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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 CVIII. To The Same.

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#### LETTER CVIII.

#### TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, Sept. 16, 1756.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

IT is true, I have been long filent with regard to you: but it is as true too, that when I am fo, it is because I am unable to be otherwise. I have not wrote at all, I have spoke little, and I have thought less, for these last three months; the frequency of the attacks in my head and stomach gave me no time to recover from the weakness, langour, and dispiritedness, which they always leave behind them; and I am, at this moment, little stronger than I was fixty-one years ago, that is at one year old. All these complicated ills, however, have not, I thank God, given me one moment's melancholy; and though in a manner they deprive me of existence, they do not deprive me of my natural tranquillity of temper, nor of my acquired philosophy. So much, and too much, pour cette guenille de corps, (for this infignificant body.)

Sir William Stanhope has given me very good accounts of my godson, and of la bonne chère de l'hôtel Dayrolles, and I knew enough of both before to give him entire

credit.

Here is a fire lighted up in Germany, which, I am perfuaded, I shall not live to see extinguished; but of which the effects must, in the mean time, be dreadful to England, confidering our connection with, and our tenderness for, certain possessions in the scene of action. The queen of Hungary will, I am convinced, repent of her envie de femme groffe (longing) for Silefia, and her child may probably be marked with it. France will finally reap all the benefit of this new and unnatural alliance, and make a fecond treaty of Westphalia, more prejudicial to the house of Austria than the first. But I leave these matters to be confidered by better heads than mine. - My heart is the only part worth hanging, that is now left me, and while 288 LORD CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS

that beats, you will have a good part of it; for I am most truly and affectionately yours,

C.

Pray return my compliments and thanks to the abbé Guasco for his books, which I have read with great pleasure and improvement.

## LETTER CIX.

#### TO THE SAME.

Bath, Nov. 26, 1756.

#### DEAR DAYROLLES,

As a good Christian, I think one should tell one's enemies of one's phyfical ills, to give them pleasure; and as a good friend, conceal them from one's friends, not to give them pain. Upon this principle, I have delayed writing to you till now, well knowing the part you take in whatever good or ill happens to me. I had nothing good to tell you, but riens au contraire, and therefore I told you nothing. But now I can acquaint you, that I am something better, and that I have regained a little strength and flesh, of which I had neither when I came here a month ago: but I still want a great deal more of both, before I can either perfuade myself or others, of my existence. I really believe, that the undiffurbed quiet, which I have enjoyed here, and could not have at London or Blackheath, has done me almost as much good as the waters; for which reason, though I should not continue to drink them, I will continue here till the great hurly-burly at court, is in some degree over; for, as I am an impartial and very difinterested spectator, engaged in no cabal or party, all the contending powers infift upon telling me their own ftory, though never with strict truth, and then quote me with as little. I fay nothing to you of the late changes at court, which, to be fure, you know as well as I do, and perhaps comprehend as little. There must