, or, as the more fashionable phrase is, for your kind inquiries. As I told you in my former letter, I have, I thank God, neither
 pain

pain nor sickness, and I think it would be both impudent and absurd in me to wish for better at my age, and with my constitution. It is true that I am very weak in my limbs, but I can walk for a quarter of an hour at a time upon even ground, which I do five or six times a day, for you know that *use legs and have legs*; but I cannot go up stairs without great difficulty, and I should tumble down stairs with great facility, if I were not supported by the rails on one side, and a *valet de chambre* on the other.

I do not comprehend your transactions in Ireland, but in general they appear to me to be *tout comme chez nous* (just as with us). Courtiers want to keep their places or to have better, and patriots want those very places. By the way, I am apt to think that the patriot members of your house of commons are confoundedly bit, by passing the octennial bill, which I believe was never their intention. This is certain, that it will ruin a great number of your country gentlemen, who are as election-mad as we are here. I reckon that this next summer will be the maddest and most drunken summer, that ever was known in the three kingdoms; and if the weather should prove very hot into the bargain, the Lord have mercy upon us!

My little boy* received your son's letter in due time, and will answer it soon; which he tells me he should have done much sooner, but that he has had a great deal of business of late upon his hands: doubtless very important. Pray make my compliments to him, and to his son if born.

Adieu, my dear lord: may you be for these many years as happy as you deserve to be!

Yours most sincerely,

CHESTERFIELD.

* The present earl of Chesterfield.

LET.

L E T T E R LXIII.

T O T H E S A M E .

London, March 29, 1768.

M Y D E A R L O R D ,

I AM ordered by my little boy to fend you the inclosed for your son, which I hope you will do with my compliments: I thank you for your letter, and also for your red flannel, which I have received, and in which I am at this time very comfortably wrapped up.

It is not either worth your while or mine to tell you of the riots and tumults, which the general election produces in this island, as you will soon see a duplicate of them in Ireland. In this country it is Wilkes and Liberty, for ever, huzza! in that of Dublin, I suppose, it will be Lucas and Liberty for ever. For my own part, I say, *Beatus ille qui procul negotiis!* (Happy the man who lives remote from public business!)

I am, my dear lord,

Most faithfully yours,

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

L E T T E R LXIV.

T O T H E S A M E .

Blackheath, June 25, 1768.

M Y D E A R L O R D ,

I Cannot fend you a satisfactory answer to the inquiries your friendship prompts you to make concerning my health; for I am not ill, and very far from being well. I suffer no pain nor sickness, but on the other hand I enjoy

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joy no health : I feel what the French call a general *mal-aise*, and what we call in Ireland an *unwellness*. This awkward situation I impute to seventy-five, which will account for any physical ill ; and mine is, thank God, more a privation of health than any one positive ill. *J'en connois de plus miserables* (I know some that are worse off), though the greater sufferings of any of my fellow creatures, will never be the least comfort to me under mine.

I am very glad you have placed your son upon the first step of the ecclesiastical ladder. *Felix faustumque sit!* may he rise as high as he wishes himself! I chid my boy for not acknowledging his letter, but he excused himself, by saying that he had so much writing of his task upon his hands that he had very little time. The truth I take to be, that to so young a penman a letter is a laborious work, and requires time.

I congratulate the poor upon your being their champion, and you upon your success in so good a work. It becomes your honest and compassionate heart, and your character in the church. Adieu, my dear lord. I am,

Most sincerely and affectionately,

Yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R L X V .

T O T H E S A M E .

Bath, Oct. 30, 1768.

M Y D E A R L O R D ,

THIS morning I received your most friendly inquiry after my wretched constitution ; the best that I can say of it is, that it is not worse, but I think, rather a shade better than it was six months ago. I can walk upon my three legs half an hour at a time, and repeat that exercise

exercise three or four times in a day; which I could by no means have done when you saw me in my go-cart at Blackheath. I have now been here a fortnight, and am something the better for the water, especially as to bathing, which supples my old, stiff, and almost ossified limbs.

Here is a young man of your country, a lord Mountmorris, whom I take to be a very hopeful one. I am told that he has distinguished himself already in your house of lords, as a speaker, and you are extremely well with him. He is very warm from the honesty of his heart, as a young and honest heart always is.

I find by all accounts that your lord lieutenant is very popular, and will not enrich himself by the lieutenancy. I even question whether he will get so much by it as I did, for I can assure you I got five hundred pounds clear upon the whole.

Good night, my dear lord, I believe I need not tell you that no man living can be more sincerely your faithful friend and servant than

CHESTERFIELD.

P. S. Lady Chesterfield sends you many compliments, or rather truths.

L E T T E R LXVI.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, July 9, 1769.

MY DEAR LORD,

THE only reason that I had for not writing to you sooner, was that I could not, which I dare say you will allow to be a sufficient one. I have, for these last three months, had an inflammation in my eyes, which hindered me from either writing or reading; and this letter is almost the first, as well as the most pleasing service they have done me. You will easily judge how irksome

C c 2

it

it must have been to a man, who has lost his ears these last twenty years, to lose his eyes, though but for three months. It is losing my livelihood, for I live only upon reading, incapable of any other amusement. Nature has laid very heavy taxes upon old age; and I must pay my share of them, be it what it will.

I congratulate you heartily upon your success in detecting and punishing the worst sort of thieves, those sacrilegious robbers of the poor.

As for the papists of Ireland, you know I never feared them, but, on the contrary, used them like good subjects, and to a certain degree made them such, for not one man of them stirred during the whole rebellion. Good usage, and a strict adherence to the gavel act, are the only honest and effectual means that can be employed with regard to the papists.

You do not tell me one word of your family, in which you are very sure that I interest myself very sincerely. Have you another grandson or grand-daughter, and are those you have already all well? I look upon you now as a patriarch. I am sure you have all the virtues of any that I ever read of. I am, with the greatest truth and affection,

My dear lord,

Your most faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R LXVII.

T O T H E S A M E.

Bath, Nov. 21, 1769.

M Y D E A R L O R D,

A Thousand thanks for your kind letter; you inquire after my health, in which I well know that you warmly interest yourself; but I can hardly return you a precise answer; I am turned of seventy six, a sufficient distemper

distemper itself, and moreover attended with all the usual complaints of old age; the most irksome of them all to me, is that my eyes begin to fail me, so that I cannot write nor read as I used to do, which were my only comforts, but *melius fit patientia quicquid corrigere est nefas*, (what cannot be mended grows lighter by patience).

The archbishop of Cashel (*a*), who is now here, tells me that, by your indefatigable endeavours, you have recovered near twenty thousand pounds for the several defrauded charities. He always speaks of you with great esteem and regard. Go on to detect such abominable sacrileges, infinitely worse than the stealing of a pulpit cloth out of a church. Excommunication would be more proper for such robbers of the poor, than for the usual and slight causes for which it is commonly denounced. As for your political affairs in Ireland, I am not in the least surprized when I hear of the many and sudden variations of patriots to castlemen, and of castlemen to patriots; *c'est tout comme ici* (it is there as it is here); and money, which is the necessary medium of foreign commerce, is not a less powerful medium in domestic transactions.

You have nothing of a pope about you, not even the nepotism, or by this time you might have done better for your son, to whom I desire my compliments. I hope you will live long enough to provide for him abundantly, notwithstanding all your moderation.

Lady Chesterfield, who charges me with her compliments to you, has been very much out of order here, of a disorder in her stomach and bowels, but is now so much better, that we shall set out for London in a couple of days.

My old friend George Faulkner sent me the other day a pamphlet relative to the present state of Ireland, as to trade, commerce, absentees, &c. which, if it states mat-

(*a*) Dr. Whitcombe, first transferred from the bishoprick of Clonsfert to the archiepiscopal see of Cashel. From a letter of lord Chesterfield to him, which we shall insert among those of this collection, his character as a citizen, a bishop, and a scholar, will sufficiently appear.

ters fairly, as I have but too much reason to believe it does, proves that Ireland must in a few years be undone. Adieu, my dear lord.

I am, with the warmest affection,

Your faithful humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R LXVIII.

T O T H E S A M E .

London, March 11, 1770.

