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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**

XXIII. The World. Saturday, May 3, 1753. N° 18.

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portion to the number of those who will be solicitous to read them : for reckoning the people of this kingdom at eight millions, and deducting half that number for young children, blind people, and men of quality, who either cannot or do not chuse to read, there will remain four millions of reading souls, of whom three millions eight hundred and seven thousand cannot have the satisfaction of reading this paper at the first hand, but must wait, with patience, for the future editions. I do not say this from any sordid view of interest, which I am infinitely above, for I most solemnly protest that I desire nothing for myself, and that the immense profits of this paper shall be all distributed among my friends, the printer, the publisher, compositor, press-men, frys, and devils, without quartering myself upon any one of them, or requiring any thing from them contrary to their former conduct, honor, or conscience.

JEFFREY BROADBOTTOM.

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XXIII.

T H E W O R L D \*.

SATURDAY, May 3, 1753. N<sup>o</sup> 18.

**T**HE following letter had appeared earlier in the world, if its length, or, what at present happens to be the same thing, its merit had not been so great. I have been trying to shorten it, without robbing it of beauties ;

but,

\* This paper was set on foot by Mr. Moore, the ingenious author of the *Fables for the Female Sex*, and of the tragedy of the *Gamester*. He soon met with assistance from numerous correspondents, and, as he informs us in the dedication of one of his volumes to Soame Jenyns, esq; who was himself one of the writers in it, the *World* became *the only fashionable vehicle, in which men of rank and genius chose to convey their sentiments to the public*. Lord Chesterfield was one of these ; but, as he sent his first paper to the publisher without any notice from whence it came, it underwent but a slight inspection, and was very near being excluded on account of its length. This neglect would have stopt any future communications ; but fortunately lord Lyttleton happening to call at Mr. J. Doddsley's, this paper was shewn to him. He immediately knew the hand, and still more the manner of writing, of the noble author. Mr. Moore, being informed of this discovery, read the manuscript more attentively, discerned its beauties, and thought proper not only to publish it directly, but to introduce it with an apology for the delay, and a compliment to the author.

but, after many unsuccessful attempts, I find that the spirit of it is, as the human soul is imagined to be by some antient philosophers, *totus in toto, et totus in qualibet parte*. I have, therefore, changed the form of my paper, chusing rather to present my readers with an extraordinary half-sheet, than to keep from them any longer what was sent me for their instruction. At the same time, I must beg leave to say, that I shall never think myself obliged to repeat my complaisance, but to those of my correspondents, who, like the writer of this letter, can inform me of their grievances with all the elegance of wit.

“ TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

S I R,

I consider you as supplemental to the law of the land. I take your authority to begin, where the power of the law ends. The law is intended to stop the progress of crimes by punishing them; your paper seems calculated to check the course of follies by exposing them. May you be more successful in the latter than the law is in the former!

Upon this principle I shall lay my case plainly before you, and desire your publication of it as a warning to others. Though it may seem ridiculous to many of your readers, I can assure you, sir, that it is a very serious one to me, notwithstanding the ill-natured comfort which I might have, of thinking it of late a very common one.

I am a gentleman of a reasonable paternal estate in my county, and serve as knight of the shire for it. Having what is called a very good family-interest, my election incumbered my estate with a mortgage of only five thousand pounds; which I have not been able to clear, being obliged, by a good place which I have got since, to live in town, and in all the best company, nine months in the year. I married suitable to my circumstances. My wife wanted neither fortune, beauty, nor understanding. Discretion and good humor on her part, joined to good-nature and good-manners on mine, made us live comfortably

