



UNIVERSITÄTS-
BIBLIOTHEK
PADERBORN

Universitätsbibliothek Paderborn

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 XCII. To The Same.

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

L E T T E R XCI.

TO THE SAME.

Spa, June 12, 1754.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

NOTHING is changed in my arrangement as to this place; and I believe that you are very sure that nothing is, as to my desire of seeing you here or any where. I will complete my two months, however unwillingly, in this detestable place, that I may have nothing to reproach myself with when I leave it, which will be about the 17th or 18th of next month. You shall have good beef here, and super-excellent mutton, one entire sheep weighing but six and twenty pounds. You shall also have admirable champaign and rhenish; every thing else is as detestable as the place or the company. * * * * *

Pray make my compliments to my old and good friend your aunt, and to all others at the Hague, who may chance to remember and inquire after so insignificant a being as

Your faithful servant,

C.

L E T T E R XCII.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, August 1, 1754.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

A Thousand thanks to you and Mrs. Dayrolles, for your kind and friendly reception at Bruffels, and your company at Spa. As those sentiments are the first in my mind, my first letter from England shall convey them.

My

My journey home would have been as good as I could have wished, had I not been immediately preceded by lord and lady Cardigan, who, travelling with six and thirty horses, sometimes left me none, but at best tired ones. However I scrambled to Calais about noon on Sunday, where I found the wind directly contrary, but polite enough to change exactly at the time I wanted it the next morning, and to waft me to Dover in less than five hours. From thence I set out for my hermitage, and arrived here on Tuesday evening, safe and sound, my ears excepted. This, I find, is my proper place; and I know it, which people seldom do. I converse with my equals, my vegetables, which I found in a flourishing condition, notwithstanding the badness of the weather, which has been full as cold and wet here as we had at Spa. I wish I could send you some of my pine-apples, which are large and excellent: but without magic that cannot be done, and I have no magic. Contentment is my only magic, and, thank God, I have found out that art, which is by no means a black one.

I have neither heard nor asked for news; and shall certainly tell you none, when I tell you that I am, most faithfully and affectionately,

Yours,

C.

L E T T E R XCIII.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, Sept. 25, 1754.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

COULD my letters be less dull, they should be more frequent; but what can a deaf vegetable write to amuse a live man with? Deaf and dull are nearer related than deaf and dumb. This, though the worst, is not all that hindered me from acknowledging your last sooner; for I have been very much out of order