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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 LXV. To The Same.

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

joy no health : I feel what the French call a general *mal-aise*, and what we call in Ireland an *unwellness*. This awkward situation I impute to seventy-five, which will account for any physical ill ; and mine is, thank God, more a privation of health than any one positive ill. *J'en connois de plus miserables* (I know some that are worse off), though the greater sufferings of any of my fellow creatures, will never be the least comfort to me under mine.

I am very glad you have placed your son upon the first step of the ecclesiastical ladder. *Felix faustumque sit!* may he rise as high as he wishes himself! I chid my boy for not acknowledging his letter, but he excused himself, by saying that he had so much writing of his task upon his hands that he had very little time. The truth I take to be, that to so young a penman a letter is a laborious work, and requires time.

I congratulate the poor upon your being their champion, and you upon your success in so good a work. It becomes your honest and compassionate heart, and your character in the church. Adieu, my dear lord. I am,

Most sincerely and affectionately,

Yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R L X V .

T O T H E S A M E .

Bath, Oct. 30, 1768.

M Y D E A R L O R D ,

THIS morning I received your most friendly inquiry after my wretched constitution ; the best that I can say of it is, that it is not worse, but I think, rather a shade better than it was six months ago. I can walk upon my three legs half an hour at a time, and repeat that exercise

exercise three or four times in a day; which I could by no means have done when you saw me in my go-cart at Blackheath. I have now been here a fortnight, and am something the better for the water, especially as to bathing, which supples my old, stiff, and almost ossified limbs.

Here is a young man of your country, a lord Mountmorris, whom I take to be a very hopeful one. I am told that he has distinguished himself already in your house of lords, as a speaker, and you are extremely well with him. He is very warm from the honesty of his heart, as a young and honest heart always is.

I find by all accounts that your lord lieutenant is very popular, and will not enrich himself by the lieutenancy. I even question whether he will get so much by it as I did, for I can assure you I got five hundred pounds clear upon the whole.

Good night, my dear lord, I believe I need not tell you that no man living can be more sincerely your faithful friend and servant than

CHESTERFIELD.

P. S. Lady Chesterfield sends you many compliments, or rather truths.

L E T T E R LXVI.

T O T H E S A M E .

Blackheath, July 9, 1769.

M Y D E A R L O R D ,

THE only reason that I had for not writing to you sooner, was that I could not, which I dare say you will allow to be a sufficient one. I have, for these last three months, had an inflammation in my eyes, which hindered me from either writing or reading; and this letter is almost the first, as well as the most pleasing service they have done me. You will easily judge how irksome

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