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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 CXVI. To The Same.

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LETTER CXVI.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, Christmas-day, 1757.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I HAVE, this moment, received your letter. I firmly believe the king of Prussia's victory at Lissa; the account of it, to, and from, the two Mitchels (*a*) must, I think upon the whole, be true, though perhaps magnified in particular parts. I am very glad of it; but soberly so, for, to give me joy, I must have a great deal more. If there has been a battle in the electorate, I will venture to prophesy that those who attacked got the better; for I suppose that monsieur de Richelieu would be wise enough not to risk a battle, without a great superiority, and in that case, if he attacked, I fear we shall be beaten; but if he found himself in a situation, in which he could not avoid a battle, and that we attacked him, I think we shall beat him. But if we do, still mark the end on't.

The more I think over the three plans mentioned in my last, the more I think them both necessary and practicable. This, at least, I am sure of, that they are our last convulsive struggles, for at this rate we cannot possibly live through the year 1759. *Nous jouons de notre reste*, and therefore should push it, *à toute outrance*. (This being our last stroke should be a desperate one.)

As for the house of lords, I may say with truth, What can I do in that numerous assembly, who cannot enjoy the company of three or four friends, by the chimney corner, or round a table? Can I, or should I speak, when I cannot reply? No: quiet is both my choice and my lot. The will must now stand for the deed; I shall sincerely wish well to my species, to my country, and to my friends, but can serve none of them. What little offices I can do in private life, I will to my power.

This

(*a*) Sir Andrew Mitchel, the British envoy to the Prussian court, and Mr. Mitchel, for many years resident from the king of Prussia in London.

This is the season of compliments, consequently of lyes, I will therefore make you none, at such a suspicious time. You know, I love you, Mrs. Dayrolles, and all who belong to you both: guess the rest.

Yours, faithfully,

C.

L E T T E R C X V I I .

T O T H E S A M E .

Blackheath, June 10, 1763.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I Heartily congratulate you upon your gout, it is a certain cure for all your other complaints.—It is a proof of present riches, and a certain pledge of their future increase.—It is a sign of long life; for it is well known that every man lives just as long after the first fit of the gout, as he had done before it.

Though this fit has been a very slight and short one, it is, however, an earnest of frequent and beneficial returns of it.

It is a grant of health for life, not in the power of kings and courts to give or take away; and therefore more valuable than all the places and reversions, which his majesty has been pleased to grant lately to so many of his faithful subjects.

As an introduction to this last favour, it pleased heaven to grant you previously a great share of exemplary patience, to enable you to make a right use of it.

But after all, if comparison lessens calamities, and that you should grumble a little at some trifling shootings and throbbings in your foot, any lady can assure you, that they are nothing when compared to the pangs of child-bearing.

God bless you and Co. very seriously; for I am very seriously and sincerely

Yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R