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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 CXIV. To The Same.

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and in the mean time have your children inoculated by the professor. Besides, as the war must soon now be at an end, (for it is evident that neither we, nor our only ally, the king of Prussia, can carry it on three months longer;) perhaps you may have a better chance of recovering your old employment, or of getting some other of that sort, by being ready on the other side of the water than on this. All that I can do, you are sure that I will do. I will speak strongly to his grace; but whether he can serve you, or who can, is much above my skill to discover; for, in the present unaccountable state of our domestic affairs, no man knows, who is minister, and who not. We inquire here, as the old woman at Amsterdam did long ago, *où demeure le souverain?* (where does the sovereign live?)

In my retirement, and with my deafness, and other infirmities, I am useless to you, and to every body else; but in my sentiments, I am not the less warmly and faithfully,

Yours,

C.

LETTER CXIV.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, Dec. 10, 1757.

I PASS over lightly the arrival of the young lady, to congratulate you very heartily upon Mrs. Dayrolles's recovery from pain and danger. My compliments to her thereupon.

I am glad that Keith goes soon to Russia; he will execute his orders, I believe, faithfully, but I wish we had somebody there, who could occasionally soften, or invigorate, his instructions, venture to take something upon himself, insinuate rather than propose, and, according to occurrences, say more or less than he thinks; but where is this man? I am sure I do not know him. I wish the king of Prussia could and would send a very able fellow,
who

who belongs to him, *incognito* to Petersburgh. It is one Cagnoni, who is well acquainted with that court, and is, I believe, the ablest, and most dexterous, agent for that sort of work in Europe. We may flatter ourselves as much as we please, and be in silly high spirits upon trifling fortunate events, but if we cannot break the alliance, that now subsists against us, we must be finally undone; and that is as demonstrable, as it is that three are more than one. O, but now we have hopes of Denmark; such hopes, I suppose, as we had very lately of Spain, with whom we never were worse than at that very moment. But take my word for it, you will not get Denmark. *Que diable feroit notre gendre dans cette galère?* (Why should our son in law (a) interfere in this quarrel)? Will he renounce the French subsidies, which he now enjoys gratis and quietly, and thrust himself in, between Russia and Sweden, to be crushed by both? Are we in a situation to invite or tempt foreign powers to embark in our wretched bottom? Surely not. They are perhaps not convinced that we have heads to contrive; but they are very sure, by experience, that we have no hands to execute. * * * * *

They know our debt, and they know our expence. *Bernsdorf (b) ne s'y laissera pas prendre.* (Bernsdorf is not to be taken in). Our prince of Brunswick will, I believe, have the advantage in the first blow, and then how glad we shall be, in what spirits! The post afterwards will bring an account of Hanover's being put to fire and sword; and then how sorry, how dejected we shall be! * * *

His grace of Bedford seems to pass his time but indifferently in Ireland. Our news-mongers here recal him from Ireland, and make him lord steward, which by the way, I dare say he will not accept of. They send lord Holderness in his room to Ireland, where, if he does go, the Lord have mercy upon him! for that machine is falling to pieces, let who will go. Then they make lord Halifax secretary of state in his stead, and Dupplin first lord of trade. Whether this, or but half on't, or none on't, be true, I little either know or care. I am but a passenger, and so near my journey's end, that I am very little inquisitive about the remainder of it. I am

(a) The king of Denmark. This lord Chesterfield took from Moliere's *Fourberies de Scapin*. Several of this inimitable author's sentences are become proverbs.

(b) The prime minister of Denmark.

I am very *unwell*, but not worse than when I wrote to you last. This, I am sure, I am,

Yours,

C.

P. S. This moment I have received the news of the king of Prussia's farther successes. I am very glad of them, but calmly so. Whereas I am sure they will make many, I might say most, people drunk, and mad with joy. But the great alliance still subsists, and that is the object that I have always in my mind. I have also this morning received a letter from the resident at Hambourg, (*a*) in which he tells me, that he has reason to believe, that he shall be soon ordered to return here, to attend this session of parliament. I hope he is misinformed; for, in the first place, I see no probability that his single vote can be wanted, as the vigorous prosecution of the war, the king of Prussia for ever, and down with the French, makes all that mob as unanimous as any bear-garden mob whatsoever. In the next place, it would take the boy from his trade, which he has but begun to learn, and seems to apply himself to, to be sauntering about the streets of London, with all our young *fainéans*. Pray, therefore, lose no time in soliciting the duke of Newcastle and lord Holderness, in my name, that he may not be sent for over this year, unless there should be such an absolute necessity for one single vote, as I am sure I cannot, and as I believe they do not, foresee. I should be very glad, hereafter, to have him find favour in his walk of life; but I would first have him deserve it, by his diligence and abilities. This winter's interruption of his business, would put him at least three or four years back. Therefore again, with my best compliments to the duke of Newcastle and lord Holderness, tell them that I earnestly beg it as a favour of them, that he may not return this year at least, without a most absolute necessity.

C.

(*a*) His son Mr. Stanhope, then member of parliament for Leskard in Cornwall.