MY DEAR LORD,

THE correspondents I have left, though few, must forgive my irregularity, and accept my intentions instead of my letters, especially you, who I am sure will never doubt of the truth of mine. I am an anomalous noun, and scarcely a substantive one. My eyes are not what they were a few years ago; and my understanding, if I may use that expression, for want of a better, flutters. In short, without any immediate distemper, I feel most sensibly the complaints of old age; however, I am thankful that I feel none of those torturing ills, which frequently attend the last stage of life, and I flatter myself that I shall go off quietly, but I am sure with resignation. Upon the whole, I have no reason to complain of my lot, though reason enough to regret my abuse of it.

I am sorry that you met with so many rubs in your commendable endeavours to do justice to the poor.

You do not seem to be very quiet in Ireland, but I can assure you, you are so in comparison of what we are now in England. A factious spirit on one side has seized three parts

TO HIS FRIENDS. B. III. L. LXVII. LXVIII. LXIX. 391
parts of the kingdom, and a most notorious incapacity
distinguishes the administration: what this collision may
produce, God only knows, but I confess I fear. Good
night, my dear lord, I need not tell you, and I am sure
I cannot tell you, how sincerely and affectionately I am

Yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

P. S. Lady Chesterfield charges me with her compliments.

There seems to be an infectious distemper in the house
of Stanhope; your acquaintance Arthur died about
ten days ago, as did his next brother sir Thomas
three days after. I suppose I am too old and too
tough to take the infection.

L E T T E R LXIX.

TO THE SAME.

London, June 14, 1770.

MY DEAR LORD,

I Have long told you, and you have as long found, that
I was an anomalous noun, I can hardly say a substantive,
for I grow weaker and weaker every day, particularly
in my legs and my thighs, so that I can walk very
little at a time, and am obliged to take my share of
exercise by several snatches in the day: but this is by no
means the worst part of my present case, for the humour
that has fallen into my eyes about a year ago rather
increases than decreases, and to a degree that makes
writing and reading very troublesome to me, as they were
the only comforts that a deaf old fellow could have: if I
should lose my eyes as well as my ears, I should be of all
men the most miserable.

You know that you have long been in possession of
clothing me; and I must now apply to you to do so again,
not

not only as an act of friendship, but of charity, for I have not a shirt to my back. I therefore must beg of you to procure me some Irish linen to make me four dozen of shirts, much about the same fineness and price of the last which you got me. I know you too well to make any excuses for giving you this trouble. Adieu! my dear lord; you know my sentiments with regard to you, too well for me to mention them. I am,

Most sincerely and faithfully,

Yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

P. S. Lady Chesterfield charges me with her compliments.

L E T T E R LXX.

TO THE SAME.

London, Aug. 15, 1770.

MY DEAR LORD,

THE linen, which you were so kind as to procure me, dropped out of the clouds into my house in town last week, and is declared, by better judges than I am, very good, and very cheap. I shall not thank you for it, but on the contrary expect your thanks for giving you an opportunity of doing what always gives you pleasure, *cloathing the naked*. I am sure that, could you equally relieve all my other wants, you would; but there is no relief for the miseries of a crazy old age, but patience: and as I have many of Job's ills, thank God, I have some of his patience too, and I consider my present wretched old age as a just compensation for the follies, not to say sins, of my youth.

I send you here inclosed some melon-seed, of the best and largest canteloup kind, and also of the green Persian sort, as much as I can venture at one time with the post; but as none can be sown at this time of the year, I will from time to time send you more, so that you shall have of different kinds before the season. Adieu, my dear lord; my eyes will have it so.

L E T-

L E T T E R LXXI (a).

TO THE SAME.

London, Aug. 12, 1771.

MY DEAR LORD,

I Received your kind letter three days ago, and make haste to acknowledge it, never knowing nor guessing what may happen to me from one day to another. I am most prodigiously old, and every month of the kalendar adds at least a year to my age. My hand trembles to that degree that I can hardly hold my pen, my understanding stutters, and my memory fumbles. I have exhausted all the physical ills of Pandora's box, without finding hope at the bottom of it; but who can hope at seventy-seven? One must only seek for little comforts at that age. One of mine is, that all my complaints are rather teasing than torturing; and my lot, compared with that of many other people's, who deserve a better, seems rather favourable. Philosophy, and confidence in the mercy of my Creator, mutually assist me in bearing my share of physical ills, without murmuring.

I send you here inclosed two little papers of melon-seed of the best kind I ever tasted; and I shall from time to time send you more, as you cannot sow any till February.

I had the pleasure of your son's company at dinner six weeks ago, where he met lord Bristol, who observed exactly his diet, in eating no animal food, and drinking no wine, and is in better health and spirits than I ever knew him. I am glad that he goes to Nice, which I have known do a great deal of good to many people in his case. May you and he have all you wish for!

Adieu, my dear lord; I am, to you and yours,

A most faithful and affectionate servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

(a) The original of this is written in a very trembling hand.

LET-

L E T T E R LXXII (a).

T O T H E S A M E .

London, Dec. 19, 1771.

M Y D E A R L O R D ,

I AM sure you will believe me when I tell you that I am sincerely sorry for your loss, which I received the account of yesterday, and upon which I shall make you none of the trite compliments of condolence. Your grief is just; but your religion, of which I am sure you have enough, (with the addition of some philosophy) will make you keep it within due bounds, and leave the rest to time and avocations. When your son was with me here, just before he embarked for France, I plainly saw that his consumption was too far gone to leave the least hopes of a cure, and, if he had dragged on this wretched life some few years longer, that life could have been but trouble and sorrow to you both. This consideration alone should mitigate your grief, and the care of your grandson will be a proper avocation from it. Adieu, my dear lord: may this stroke of adversity be the last you may ever experience from the hand of Providence!

Yours, most affectionately and sincerely,

CHESTERFIELD.

(a) This whole letter is in the hand of lord Chesterfield, but so altered, that, except the first line, the strokes have been covered by another hand. It preceded his death but a few months, and is probably the last he ever wrote to his dear bishop; with whom his correspondence thus closes with an office of tenderness and affection, that of comforting an afflicted parent.

L E T -

L E T T E R LXXIII.

To THOMAS PRIOR, Esq. (a).

London, June 14, 1746.

S I R,

I THANK you for the favor of your letter, with the inclosed scheme for carrying on the war, which, if others approved of as much as I do, and the present situation of the war permitted, would be soon put in execution.

As you are one of the few in Ireland, who always think of the public, without any mixture of private, interest, I do not doubt but that you have already thought of some useful methods of employing the king's bounty to the Dublin society. The late additional tax upon glafs here, as it must considerably raise the price of glafs bottles imported into Ireland, seems to point out the manufacturing them there; which consideration, with a small premium added to it, would, in my mind, set up such a manufacture. Fine writing and printing paper, we have often talked of together; and the specimen you gave me before I left Dublin proves that nothing but care and industry is wanting to bring that manufacture to such a perfection as to prevent the importation of it from Holland, and through Holland from France; nay I am convinced that you might supply England with a great deal if you pleased, that is, if you would make it, as you could do, both good and cheap. Here is a man who has found out a method of making starch of potatoes, and, by the help of an engine of his own invention, to make a prodigious quantity of it in a day. But here is an act of parliament which strictly prohibits the making starch of any thing but flour. Have you such an act of parliament in Ireland? If you have not, and that you import your starch

(a) This gentleman, who had a good estate in Ireland, seems to have been particularly distinguished by lord Chesterfield, on account of his amiable qualities as a man, and his eminent ones as a good citizen and a true patriot. See what has been said of that gentleman in the memoirs, Sect. V.

from

from England, as I take it for granted that you do, for you import every thing that you can, it would be well worth this man's while to go to Ireland, and advantageous for you that he should; his starch being to my knowledge and experience full as good, and abundantly cheaper than any other.

These are the sorts of jobs that I wish people in Ireland would attend to with as much industry and care, as they do to jobs of a very different nature. These honest arts would solidly increase their fortunes, and improve their estates, upon the only true and permanent foundation, the public good. Leave us and your regular forces in Ireland to fight for you: think of your manufactures at least as much as of your militia, and be as much upon your guard against poverty as against popery; take my word for it, you are in more danger of the former than of the latter.

