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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 LVIII. To The Same.

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L E T T E R LVIII.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, Oct. 10, 1766.

MY DEAR LORD,

I AM conscious that I have been long in your debt ; and, were my letters of any value, I would make you my excuses for non-payment. The mind unfortunately keeps pace in decay with the body, and age and infirmities weaken them equally. I feel it most sensibly ; my body totters, and my understanding stutters ; but, I thank God, I am wise enough still, not to put either of them upon attempting, what neither of them could probably perform. I have run the silly rounds both of pleasure and business, and have done with them all. I think there is some merit in knowing when to have done. I have lived here at my hermitage in peaceful retirement all this summer, without any grievous physical ills, but at the same time never quite free from some of the lesser ones. Upon the whole, I have no reason to murmur at my lot, it is better than I have deserved ; and, as I have generally observed that there is a compensation of good and ill even in this world, I ought not to complain, considering the former part of my life, that the latter part of it is as wretched as it now is, I mean relative to my deafness.

You have a new lord lieutenant*. I have seen him once, and he seems resolved to do well. One thing I verily believe, that he will have no dirty work done, nor the least corruption suffered.

I give you a thousand thanks for executing the commissions, which I was impertinent enough to trouble you with ; but I do not know so good a master of the robes as you are. You keep me in flannel, and you procure me linen, which are all the cloathings I want.

* Lord Townshend.

How

How goes it with your son, and also with your little grandson? for I shall always take a sincere part in whatever relates to you, being, with great truth and affection,

Your most faithful humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R L I X .

T O T H E S A M E .

London, March 12, 1767.

MY DEAR LORD,

YOU cloathed me when I was naked, but I believe you have often done that to many others; so I will not trouble you with many thanks upon that subject. Your linen was very good and cheap, and flannel very comfortable to my old carcase, during the last very severe winter, and I shall not leave it off even in summer; but, conformably to the laws of Ireland, I believe I shall be buried in Irish woollen.

My kinsman, Mr. Stanhope of Mansfield, has married a niece of Mr. Barnes of Derby, whom you know. His son, whom I have taken and adopted, turns out prodigiously well, both as to parts and learning, and gives me great amusement and pleasure, in superintending his education, and in some things instructing him myself, in which I flatter myself that I do some good, considering his future rank and fortune.

Your new lord lieutenant seems extremely well disposed to Ireland, and I really believe will do it all the good that his situation, and some deep-rooted national prejudices, will allow of.

Has your son taken either orders or a wife yet? Both these blessings are indelible. For my own part, I am as well as I could expect to be at seventy three past. I have no immediate complaint of either
pain