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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 LXII. To The Same.

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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.

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 ,

MANY 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

pain nor sickness, and I think it would be both impudent and absurd in me to wish for better at my age, and with my constitution. It is true that I am very weak in my limbs, but I can walk for a quarter of an hour at a time upon even ground, which I do five or six times a day, for you know that *use legs and have legs*; but I cannot go up stairs without great difficulty, and I should tumble down stairs with great facility, if I were not supported by the rails on one side, and a *valet de chambre* on the other.

I do not comprehend your transactions in Ireland, but in general they appear to me to be *tout comme chez nous* (just as with us). Courtiers want to keep their places or to have better, and patriots want those very places. By the way, I am apt to think that the patriot members of your house of commons are confoundedly bit, by passing the octennial bill, which I believe was never their intention. This is certain, that it will ruin a great number of your country gentlemen, who are as election-mad as we are here. I reckon that this next summer will be the maddest and most drunken summer, that ever was known in the three kingdoms; and if the weather should prove very hot into the bargain, the Lord have mercy upon us!

My little boy* received your son's letter in due time, and will answer it soon; which he tells me he should have done much sooner, but that he has had a great deal of business of late upon his hands: doubtless very important. Pray make my compliments to him, and to his son if born.

Adieu, my dear lord: may you be for these many years as happy as you deserve to be!

Yours most sincerely,

CHESTERFIELD.

* The present earl of Chesterfield.