I hope my friend, the bishop of Meath, goes on prosperously with his charter schools. I call them his, for I really think that without his care and perseverance they would hardly have existed now. Though their operation is sure, yet, being slow, it is not suited to the Irish taste of *the time present only*; and I cannot help saying, that, except in your claret, which you are very solicitous should be two or three years old, you think less of two or three years hence than any people under the sun. If they would but wish themselves as well as I wish them, and take as much pains to promote their own true interest, as I should be glad to do to contribute to it, they would in a few years be in a very different situation from that which they are in at present. Go on, however, you and our other friends; be not weary of well-doing, and though you cannot do all the good you would, do all the good you can.

When you write to the most worthy bishop of Cloyne (*a*), pray assure him of my truest regard and esteem, and remember me to my honest and indefatigable friend in good works doctor Madden; and be persuaded yourself, that I am, with sincere friendship and regard,

Your most faithful humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

(*a*) Dr. Berkeley.

LET.

LETTER LXXIV.

TO THE SAME.

London, July 15, 1746.

SIR,

I Acknowledge the favour of your two letters of the 3^d, and 5th; they were doubly welcome to me, as coming from one, who I know wishes so well to the public as you do, and as they brought me good accounts of the progress you make in your public-spirited views. The manufacture of glass bottles cannot possibly fail, but from want of care and industry; for as the price of glass bottles is risen considerably here, upon account of the new duty, if you would but make them in Ireland, you are sure of sale for them; and I should hope, at least that, considering the close connection there is between bottles and claret, this manufacture, *though your own*, may meet with encouragement. I think you are in the right to do it as quietly as can be, and to give your premiums without publishing them, not to alarm our glass people here; though in truth it could never be thought reasonable, nor would it, I dare say, ever be attempted here, to prohibit any manufactures in Ireland, merely for home consumption.

The paper you gave me in Ireland, though good, was not so good as it should, and as I am sure it might be with care. It was too spongy and bibulous, which proceeds only from want of care, in chusing and sorting the best rags. Some premiums for this purpose will have a great effect; and I am convinced that, if this manufacture were carefully and diligently pursued, you might in time not only entirely supply yourselves, but us too, with great part of that paper, which we now take from Holland and other countries. But then, indeed, you must make it cheap as well as good, and, contrary to your custom, content yourselves with less present profit, in order to get possession of a future and permanent advantage.

I have

I have not yet taken any step concerning the charter for the Dublin society, and I confess to you I have great doubts about it. Your society, as it is, does so very well, that I am afraid of touching it. However if you and others, who, I am sure, mean well, and can judge well, think upon the whole that a charter would be beneficial, I will endeavour to get one.

You did extremely right to open the Spaniard's letter to me, and, in consequence of it, to proceed in that humane manner with him. His post was a very considerable one in the West-Indies, and is never given but to people of consideration. In that light he deserves to have regard shewn him; but still more, in my mind, from being unfortunate. I have writ to him by this post, in answer to his. As you tell me that part of the cargo of the ship is snuff, which I should think, must be good, I shall be obliged to you, if, when it comes to be sold, you will send me twenty pounds of the strongest and deepest coloured, and ask Mr. Lingen for the money.

The death of the king of Spain must produce good effects in Italy at least.

I received a very kind letter from my charter-school apostle, the bishop of Meath, which I have not time to answer by this post, but I will soon.

I am, with the esteem which you deserve,

Your faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T.

L E T T E R LXXV.

T O T H E S A M E .

London, July 26, 1746.

S I R,

I Received by the last post the favour of your letter of the 17th, with the inclosed account of the premiums offered for 1746. I think them all perfectly right, and, as I told you in my last, I think you will do well to pursue the manufacture of glass bottles, with as little noise as possible. I heartily wish you success, and am, very truly,

Your faithful humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R LXXVI.

T O T H E S A M E .

London, Sept. 23, 1746.

S I R,

A Long and dangerous illness has hindered me from acknowledging till now, your two last letters; and though I am a great deal better, I still feel, by extreme weakness, the shock which that illness has given to a constitution too much shattered before.

Pray be under no kind of uneasiness as to the accident that happened to my letter, for I assure you I am under none myself. I confess, the printing of a letter carelessly and inaccurately written, in the freedom and confidence of a friendly correspondence, is not very agreeable, especially to me, who am so idle and negligent in my familiar letters, that I never wrote one over twice in my life, and

am

am consequently often guilty both of false spelling and false English; but as to my sentiments with regard to Ireland, I am not only willing, but desirous, that all Ireland should know them. I very well recollect the two paragraphs in my letter, which might be objected to by many people; but I recollect them without retracting them. I repeat it again that there are not many people there, who, like you, employ their thoughts, their time, and their labour, merely for the public good, without any private view. The condition of Ireland sufficiently proves that truth. How different would the state of your lands, your trade, your manufactures, your arts and sciences, have been now from what it is, had they been the objects of general, as they have been of your particular, attention! I still less recant what I said about claret, which is a known and melancholy truth; and I could add a great deal more upon that subject. Five thousand tuns of wine imported *communibus annis* into Ireland, is a sure, but indecent, proof of the excessive drinking of the gentry there, for the inferior sort of people cannot afford to drink wine there, as many of them can here; so that these five thousand tuns of wine are chiefly employed in destroying the constitutions, the faculties, and too often the fortunes, of those of superior rank, who ought to take care of all the others. Were there to be a contest between public cellars and public granaries, which do you think would carry it? I believe you will allow that a claret board, if there were one, would be much better attended than the linen board, *unless when flax-seed were to be distributed*. I am sensible that I shall be reckoned a very shallow politician, for my attention to such trifling objects, as the improvement of your lands, the extension of your manufactures, and the increase of your trade, which only tend to the advantage of the public; whereas an able lord lieutenant ought to employ his thoughts in greater matters. He should think of jobs for favourites, sops for enemies, managing parties, and engaging parliaments to vote away their own and their fellow subjects liberties and properties. But these great arts of government, I confess, are above me, and people should not go out of their depth. I will modestly be content with wishing Ireland all the good that is possible, and with doing it all the good I can; and so weak am I, that I would much rather be distinguished and remembered
by

TO HIS FRIENDS. BOOK III. LET. LXXVI. LXXVII. 401
by the name of the *Irish lord lieutenant*, than by that of the
lord lieutenant of Ireland.

My paper puts me in mind that I have already troubled
you too long, so I conclude abruptly, with assuring you
that I am, with the truest esteem,

Your faithful humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R LXXVII.

T O T H E S A M E.

London, Jan. 10, 1747.

S I R,

THE person who will deliver you this letter, is a most
skilful mechanic, and has made many useful disco-
veries. He is going to try his fortune in Ireland, and desi-
red me to recommend him to somebody there. I could
not refuse him, knowing his Ingenuity; and then, who
could I recommend him to so well, as to my good friend
Mr. Prior, the disinterested and zealous patron of all good
and useful things? I really think he may be of use to the
Dublin society, who I know are of very great use to the
public. If he should prove so, well and good; so far only
I recommend him to you eventually. This obligation how-
ever I have to him, that he has given me an opportunity
of assuring you of the continuance of that esteem and re-
gard with which I am,

Your most faithful humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER LXXVIII.

TO THE SAME.

London, May, 6, 1747.

MY GOOD FRIEND,

I Have been long in your debt, and am ashamed of it; but I am sure you do me too much justice to suspect me of either fraud or negligence. The truth is, that I have as little command of time, as many people have of money; and, though my intentions are honest, I am often forced by necessity to be a very bad pay-master.

I desire that the Dublin society will dispose of that trifle that I gave them, in the manner they shall think proper. They are the best judges, and have shewn themselves so by all their past conduct. They have done more good to Ireland, with regard to arts and industry, than all the laws that could have been formed; for, unfortunately, there is a perverseness in our natures, which prompts us to resist authority, though otherwise inclined to do the thing, if left to our choice. Invitation, example, and fashion, with some premiums attending them, are, I am convinced, the only methods of bringing people in Ireland to do what they ought to do; and this is the plan of your society.

