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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 LXXXIX. To The Same.

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L E T T E R LXXXIX,

T O T H E S A M E .

London, April 23, 1754.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

WERE I to answer Mrs. Dayrolles's compliment as a fine gentleman, I would tell her that prudence forbids me to stay more than one day at Bruffels, that more would be too dangerous, and that even the recovery of my health would not make me amends for the loss of my liberty. But to answer more in character, that is as a deaf old fellow, I must tell her the truth, which is, that loving ease and quiet as I do, I transport myself with as much unwillingness as any convict at the Old Baily is transported, and I prefer it only as the lesser evil of the two. My stay abroad will consequently be as short as my health, the object for which I go, will possibly allow, for I confess that my impatience to return to my cell at Blackheath is extreme; and I must be there by the middle of July at farthest.—Formerly I did not much dislike the Tartar kind of life, of camping from place to place, but now there is nothing that I dislike so much. Moreover I can assure you, that both Mrs. Dayrolles's lungs and yours will have exercise enough in one day, with a deaf man, to be very willing to part with him the next. To bring things as near precision as I can, I will tell you, that I shall leave London next Sunday morning, and consequently be at Dover that night. From thence it is probable I shall get to Calais some time the next day, and from Calais it is certain that it is at most three days journey to Bruffels; so that in all likelihood I shall get there on Thursday, and the very moment I do get there, I shall pay my duty, as due, to the British minister.

I had almost forgot to trouble you with another little commission, though a necessary one: it is to engage a *valet de place* for me, to go with me from Bruffels to Spa, and to serve me during my stay there, and till my return to Bruffels, at so much a day certain for wages, board-wages, rags, &c. There are always such animals to be had,

had, and I need not have troubled you with so frivolous a commission, but that I would much rather have one who will not rob me, than one who will; and some of your servants are more likely to procure me such a one, than the people at the inn. I shall tire you so soon with my company, that I will spare you in writing, and bid you abruptly good night.

L E T T E R XC.

TO THE SAME.

Spa, June 4, 1754.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I Am persuaded that lord Holderness's silence was merely accidental and not intended as a civil refusal of your request, which I dare say will appear, by his answer to your private letter. In that case, I shall have the pleasure of seeing you here. * * * * * If you come you shall have excellent beef and mutton, and every thing else extremely bad; for these are, as lord Foppington says, a most barbarous race of people, stop my vitals! Most of the necessaries and conveniencies of life are absolutely unknown to them; one strong instance of this is, that the old invention of a pair of bellows has never yet been heard of in the principality of Liege, but instead of it a maid, with an exceeding strong breath, as you will easily believe, blows the fire through the broken barrel of an old gun.

Ten thousand thanks and compliments from me to Mrs. Dayrolles, for the trouble she has taken to execute those commissions herself, which I only intended for her maid. My benediction to my godson, and my sincere sentiments of love and friendship to yourself; and so good night.

L E T.