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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 XLVIII. To The Same.

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I am persuaded 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 insist 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 sincerely congratulate you upon the academical triumphs of your son, which must give you the most sensible pleasure. 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 sent White, is extremely good and fine. Mind your weaving and spinning, and

lay aside your politics; the former will enrich you, but take my word for it, you will never be the better for the latter. I wish I could see your great politicians labouring for the good of the country, like Hercules, with distaffs, instead of septennial bills in their hands. What, and so be dependent upon England? says Mr. Lucas. Yes, I hope so; for when Ireland is no longer dependent upon England, the Lord have mercy on it!

I am, most sincerely,

Your faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER XLIX.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, Sept. 4, 1762.

MY DEAR LORD,

MY wretched health, about which you are so kindly sollicitous, is so very variable, that I can hardly give you any account of it at the beginning of a letter, without having reason at the end of it to alter that account. The humor, whether gouty or rheumatic, or rather as I think a compound of both, teazes and *chicanes* me, sometimes in my legs, sometimes in my head and stomach, and sometimes, though seldom, is quite quiet, and then I am as well as at my time of life I can ever hope to be. I must take it all as it comes, and will bear it with patience. God has sent physical, as well as moral, ills into the world, and for good and wise reasons of his own, I am convinced, which I do not pretend to know; nor do I at all admit those reasons which men are pleased to assign for it. I wish mankind would condescend to be respectfully ignorant of many things, which it is impossible they can ever know whilst in this world. But no, we must know every thing, and our pride will not let us own our ignorance.

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