I am glad to find that your paper manufacture goes on so well. If it does but once take root with you, I am sure it will flourish; for it is the beginning only of things that is difficult with you. You want stock to set out with, and patience for the returns; but when once the profit begins to be felt, you will go on as well as any people in the world.

I am surprized that the high duty upon glafs here, and the suspension of the manufacture of it in some degree, has not encouraged you to apply yourselves to that part of trade, in which I am sure the profits would be very considerable, and your making your own bottles might be some little degree of equivalent for what emptying of bottles costs you. I wish every man in Ireland were obliged
to

to make as many bottles as he empties, and your manufacture would be a flourishing one indeed.

I am very glad to hear that your linen board is to give no more flax-feed, but only premiums for the raising of it; for that same flax-feed was the seed of corruption, which throve wonderfully in the soil of particular people, and produced jobs one hundred fold.

The snuff you sent me was extremely good, and I am much obliged to you for the trouble you took about it, though I know you think it no trouble to serve your friends, and hope that you reckon me in that number. I assure you I am, and I should not be the friend that I really am to Ireland, if I were not so to you, who deserve so well of your country. I know few people who, like you, employ both their time and their fortunes in doing public good, without the thoughts or expectations of private advantage: when I say advantage, I mean it in the common acceptation of the word, which, thanks to the virtue of the times, implies only money; for otherwise your advantage is very considerable, from the consciousness of the good you do; the greatest advantage which an honest mind is capable of enjoying. May you long enjoy it, with health, the next happiness to it!

I am, with the truest esteem,

Your most faithful humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD:

P. S. Pray make my compliments to the good bishop of Cloyne, when you write to him.

LETTER LXXIX.

To Dr. MADDEN (a).

London, Dec. 12, 1746.

CAN you forgive me, my dear Dr. M——, what I can scarcely forgive myself; I mean, having so long delayed my acknowledgments for your first very friendly letter? but, though I am blameable, I am not quite so much so as by the length of time it would seem, when you consider my long and dangerous illness, and since my recovery, the multiplicity of business which the late change of my situation (b) has brought upon me.

I can with the strictest truth assure you, that my sentiments of esteem and friendship for you are in no degree lessened, and I am sure never will be, since they are founded upon your love and zeal for mankind in general, your country and friends in particular, which I am sure will never end but with your life. I have read your work with great satisfaction (c); it is full * * * * *

A concurrence of circumstances has obliged me to change an easy for a laborious employment, in which too, I fear it will be much less in my power to do good, than it was in my former. It may seem vain to say so, but I will own that I thought I could, and began to hope that I should, do some good in Ireland. I flattered myself that I had put jobs a little out of fashion, and your own manufactures a little in fashion, and that I had in some degree discouraged the pernicious and beastly practice of drinking, with many other pleasing visions of public good. At least I am sure I was earnest in my wishes, and would have been assiduous in my endeavours for it. Fortune, chance, or providence, call it which you will, has removed me from you, and has assigned me another destination, but has not, I am sure, changed my inclinations, wishes, or my efforts, upon occasion,

(a) The Rev. Dr. Samuel Madden first institutor of the Dublin society. A more particular account of that extraordinary man may be seen in the memoirs, Sect. V. The copy of this letter is endorsed "22 Dec. 1746, Copy; Chesterfield's letter to Dr. Madden."

(b) His acceptance of the seals as secretary of state.

(c) Probably a tragedy in manuscript inscribed to lord Chesterfield. It is now in the possession of Mr. Sheridan, to whom it was bequeathed as a legacy by the author.

for

for the interest and prosperity of Ireland; and I shall always retain the truest affection for, and remembrance of, that country; I wish I could say of that rich, flourishing, and industrious nation. I hope it will in time be so, and I even think it makes some progress that way, though not so quick as I could wish; but however, there are righteous enough to save the city, and the examples of you, and many of your friends, will, I hope, prove happily and beneficially contagious. I did flatter myself, a little before my removal, that I should * * *

Continue me, dear sir, your friendship and remembrance, which I will say that in some degree I deserve, by the sincere regard and esteem with which I am,

Your most faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

P. S. Pray make my compliments to the worthy bishop of Meath, to whom I will write soon, and likewise to my friend Mr. Prior.

LETTER LXXX (a).

To Dr. WHITCOMBE, then Bishop of Clonfert, and afterwards Archbishop of Cashel.

1753, or 1754.

MY GOOD LORD,

I Find that you are still what I always knew you, active to promote the improvement and advantage of Ireland, and that you do me the justice to believe that I sincerely wish them.

The two schemes which your lordship communicated to me, in the favour of your letter of the 8th, will, in my opinion, greatly tend to those good purposes. That for the improvement of useful literature in the university of Dublin is, I think, an extreme good one, and I wish

(a) The original of this letter was not sent.

it

it may be steadily pursued, though I cannot, with the same degree of faith, say that I expect it will; however I think it should be tried, and carried as far as it will go: whether the professorships should be continued, and appropriated to fellows of the college singly, is what I can possibly form no opinion upon, not being well acquainted enough with the present situation of the college, and the abilities of the fellows, but I should rather think that they ought to be given to those, whether fellows or not, who, from their eminence in those several branches of learning, deserve them best: but this rule too of *detur digniori*, your lordship must not expect will be scrupulously observed. That part of the plan, which relates to writing and speaking the English language with purity and elegance hath, in my opinion, long been one of the *desiderata* both in Ireland and England, where pedantry and an affectation of learning have, in pursuit of two dead languages, which can never be known correctly, let our own be neglected to such a degree, that though we have ten thousand Greek and Latin grammars and dictionaries, we have not yet a single one on English (*b*).

The other scheme, for encouraging foreign Protestants to settle in Ireland, is a most excellent one. I have long wished, and the nation long wanted it. The first foundation of it, consisting only of some voluntary subscriptions, can be but narrow, and, what is worse, precarious; consequently will persuade very few foreigners to expatriate themselves, in the uncertainty of finding a permanent establishment elsewhere. However, it will be very right to give a beginning and a form to that scheme as soon as possible; and then I should hope, that your next session of parliament, finding a foundation laid, for that is the difficulty, would contribute largely and solidly to extend that foundation, and to raise a superstructure upon it which would be of such real advantage to their country. They are very well able to do it; the public revenues being considerably increased, not to mention that an additional number of inhabitants would increase them still more. Money disbursed upon such a charitable, as well as poli-

(*b*) The case is now much altered; the number of English grammars being actually very considerable. Indeed lord Chesterfield seems to have overlooked Dr. Wallis's grammar, the best, perhaps, that was composed for any language. Dr. Johnson's grammar and dictionary were not yet published.

TO HIS FRIENDS. BOOK III. LET. LXXX. LXXXI. 407
tical account, is money prudently placed at interest both
for this world and the next. Your lordship may depend
upon my exerting my utmost endeavours to promote and
recommend so useful a design, and the more so, because
that, from your lordship being at the head of it, I can
safely answer for its being faithfully and skilfully carried
on.

I am, with the greatest truth and esteem,

Your lordship's

most obedient humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R LXXXI (a).

To Captain IRWINE, at Paris.

London, April 4, O. S. 1749.

SIR,

I Send you the letter of recommendation to Mr. Villette
(*b*), which you desired, by yours to Mr. Grevenkop;
but I fear that he will be gone from Turin before
you arrive there. But in that case you will find a young
Academician and his governor there, who will be very
glad to do you any service, and to whom I have sent or-
ders upon that subject. They will take the carnival at
Venice, in their way, where you will likewise probably
meet them, for I take it for granted that you will con-
trive to see that uncommon ceremony. It is worth your
while. There will be a much greater ceremony next

(*a*) This, and the ten following letters, were most obligingly com-
municated to me by sir John Irwine, knight of the Bath, lieutenant-
general and commander in chief of his majesty's forces in Ireland. They
are printed from the originals.

(*b*) Arthur Villette, esq; his majesty's envoy at the court of Turin,
and afterwards employed under the same denomination at Bern. He is
now retired at Bath, where he enjoys the distinction due to great merit
and virtue. He was one of lord Chesterfield's friends.

