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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**

Letter LXXVII. To The Same.

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LETTER LXXVII.

TO THE SAME.

Babiöle, Aug. 21, 1755.

I Never reckoned you, madam, in the number of those vulgar grandmothers, who shew their station by their wrinkles and their ill-temper. On the contrary, I have always taken it for granted, that under that character, you would have the same exclusive privileges as you have in all others; nor have I been mistaken: you grow younger, you are grown plump, in a word, you adorn the dignity of grandmother, which is not always so favourable to other ladies. You took your measures very well, when you contrived to bring a second daughter into the world, to supply the place of the first, and to furnish you with a succession of those pleasing employments, which maternal fondness bestows on the education of a child. I doubt not but you will go on in the same method; and I expect, that ten years hence, you will again notify the birth of a third, who will come to replace the second.

You want me to tell you how I spend my time at Babiöle. Pardon me, madam; I really will not, for it would be the ready way to make you change the place of your exile. I would rather send you the finest description in the world of it, to induce you to come, and then, when you was undeceived by experience, it would be too late to recede. We are told, this is the way that the men often deal with women; but can that be true? I will not believe it. What you say about lady's Hervey's frequent journies is too true, and too sensible, to leave me the least hope of seeing you at Babiöle. I believe you would sooner consent to grow old, than to ramble about as she does. I would chuse once for all, and settle in the country I liked best. To be at ease, one must be at home; and it is having no home, to be always encamping and decamping like the Tartars.

You desire me, madam, to give you an account of your quondam foot-boy, who has not, I assure you, forgot
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