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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 LXXXVII. To The Same.

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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 unfeigned and unmeant, degraded by use, and profaned by falsehood, 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

and got abroad again, if going chiefly to take the air in my coach can be called going abroad; but what with the distemper itself, and the great, though necessary, evacuations, I am still very weak, and extremely dispirited. *Mais à quelque chose malheur est bon, dit on*; for probably this weak state, joined to my former deafness, will procure me the pleasure of seeing you and yours at Brussels, in about two months time. The learned insist upon my going to Aix-la-Chapelle and Spa, which, they promise me, will restore my health and spirits, and perhaps relieve my deafness, if it proceeds, as both they and I believe it does, from that flying goutish humor. Were it only to prolong the sag end of my tattered life, I am sure I would not take the trouble of this journey; but I undertake it merely in the hopes of making the remainder of my life, be it what it will, more easy and comfortable. If it will but do that, it is all I ask; and for that I would go any where. Pleasures are over with me; negative health and quiet are the only remaining objects of my wishes. At this moment, I know that you are allotting me a bed-chamber in your house, and resolving to write to me to insist upon my taking up my quarters there. But as I am very sure, that these intended offers are not the result of form and ceremony, but of real friendship, I will, with the same truth and sincerity, tell you, that if you would have me easy, as I am sure you would, you must let me sleep at an inn in Brussels. I will breakfast, dine, and sup with you, and I will make use of your coach to carry me from my inn to your house, for I will set my foot in no other, and back again; but it has been my rule, for these forty years, never to be in a friend's house, when I could be at an inn, it being so much more convenient to both. This preliminary being thus fixed, I hope to sup with you at Brussels, some day of the last week in April, because I would be at Spa the first week in May, that I may get away from thence before the fashionable season begins, which is about the middle of July. Pray mention this scheme of mine to no mortal living, because that, like some great German prince, though not for the same reasons, I will, as far as possible, keep the strictest *incognito*. I have done with the world, and with those who are of it; and any civilities, which

they might still shew me, would only distress me, and make me feel more sensibly my inability of either returning or hearing them. I know comte de Lannoy and others at Brussels; but, in my present situation, I should dread to see them; and I hope I shall have all Spa to myself, and my friend and doctor Garnier, who goes along with me, during our residence there.

I am too much *isolé*, too much secluded from either the busy, or the *beau monde*, to give you any account of either. The accounts of my own microcosm I have given you; a scurvy one it is, much shattered and decayed; but the heart, that still animates it, is, most sincerely and faithfully,

Yours,

C.

L E T T E R LXXXVIII.

T O T H E S A M E.

London, April 2, 1754.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

* * * * * THE preliminaries for our meeting at Brussels have been sooner and better settled, than those for the tarif and barrière were. I am to find myself with sleep, and you are to find me with every thing else, that is, you are to *treat*, you are to furnish the matter, and I am to digest it as well as I can. *A propos*, this suggests to me a little commission, which you must allow me to trouble you with. I shall not carry my cook with me to Spa, both for my own sake and his. He is a very good cook; but as he has no settled aversion to drinking, he would find bad wine and bad company very cheap there, and be spoiled. Besides he would tempt me with things which, as I am resolved not to eat of, I am determined not to see, while I am at Spa. I wish, therefore, that you could find me at Brussels an humble *marmiton*, *tournebroche*,
or