Christmas

Christmas at Rome, which, at all events, I think you ought to see; that is, the grand jubilee, which is celebrated but once in fifty years. So that, young as you are, if you do not see it then, you probably never will; and, upon so extraordinary an occasion, I cannot suppose that your father will refuse to prolong your leave of absence. For my own part, I think it so well worth seeing, that I send my young traveller there, though it very much shortens the stay which I originally intended that he should make at the academy at Turin. I return you my sincere thanks for the favour of your letter, with the inclosed speech of monsieur de Richelieu, which is perfectly in character, and, I dare say, all his own.

Any instance of your friendship and remembrance will always be agreeable to one, who is, with those sentiments of esteem, with which I am,

SIR,

Your most faithful humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R LXXXII.

T O T H E S A M E, at Dublin.

London, Oct. 26, 1749.

SIR,

YOU judge very right in believing that I take a part in what concerns Ireland; I do, and always shall, though an unavailing one. You judged as right too, in thinking that no accounts of that country could come to me from a more welcome hand than yours. Nothing can be better or more clearly stated, than your account of the present *important* transactions relative to Charles Lucas apothecary at Dublin, who, I believe, is the first apothecary that ever was voted an enemy to his country. That apothecary's stuff, of which, till now, only the recipes were printed, will henceforwards be universally taken, and make a part of the Dublin Dispensatory. In the
book

book of holy martyrs, there are many Charles Lucafes, whose names would hardly have been known in their own times, but certainly never transmitted down to ours, if they had not been broiled a little; and the obscure Dr. Sacheverell's fortune was made by a parliamentary prosecution, much about the same time that the French prophets were totally extinguished by a puppet-show. Great souls are sometimes desirous to purchase fame at the expence of their bodies. If Charles Lucas, apothecary, is one of those, one should congratulate him upon this occasion. But if his views were, as from his profession I should be very apt to think they were, of a much *lower nature*, one ought to condole with him upon the suspension of them, at least for some time. In this uncertainty I withhold my compliments of either kind, to Charles Lucas, apothecary.

But let us come to a better subject. Pray are you major, or only captain still? For greater security I direct this to you, by the latter title, but if in so doing I injure you, I will publish my recantation upon the back of my next. But in either case, I hope you have not laid aside the thoughts of going abroad again. You have travelled a little with great profit; travel again, and it will be with still greater. The knowledge of the manners, the language, and the government of the several countries of Europe is well worth two years delay of military promotion, supposing that should be the case. I am, with great truth,

Your faithful humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LET.

L E T T E R LXXXIII.

To Major IRWINE, Dublin.

Greenwich, Sept. 1, 1751.

S I R,

SHOULD you ever be miserable enough to want my assistance, or I unexpectedly happy enough to be able to give you any, your commands will want no preamble to introduce, nor excuses to attend them. My friendship and esteem for you will sufficiently incline, though your situation will not sufficiently enable, me to serve you.

Lord Albemarle is too good a courtier, and I too bad a one, for us to have met more than once, since his return to England. I have twice endeavoured to see him, but to no purpose, since you desired me to speak to him, but I will persevere till I do; not that I think I can be of any use to you there, but that you may not think that I would omit the least possible occasion of being so. If lord George Sackville is sincerely in your interest, your affair will certainly do, as he has not only a great deal to say with his father, but as he is the duke of Cumberland's military man of confidence in Ireland. I heartily wish that you could get to be lieutenant-colonel to your father's regiment, because with that rank, at your age, the rest would do itself. And if you can get the consent of the government, I would advise you not to haggle with * * * about the price, but to make him a *point d'or* to go out upon.

My young man has been with me here this fortnight, and in most respects, I am very well satisfied with him; his knowledge is sound and extensive, and by all that I have yet observed, his heart is what I could wish it. But for his air and manners, Paris has still a great deal to do. He stoops excessively, which I have known *some very pretty fellows* do, though he dances very well; and as to manners, the easy and genteel turn *d'un bonnête homme* is yet very much wanting. I shall carry him with me in a fortnight to Bath for the season, where I shall rub him till his re-exportation to Paris, which will be
the

the first week in November, for near a year more. I hardly flatter myself with the hopes of seeing you at Bath this season; nor indeed would I advise you to leave Ireland, till your affair is decided one way or other. The observation, *que les absens ont toujours tort*, (that the absent always come off worst) is in general true, and in your case, would be particularly true in regard to a certain general whom I know.

I am extremely obliged to you for your kindness to your lieutenant Heathcote, in which I think I have some share, though I hope and believe he deserves it personally.

I will end this abruptly, rather than employ the common words to assure you of the uncommon esteem and friendship with which I am

Your most faithful humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

P. S. Pray make my compliments to the primate, and to the house of Clements.

L E T T E R LXXXIV.

T O T H E S A M E.

London, April 25, 1752.

S I R,

I AM two letters in your debt, a debt which I am more inclined to acknowledge, than able to pay. Yours bring me informations, mine can only return you thanks. I make you therefore no excuse for the delay, possibly I deserve your thanks for it. I live too much out of the world to entertain you, and lately I have lived too much out of it to entertain myself; for I have been for these last two months extremely deaf, from what cause I know not any more than the doctors whom I have consulted; but the effects I still feel, though not in quite so great a degree. This makes me very disagreeable, both to myself, and to the few people with whom I desire to converse; and puts me in the situation of a man who understands at best but half the language of the country he
lives

lives in. If the weather, which is hitherto very bad, would but mend a little, and look something like summer, I would settle at Blackheath, where I can amuse myself by myself, better than in town.

As well as I can judge at this distance, from the various accounts I have had of your squabbles and quarrels in Ireland, *c'est tout comme chez nous*. The great point is who shall govern the government; and I presume that all heads have been too busy upon that point, to think one moment of the real interest of Ireland. What an effusion of claret must all this have occasioned! for it is a maxim, that business is best done over a bottle, and that people are never so fit for it, as when they are fit for nothing else. I make no doubt but that there has more claret been drank over the barracks this winter than will be drank in them these ten years. And I wonder the bridge was not agreed to, considering the national aversion to water. I not only hope, but am persuaded, that you do not give into this *cochonnerie*, which ungentlemen every body. A sprightly *débauche* now and then is very well; but the dull, sedate, and continued guzzling of claret is very unbecoming to a young fellow.

I find that Dublin has been this winter the seat of pleasure, as well as of war. We have heard of the magnificence of your balls and entertainments. They are liberal and proper diversions, and, with submission to the grave and the wise, that luxury and expence is beneficial to the public. It employs many hands, and circulates property, provided that luxury be confined to home produce.

We have married you here to the daughter of lady * * *, but that is no proof that you have married yourself to her in Ireland. If you have, I heartily wish you joy, for it is possible that there may be joy in marriage. In either case, I hope we shall see you this year in England. You have attended your post as a major long enough, I should think, to be allowed a furlow for next winter; and I take it for granted that your whole regiment is very perfect now, in the round-about way of doing every thing. I assure you that of all your friends here, none can with more satisfaction and sincerity tell you they are so, than

Your faithful humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.
L E T-

L E T T E R LXXXV.

TO THE SAME.

London, Dec. 29, 1753.

S I R,

I Thought at least that I perfectly understood the meaning of all your disputes in Ireland, while they related only to the roasting or the *Boyleing* (pardon a written quibble) of Arthur Jones Nevil Esq; and I heard of them with the same indifference with which I formerly heard of those of Charles Lucas, apothecary. Those objects were indifferent to me, because I thought them so to Ireland; and I humbly apprehended that the only point in question was the old one, who should govern the governor. But now I confess my indifference ceases, and my astonishment and concern, as a sincere well-wisher to Ireland, begin. I cannot comprehend this last point carried by five, which was merely national, and which has excited such general joy and drunkenness; and I have the failing of all little minds, I am apt to suspect and dislike whatever I do not understand. I know nothing of the arguments on either side, nor how groundless, or how well grounded, they may severally be; but this I know, that the dispute, being now become national, must come to a decision, and how favourable to Ireland that decision is likely to be, the enemies of Ireland will, I fear, foresee and foretell with pleasure. I observe that whole provinces splendidly proclaim in the news papers the Bacchanals they have lately celebrated; that of Munster has in particular favoured the public with a list of the toasts, in which, I think, I discover all the guards of prudence, all the depths of policy, and all the urbanity of refined and delicate satire. I am informed too that these disputes have, to a great degree, revived that antient, Gothick, humane, sensible, and equitable method of decision of right and wrong, the *duellum*, or single combat. In short, you are all in a violent fever, not without some paroxysms of delirium,
for

for which I fear your father in law and my friend Dr. Barry, whom I very sincerely love and esteem, has no cure. Pray tell him that I do not take this (to use our terms of physic) to be the *febricula*, or slow fever, but a high and inflammatory one, *mali moris*, and subject to exacerbations.

