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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 XCVI. To The Same.

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For *un reclus, un solitaire, un sourd*, I think I have given you a great deal of news; at least I am sure I have given you all I have, and no man, you know, can do more. *

Yours,

C.

L E T T E R X C V I.

T O T H E S A M E.

London, May, 2, 1755.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

WHAT can a deaf hermit write? The repetition of my affection and friendship for you would be as dull, as I am persuaded it would be unnecessary; you are either convinced of them already, or you never will be so. Would you have news? Mine is always stale; and though I was the introducer of the new stile, in all those matters I go by the old, and am at least eleven days behind-hand.

I could tell you, but I will not, that the king sailed from Harwich last Monday; but I can tell you, and will, that the duke of Cumberland and Mr. Fox are appointed of the regency; the consequence of which new measure, I presume, you can tell yourself. Peace and war seem yet so uncertain, that nobody knows which to expect.—The people in general, who always wish whatever they have not, wish for a war; but I, who have learned to be content with whatever I have, wish for the continuation of peace. My country-folks think only of the new world, where they expect to conquer, and perhaps will, but I cannot help dreading the *contrecoup* of those triumphs in the old one. I have ninety-nine reasons against a land war in Europe; the first of which being that we are not able to carry it on, I will not trouble you with the others.

You

You have certainly heard of, and probably seen, * * * extraordinary motion which he made in the house of lords, just before the rising of the parliament, when it could not possibly have any good effect, and must necessarily have some very bad ones. It was an indecent, ungenerous, and malignant question, which I had no mind should either be put or debated, well knowing the absurd and improper things, that would be said both for and against it, and therefore I moved the house to adjourn, and so put a quiet end to the whole affair. As you will imagine that this was agreeable to the king, it is supposed that I did it to make my court, and people are impatient to see what great employment I am to have, for that I am to have one they do not in the least doubt, not having any notion that any man can take any step, without some view of dirty interest. I do not undeceive them. I have nothing to fear, I have nothing to ask, and there is nothing that I will or can have. Retirement was my choice seven years ago: it is now become my necessary refuge. Blackheath, and a quiet conscience, are the only objects of my cares. What good I can do as a man and a citizen, it is my duty, and shall be my endeavour, to do; but public life and I are parted for ever.

To-morrow I go to Blackheath for the whole summer, if we have one. That little hermitage suits best with my inclinations and situation; it is there only that I do not find myself *déplacé*. My little garden, the park, reading and writing, kill time there tolerably; and time is now my enemy.

My compliments to Mrs. Dayrolles. My godson, I suppose, by this time, chatters a Babel language of English, French, and Flemish: so much the better, *c'est autant de gagné, et avec l'âge il débrouillera ce petit chaos*, (it is clear gain, and in time he will unravel that little chaos.) Good night.

Yours faithfully,

C.

LET-