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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 LXXXVI. To The Same.

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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.

L E T T E R LXXXVI.

TO THE SAME.

London, Jan. 1, 1754.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

YOU 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

since the fall. Unsuccessful and ineffectual attempts are alike disagreeable and disgraceful. It is true, I have nothing else to do but to write, and for that very reason, perhaps, I should do it worse than ever; what was formerly an act of choice, is now become the refuge of necessity. Though I keep up a certain equality of spirits, better I believe than most people would do in my unfortunate situation, yet you must not suppose, that I have ever that flow of active spirits, which is so necessary to enable one to do any thing well. Besides, as the pride of the human heart extends itself beyond the short span of our lives, all people are anxious and jealous, authors perhaps more so than any others, of what will be thought and said of them, at a time when they cannot know, and therefore ought not reasonably to care, for either. Notwithstanding all these difficulties, I will confess to you that I often scribble, but at the same time protest to you that I almost as often burn. I judge myself as impartially, and I hope more severely than I do others; and upon an appeal from myself to myself, I frequently condemn the next day, what I had approved and applauded the former. What will finally come of all this I do not know; nothing, I am sure, that shall appear, while I am alive, except by chance some short trifling essays, like the Spectators, upon some new folly or absurdity that may happen to strike me, as I have now and then helped Mr. Fitz-Adam in his weekly paper called the World.

The Irish part of the world, I take it for granted you have heard, is in the utmost confusion, and I now fear, and the more because I cannot foresee, the consequences of it. The beginning of the whole affair was only the old question, who should govern the government; this produced violent personal piques and acrimony, and consequently formed, and animated, parties. While these parties avowed and confined themselves to personal views, it signified little to the public which prevailed; but now the affair is become national, and consequently very serious. The speaker's party, which is now, by the ill management of others, become the majority of the house, deny the king's right to the surpluses of the Irish revenue, and, in consequence of that principle, have rejected a bill for the application of them, because the council here had inserted, and rightly, in the preamble

of the bill, these words, *by and with the consent of his majesty*. It is believed, that the house of commons will proceed to some personal votes. * * * * *

This only is certain, that the duke of Dorset is making what haste he can to come over here, and will not, nor cannot, go back again. Various successors are talked of, but I believe no one fixed. Some talk of lord Holderness, who, in that case, they say, is to be succeeded in the secretary's office, by the solicitor general, Murray. Others talk of lord Winchelsea, as recommended by lord Granville, and this I think not improbable; but some, who go deeper, name the duke of Bedford, and this, I think, by no means impossible.

This is the season of well-bred lyes indiscriminately, told by all to all; professions and wishes unfelt and unmeant, degraded by use, and profaned by falshood, are lavished with profusion. Mine for you, Mrs. Dayrolles, and my godson, are too honest and sincere to keep such company, or to wear their dress. Judge of them then yourselves, without my saying any thing more, than that I am most heartily and faithfully yours,

C.

L E T T E R LXXXVII.

T O T H E S A M E.

London, March 1, 1754.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I Have been lately very ill, and am still far from being very well. My complaint was a goutish rheumatism, or a rheumatic gout; its principal seat was in my right arm, of which I lost the use for three weeks; but it visited all the other parts of my body by turns, not excepting my head and stomach. The weather was then so very cold, that I was confined to my room above a month, and great part of that time to my bed. I am now free from pain, and