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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 LXI. To The Same.

[urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-52077](https://nbn-resolving.org/urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-52077)

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.

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L E T T E R L X I .

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

this last has taken away my legs, and therefore I must now content myself with those of my horses; otherwise I am tolerably well for me.

I most heartily congratulate you upon the success of your son in his first pulpit. It is a pledge of still more, when his concern and trepidation, inseparable from his first attempt, shall be got over.

I hope you go on successfully in your charity affair, in which I am sure neither your zeal nor your diligence will be wanting. It becomes your profession, and your life becomes it. To you it is an ornament, to many it is a cloak to cover a multitude of sins.

May I beg of you to make my compliments to my old and constant friend George Faulkner? and tell him that I will answer his letter very soon, but that one letter a day is as much as either my head or my hand will admit of. When I go to town, which will be in about three weeks, I shall open all his packets, which lie there ready for me.

My compliments to your son. I make you none, for we have known one another too long and too well for that.

I am, with the greatest truth imaginable,

My dear lord,

Your most faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

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L E T T E R LXII.

T O T H E S A M E .

London, March 2, 1768.

M Y D E A R L O R D ,

**M**ANY thanks to you for your friendly anxiety concerning my health, or, as the more fashionable phrase is, for your kind inquiries. As I told you in my former letter, I have, I thank God, neither  
 pain