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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 LXXXII. To The Same.

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L E T T E R LXXXI.

T O T H E S A M E.

London, April 6, 1753.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

* * * * * HERE is a comte de Paar arrived from Bruffels, who brought me a letter from my old friend, and your present ally, monsieur Van Haaren §. He dines with me to-morrow, though God knows that, deaf as I am, I am very unfit to do the honors of either my own country, or my own house, to foreigners. He seems to be a very good sort of man, without *la morgue Autrichienne*, (the Austrian pride.)

I am now, for the first time in my life, impatient for the summer, that I may go and hide myself at Blackheath, and converse with my vegetables *d'égal à égal*, which is all that a deaf man can pretend to. I propose to migrate there in about three weeks, and idle away the summer, without fearing, or wishing, the return of winter. Deaf as I am, I would not change the interior quiet and tranquility of my mind, for the full possession of all the objects of my former pursuits. I know their futility, and I know now, that one can only find real happiness within one's self. Adieu, my dear friend.

Yours affectionately,

C.

L E T T E R LXXXII.

T O T H E S A M E.

London, May 25, 1753.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I Suspended the course of my letters for some time, from mere compassion to you. Dull they must be from one, who has neither business nor pleasure, and whose fancy must consequently stagnate. Our friendship only can

§ The Dutch minister at Bruffels.

make

make them either worth writing or reading, and it is upon that principle only that this goes to you. I hope it will find you, madame Dayrolles, and my godson, all well; I am sure I sincerely wish it.

I go next week to Blackheath for the whole summer, if we are to have any, there to read and saunter in quiet. That place agrees with my health, and becomes my present situation. It employs my eyes, my own legs, and my horses agreeably, without having any demand upon my ears, so that I almost forget sometimes that I have lost them,

* * * arrived here last Saturday, but I have not seen him, and very probably shall not; for I believe he will not seek me, and I seek nobody. Some say that he is come over to transact great and important affairs; but others say, and I have some reason to think with more truth, that he is come *parce qu'il boude*, (because he pouts) and threatens with retiring from business. * * * * *

Good night.

Yours sincerely,

C.

L E T T E R LXXXIII.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, June 22, 1753.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

IT is very true, that I am very well in health: but I can assure you that my deafness is much more than a thickness of hearing, and that I am very far from being a social animal. I will never be an unsocial one, however, and I will wish my fellow-creatures as well as if I heard them. I have natural good spirits to support me under this misfortune, and philosophy enough not to grieve under any, that I cannot remove, bodily pain excepted, of which, thank God, I have had as small a share as any body of my age, perhaps even a smaller. My only so-

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