fortably together for eighteen years. One son and one daughter were our only children. We complied with custom in the education of both. My daughter learned some French and some dancing; and my son passed nine years at Westminster school, in learning the words of two languages, long since dead, and not yet above half revived. When I took him away from school, I resolved to send him directly abroad, having been at Oxford myself. My wife approved of my design; but tacked a proposal of her own to it, which she urged with some earnestness. "My dear," said she, "I think you do  
 " very right to send George abroad; for I love a foreign  
 " education, though I shall not see the poor boy a great  
 " while: but, since we are to part for so long a time,  
 " why should we not take that opportunity of carrying  
 " him ourselves as far as Paris? The journey is nothing,  
 " very little farther than to our own house in the north;  
 " we shall save money by it, for every thing is very cheap  
 " in France; it will form the girl, who is of a right age  
 " for it; and a couple of months, with a good French,  
 " and dancing, master, will perfect her in both, and give  
 " her an air and manner that will help her off in these  
 " days, when husbands are not plenty, especially for  
 " girls with only five thousand pounds to their fortunes.  
 " Several of my acquaintance, who have lately taken  
 " trips to Paris, have told me, that to be sure we should  
 " take this opportunity of going there. Besides, my  
 " dear, as neither you nor I have ever been abroad, this  
 " little jaunt will amuse and even improve us; for it is  
 " the easiest thing in the world to get into all the best  
 " company at Paris."

My wife had no sooner ended her speech, which I easily perceived to be the result of meditation, than my daughter exerted all her little eloquence in seconding her mother's motion. "Ay, dear papa," said she, "let  
 " us go with brother to Paris; it will be the charmingest  
 " thing in the world; we shall see all the newest fashions  
 " there; I shall learn to dance of Marseille\*; in short,  
 " I shall be quite another creature after it. You see how  
 " my cousin Kitty was improved by going to Paris last  
 " year; I hardly knew her again when she came back;  
 " do, dear papa, let us go."

The

\* Marcel, the most famous dancing master, at that time, at Paris. He is often mentioned in lord Chesterfield's letters to his son.

The absurdity of the proposal struck me at first; and I foresaw a thousand inconveniencies in it, though not half so many as I have since felt. However, knowing that direct contradiction, though supported by the best arguments, was not the likeliest method to convert a female disputant, I seemed a little to doubt, and contented myself with saying, "that I was not, at first sight, at least, sensible of the many advantages which they had enumerated, but that, on the contrary, I apprehended a great deal of trouble in the journey, and many inconveniencies in consequence of it; that I had not observed many men of my age considerably improved by their travels, but that I had lately seen many women of hers, become very ridiculous by theirs; and that for my daughter, as she had not a fine fortune, I saw no necessity of her being a fine lady." Here the girl interrupted me, with saying, "For that very reason, papa, I should be a fine lady. Being in fashion is often as good as being a fortune; and I have known air, dress, and accomplishments, stand many a woman instead of a fortune." "Nay, to be sure," added my wife, "the girl is in the right in that; and if with her figure she gets a certain air and manner, I cannot see why she may not reasonably hope to be as advantageously married, as lady Betty Townly, or the two miss Bellairs, who had none of them such good fortunes." I found by all this, that the attack upon me was a concerted one, and that both my wife and daughter were strongly infected with that migrating distemper, which has of late been so epidemical in this kingdom, and which annually carries such numbers of our private families to Paris, to expose themselves there as English, and here, after their return, as French; insomuch that I am assured that the French call those swarms of English, which now, in a manner, over-run France, a second incursion of the Goths and Vandals.

I endeavoured, as well as I could, to avert this impending folly, by delays and gentle persuasions, but in vain; the attacks upon me were daily repeated, and sometimes enforced by tears. At last I yielded, from mere good-nature, to the joint importunities of a wife and daughter whom I loved; not to mention the love of ease and domestic quiet, which is, much oftener than we

care

care to own, the true motive of many things that we either do or omit.

My consent being thus extorted, our setting out was pressed. The journey wanted no preparations; we should find every thing in France. My daughter, who spoke some French, and my son's governor, who was a Swiss, were to be our interpreters upon the road; and when we came to Paris, a French servant or two would make all easy.

