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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**

XXV. The World. Thursday, June 21, 1753. N° 25.

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of birth and seniority of age; and moreover the elder, by an happy *pleonasmus*, always to take before, and be preferred to, the younger! but this useful alteration is more to be wished than expected, for reasons which I do not at present think proper to mention.

I am sensible that the government may possibly object, that I am suggesting to its enemies a method of carrying on their treasonable correspondences, with much more secrecy than formerly. But, as my intentions are honest, I should be very sorry to have my loyalty suspected; and when I consider the zeal, and at the same time the ingenuity, of the Jacobites, I am convinced that their letters in this new method will be so charged with groves of oaken boughs, white roses and thistles interwoven, that their meaning will not be obscure, and consequently no danger will arise to the government from this new and excellent invention.

 XXV.

THE WORLD.

THURSDAY, June 21, 1753.

 N^o 25.

I HAVE the pleasure of informing my fair correspondent, that her petition contained in the following letter is granted. I wish I could as easily restore to her what she has lost. But to a mind like hers, so elevated! so harmonized! time and the consciousness of so much purity of intention will bring relief. It must always afford her matter of the most pleasing reflection, that her soul had no participation with her material part in that particular act, which she appears to mention with so tender regret. But it is not my intention to anticipate her story, by endeavouring to console her. Her letter, I hope, will caution all young ladies of equal virtue with herself against
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that excess of complaisance, with which they are sometimes too willing to entertain their lovers.

“ TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

S I R,

I HAVE not the least ill-will to your friend Mr. Dudley, whom I never saw in my life; but I address myself to your equity and good-nature, for a small share only of your favour and recommendation in that new and valuable branch of trade, to which you have informed the public he is now applying himself, and which I hope you will not think it reasonable that he should monopolize. I mean that admirable short and secret method of communicating one's ideas, by ingenious emblems and representations of the pencil, instead of the vulgar and old method of letters by the pen. Give me leave, sir, to state my case and my qualifications to you: I am sure you will decide with justice.

I am the daughter of a clergyman, who, having had a very good living, gave me a good education, and left me no fortune. I had naturally a turn to reading and drawing: my father encouraged and assisted me in the one, allowed me a master to instruct me in the other, and I made an uncommon progress in them both. My heart was tender, and my sentiments were delicate; perhaps too much so for my rank in life. This disposition led me to study chiefly those treasures of divine honor, spotless virtue, and refined sentiment, the voluminous romances of the last century: sentiments, from which, I thank heaven, I have never deviated. From a sympathizing softness of soul, how often have I wept over those affecting distresses! how have I shared the pangs of the chaste and lovely Mariamne upon the death of the tender, the faithful Tiridates! and how has my indignation been excited, at the unfaithful and ungenerous historical misrepresentations of the gallant first Brutus, who was undoubtedly the tenderest lover that ever lived! My drawings took the same elegant turn with my reading. I painted all the
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most moving and tender stories of charming Ovid's *Metamorphoses*; not without sometimes mingling my tears with my colors. I presented some fans of my own painting to some ladies in the neighbourhood, who were pleased to commend both the execution and the designs. The latter I always took care should be moving, and at the same time irreproachably pure; and I found means even to represent, with unblemished delicacy, the unhappy passion of the unfortunate *Pasiphaë*. With this turn of mind, this softness of soul, it will be supposed that I loved. I did so, sir; tenderly and truly I loved. Why should I disown a passion, which, when clarified as mine was from the impure dregs of sensuality, is the noblest and most generous sentiment of the human breast? O! that the false heart of the dear deceiver, whose perfidious vows betrayed mine, had been but as pure! The traitor was quartered with his troop of dragoons in the town where I lived. His person was a happy compound of the manly strength of a hero, and all the softer graces of a lover; and I thought that I discovered in him, at first sight, all the courage and all the tenderness of *Oroondates*. My figure, which was not bad, it seems, pleased him as much. He sought and obtained my acquaintance. Soon by his eyes, and soon after by his words, he declared his passion to me. My blushes, my confusion, and my silence, too plainly spoke mine. Good gods! how tender were his words! how languishingly soft his eyes! with what ardor did he press my hand; a trifling liberty, which one cannot decently refuse, and for which refusal there is no precedent! Sometimes he addressed me in the moving words of *Varanes*, sometimes in the tender accents of *Castalio*, and sometimes in the warmer language of *Juba*; for he was a very good scholar. In short, sir, a month was not past before he pressed for what he called a proof of my passion. I trembled at the very thought, and reproached him with the indelicacy of it. He persisted, and I, in compliance with custom only, hinted previous marriage: he urged love, and I was not vulgar enough to refuse to the man I tenderly loved, the proof he required of my passion. I yielded, it is true; but it was to sentiment, not to desire. A few months gave me reason to suspect that his passion was not quite so pure; and within the year, the perfidious wretch convinced me
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that it had been merely sensual: for, upon the removal of his troop to other quarters, he took a cold leave of me, and contented himself with saying, that in the course of quarters he hoped to have the pleasure, some time or other, of seeing me again. You, Mr. Fitz-Adam, if you have any elegancy of soul, as I dare say you have, can better guess than I can express, the agonies I felt, and the tears I shed upon this occasion: but all in vain; vain as the thousand tender letters which I have written to him since, and to which I have received no answer. As all this passed within the course of ten months, I had but one child; which dear pledge of my first and only love I now maintain, at the expence of more than half of what I have to subsist upon myself.