Friends may, and often do, among themselves, laugh and quibble upon subjects, in which however they take a very serious part. I have done so with you, though, upon my word, I am truly affected with the present situation of affairs in Ireland, from which I expect no one good, but fear many ill, consequences. Your own personal situation at Dublin, I should imagine, cannot be now very agreeable, and therefore, as you have, for so long together, discharged the duties of a diligent, indefatigable officer, (and husband too I hope) why should you not come over here, to see *your uncle* and other friends? among whom you will, I can assure you, see none more truly and sincerely so, than

Your most faithful humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R LXXXVI.

TO THE SAME.

London, Mar. 7, 1754.

S I R,

A Long and painful illness has hindered me from thanking you sooner for the favour of your letters, which contained very clear accounts of the late important transactions in Ireland. However strong the ferment may still be, I will venture to affirm that it must and will subside to a certain degree, before the next session of parliament, I mean with regard to the national point. It is not tenable, and upon cooler thoughts will, I am convinced, appear so to many of those who, from personal piques and sudden heat, were hurried into

into it. I dare answer for it that the speaker himself wishes that it had never been stirred, and I dare say will contrive to have it dropped in the next session. I am sure he wishes well to his country, and upon reflection he must be sensible that a national dispute with England upon a point so intirely unsupported by either law or prudence, can by no means tend to the good of Ireland. Dr. Barry, I know, thinks exactly as I do upon this subject, and I dare say will administer, whenever he is consulted, emollient, quieting, and cooling medicines. If it would but please God, by his lightning, to blast all the vines in the world, and by his thunder to turn all the wines now in Ireland sour, as I most sincerely wish he would, Ireland would enjoy a degree of quiet and plenty that it has never yet known. By the way, I am not so partial neither to Ireland, as not to pray for the same blessing for this my native country, notwithstanding the grief and desolation which I know it would occasion in our two learned universities, the body of our clergy, and among our knights of shires, burgeses, &c. and in general among all those worthy honest gentlemen, who toast and are toasted. But I will leave these public considerations, of which I am a remote and insignificant spectator, and indulge the tender sentiments of private friendship. Is it possible that my worthy friend, George Faulkner, can even for a moment have seen a vile cudgel impending over his head? Who can think himself safe, when gravity of deportment, dignity of character, candor, impartiality, and even a wooden leg, are no longer a protection? This rough manner of treating a man of letters, which my friend must be allowed to be, implies perhaps more zeal than knowledge; at least I never met with it among the canons of criticism. If my friend discovered upon this occasion some degree of human weakness, his other half, at least, exerted the undaunted spirit of a Roman wife. Why is she not lady Faulkner? And why are they not blessed with a numerous issue, the happy compound of their father's stoicism, and their mother's heroism? I have had several packets from my friend since this affair happened, but he has never touched upon it, prudently observing, I presume, the advice of Horace, *Quæ desperes tractata nitescere posse, relinque.* (Whatever cannot be improved by handling, is best let alone.)

Are

Are there are no hopes of seeing you in England this summer, and have you any of getting into the new parliament? I shall take a longer journey as soon as the season will give me leave, for I shall go to drink the waters of Aix-la-Chapelle and Spa, in hopes of recovering some degree of my strength and spirits, which my late illness robbed me of, not to prolong my life, for which I assure you I would not take so much trouble, but to make it less burthensome while it lasts. Deafness alone is a sufficient misfortune, but weakness and dispiritedness, added to it, complete it. From such a being as I am, this letter is already too long, and may probably infect you with the *ennui*, which the writer commonly feels, except in the moment in which he assures you that he is, with the greatest truth,

Your most faithful humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

Pray, make my compliments to my good friend the doctor.

L E T T E R LXXXVII.

T O T H E S A M E .

London, March 15, 1757.

S I R,

THE installation is to be at Windsor on this day fortnight the 29th; it is a foolish piece of pageantry, but worth seeing once. The ceremony in the chapel is the most solemn, and consequently the filliest, part of the show. The tickets for that operation are the pretended property of the dean and chapter. I will take care to procure you one. I will also try to procure you a ticket for the feast, though it is full late. There you will dine very ill and very inconveniently, but however with the comfort of hearing the style

TO HIS FRIENDS. B. III. L. LXXXVII.—LXXXVIII. 417
style and titles of the puissant knights proclaimed by Garter king at arms. I take it for granted that Mrs. Irwine is to be of your Windsor party, and I will endeavour to accommodate you both as far as I can. She made you too favourable a report of my health which you have too easily believed, from wishing it true. It is vegetation at most, and I should be very sorry if my fellow vegetables at Blackheath were not in a more lively and promising state than

Your most faithful servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R LXXXVIII.

To the Honourable Colonel IRWINE.

Indorfed, August 1762.

S I R,

I SHALL be most extremely glad to see you and the good company you mention to-morrow at dinner. I have not seen the doctor since he has given himself up to women, and I was afraid that he had forgot me.

Mr. Hutchinson* is one whom I have wanted long to see, more than he could to see me; but what is the worst of it is, that I am in the case of ***** with relation to him, which is, that I cannot see him, without his seeing me. However, you will let him know that I have been dead these twelve years, by way of preparing him to see a mind and body equally decayed. I am, with the greatest truth and esteem,

Your most faithful humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

Sunday night.

* The present provost of Trinity College, Dublin.

VOL. III.

E e

L E T-

LETTER LXXXIX.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, Nov. 21, 1768.

I BELIEVE, my dear general, that you are the first English traveller that could bring testimonials from Paris of having kept good company there. I know the reason of it; but I will not tell you, because I am sure you know it yourself as well as I do. Our friend seems to know it too, and, in justice to her, I send you here inclosed her letter which you brought. In seeing my old acquaintance, the marechal de Richelieu, you saw without exception the greatest, but at the same time the prettiest, coxcomb in Europe. To be sure, he did not say a word of Minorca, Genoa, or lower Saxony. Your late debate about Corsica was surely a very idle one. How can we hinder the French from taking Corsica, but by a war with France? And how can we make that war? Where can we find the money for it? Where can we find a minister to conduct it? And where an Eugene or Marlborough to command it? Do not put the *Gentle Shepherd* upon me for all these *wheres*. Besides, I fear there is a very fore place in this affair. What will you, gentlemen of the lower house, do with Wilkes the defender of our liberty? Do not wonder at my question, for I know that not a fortnight ago one minister asked another that very question, and was answered, *I do not know*. As they puzzled themselves into this difficulty, I confess I want to see how they will puzzle themselves out of it. * * * *

My old kinsman and cotemporary * is at last dead, and for the first time quiet. He had the start of me at his birth by one year and two months, and I think we shall observe the same distance at our burial. I own I feel for his death, not because it will be my turn next, but be-

* Thomas Holles, duke of Newcastle.

TO HIS FRIENDS. BOOK III. LET. LXXXIX. XC. 419
cause I knew him to be very good-natured, and his hands to be extremely clean, and even too clean if that were possible; for, after all the great offices, which he had held for fifty years, he died three hundred thousand pounds poorer than he was when he first came into them. A very unministerial proceeding! It is a common observation, that blind people are apt to be talkative, and it is no less true (as you find to your cost) that deaf people are apt to be *writative*; but I am only so *quoad hunc*, and from a desire of expressing the true friendship and esteem with which I am

Your most faithful humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R XC.

T O T H E S A M E.

Bath, Nov. 27, 1768.

S I R,

HOW can *un mylord Anglois* answer a letter *frappée au coin du bon ton de Paris*, (that bears the stamp of the Paris *bon ton*) where flattery passes only for common civility? I must content myself with telling you, in home-spun English, that I thank you heartily for your letter which I received yesterday; and though I know you flatter me, I am extremely pleased with your thinking me worth your flattery. *Tu m'aduli, ma tu mi piaci*, (you flatter me, but you please me) is a very true Italian saying, which self-love, if sincere, would confess.

