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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 XLVII. To The Same.

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368 LORD CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS 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 fervant,

CHESTERFIELD.

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

LETTER XLVII.

TO THE SAME.

London, Oct. 31, 1761.

NEVER doubted but that lord Halifax's reception of you would be fuch 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 slavor 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

TO HIS FRIENDS. B. III. L. XLVI. XLVII. XLVIII. 369

I am perfuaded that your business in parliament will go smoothly on, at least this session; I hope so for the sake of Ireland, that can never be a gainer by quarrelling with

England, however justly.

As you always infift upon my acquainting you with my state of health for the time being, I will tell you that I am not worse, rather a little better, but far from well. Well I must never expect to be. I shall go, in about ten days, to the Bath, in hopes of being something better, and I will compound for small gains.

I am, my dear lord, most faithfully yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER XLVIII.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, July 8, 1762.

MY DEAR LORD,

I CANNOT answer your last kind letter as I could wish, and as you, I believe, wish full as much as I, by telling you that I am better: all I can do for you is, to tell you that I am not worse. I have always reminiscences of my rheumatism more or less, sometimes very severe ones in my legs, which I do not expect ever to be entirely free from, for I never knew any man radically cured of rheumatism; d'ailleurs je végete & voilà tout, (I vegetate, and that is all.)

I fincerely congratulate you upon the academical triumphs of your son, which must give you the most sensible pleafure. I look upon your care of him to be now over, as he has learning and knowledge to know, that he must not only keep what he has, but improve it. It is only those who know very little, that stop short, thinking they know

enough, which ends in knowing nothing.

The piece of callico, which you fent White, is extremely good and fine. Mind your weaving and fpinning, and Vol. III. B b