But, as if providence had a mind to punish our folly, our whole journey was a series of distresses. We had not sailed a league from Dover, before a violent storm arose, in which we had like to have been lost. Nothing could equal our fears but our sickness, which perhaps lessened them: at last we got into Calais, where the inexorable custom-house officers took away half the few things which we had carried with us. We hired some chaises, which proved to be old and shattered ones, and broke down with us at least every ten miles. Twice we were overturned, and some of us hurt, though there are no bad roads in France. At length, the sixth day, we got to Paris, where our banker had provided a very good lodging for us: that is, very good rooms, very well furnished, and very dirty. Here the great scene opens. My wife and daughter, who had been a good deal disheartened by our distresses, recovered their spirits, and grew extremely impatient for a consultation of the necessary trades-people, when luckily our banker and his lady, informed of our arrival, came to make us a visit. He graciously brought me five thousand livres, which he assured me was not more than what would be necessary for our first setting out, as he called it; while his wife was pointing out to mine the most compendious method of spending three times as much. I told him, that I hoped that sum would be very near sufficient for the whole time; to which he answered coolly, "No, sir, nor six times that sum, if you propose, as to be sure you do, to appear here *bonnêtement*." This, I confess, startled me a good deal; and I called out to my wife, "Do you hear that, child?" She replied, unmoved, "Yes, my dear, but now that we are here, there is no help for it; it is but once, upon an extraordinary occasion, and one would not care to appear among strangers like scrubs." I made no answer to this solid reasoning, but  
resolved

resolved within myself to shorten our stay, and lessen our follies, as much as I could. My banker, after having charged himself with the care of procuring me a *carrosse de remise* and a *valet de place* for the next day, which in plain English is a hired coach and a footman, invited us to pass all the next day at his house, where he assured us that we should not meet with bad company. He was to carry me and my son before dinner to see the public buildings; and his lady was to call upon my wife and daughter to carry them to the genteelest shops, in order to fit them out to appear *bonnêtement*. The next morning I amused myself very well with seeing, while my wife and daughter amused themselves still better by preparing themselves for being seen, till we met at dinner at our banker's; who, by way of sample of the excellent company to which he was to introduce us, presented to us an Irish abbé, and an Irish captain of Clare's; two attainted Scotch fugitives, and a young Scotch surgeon who studied midwifery at the *Hôtel Dieu*. It is true, he lamented that sir Harbottle Bumper, and sir Clotworthy Guzzledown, with their families, whom he had invited to meet us, happened unfortunately to have been engaged to go, and drink brandy at Nueilly. Though this company sounds but indifferently, and though we should have been very sorry to have kept it in London, I can assure you, sir, that it was the best we kept the whole time we were at Paris.

I will omit many circumstances, which gave me uneasiness, though they would probably afford some entertainment to your readers, that I may hasten to the most material ones.

In about three days, the several mechanics, who were charged with the care of disguising my wife and daughter, brought home their respective parts of this transformation, in order that they might appear *bonnêtement*. More than the whole morning was employed in this operation, for we did not sit down to dinner till near five o'clock. When my wife and daughter came at last into the eating-room, where I had waited for them at least two hours, I was so struck with the transformation, that I could neither conceal nor express my astonishment. "Now, my dear," said my wife, "we can appear a little like christians." "And strollers too," replied I; "for such have I seen, at Southwark-fair, the respectable Syfigambis, and the  
" lovely