Conway's motion was the only sensible one that could be made, now that the people called ministers (as the news papers call the Quakers) have bungled themselves into a situation of not being able to do any thing quite right. * * * * *

I am much obliged to you, and through you to Madame de Choiseul, for communicating to me the verses, of the chevalier de Boufflers; they are exceedingly pretty

E c 2

and,

and, had you not told me the author, I should have mistaken them for Voltaire's, a mistake which no author could have no reason to take ill. The 9th line is extremely pretty, though not quite new; but the last line of all is new, true, and wonderfully delicate, perhaps too delicate for our solid sound classical judges to relish, who will call it *French tinsel*.

I will abruptly wish you good night; and am

Your most faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R X C I.

T O T H E S A M E.

Blackheath, Aug. 6, 1769.

S I R,

I AM extremely obliged to you for the favour of your letter; it informs me of an event which I should hardly have believed from a less authentic hand than yours. The journey to Wootton seems to confirm the reunion of the triumvirate; but still it is a triumvirate, and a triumvirate consists of three, who, without an Athanasian unity, which is not to be expected, will be subject to accidents and jealousies. This I am sure of, that it is the interest of all the three to keep strictly united. It will alarm the administration; but still I think they will hold it out another year, by certain ways and means, which the payment of the civil debts will enable them to put in practice, and you well know that the votes in both the chaste houses of parliament are counted, not weighed. Another thing will be of use to the administration, which is, that factious and seditious spirit that has appeared of late in petitions, associations, &c. which shocks all sober thinking people, and will hinder them from going so far as otherwise they would have gone. At the latter end of king Charles the second's reign, the two belligerent parties

ties remonstrated and address'd, upon which my grandfather Halifax told the king, that the remonstrants spit in his face, and that the addressers spit in his mouth. The livery petition seems to be of the former kind. But enough of politics, which, from long difuse, and seeing them at present only remotely and through a mist, I must necessarily talk absurdly about.

As to my own decayed carcase, which you so kindly inquire after, I can only tell you that it crumbles away daily; my eyes are still so bad, that they are of little use to a deaf man, who lived by reading alone; many other physical ills croud upon me, and I have drained Pandora's box, without finding hope at the bottom. The taxes that nature lays upon old age are very heavy; and I would rather that death would distrain at once, than groan longer under the burthen.

Pray, how have I deserved some compliments in your letter? I cannot recollect that I have ever offended you; I never made you any compliments, and I am sure that I do not make you one now, when I assure you that I am, with the truest esteem and friendship,

Your most faithful humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

Pray, make my compliments to *tutti quanti* where you are, with whom I have pass'd the most agreeable time of my life formerly at Stowe.

L E T.

L E T T E R X C II *.

From Dr. SWIFT to the Earl of CHESTERFIELD.

November 10, 1730.

M Y L O R D,

I WAS positively advised by a friend, whose opinion has much weight with me, and who has a great veneration for your lordship, to venture a letter of sollicitation: and it is the first request of this kind that I ever made, since the public changes, in times, persons, measures, and opinions, drove me into distance and obscurity.

There is an honest man, whose name is Launcelot; he has been long a servant to my lord Suffex: he married a relation of mine, a widow, with a tolerable jointure; which, depending upon a lease which the duke of Grafton suffered to expire about three years ago, sunk half her little fortune. Mr. Launcelot had many promises from the duke of Dorset, while his grace held that office which is now in your lordship†; but they all failed, after the usual fate that the bulk of court-suiters must expect.

I am very sensible that I have no manner of claim to the least favour from your lordship, whom I have hardly the honor to be known to, although you were always pleased to treat me with much humanity, and with more distinction than I could pretend to deserve. I am likewise conscious of that demerit which I have largely shared with all those who concerned themselves in a court and ministry, whose maxims and proceedings have been ever since so much exploded. But your lordship will grant me leave to say, that, in those times, when any persons of the ejected party came to court, and were of tolerable consequence, they never failed to succeed in any reasonable request they made for a friend. And, when I some-

* Though these three letters have been printed already, yet as they are so characteristic, and do so much honor to our noble author, it was thought not improper to detach them from the voluminous collection, in which they are dispersed, to unite them in this.

† The earl of Chesterfield was then lord steward of his majesty's household.

times added my poor solicitations, I used to quote the then ministers a passage in the Gospel, *the poor* (meaning their own dependents) *you have always with you, &c.*

This is the strongest argument I have, to intreat your lordship's favour from Mr. Launcelot, who is a perfect honest man, and as loyal as you could wish. His wife, my near relation, has been my favourite from her youth, and as deserving as it is possible for one of her level. It is understood, that some little employments about the court may be often in your lordship's disposal; and that my lord Suffex will give Mr. Launcelot the character he deserves: and then let my petition be (to speak in my own trade) a drop in the bucket.

Remember, my lord, that, although this letter be long, yet what particularly concerns my request is but of a few lines.

I shall not congratulate with your lordship upon any of your present great employments, or upon the greatest that can possibly be given to you; because you are one of those very few, who do more honour to a court, than you can possibly receive from it, which I take to be a greater compliment to a court than it is to your lordship.

I am,

My lord, &c.

L E T T E R XCIII.

From the Earl of CHESTERFIELD to Doctor SWIFT.

Hague, Dec. 15, N. S. 1730.

S I R,

YOU need not have made any excuse to me for your solicitation: on the contrary, I am proud of being the first person, to whom you have thought it worth the while to apply since those changes, which, you say, drove you into distance and obscurity. I very well know the person you recommend to me, having lodged at his

at his house a whole summer at Richmond. I have always heard a very good character of him, which alone would incline me to serve him; but your recommendation, I can assure you, will make me impatient to do it. However, that he may not again meet with the common fate of court-suitors, nor I lie under the imputation of making court-promises, I will exactly explain to you how far it is likely I may be able to serve him.

When first I had this office, I took the resolution of turning out nobody; so that I shall only have the disposal of those places, that the death of the present possessors will procure me. Some old servants, that have served me long and faithfully, have obtained the promises of the first four or five vacancies; and the early solicitations of some of my particular friends have tied me down for about as many more. But, after having satisfied these engagements, I do assure you, Mr. Launcelot shall be my first care. I confess, his prospect is more remote than I could have wished it; but as it is so remote, he will not have the uneasiness of a disappointment, if he gets nothing; and if he gets something, we shall both be pleased.

As for his political principles, I am in no manner of pain about them. Were he a Tory, I would venture to serve him, in the just expectation that, should I ever be charged with having preferred a Tory, the person, who was the author of my crime, would likewise be the author of my vindication.

I am, with real esteem,

S I R,

Your most obedient humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LET.

L E T T E R XCIV.

From Dean SWIFT to the Earl of CHESTERFIELD.

January 5, 1730-1.

M Y L O R D,

I RETURN your lordship my most humble thanks for the honor and favour of your letter, and desire your justice to believe, that, in writing to you a second time, I have no design of giving you a second trouble. My only end at present is to beg your pardon for a fault of ignorance. I ought to have remembered, that the arts of courts are like those of play; where, if the most expert be absent for a few months, the whole system is so changed, that he hath no more skill than a new beginner. Yet I cannot but wish, that your lordship had pleased to forgive one, who has been an utter stranger to public life above sixteen years. Buffy Rabutin himself, the politest person of his age, when he was recalled to court after a long banishment, appeared ridiculous there: and what could I expect from my antiquated manner of addressing your lordship in the prime of your life, in the height of fortune, favour, and merit; so distinguished by your active spirit, and greatness of your genius? I do here repeat to your lordship, that I lay the fault of my misconduct entirely on a friend, whom I exceedingly love and esteem, whom I dare not name, and who is as bad a courtier by nature as I am grown by want of practice. God forbid that your lordship should continue in an employment, however great and honorable, where you only can be an ornament to the court so long, until you have an opportunity to provide offices for a dozen low people, like the poor man, whom I took the liberty to mention! And God forbid, that, in one particular branch of the king's family, there should ever be such a mortality, as to take away a dozen of meaner servants in less than a dozen years!

