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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 LIX. To The Same.

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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

pain or sickness, and *nihil amplius opto* (I wish nothing more); but our poor friend White is in a most declining way, and I fear will not last much longer. He has now lived with me above fifty years, and served me very faithfully. I shall feel the loss of him very sensibly. I have survived almost all my contemporaries, and as I am too old to make new acquaintances, I find myself *isolé*; but I find too, upon self-examination, for which I have abundant time, that I am most affectionately and sincerely

Yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R LX.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, Oct. 16, 1767.

MY DEAR LORD,

MY right hand being now tolerably able, and my heart being, I am sure, extremely willing, I cannot employ the former so well, as in conveying my hearty and sincere thanks to you, for the uncommon and extraordinary proofs of your friendship and affection in my last illness. Nothing but the warmest sentiments of friendship could have carried you through the desarts of Ireland and Scotland, not to mention crossing the sea, to see an old acquaintance, who, it was ten to one, you did not find alive at your journey's end. This overpays any debt of gratitude you might think you owed me, and I confess myself your debtor. My general state of health is at present tolerable, that is, negatively well, but I continue very near as weak as when you saw me. My legs neither recover strength nor flesh, as I expected, and as I was promised by the skilful, and my two *valets de chambre* are as necessary to me as they were a month ago.

I shall