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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 XLIV. To The Same.

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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

per credit is so much stretched, both here and in Ireland, that I think it will now go for very little in either country.

You have a new lord lieutenant for your country, who certainly is able, and I dare say willing to do well. But for God's sake be quiet, mind your interior civil interest, and do not get into any more political scrapes with England, that will always be too hard for you in the end, and, if provoked, I doubt too hard upon you. I have still a tenderness for Ireland, and am really concerned when I hear of its being worked up into a general ferment, only that a few individuals may make the better bargain for themselves.

I will tell you nothing of the several changes at court, which from the gazettes you will know as much of as I do here from the same authority, for I have no better, and am glad of it; for what is the world now to me, or I to the world, except as a citizen of it, in which capacity I will always endeavour to do my little part to my fellow creatures? I know no use that a deaf, infirm, wretched creature as I am, can be of to society, unless that of maintaining the necessary number of his species, to attend and nurse him. Your constant and kind anxiety about my health makes you, I know, desire that I should give you some account of it, but I cannot by any means give you such an account as you would wish for. I came here just six weeks ago, and for the first fortnight was abundantly better, and I wish I had then cut out a winner, to use the gamester's phrase; but it was very natural to continue a medicine that did me a great deal of good, in hopes of more; for who is satisfied with, or knows what is, enough? Since that, the waters have done me as much harm as at first they did me good, and I return to London next Monday, in just the same weak and miserable condition in which I came here.

I hope you and all your family are unacquainted with the ills I feel. May you all long continue so, and enjoy all the other comforts and blessings of life. I am, my dear lord,

Your most faithful friend,
and humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

L F T.