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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**

XXVIII. The World. Thursday, Sept. 19, 1754. N° 90.

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entertained the public. But now that our nobility are too generous to interfere in the trade of us poor professed authors, or to eclipse our performances by the distinguished and superior excellency and lustre of theirs; the meaning at present of a PERSON OF HONOR, is reduced to the SIMPLE idea of a PERSON OF ILLUSTRIOUS BIRTH.

## XXVIII.

## THE WORLD.

THURSDAY, Sept. 19, 1754. N<sup>o</sup> 90.

AN old friend and fellow-student of mine at the university, called upon me the other morning, and found me reading Plato's Symposium. I laid down my book to receive him, which, after the first usual compliments, he took up, saying, "You will give me leave to see what was the object of your studies." "Nothing less than the divine Plato," said I, "that amiable philosopher—" "with whom," interrupted my friend, "Cicero declares that he would rather be in the wrong, than in the right with any other." "I cannot," replied I, "carry my veneration for him to that degree of enthusiasm; but yet, whenever I understand him, for I confess I do not every where, I prefer him to all the antient philosophers. His Symposium more particularly engages and entertains me, as I see the manners and characters of the most eminent men, of the politest times, of the politest city of Greece. And, with all due respect to the moderns, I must question whether an account of a modern Symposium, though written by the ablest hand, could be read with so much pleasure and improvement." "I do not know that," replied my friend; "for, though I revere the antients as much as you possibly can, and look upon the moderns as pigmies, when compared to those giants, yet if we come up to or near them in any thing, it is the elegance and delicacy of our convivial intercourse."

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I was the more surprized at this doubt of my friend's, because I knew that he implicitly subscribed to, and superstitiously maintained all the articles of the classical faith. I therefore asked him, whether he was serious? He answered me "that he was: that, in his mind, Plato  
" spun out that silly affair of love too fine and too long;  
" and that, if I would but let him introduce me to the  
" club of which he was an unworthy member, he be-  
" lieved I should at least entertain the same doubt, or  
" perhaps even decide in favour of the moderns." I thanked my friend for his kindness, but added that, in whatever society he was an unworthy member, I should be still a more unworthy guest. That moreover, my retired and domestic turn of life was as inconsistent with the engagements of a club, as my natural taciturnity among strangers would be misplaced in the midst of all that festal mirth and gaiety. "You mistake me," answered my friend; "every member of our club has the  
" privilege of bringing one friend along with him, who  
" is by no means thereby to become a member of it;  
" and as for your taciturnity, we have some silent mem-  
" bers, who, by the way, are none of our worst. Si-  
" lent people never spoil company; but, on the contra-  
" ry, by being good hearers, encourage good speakers."  
"But I have another difficulty," answered I, "and that  
" I doubt a very solid one, which is, that I drink no-  
" thing but water." "So much the worse for you," replied my friend, who, by the bye, loves his bottle most academically; "you will pay for the claret you do  
" not drink. We use no compulsion; every one drinks  
" as little as he pleases—" "Which I presume," interrupted I, "is as much as he can." "That is just as  
" it happens," said he: "sometimes, it is true, we make  
" pretty good sittings, but for my own part, I chuse to  
" go home always before eleven: for, take my word for  
" it, it is the sitting up late, and not the drink, that  
" destroys the constitution." As I found that my friend would have taken a refusal ill, I told him that for this once I would certainly attend him to the club, but desired him to give me previously the outlines of the characters of the fitting members, that I might know how to behave myself properly. "Your precaution," said he, "is a prudent  
" one; and I will make you so well acquainted with them  
" before-

“ beforehand, that you shall not seem a stranger when  
 “ among them. You must know then, that our club  
 “ consists of at least forty members when compleat. Of  
 “ these, many are now in the country; and besides, we  
 “ have some vacancies, which cannot be filled up till next  
 “ winter. Palsies and apoplexies have of late, I do not  
 “ know why, been pretty rife among us, and carried off  
 “ a good many. It is not above a week ago, that poor  
 “ Tom Toastwell fell on a sudden under the table, as we  
 “ thought only a little in drink, but he was carried home,  
 “ and never spoke more. Those whom you will proba-  
 “ bly meet with to-day are, first of all, lord Feeble, a  
 “ nobleman of admirable sense, a true fine gentleman,  
 “ and, for a man of quality, a pretty classic. He has  
 “ lived rather fast formerly, and impaired his constitu-  
 “ tion by sitting up late, and drinking your thin sharp  
 “ wines. He is still what you call nervous, which makes  
 “ him a little low spirited and reserved at first; but he  
 “ grows very affable and chearful, as soon as he has  
 “ warmed his stomach with about a bottle of good claret.

“ Sir Tunbelly Guzzle is a very worthy north-country  
 “ baronet of a good estate, and one who was beforehand  
 “ in the world, till, being twice chosen knight of the  
 “ shire, and having in consequence got a pretty employ-  
 “ ment at court, he ran out considerably. He has left  
 “ off house-keeping, and is now upon a retrieving  
 “ scheme. He is the heartiest, honestest fellow living;  
 “ and though he is a man of very few words, I can as-  
 “ sure you he does not want sense. He had an universi-  
 “ ty education, and has a good notion of the classics.  
 “ The poor man is confined half the year at least with  
 “ the gout, and has besides an inveterate scurvy, which  
 “ I cannot account for: no man can live more regularly,  
 “ he eats nothing but plain meat, and very little of that;  
 “ he drinks no thin wines, and never sits up late, for he  
 “ has his full dose by eleven.

