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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 LX. To The Same.

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TO HIS FRIENDS. BOOK III. LET. LVIII. LIX. LX. 381
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

I shall remove to London this week for the winter, as the weather is now excessively cold and damp. Perhaps I may take my usual journey to Bath, if the faculty pronounce me free from all suspicions of a lurking fever. I do all I can to make the short remains of life as comfortable as I can; but if that will not do, I shall with the greatest resignation consider the physical ills of my old age, as a very slight and reasonable tax upon the errors and follies of my youth. I am, with the utmost truth and esteem,

My dear lord,

Your most faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

P. S. I thank you before-hand for the books you left for me at my house in town, for I have not yet seen one of them. I forbade their being unpacked, till I came to town myself. I cannot read above a quarter of an hour at a time, for my eyes have suffered by my illness as much as my legs.

L E T T E R LXI.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, Dec. 25, 1767.

MY DEAR LORD,

I Received yesterday your very kind letter, which reiterates your solicitude for the state of my health. It is, in general, neither bad nor good; I have no actual illness nor pain to complain of, but I am as lame of my legs as when you saw me, and must expect to be so for the rest of my life. Every year, at a certain period of life, takes away something from us; this