“ lovely Parisatis. This cannot surely be serious!”  
“ Very serious, depend upon it, my dear,” said my wife;  
“ and pray, by the way, what may be ridiculous in it?”  
“ No such Syfigambis neither,” continued she; “ Betty  
“ is but sixteen, and you know I had her at four-and-  
“ twenty.” As I found that the name of Syfigambis,  
carrying an idea of age along with it, was offensive to  
my wife, I waved the parallel; and, addressing myself in  
common to my wife and daughter, I told them, “ I per-  
“ ceived that there was a painter now at Paris, who co-  
“ loured much higher than Rigault, though he did not  
“ paint near so like; for that I could hardly have guessed  
“ them to be the pictures of themselves.” To this they  
both answered at once, “ That red was not paint; that no  
“ colour in the world was *fard* but white, of which they  
“ protested they had none.” “ But how do you like  
“ my *pompon*, papa!” continued my daughter; “ is it  
“ not a charming one? I think it is prettier than mam-  
“ ma’s.” “ It may, child, for any thing that I know;  
“ because I do not know what part of all this frippery thy  
“ *pompon* is.” “ It is this, papa,” replied the girl, put-  
ting up her hand to her head, and shewing me, in the mid-  
dle of her hair, a complication of shreds and rags of vel-  
vets, feathers and ribbands, stuck with false stones of a  
thousand colors, and placed awry. “ But what hast thou  
“ done to thy hair, child!” said I: “ is it blue? is that  
“ painted too by the same eminent hand, that colored  
“ thy cheeks?” “ Indeed, papa,” answered the girl,  
“ as I told you before, there is no painting in the case;  
“ but what gives my hair that bluish cast is the grey  
“ powder, which has always that effect upon dark-co-  
“ lored hair, and sets off the complexion wonderfully.”  
“ Grey powder, child!” said I, with some surprize:  
“ grey hairs I knew were venerable; but till this moment  
“ I never knew that they were genteel.” “ Extreme-  
“ ly so, with some complexions,” said my wife; “ but  
“ it does not suit with mine, and I never use it.” “ You  
“ are much in the right, my dear,” replied I, “ not  
“ to play with edge-tools. Leave it to the girl.” This,  
which perhaps was too hastily said, and seemed to be a  
second part of the Syfigambis, was not kindly taken;  
my wife was silent all dinner-time, and, I vainly hoped,  
ashamed. My daughter, drunk with dress and sixteen,  
kept

kept up the conversation to herself, till the long-wished-for moment of the opera came, which separated us, and left me time to reflect upon the extravagances, which I had already seen, and upon the still greater, which I had but too much reason to dread.

From this period, to the time of our return to England, every day produced some new and shining folly, and some improper expence. Would to God that they had ended as they began, with our journey! but unfortunately we have imported them all. I no longer understand, or am understood, in my family. I hear of nothing but *le bon ton*. A French valet de chambre, who I am told is an excellent servant and fit for every thing, is brought over to curl my wife and my daughter's hair, to *mount a dessert*, as they call it, and occasionally to *announce visits*. A very flatteringly, dirty, but at the same time a very genteel French maid, is appropriated to the use of my daughter. My meat too is as much disguised in the dressing by a French cook, as my wife and daughter are by their red, their pompoons, their scraps of dirty gauze, flimsy sattins, and black callicoes; not to mention their affected broken English, and mangled French, which jumbled together compose their present language. My French and English servants quarrel daily, and fight, for want of words to abuse one another. My wife is become ridiculous, by being translated into French; and the version of my daughter will, I dare say, hinder many a worthy English gentleman from attempting to read her. My expence, and consequently my debt, increases; and I am made more unhappy by follies, than most other people are by crimes.

Should you think fit to publish this my case, together with some observations of your own upon it, I hope it may prove a useful Pharos, to deter private English families from the coasts of France.

I am, S I R,

Your very humble servant,

R. D."

My

My correspondent has said enough to caution English gentlemen against carrying their wives and daughters to Paris; but I shall add a few words of my own, to dissuade the ladies themselves from any inclination to such a vagary. In the first place, I assure them, that of all French ragouts there is none, to which an Englishman has so little appetite, as an English lady served up to him *à la Française*. Next I beg leave to inform them, that the French taste in beauty is so different from ours, that a pretty English woman at Paris, instead of meeting with that admiration which her vanity hopes for, is considered only as a handsome corpse; and if, to put a little life into her, some of her compassionate friends there should persuade her to lay on a great deal of *rouge*, in English called paint, she must continue to wear it to extreme old age; unless she prefers a spot of real yellow, the certain consequence of paint, to an artificial one of red. And lastly, I propose it to their consideration, whether the delicacy of an English lady's mind may not partake of the nature of some high flavoured wines, which will not admit of being carried abroad, though under right management, they are admirable at home.

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 XXIV.

## THE WORLD.

THURSDAY, June 14, 1753.

 N<sup>o</sup> 24.

I SHALL not at present enter into the great question between the antients and the moderns; much less shall I presume to decide upon a point of that importance, which has been the subject of debate among the learned from the days of Horace down to ours. To make my court to the learned, I will lament the gradual decay of human nature, for these last sixteen centuries; but at the same time I will do justice to my contemporaries, and give them