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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**

XXIX. The World. Saturday, Sept. 26, 1754. N° 91.

[urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-52092](https://nbn-resolving.org/urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-52092)

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.

We

We sat down without ceremony, and we were no sooner sat down, than every body, except myself, drank every body's health, which made a tumultuous kind of noise. I observed with surprize, that the common quantity of wine was put into glasses of an immense size and weight; but my surprize ceased when I saw the tremulous hands that took them, and for which I supposed they were intended as ballast. But even this precaution did not protect the nose of doctor Carbuncle from a severe shock, in his attempt to hit his mouth. The colonel, who observed this accident, cried out pleasantly, "Why, doctor, I find you are but a bad engineer. While you aim at your mouth, you will never hit it, take my word for it. A floating battery, to hit the mark, must be pointed something above, or below it. If you would hit your mouth, direct your four-pounder at your forehead, or your chin." The doctor good-humoredly thanked the colonel for the hint, and promised him to communicate it to his friends at Oxford, where he owned, that he had seen many a good glass of port spilt for want of it. Sir Tunbelly almost smiled, sir George laughed, and the whole company, some how or other, applauded this elegant piece of raillery. But alas, things soon took a less pleasant turn; for an enormous buttock of boiled salt beef, which had succeeded the soupe, proved not to be sufficiently corned for sir Tunbelly, who had bespoke it, and at the same time lord Feeble took a dislike to the claret, which he affirmed not to be the same, which they had drunk the day before; it had not "silkeness, went rough off the tongue," and his lordship shrewdly suspected that it was mixed with "Benecarlo, or some of those black wines." This was a common cause, and excited universal attention. The whole company tasted it seriously, and every one found a different fault with it. The master of the house was immediately sent for up, examined, and treated as a criminal. Sir Tunbelly reproached him with the freshness of the beef, while at the same time all the others fell upon him for the badness of his wine; telling him that it was not fit usage for such good customers as they were, and in fine, threatening him with a migration of the club to some other house. The criminal laid the blame of the beef's not being corned enough upon his cook, whom he promised to turn away, and

and attested heaven and earth, that the wine was the very same which they had all approved of the day before, and, as he had a soul to be saved, was true Chateau Margoux. "Chateau devil!" said the colonel with warmth, "it is your d—d rough chaos \* wine." Will Sitfast, who thought himself obliged to articulate upon this occasion, said, he was not sure it was a mixed wine, but that indeed it drank *down*. "If that is all," interrupted the doctor, "let us even drink it *up* then; or, if "that will not do, since we cannot have the true *Faler-*  
*num*, let us take up for once with the *vile Sabinum*.  
 "What say you, gentlemen, to good honest port, which  
 "I am convinced is a much wholesomer stomach wine?"  
 My friend, who in his heart loves port better than any other wine in the world, willingly seconded the doctor's motion, and spoke very favourably of your *Portingal* wines in general, if neat. Upon this, some was immediately brought up, which I observed my friend and the doctor stuck to the whole evening. I could not help asking the doctor, if he really preferred port to lighter wines? To which he answered, "You know, Mr. Fitz-  
 "Adam, that use is second nature, and port is in a man-  
 "ner mother's milk to me; for it is what my *Alma Ma-*  
 "ter suckles all her numerous progeny with." I silently assented to the doctor's account, which I was convinced was a true one, and then attended to the judicious animadversions of the other gentlemen upon the claret, which were still continued, though at the same time they continued to drink it. I hinted my surprize at this to sir Tunbelly, who gravely answered me, and in a moving way, "Why what can we do?" "Not drink it," replied I, "since it is not good." "But what will you  
 "have us do? and how shall we pass the evening?" rejoined the baronet. "One cannot go home at five  
 "o'clock." "That depends upon a great deal of use," said I. "It may be so, to a certain degree," said the doctor. "But give me leave to ask you, Mr. Fitz-  
 "Adam, you, who drink nothing but water, and live  
 "much at home, how do you keep up your spirits?"  
 "Why doctor," said I, "as I never lowered my spirits  
 "by strong liquors, I do not want to raise them." Here we were interrupted by the colonel's raising his voice and  
 indignation

\* Cahors.

indignation against the burgundy and the champain, swearing that the former was ropy, and the latter upon the fret, and not without some suspicion of cyder and sugar-candy; notwithstanding which, he drank, in a bumper of it, "Confusion to the town of Bristol and the bottle act." It was a shame, he said, that gentlemen could have no good burgundies and champains, for the sake of some increase of the revenue, the manufacture of glass bottles, and such sort of stuff. Sir George confirmed the same, adding that it was scandalous, and the whole company agreed, that the new parliament would certainly repeal so absurd an act the very first session; but, if they did not, they hoped they would receive instructions to that purpose from their constituents. "To be sure," said the colonel. "What a d—d rout they made about the repeal of the Jew-bill, for which nobody cared one farthing! But, by the way," continued he, "I think every body has done eating, and therefore had not we better have the dinner taken away, and the wine set upon the table?" To this the company gave an unanimous aye. While this was doing, I asked my friend, with seeming seriousness, whether no part of the dinner was to be served up again, when the wine should be set upon the table? He seemed surprized at my question, and asked me if I was hungry? To which I answered, no; but asked him in my turn if he was dry? To which he also answered, no. "Then pray," replied I, "why not as well eat without being hungry, as drink without being dry?" My friend was so stunned with this, that he attempted no reply, but stared at me with as much astonishment, as he would have done at my great ancestor Adam, in his primitive state of nature.

The cloth was now taken away, and the bottles, glasses, and dish-clouts, put upon the table, when Will Sitfast, who I found was a perpetual toast-maker, took the chair, of course, as the man of application to business. He began the king's health in a bumper, which circulated in the same manner, not without some nice examinations of the chairman as to day-light. The bottle standing by me, I was called upon by the chairman, who added, that though a water-drinker, he hoped I would not refuse that health in wine. I begged to be excused, and told him that I never drank his majesty's health at all, though

no

no one of his subjects wished it more heartily than I did; that hitherto it had not appeared to me, that there could be the least relation between the wine I drank, and the king's state of health, and that, till I was convinced that impairing my own health would improve his Majesty's, I was resolved to preserve the use of my faculties and my limbs, to employ both in his service if he could ever have occasion for them. I had foreseen the consequences of this refusal, and, though my friend had answered for my principles, I easily discovered an air of suspicion in the countenances of the company, and I overheard the colonel whisper to lord Feeble, "This author is a very odd dog!"

My friend was ashamed of me; but however, to help me off as well as he could, he said to me aloud, "Mr. Fitz-Adam, this is one of those singularities, which you have contracted by living so much alone." From this moment, the company gave me up to my oddnesses, and took no farther notice of me. I leaned silently upon the table, waiting for, though, to say the truth, without expecting, some of that festal gaiety, that urbanity, and that elegant mirth, of which my friend had promised so large a share; instead of all which, the conversation ran chiefly into narrative, and grew duller and duller with every bottle. Lord Feeble recounted his former achievements in love and wine, the colonel complained, though with dignity, of hardships and injustice, sir George hinted at some important discoveries, which he had made that day at court, but cautiously avoided naming names, sir Tunbelly slept between glass and glass, the doctor and my friend talked over college matters, and quoted Latin, and our worthy president applied himself wholly to business, never speaking but to order; as, "Sir, the bottle stands with you, sir, you are to name a toast, that has been drunk already, here, more claret!" &c. In the height of all this convivial pleafantry, which I plainly saw was come to its zenith, I stole away at about nine o'clock, and went home; where reflections upon the entertainment of the day crowded into my mind, and may perhaps be the subject of some future paper.