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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 LXXXIV. To The Same.

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fallhood, or ill-nature, and then do it to the purpose. I am persuaded that a child of a year and a half old is to be reasoned with.

The bill, which passed last session, for the naturalization of the Jews, and which was a very right one, makes a strange noise among the generality of the people here. Many really think it, and many pretend to think it, calculated and intended for the destruction of the Christian religion in this kingdom, which they tell you will become the new Jerusalem, and be not only inhabited, but governed by the Jews. Among the thousand absurd and scurrilous pamphlets, letters, and advertisements, that have been published upon this occasion, there has been but one good conceit, and that I think has some humor in it. It is an advertisement inserted lately in the evening post, as from a surgeon, who takes the liberty to inform the public upon this occasion, that he has a fine hand at circumcision of adult persons as well as children, and that he performs that operation with little pain and no danger to the patient, and at the most reasonable rate. * * * * *

From a hermitage, this is, I think, a very long letter and full of news. You may very probably think the letter too long, and the news too old; but I will conclude it with a piece of much staler and older news, which you have known these twenty years, that I am,

affectionately and sincerely,

Yours,
C.

L E T T E R LXXXIV.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, Aug. 16, 1753.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

YOU very much over-rate an office of friendship, which I both hope and believe it will never be in my power to perform. There is little probability, I had almost said possibility,

possibility, that my shattered carcase, with twenty years more over my head, should survive your strong and healthy constitution, in the meridian of your life. But, should the unaccountable chapter of accidents determine otherwise, you may depend upon my taking all the care of my godson, that his mother would take, and at the same time with all the strictness, that a father ought to use. I owe you much more than that, in return for your constant friendship and attachment to me, in all times and upon all occasions, since our first acquaintance. With regard to myself, I might have added the epithet singular; for I have not met with the same return from many others, for whom I have done much more. I forgive them, because it is the general way of the world; but then that reflection endears those to one the more, who have virtue enough to deviate from it.

The good bishop of Waterford*, singular too in the goodness and tenderness of his heart, is now here with me, but sets out to-morrow for Ireland. He was charmed with your reception of him at Bruffels. He gives me a good account of the health and strength of my godson, and tells me what, begging your pardon, I am not sorry to hear, that the resemblance of his mother is predominant. If you are angry at me for this, complain to madam Dayrolles, who probably will not; and so I shall have one friend in the family still. * * * * *

I shall bring your little friend into the next parliament. In the mean time, I shall re-export him, for he shall not idle and saunter about the town of London next winter. He goes in about three weeks, first to Holland for a month or so, and from thence to the three electoral courts of Bonn, Manheim, and Munich, where there are never any English, for that is my great object. He has conversed with them but too much in France, where they now swarm.

As soon as I have dispatched him, I shall set out for Bath, and try what a second boiling and pumping will do for me. Within these last three weeks I am grown much deafer, without being able to assign any other cause for it than the natural progression of ills. *Il faut*

* Dr. Chenevix.

patienter;

patienter ; and whether deaf, dumb, or blind, I shall always be, my dear Dayrolles,

Most faithfully yours,

C.

L E T T E R LXXXV.

TO THE SAME.

London, Nov. 16, 1753.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

AS I know that you interest yourself more in what is personal to myself than in what only relates to others, I delayed answering your last, till after my return from Bath, when I could give you some account of myself. It is not such a one as we could wish ; for though the waters have done a great deal of good to my general state of health, they have not done me the least in the essential point of deafness. I am full as deaf, consequently full as *absurd*, as ever. I give up all hopes of cure ; I know my place, and form my plan accordingly, for I strike society out of it. I must supply its place as well as I can, with reading, writing, walking, riding, gardening, &c. though all these together still leave a great void, into which weariness and regret will slip, in spite of all one's endeavours to banish them. But enough of this disagreeable subject.

Yesterday the parliament met ; and the Duke of Newcastle, frightened at the groundless and senseless clamors against the Jew-bill passed last year, moved for the repeal of it, and accordingly it is to be repealed. * * * *

Things are very quiet here, excepting the universal drunkenness of the whole people of England, which is already begun by way of preface to the approaching elections. Parliament stock rises extremely ; and one
man,