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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 LXX. To The Same.

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L E T T E R LXX.

T O T H E S A M E.

London, May 19, O. S. 1752.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

THIS goes to you from a deaf crippleman, confined to his bed or his chair, for above a fortnight past. My little black mare, whom you have long known to be as quiet as any thing of her sex can be, wanted to drink in Hyde-park. Accordingly I rode her into one of the little ponds, and in order to let her drink I loosed the bridon, which, by her stooping, fell over her head. In backing her out of the pond, her foot unluckily engaged itself in the bridon; in endeavouring to get clear of it, she hampered herself the more, and then, in a great *saut de mouton*, she fell backwards, and threw me with great violence about six feet from her. I pitched directly upon my hip-bone, which, by unaccountable good fortune, was neither fractured nor dislocated; but the muscles, nerves, &c. are so extremely bruised and strained, that to this moment, and this is the nineteenth day, I feel some pain, and cannot stand upon that leg at all. This confinement, especially at this time of the year, when I long to be at Blackheath, is not, as you will easily guess, very agreeable; and what makes it still less so, is my increasing deafness. I have tried a thousand infallible remedies, but all without success. I hope for some good from warm weather, for hitherto we have had none. But this is more than enough concerning my own infirmities, which I am of an age to expect, and have philosophy enough to bear without dejection.

I can much more easily conceive that your affairs go on very slowly, than I can that they ever will be finished; but in the mean time, *vous êtes bien, belle ville, bonne chère, et belle femme*; make the most of them all, enjoy them while you can, and remember that our pleasures, especially our best, last too little a while to be trifled with or neglected. As for your business, you and Mitchell, to whom my compliments, have nothing else to do, but to put yourselves

yourself behind your Dutch colleagues, whose distinguishing talent is to wrangle tenaciously upon details.

I do not believe now, that a king of the Romans will be elected as soon as we thought; the court of Vienna, long accustomed to carry its points, at the expence of its allies, and sensible that we wish to bring this about, will not contribute any thing to it. But truly we must satisfy the electors and princes, who stand out still, and form pretensions, possibly because they hope that it will fall to the share of England, who pays well, to satisfy them. My young traveller will therefore, I fear, have full time to walk about Germany, before he has a call to Frankfort. He is now at Luneville, from whence he goes to Strasbourgh, and then follows the course of the Rhine, through Mayence, Manheim, Bonn, &c. to Hanover.

By his last account of the present state of France, the domestic disorders are so great, and promise to be so much greater, that we have but little to fear from that quarter. The king is both hated and despised, which seldom happens to the same man. The clergy are implacable upon account of what he has done, and the parliament is exasperated, because he will not do more. A spirit of licentiousness, as to the matters of religion and government, is spread throughout the whole kingdom. If the neighbours of France are wise, they will be quiet, and let these seeds of discord germinate, as they certainly will do, if no foreign object checks their growth, and unites all parties in a common cause.

Having now given you an account of my distempers, my philosophy, and my politics, I will give you quarter, which I can tell you is great lenity in me; for a man, who can neither use his legs nor his ears, is very apt to be an unmerciful correspondent, and to employ his hand and eyes at the expence of his friends. I close this letter, and open a book. Adieu.

Yours affectionately,

C.

LET-