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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 XCVIII. To The Same.

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## LETTER XCVIII.

TO THE SAME.

London, Aug. 15, 1755.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

YOU insult my incredulity in your prophecy, and triumph in the possibility, or, as you call it, the probability, of its being fulfilled; but a little patience, for perhaps the distress, which you flatter yourself will happen to you, may not, and I will lay you one of our lottery tickets, that Mrs. Dayrolles will be up again, before the French take possession of Bruffels. They certainly may, whenever they will, and therefore seem to be in no haste to do it; besides, can they, with the least colour of justice, invade the queen of Hungary's dominions, because captain Howe has taken captain Hocquart in America (a)? Such a step, as that, is not warranted by any thing, that I ever read in Grotius or Puffendorf. You will probably say, that great powers are not apt to trouble themselves about reason and justice, and that is certainly true; but, in my own opinion, France is at this time neither desirous of a general war, nor very fit to carry one on, so that, I rather think, they will confine their indignation to the king, both as king and elector, and attempt to invade both England and Hanover. I fear them in neither of those cases. Be easy, therefore, till the evil day draws much nearer, than it seems to be at present.

I shall say nothing to you about my own health, though I know that it is not quite indifferent to you; but it is really so indifferent in itself, that it is not worth mentioning, for I am never quite well, and the whole difference is *du plus au moins*. I will weather out these six weeks, if I can, and then go to Bath, which is always a temporary, but never a lasting, cure; however, *c'est autant de pris sur l'ennemi*.

If, by chance, you meet with any quantity of seed of excellent melons, whether canteloupes, or others, provided

(a) He commanded the Alcide, a man of war, belonging to a French squadron, conveying troops to America, and taken by captain Howe of the Dunkirk, one of the fleet sent out, under the command of vice-admiral Boscawen, to oppose the designs of the French court.

vided they are but very large ones, I shall be much obliged to you, if you will let me go a dozen or two seeds with you. I would not have more than what may be conveyed in a letter or two. My melon ground is so small, that it will not afford to raise little ones, and I must make up in size what I want in number. I have had some excellent good, and very large, ones this year, from your Sorgvliet seed (a).

How does my godson go on with his little *lingua Franca*, or jumble of different languages? Fear no Babel confusion. *L'âge débrouillera tout cela.* (Age will unravel all this.)

I hear no news, or there is none; but lyes are extremely rife, especially from America, which, I dare say, was not so much talked of, when first discovered by Columbus, or Vesputius Americus, as it is now. But I am so humble a politician, that I content myself with wishing well to my country, and for the rest, *vogue la galère.* But the rest of my countrymen, and even countrywomen, are not so passive; for I am assured they are so brim-full of politics, that they spill them wherever they go. If I had no better reason to lament my deafness than not hearing them, I should be much easier than I am under my misfortune. *Adieu, mon ami.*

---

L E T T E R XCIX.

T O T H E S A M E.

Blackheath, Sept. 12, 1755.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

\* \* \* \* \* THE king is expected to land every minute, which, I suppose, will produce more decision concerning war or peace than has appeared yet, for at present there is a kind of a mist before them, which one cannot see through. I do not, in the least, fear a war, provided it be not in Flanders, where the French must always make it with infinite advantage, and where the em-

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press

(a) The late count Bentink's villa, near the Hague, on the road to Scheveling.