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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 XLVI. To The Same.

[urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-52077](https://nbn-resolving.org/urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-52077)



## L E T T E R XLVI.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, Sept. 12, 1761.

MY DEAR LORD,

I DO not know whether I shall give you a reason which you will reckon a good one, but I will honestly give you the true one, for my writing so seldom. It is one of the effects, and not the least disagreeable one, of my disorder, to make one indolent, and unwilling to undertake even what one has a mind to do. I have often set down in the intention of writing to you, when the apparatus of a table, pen, ink and paper has discouraged me, and made me procrastinate, and say, like Festus, "at a convenient time will I speak to thee." Those, who have not experienced this indolence and languor, I know, have no conception of them, and therefore many people say that I am extremely well, because I can walk and speak, without knowing how much it costs me to do either. This was the case of the bishop of Ossory, who reported only from my outside, which is not much altered. I cannot say, however, that I am positively ill, but I can positively say that I am always *unwell*. In short I am in my health, what many, reckoned in the main good sort of people, are in their morals; they commit no flagrant crimes, but their conscience secretly reproaches them with the non-observance or the violation of many lesser duties. White is recovered from his acute illness, and is now only infirm and crazy, and will be so as long as he lives. I believe we shall start fair.

The bishop of Ossory told me one thing, that I heard with great pleasure, which was, that your son did extremely well at the university, and answered, not only your hopes, but your wishes; I sincerely congratulate you upon it.

The town of London and the city of Westminster are gone quite mad with the wedding and the approaching coronation. People think and talk of nothing else. For my part, I have not seen our new queen yet; and as for the coronation, I am not alive enough to march,

no:



nor dead enough to *walk* at it. You can bear now and then a quibble, I hope; but I am, without the least *equivoque*, my dear lord,

Your most faithful friend,

and humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

*P. S.* Your lord lieutenant will be with you immediately after the coronation. He has heard of combinations, confederations, and all sorts of *ations*, to handcuff and fetter him; but he seems not in the least apprehensive of them.

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L E T T E R XLVII.

T O T H E S A M E.

London, Oct. 31, 1761.

MY DEAR LORD,

I NEVER doubted but that lord Halifax's reception of you would be such as, by your last letter, you inform me it was. The least relation to his late uncle\*, and my friend, will always be a recommendation to him; but you have a better. I received yesterday, from my old friend Faulkner, his speech at the opening of this new parliament, and am most extremely pleased both with the matter and the manner. He dwells upon my three favourite points; the protestant charter schools, the linen manufacture, and a proper indulgence of the Roman Catholics.

I have sent Mrs. Russell some melon-seed for you, which she will convey to you when she has a proper opportunity. There are two sorts, one of the largest and best canteloups I ever eat in my life; the other is of a smaller size, the coat very near black, but rather I think of a superior flavor to the other. If, in raising them you make use of tann, instead of dung, they will be much the better.

\* The earl of Scarborough.

I am