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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 CVI. To The Same.

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would send for somebody from Holland to inoculate the children, that operation being, as I am assured, now very well understood there, and frequently performed.

Adieu, my dear friend; I am most truly,

Yours,

C.

LETTER CVI.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, June 17, 1756.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

COULD I give you better accounts of either myself or the public, I would give you more frequent ones; but the best, that I can give you of either, are such as will not flatter that affection, which I know you have for both. We are both going very fast, and I can hardly guess which will be gone first. I am shrunk to a skeleton, and grow weaker and weaker every day. And as for my fellow sufferer the public, it has lost Minorca, and may perhaps soon lose Gibraltar, by a secret bargain between France and Spain, which I have reason to think is negotiating, if not concluded. Our naval laurels are withered. * * * * *

The French are unquestionably masters to do what they please in America. Our good ally, the queen of Hungary, has certainly concluded some treaty, God knows what, with our, and her old, enemy France. The Swedish and Danish fleets are joined, undoubtedly not in our favour, since France pays both. We have an army here of threescore thousand men, * * * * * we cannot pay it another year, since the expence of this year amounts to twelve millions sterling; judge if we can raise that sum another year. * * * * *

These are not the gloomy apprehensions of a sick man; but real facts, obvious to whoever will see and reflect.

One

One of the chief causes of this unfortunate situation is, that we have now in truth no minister; but the administration is a mere republic, and carried on by the cabinet council, the individuals of which think only how to get the better of each other. Let us then turn our eyes, as much as we can, from this melancholy prospect, which neither of us can mend, and think of something else. * * * * *

I am told that you have an infinite number of English gentlemen now at Bruffels, but I hope you do not put yourself upon the foot of stuffing them with salt beef, and drenching them with claret; for I am sure your appointments will not afford that expence, and by the way, I believe, that in their hearts, they would much rather you would let them alone, to be jolly together at their inns, than go to your house.

Make my compliments to Mrs. Dayrolles, to my godson, to *tutti quanti*, in short, who can receive them, for *mademoiselle* cannot yet. Adieu, my dear and faithful friend. May you, and all who belong to you, be long happy, whatever becomes of

Yours,

C.

LETTER CVII.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, June 27, 1756.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

BY your last of the 18th, I believe it crossed my last of, I have forgot what date, upon the road, for I there gave you an account of my poor state of vegetation, after which you inquire. I still continue to crawl upon the face of the earth, but it is like those humble and short-lived vegetables, who, seemingly conscious of their condition, crawl very near that earth, to which they are so soon to return.

I entirely