“ Colonel Culverin is a brave old experienced officer,  
 “ though but a lieutenant-colonel of foot. Between you  
 “ and me, he has had great injustice done him, and is  
 “ now commanded by many, who were not born when  
 “ he came first into the army. He has served in Ireland,  
 “ Minorca, and Gibraltar, and would have been in all  
 “ the late battles in Flanders, had the regiment been or-  
 “ dered

" dered there. It is a pleasure to hear him talk of war.  
 " He is the best natured man alive, but a little too jea-  
 " lous of his honor, and too apt to be in a passion; but  
 " that is soon over, and then he is sorry for it. I fear  
 " he is dropfical, which I impute to his drinking your  
 " champagnes and burgundies. He got that ill habit  
 " abroad.

" Sir George Plyant is well born, has a genteel for-  
 " tune, keeps the very best company, and is to be sure  
 " one of the best-bred men alive: he is so good-natured,  
 " that he seems to have no will of his own. He will  
 " drink as little or as much as you please, and no mat-  
 " ter of what. He has been a mighty man with the la-  
 " dies formerly, and loves the crack of the whip still.  
 " He is our news-monger; for, being a gentleman of  
 " the privy-chamber, he goes to court every day, and  
 " consequently knows pretty well what is going forward  
 " there. Poor gentleman! I fear we shall not keep him  
 " long; for he seems far gone in a consumption, though  
 " the doctors say it is only a nervous atrophy.

" Will Sitfast is the best-natured fellow living, and an  
 " excellent companion, though he seldom speaks; but  
 " he is no flincher, and fits every man's hand out at the  
 " club. He is a very good scholar, and can write very  
 " pretty Latin verses. I doubt he is in a declining way;  
 " for a paralytical stroke has lately twitched up one side  
 " of his mouth so, that he is now obliged to take his  
 " wine diagonally. However, he keeps up his spirits  
 " bravely, and never shams his glass.

" Doctor Carbuncle is an honest, jolly, merry parson,  
 " well affected to the government, and much of a gen-  
 " tleman. He is the life of our club, instead of being  
 " the least restraint upon it. He is an admirable scholar,  
 " and I really believe has all Horace by heart; I know  
 " he has him always in his pocket. His red face, in-  
 " flamed nose, and swelled legs, make him generally  
 " thought a hard drinker by those who do not know  
 " him; but I must do him the justice to say, that I never  
 " saw him disguised with liquor in my life. It is true, he  
 " is a very large man, and can hold a great deal, which  
 " makes the colonel call him pleasantly enough, *a vessel*  
 " *of election.*

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“The last and least,” concluded my friend, “is your humble servant such as I am; and, if you please, we will go and walk in the park till dinner-time.” I agreed, and we set out together. But here the reader will perhaps expect that I should let him walk on a little, while I give his character. We were of the same year of St. John’s college in Cambridge: he was a younger brother of a good family, was bred to the church, and had just got a fellowship in the college, when, his elder brother dying, he succeeded to an easy fortune, and resolved to make himself easy with it, that is, to do nothing. As he had resided long in college, he had contracted all the habits and prejudices, the laziness, the soaking, the pride, and the pedantry of the cloyster, which after a certain time are never to be rubbed off. He considered the critical knowledge of the Greek and Latin words as the utmost effort of the human understanding, and a glass of good wine in good company as the highest pitch of human felicity. Accordingly he passes his mornings in reading the classics, most of which he has long had by heart, and his evenings in drinking his glass of good wine, which, by frequent filling, amounts at least to two, and often to three bottles a day. I must not omit mentioning that my friend is tormented with the stone, which misfortune he imputes to his having once drunk water for a month, by the prescription of the late doctor Cheyne, and by no means to at least two quarts of claret a day, for these last thirty years. To return to my friend: “I am very much mistaken,” said he, as we were walking in the park, “if you do not thank me for procuring you this day’s entertainment; for a set of worthier gentlemen, to be sure, never lived.” “I make no doubt of it,” said I, “and am therefore the more concerned, when I reflect, that this club of worthy gentlemen might, by your own account, be not improperly called an hospital of incurables, as there is not one among them, who does not labor under some chronic and mortal distemper.” “I see what you would be at,” answered my friend; “you would insinuate that it is all owing to wine: but let me assure you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that wine, especially claret, if neat and good, can hurt no man.” I did not reply to this aphorism of my friend’s, which I knew would draw

on too long a discussion, especially as we were just going into the club-room, where I took it for granted that it was one of the great constitutional principles. The account of this modern Symposium shall be the subject of my next paper.

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 XXIX.

## THE WORLD.

 SATURDAY, Sept. 26, 1754. N<sup>o</sup> 91.

**M**Y friend presented me to the company, in what he thought the most obliging manner; but which, I confess, put me a little out of countenance. "Give me leave, gentlemen," said he, "to present to you my old friend Mr. Fitz-Adam, the ingenious author of the *World*." The word *author* instantly excited the attention of the whole company, and drew all their eyes upon me: for people, who are not apt to write themselves, have a strange curiosity to see a live author. The gentlemen received me in common with those gestures that intimate welcome; and I on my part respectfully muttered some of those nothings, which stand instead of the something one should say, and perhaps do full as well.

The weather being hot, the gentlemen were refreshing themselves before dinner, with what they called a *cool tankard*; in which they successively drank to me. When it came to my turn, I thought I could not decently decline drinking the gentlemen's healths, which I did aggregately: but how was I surprized, when upon the first taste I discovered that this cooling and refreshing draught was composed of the strongest mountain wine, lowered indeed with a very little lemon and water, but then heightened again by a quantity of those comfortable aromatics, nutmeg and ginger! Dinner, which had been called for more than once with some impatience, was at last brought up, upon the colonel's threatening perdition to the master and all the waiters of the house, if it was delayed two minutes longer.

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