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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 XCL. To The Same.

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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 XCI.

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

ties remonstrated and address'd, upon which my grandfather Halifax told the king, that the remonstrants spit in his face, and that the addressers spit in his mouth. The livery petition seems to be of the former kind. But enough of politics, which, from long difuse, and seeing them at present only remotely and through a mist, I must necessarily talk absurdly about.

As to my own decayed carcase, which you so kindly inquire after, I can only tell you that it crumbles away daily; my eyes are still so bad, that they are of little use to a deaf man, who lived by reading alone; many other physical ills croud upon me, and I have drained Pandora's box, without finding hope at the bottom. The taxes that nature lays upon old age are very heavy; and I would rather that death would distrain at once, than groan longer under the burthen.

Pray, how have I deserved some compliments in your letter? I cannot recollect that I have ever offended you; I never made you any compliments, and I am sure that I do not make you one now, when I assure you that I am, with the truest esteem and friendship,

Your most faithful humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

Pray, make my compliments to *tutti quanti* where you are, with whom I have pass'd the most agreeable time of my life formerly at Stowe.

L E T.