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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 LI. To The Same.

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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 aukward 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,

TO HIS FRIENDS. BOOK III. LET. L. LI. LII. 373
custom, but to satisfy my sentiments of friendship and affection for you.

I am returned from the Bath with much better health than I carried there. I have now a tolerable negative degree of health, which at my age, and with my shattered constitution, is all that I can reasonably ask of heaven, for the short remainder of my span.

I am glad to hear that I shall have the pleasure of seeing you and your son this summer: I hope you will not embark before the stormy season is over, which is not till April or May.

I am, with the truest friendship and esteem,

My dear lord,

Your most faithful humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R LII.

T O T H E S A M E.

Bath, Dec. 5, 1763.

M Y D E A R L O R D,

I THANK you for your kind and informing letter, which I received by the last post. I cannot give you such an account of myself as I know you wish. I was dangerously ill of a bilious fever ten days before I left London, and remained extremely weak and low from it. The faculty hastened me to this place, which was, as they said, to carry off the dregs of the fever, restore my strength and spirits, and what not. The waters, however, which I have now drank a full fortnight, have done no such thing; instead of that, I grow weaker every day, and my spirits lower.

You