Give me leave, in further excuse of my weakness, to confess, that besides some hints from my friends, your
lordship

lordship is in great measure to blame, for your obliging manner of treating me in every place where I had the honor to see you; which I acknowledge to have been a distinction that I had not the least pretence to, and consequently as little to ground upon it the request of a favour.

As I am an utter stranger to the present forms of the world, I have imagined more than once, that your lordship's proceeding with me, may be a refinement introduced by yourself: and that as, in my time, the most solemn and frequent promises of great men usually failed, against all probable appearances, so that single slight one of your lordship may, by your generous nature, early succeed against all visible impossibilities (*a*).

I am, &c.

(*a*) And so it did; lord Chesterfield having soon found an opportunity of providing for the person recommended by Dean Swift.

I am happy in the opportunity of communicating to the public the three following letters, from lord Chesterfield to lord Stair, which were sent to me in the most obliging manner by a person of distinction in Scotland, whose name I am not at liberty to mention, but whom I desire to accept my public thanks for this favor. They are of such a nature as to make me, and I trust, every one of my readers, regret that there are so few of them.

LET-

L E T T E R X C V .

To the Earl of S T A I R .

London, Sept. 3, 1739.

M Y L O R D ,

BY the return of the messenger, by whom I received the favour of your letter, with the inclosed papers, I writ to lord Marchmont my poor sentiments upon the points in question. I thought it the same as writing to you; but chose to direct it rather to him, because the messenger told me, he should see him first. I shall say no more now, by the common post, upon that subject, than that I thought the first part of the plan extremely right; but the latter part rather ill-timed now, and would not have the effect proposed or hoped for. What do you say to the vigor of our administration? The sleeping lion is roused; and a hundred and twenty men of war now in commission, and forty thousand land forces in England, will shew our enemies abroad, that they have presumed too much and too long upon sir Robert's pacific temper. I say this on the supposition and hopes that these land forces are only raised against our common enemies abroad, and not against sir Robert's enemies at home; though I know which I believe. It is reported too, but I don't know with what grounds, that this parliament is this session to be continued seven years longer, upon pretence that, in this time of danger, the nation is not in a proper temper to meet and chuse new representatives. Violent as this step may seem, I cannot think it is totally improbable, when I combine several circumstances; but this I know, that, if it is taken, there is an end of us, I mean constitutionally. Your visit to Ireland is a sign of your good health and spirits, which I rejoice at, and wish you the long continuance of, as much as any man upon earth can do, being, I am sure, as much as any man upon earth can be,

My dear lord,

Your most faithful humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T -

L E T T E R XCVI.

TO THE SAME.

London, Dec. 3, 1739.

MY DEAR LORD,

SINCE I troubled you last, I have three letters from you to acknowledge. As to the two first, you will have heard from all your friends here, that the D. of A. is by no means as yet ripe to come into any of those propositions. I both think and hope he will by next year; but, in the mean time, he must be stroked and not spurred. The plan inclosed in your letter, which I received yesterday, is, in my opinion, a perfect right one, and is now followed by many corporations in England, in their instructions to their members; and ought to have been so by all the counties, if those, who at the end of last session of parliament undertook that province, had not either carelessly or wilfully neglected it till the assizes were over, which has now made it impossible for this year. The bill, to limit the number of placemen in parliament, is to be brought in after the holidays, and will, I suppose, be as soon rejected; after which, it will be necessary to print the names of those who voted for or against it; and then fresh instructions from every county or borough, both in England and Scotland, wherever they can be obtained, and, I believe, they may from almost every county, and a great majority of the boroughs will come with still greater weight next year. As for postponing the money bills till such a bill be agreed to, which is what you propose, and what is likewise mentioned in the instructions of the city of London, I find that will not do; because, to tell you the plain truth, many of the opposition do not in their hearts greatly relish the place bill itself, which they think might prove a clog upon their administration, and they will by no means hear of any thing like a tack, or a postponing of the money bills. If the whole opposition meant the same thing as you and I do, they would most certainly entertain this measure, which

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is the only one that can recover the constitution; all others are but temporary palliatives: for while the houses of lords and commons are absolutely in the power of the crown, as they visibly now are, we have no constitution, and the crown alone is, without a mystery, the three branches of the legislature. But unfortunately, I doubt, this is what many people desire as heartily as you and I wish the contrary. Sir Robert's health is thought to be very precarious, and there are many of us who already anticipate in their thoughts the joyful moment, which they think not remote, of coming into power; and consequently, far from desiring to make shackles for themselves, are rather willing to continue those upon the people which sir Robert has forged for them. This, I own, is a melancholy case; but I fear it is too much the case. The persons you allude to, that you think might be prevailed with to act against sir Robert, are not to be moved. They have been tried, and their own interest in so doing has been manifestly shewn them, but to no purpose. They consider money as their own interest, and would not venture the suspension of a quarter's salary to save the whole nation. This, my dear lord, is our wretched situation, from whence, I think, little good can arise. Union among ourselves cannot be expected, where our views are so widely different. This sir Robert knows, and triumphs in. I despair of either doing good or seeing any done; yet, while I live, I assure you, I will endeavour it. I wish my country well, and upon that principle alone must wish you so; but many other considerations concur to make me honor and esteem you as I do, and to form that attachment and friendship with which I shall ever be,

My dear lord,

Most faithfully yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

LET.

L E T T E R XCVII.

TO THE SAME.

MY DEAR LORD,

I WISH I had any thing better than thanks to return you for your several letters, but unfortunately I can send you no accounts from hence, that I can write or you read with satisfaction. The opposition is in truth become no opposition at all; is looked upon already in that light by the court, and, I am afraid, will soon be so by the whole nation: The views of the individuals are too different for them to draw together. Some few mean the public good, and they are for acting and pushing of constitutional measures; but many more mean only their private interest, and they think public inaction and secret negotiations the most conducive to it. They consider sir Robert's life as a bad one, and desire, by their submission and tameness, to recommend themselves to be his successors. The court, they say, is too strong to be overcome by opposition; that is, in truth, they think it would be too strong for their impatience for power upon any terms. In this distracted state of the opposition, you will not be surprized that nothing is done, and that the court triumphs. Those of your friends here, with whom I am connected, wish, as I do, many things which it is not in our power to bring about, and which would only discover our weakness to attempt. My only hopes are from the spirit of the nation in the next election, where, if we exert, I think there are hopes of having a better parliament than this. In your part of the kingdom more may be done with effect in that affair than in this part, where the influence of the court is more powerful; and I hope, therefore, you will all exert at that last struggle for our constitution. We are to have here next week a general meeting, to settle the elections for the next parliament, in which, I make no doubt, but those who have ruined the opposition will use their endeavours to frustrate this design too; but still I hope, it will have some good effect, though

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to be sure not so good a one as if we all meant the same thing. The place bill comes in on Tuesday next, and will be thrown out the same day. Some of our patriots will rant that day, *par manière d'acquit*, by permission from the court, and then the session is ended. I shewed your paper upon that subject to some of my friends, who will endeavour to make what use they can of it.

Your old friend lord Cathcart kissed the king's hand yesterday, for the command of the intended expedition. Some say it is against Cuba; others, against Buenos Ayres; but none know, and the secret is inviolably kept. For my own part, wherever it is intended, I have a very bad opinion of the success of it, when I know that nobody capable of forming a right plan has been consulted in it, and that no officer able to conduct it is well enough at court to be employed in it.

As I have writ all this to you *à coeur ouvert*, I beg it may go no further, it being better that the real wretched state of the opposition should not be universally known, though, I fear, it is but too well guessed at. It might discourage, and could do no good.

If all meant as well as you do, I should, with more hopes and better spirits, take what little part I am able; but I confess that, in the present situation of things, I rather content myself with not doing ill, than hope to do any good. I will keep my conscience and my character clear, wish what I should, and do what I can, *et pour le reste, alors comme alors*. But in all situations, pleased and proud of being reckoned in the number of those who love and value you as you deserve, and who wish you in a condition of doing your country all the good you are both so desirous and so able to do it. Adieu, my dear lord; believe me,

Most faithfully yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

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