Having now, as I hope, prepared your compassion, and proved my qualification, I proceed to the prayer of my petition; which is, that you will be pleased to recommend me to the public, with all that authority which you have so justly acquired, for a share of this new and beneficial branch of trade, I mean no farther than the just bounds to which the female province may extend. Let Mr. Doddsley engross all the rest, with my best wishes. Though I say it, I believe nobody has a clearer notion of the theory of delicate sentiments than I have; and I have already a considerable stock in hand, of those allegorical and emblematical paintings, applicable to almost every situation, in which a woman of sense, virtue, and delicacy, can find herself. I indulged my fancy in painting them, according to the various dispositions of mind, which my various fortunes produced. I think I may say without vanity, that I have made considerable improvements in the celebrated map of the realms of love in Clelia. I have adorned the banks of the gentle and crystalline Tender, with several new villages and groves; and added expression to the pleasing melancholic groves of sighs of tender cares. I have whole quires, painted in my happier moments, of hearts united and crowned, fluttering Cupids, wanton zephyrs, constant and tender doves, myrtle bowers, banks of jessamine and tuberoses, and shady groves. These will require very little filling up, if any, from ladies who are in the transported situation of growing loves. For the forsaken and complaining fair, with whom, alas! I too fatally sympathize,

sympathize, I have tender willows drooping over murmuring brooks, and gloomy walks of mournful cypresses and solemn yew. In short, sir, I either have by me, or will forthwith provide, whatever can convey the most perfect ideas of elegant friendship, or pure, refined, and sentimental passion. But I think it necessary to give notice, that if any ladies would express any indelicate ideas of love, or require any types or emblems of sensual joy, they must not apply to,

S I R,

Your most obedient humble servant,

PARTHENISSA."

XXVI.

THE WORLD.

SATURDAY, July 19, 1753. N^o 29.

S I R,

ITROUBLED you some time ago with an account of my distress, arising from the female part of my family. I told you that, by an unfortunate trip to Paris, my wife and daughter had run stark French, and I wish I could tell you now that they were perfectly recovered; but all I can say is, that the violence of the symptoms seems to abate, in proportion as the cloaths that inflamed them wear out.

My present misfortune flows from a direct contrary cause, and affects me much more sensibly. The little whims, affectations, and delicacies of ladies may be both ridiculous and disagreeable, especially to those who are obliged to be at once the witnesses and the martyrs of them; but they are not evils to be compared with the obstinate wrong-headedness, the idle and illiberal turn, of an only son, which is unfortunately my case.

I acquainted