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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 XC. To The Same.

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TO HIS FRIENDS. BOOK III. LET. LXXXIX. XC. 419
cause I knew him to be very good-natured, and his hands to be extremely clean, and even too clean if that were possible; for, after all the great offices, which he had held for fifty years, he died three hundred thousand pounds poorer than he was when he first came into them. A very unministerial proceeding! It is a common observation, that blind people are apt to be talkative, and it is no less true (as you find to your cost) that deaf people are apt to be *writative*; but I am only so *quoad hunc*, and from a desire of expressing the true friendship and esteem with which I am

Your most faithful humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R XC.

T O T H E S A M E.

Bath, Nov. 27, 1768.

S I R,

HOW can *un mylord Anglois* answer a letter *frappée au coin du bon ton de Paris*, (that bears the stamp of the Paris *bon ton*) where flattery passes only for common civility? I must content myself with telling you, in home-spun English, that I thank you heartily for your letter which I received yesterday; and though I know you flatter me, I am extremely pleased with your thinking me worth your flattery. *Tu m'aduli, ma tu mi piaci*, (you flatter me, but you please me) is a very true Italian saying, which self-love, if sincere, would confess.

Conway's motion was the only sensible one that could be made, now that the people called ministers (as the news papers call the Quakers) have bungled themselves into a situation of not being able to do any thing quite right. * * * * *

I am much obliged to you, and through you to Madame de Choiseul, for communicating to me the verses, of the chevalier de Boufflers; they are exceedingly pretty

E c 2

and,

and, had you not told me the author, I should have mistaken them for Voltaire's, a mistake which no author could have no reason to take ill. The 9th line is extremely pretty, though not quite new; but the last line of all is new, true, and wonderfully delicate, perhaps too delicate for our solid sound classical judges to relish, who will call it *French tinsel*.

I will abruptly wish you good night; and am

Your most faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R X C I.

T O T H E S A M E.

Blackheath, Aug. 6, 1769.

S I R,

I AM extremely obliged to you for the favour of your letter; it informs me of an event which I should hardly have believed from a less authentic hand than yours. The journey to Wootton seems to confirm the reunion of the triumvirate; but still it is a triumvirate, and a triumvirate consists of three, who, without an Athanasian unity, which is not to be expected, will be subject to accidents and jealousies. This I am sure of, that it is the interest of all the three to keep strictly united. It will alarm the administration; but still I think they will hold it out another year, by certain ways and means, which the payment of the civil debts will enable them to put in practice, and you well know that the votes in both the chaste houses of parliament are counted, not weighed. Another thing will be of use to the administration, which is, that factious and seditious spirit that has appeared of late in petitions, associations, &c. which shocks all sober thinking people, and will hinder them from going so far as otherwise they would have gone. At the latter end of king Charles the second's reign, the two belligerent parties