



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 CX. To The Same.

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

must be some *deffous des cartes*, some invisible wheels within wheels, which, at this distance, I cannot guess at. \* \* \* \* \*

In these strange buffles, I heartily pity the king, and the kingdom, who are both made the sport of private interest and ambition. I most frequently and heartily congratulate and applaud myself for having got out of that *galère*, which has since been so ridiculously tossed, so essentially damaged, and is now sinking. I now quietly behold the storm from the shore, and shall only be involved, but without particular blame, in the common ruin. That moment, you perceive, if you combine all circumstances, cannot be very remote. On the contrary, it is so near, that, were Machiavel at the head of our affairs, he could not retrieve them; and therefore it is very indifferent to me, what minister shall give us the last *coup de grace*. \* \* \* \* \*

I believe you will not grudge the additional sixpence for the inclosed letter from king P. to king G. It has since been printed and cried about the streets. It is lord Bath's. Adieu, my dear friend.

Yours,

C.

LETTER CX.

TO THE SAME.

London, February 28, 1757.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I Have been too long in your debt: but the true reason has been, that I had no specie to pay you in; and what I give you even now, does not amount to a penny in the pound. Public matters have been long, and are still, too undecypherable for me to understand, consequently to relate. Fox, out of place, takes the lead in the house of commons; Pitt, secretary of state, declares that he is no minister, and has no ministerial influence. The duke of

Vol. III.

U

Newcastle

Newcastle and lord Hardwicke lye by, and declare themselves for neither party. Byng is reprieved for a fortnight; what will become of him at last, God knows: for the late admiralty want to shoot him to excuse themselves; and the present admiralty want to save him, in order to lay the blame upon their predecessors. \* \* \*

The fright, that your friend Mr. Van-haaren has put the Dutch into, by telling them the French army is intended for Cleves and Gueldres, is a most idle alarm. They are not of importance enough to be in danger; nobody thinks of them now. Hanover is evidently the object, and the only rational one, of the operations of the French army; not as Hanover, but belonging to the king of England, and that electorate is to be a reply to the present state of Saxony. The fields of Bohemia and Moravia will become Golgothas, or fields of blood, this year; for probably an hundred thousand human creatures will perish there this year, for the quarrel of two individuals. The king of Prussia will, I suppose, seek for battle, in which, I think, he will be victorious. The Austrians will, I suppose, avoid it if they can, and endeavour to destroy his armies, as they did the French ones in the last war, by harrassing, intercepting convoys, killing stragglers, and all the feats of their irregulars. These are my political dreams, or prophecies; for perhaps they do not deserve the name of reasonings.

The Bath did me more good than I thought any thing could do me; but all that good does not amount to what builders call half-repairs, and only keeps up the shattered fabric a little longer than it would have stood without them; but take my word for it, it will stand but a very little while longer. I am now in my grand climacteric, and shall not compleat it. Fontenelle's last words at a hundred were, *Je souffre d'être (a)*: (I feel the pain of being).

(a) Lord Chesterfield wrote this but six weeks after the death of Fontenelle; but, as his information of that celebrated Frenchman's observations on his own death is imperfect, the readers will not be displeas'd to find here a more accurate, as well as fuller, account of his dying words, given us by his countryman M. le Cat in his eulogy of that great man: "His end was the last period of a machine, settled  
" by the laws of nature. His death was not preceded by any sick-  
" ness; nine days before it happened, he perceived a considerable di-  
" minution in his strength, and prepared for his dissolution, by per-  
" forming the duties of an honest man and a christian. It proved,  
" however,

ing). Deaf and infirm as I am, I can with truth say the same thing at sixty-three. In my mind, it is only the strength of our passions, and the weakness of our reason, that make us so fond of life; but, when the former subside and give way to the latter, we grow weary of being, and willing to withdraw. I do not recommend this train of serious reflections to you, nor ought you to adopt them. Our ages, our situations are widely different. You have children to educate and provide for, you have all your senses, and can enjoy all the comforts both of domestic and social life. I am in every sense *isolé*, and have wound up all my bottoms. I may now walk off quietly, neither missing nor missed. Till when,

Yours most sincerely,

CHESTERFIELD.

---

LETTER CXI.

TO THE SAME.

London, April 16, 1757.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

THE books, which my *confrère* l'abbé Guaasco has sent from Paris to comte Cobenzel, and he to you, are the last volumes of the *Mémoires* of l'académie des belles lettres, of which, as you know, I have the honor to be an unworthy member. Those memoirs are our annual perquisites, and they are really not only very entertaining, but very instructive books. However, I am in no manner of haste; so pray keep them for me, till, with-

U 2 out

“ however, much slower than he expected, which made him say three days  
 “ before his last: *I did not think I should have made so much ado about*  
 “ *dying*. He continued a philosopher to the last, and preserved the  
 “ full enjoyment of all his faculties. He reflected upon his own situa-  
 “ tion, just as he would have done upon that of another man, and  
 “ seemed to be observing a phenomenon. Drawing near his end, he  
 “ said, *This is the first death I have ever seen*; and his physician having  
 “ asked him, whether he was in pain, or what he felt, his answer was,  
 “ *I feel nothing but a difficulty of existing*. (Je ne sens autre chose  
 “ qu'une difficulté d'être.)