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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 CXXI\*. To Sir Thomas Robinson, Bart.

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## LETTER CXXI\*.

To Sir THOMAS ROBINSON, Bart.

Blackheath, Oct. 13, 1756.

S I R,

WHAT can a hermit send you from hence in return for your entertaining letter, but his thanks? I see nobody here by choice, and I hear nobody by necessity. As for the contemplations of a deaf, solitary sick man, I am sure they cannot be entertaining to a man in health and spirits, as I hope you are. Since I saw you, I have had not one hour's health, the returns of my vertigos and subsequent weaknesses and langours, grow both stronger and more frequent, and in short I exist to no one good purpose of life; and therefore do not care how soon so useles and tiresome an existence ceases entirely. This wretched situation makes me read, with the utmost coolness and indifference, the accounts in the news-papers; for they are my only informers, now you are gone, of wars abroad, and changes at home. I wish well to my species in general, and to my country in particular, and therefore lament the havock that is already made, and likely to be made, of the former, and the inevitable ruin which I see approaching by great strides to the latter: but I confess, those sensations are not so quick in me now as formerly; long illness blunts them, as well as others, and perhaps too, self-love being now out of the case, I do not feel so sensibly for others, as I should do, if that were more concerned. This I know is wrong, but I fear it is nature.

Since

\* This and the two following detached letters are fallen into my hands: however unconnected with the former, they are here inserted, as, I flatter myself, every genuine piece of the noble author will prove acceptable to my readers.

I have been informed that an intimate acquaintance subsisted between the writer of the following letters, and the gentleman to whom they are addressed, for above half a century, which gave rise to a very voluminous correspondence. Should these letters, together with the answers that have been carefully preserved, ever appear in print, as possibly they may, they must prove an agreeable literary acquisition, and furnish a very striking and progressive picture of modern times.

Since you are your own steward, do not cheat yourself; for I have known many a man lose more by being his own steward, than he would have been robbed of by any other: tenants are always too hard for landlords, especially such landlords as think they understand those matters and do not, which with submission may possibly be your case.

I go next week to the Bath, by orders of the skilful; which I obey, because all places are alike to me; otherwise, I expect no advantage from it. But in all places, I shall be most faithfully

Yours,

C.

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L E T T E R CXXII.

T O T H E S A M E .

Bath, Jan. 15, 1757.

**R**ECEIVED of sir Thomas Robinson, baronet, two letters, the one bearing date the 10th, and the other the 13th of this present month, both containing great information and amusement; for which I promise to pay at sight my sincerest thanks and acknowledgments. Witness my hand.

CHESTERFIELD.

This promising note is all that, in my present state of ignorance and dullness, I can offer you, for pay I cannot. The attempt upon the king of France was undoubtedly the result of religious enthusiasm: for civil enthusiasm often draws the sword, but seldom the dagger. The latter seems sacred to ecclesiastical purposes; it must have a great effect upon him one way or other, according as fear or resentment may operate. In the former case, he will turn bigot, which