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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 LXXXV. To The Same.

[urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-52077](https://nbn-resolving.org/urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-52077)

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

Most faithfully yours,

C.

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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and senseless clamors against the Jew-bill passed last year, moved for the repeal of it, and accordingly it is to be repealed.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,

man, an East-India director, I think, has bought the whole borough of \* \* \*, which consists of ninety votes, at fifty guineas a man. This, by the way, is not reckoned a very dear bargain neither. The fury of this war is chiefly whig against whig, for the tories are pretty much out of the question; so that, after the new parliament shall be chosen, the greatest difficulty upon the administration will be, to find pasture enough for the beasts that they must feed. \* \* \* \* \*

My plantation is of a very different nature from yours, and is all confined to my little spot of earth at Blackheath, which I now cultivate with as great eagerness, as ever I did any other spot in my life. I have turned my greenhouse into a grape-house, which, with the help of a little fire, supplies me with an immense quantity of muscat grapes, and as ripe as I please to have them, the climate depending wholly upon my orders. These two little bits of garden, *tels que vous les avez vûs*, supplied me last summer with a sufficient quantity of the best fruits I ever eat. Such are now the quiet amusements of your retired, deaf, and insignificant

Friend and servant,

C.

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L E T T E R LXXXVI.

TO THE SAME.

London, Jan. 1, 1754.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

**Y**OU fine gentlemen, who have never committed the sin or the folly of scribbling, think that all those, who have, can do it again, whenever they please; but you are much mistaken: the pen has not only its moments, but its hours, its days of impotence, and is no more obedient to the will, than other things have been since