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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 XLIII. To The Same.

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paper, instead of glass, to save the vines from being burned up before the fruit is ripe. I, and most people here, prefer the Canteloupes, but they are not the best bearers.

I am very glad that your son does hitherto so well at the university, and there is no doubt of his continuing to do so, provided he keeps clear of the epidemical vices of colleges in general, and of Irish colleges in particular. You may easily guess that I mean that beastly degrading vice of drinking, which increases with years, and which ends in stupid sottishness. I hope all the rest of your family are as well as I wish them, for upon my word, I sincerely wish you all *tutti quanti* as well as you can wish yourselves.

I am, my dear lord,

Your faithful friend and humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R XLIII.

TO THE SAME.

London, Dec. 16, 1760.

MY DEAR LORD,

I Make no excuses for the irregularity of my correspondence, or the unfrequency of my letters; for my declining mind keeps pace with my decaying body, and I can no more *scribere digna legi* (write things worthy to be read), than I can *facere digna scribi*, (do things worthy to be written). My health is always bad, though sometimes better and sometimes worse, but never good. My deafness increases, and consequently deprives me of the comforts of society, which other people have in their illnesses; in short, this last stage of my life is a very tedious one, and the roads very bad; the end of it cannot be very far off, and I cannot be sorry for it. I wait for it, imploring the mercy of my Creator, and deprecating his justice. The best of us must trust to the former, and dread the latter.

I do

I do not know what picture it is of the late lord Scarborough, that you would have copied; I have none, nor do I know of any, unless perhaps Jemmy Lumley has one, so send me your farther directions about it.

In my opinion you are very much in the right not to concern yourself in the contested elections. *Abstine à fabis* (Abstain from beans) is as becoming a maxim for a bishop, as it was for Pythagoras; moreover, in parliamentary elections perhaps there is no choice. You are all wild about them in Ireland, and want, it seems, to have all the ill blood, expence, and riot, which they occasion, renewed every seven years. I wish you would be quiet, for I prophesy that you will get no good by your politics, but I fear much the contrary.

I question whether you will ever see my friend George Faulkner in Ireland again, he is become so great and considerable a man here in the republic of letters; he has a constant table open to all men of wit and learning, and to those sometimes who have neither. I have been able to get him to dine with me but twice, though otherwise, I must do him the justice to say, he lives with his old friends upon the same easy foot as formerly. Adieu, my dear lord: I am the most faithful of your friends and servants.

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R XLIV.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, Mar. 19, 1761.

MY DEAR LORD,

I Have been much and long in your debt, contrary to my inclination, for I hate to be in any debt, especially in marks of friendship and affection; but I am persuaded you know the sentiments of my heart, with regard to yourself, too well to require regular promissory notes, for my debts of that kind. Besides, in truth, paper