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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 XLIX. To The Same.

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

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.

The

The piece of raw silk, which you sent me inclosed in your last, seems to me, who understand very little of the matter, extremely good; but to tell you the truth, I doubt it will never prove an extensive and profitable manufacture. Your climate is not warm enough for mulberry trees, and the worms will not be nourished as they are in hotter countries. However, you do very well to try, for whatever quantity of silk you may make, will be so much clear gain, will encourage industry, and let the worst come to the worst, the plantations of mulberry trees will adorn the country. I am glad to find the spirit of industry is so active amongst you; it is much better than the spirit of politics, and Ireland will get much more by it. Adieu, my dear lord. I am, with the greatest truth and affection,

Yours,

CHESTERFIELD,

LETTER L.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, Oct. 7, 1762.

MY DEAR LORD,

I THANK you heartily for your last kind letter; it is some satisfaction, in all misfortunes, to know that those people whom one loves and values interest themselves in them, and I am sure that you take a sincere part in mine. I am not worse, and I am not better, than when I wrote to you last. I know that I never can nor shall be better, and I will readily compound for never being worse. President Montesquieu, who had been almost blind for many years, used to say, *je sais être aveugle*, (I know how to be blind;) and I am sure I have been long enough ill, to know how to be so. But he was not deaf, and if I were not so, I should be much less affected by my other complaints. I cannot use myself to deafness, though I have now had it

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