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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 L. To The Same.

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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

Bb 2

fourteen

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fourteen years; it gives one a stupid look at first, and soon afterwards makes one really so.

This has been a very bad season for the Jesuits, and I do not very well see why, unless it be that there is a time for all things, and that theirs is come; for their religious and moral, or if you will immoral doctrines, have been the same these two hundred years. They have often indeed been attacked during that time, and by great men, but have always recovered it, whereas now they die. I will venture to prophesy they will never recover, this being by no means an ecclesiastical age. I even question whether the popes will hold it out much longer.

I will send some excellent melon-seed to Mrs. Ruffel, who I take it for granted can find some means of forwarding it to you. It is three years old, which we gardeners reckon the best age. Adieu, my dear lord.

I am, most faithfully,

Yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

In about three weeks, I propose going to Bath, for my rheumatic pains.

L E T T E R L I.

TO THE SAME.

London, January 6, 1763.

MY DEAR LORD,

I CONFESS myself a most lazy and awkward correspondent, but it is not so much my fault as it is my misfortune, for writing now is not the easy task to me that it was formerly, and both my head and my hand undertake it unwillingly. However, in spite of them both, I could not let this season pass by, without wishing you and yours a great many happy new years; not in compliance with custom,