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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 LXXXIII. To The Same.

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L E T T E R LXXXIII.

T O T H E S A M E.

London, April 23, 1764.

MY head really swims, madam, but I cannot tell whether it is owing to a return of my usual giddiness, or to your last letter, which is indeed enough to turn a stronger brain than mine. Spare it a little more for the future, I intreat you; for though young people may sometimes be allowed to be conceited, you will own it would be rather unbecoming at seventy; and alas! that is the age of your very faithful servant.

I allow, madam, that you alledge a thousand good reasons why I should look for a purer air in the southern climates; and I should not want much persuasion, if I were not deaf, impenetrably deaf, and incurably so, as my deafness is hereditary. On this principle I have made a very exact calculation, the result of which is, that the profit is not worth the cost. Besides, as I am shortly to set out on a longer journey, it is not worth my while to pack up for Provence or Languedoc. *Job, with all his sufferings**, had not more patience than my philosophy procures me. Reading employs and amuses me. Besides, I am at leisure to hold many a conference with myself, which I trust I am the better for, and which I had never thought of whilst I was hurried away by the whirlwind of business or pleasure; so that, I thank God, I am neither melancholy nor peevish, and, notwithstanding all my woes, I know some who are more wretched.

Your little ward sets out next week for Dresden, where the king has done him the honor to appoint him his envoy. He goes by the way of Paris, chiefly, I believe, to pay his court to your ladyship.

* The beginning of a famous French sonnet, by Benferade.

L E T.