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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 LXVIII. To The Same.

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ters fairly, as I have but too much reason to believe it does, proves that Ireland must in a few years be undone. Adieu, my dear lord.

I am, with the warmest affection,

Your faithful humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R LXVIII.

T O T H E S A M E .

London, March 11, 1770.

M Y D E A R L O R D ,

THE correspondents I have left, though few, must forgive my irregularity, and accept my intentions instead of my letters, especially you, who I am sure will never doubt of the truth of mine. I am an anomalous noun, and scarcely a substantive one. My eyes are not what they were a few years ago; and my understanding, if I may use that expression, for want of a better, flutters. In short, without any immediate distemper, I feel most sensibly the complaints of old age; however, I am thankful that I feel none of those torturing ills, which frequently attend the last stage of life, and I flatter myself that I shall go off quietly, but I am sure with resignation. Upon the whole, I have no reason to complain of my lot, though reason enough to regret my abuse of it.

I am sorry that you met with so many rubs in your commendable endeavours to do justice to the poor.

You do not seem to be very quiet in Ireland, but I can assure you, you are so in comparison of what we are now in England. A factious spirit on one side has seized three
parts

TO HIS FRIENDS. B. III. L. LXVII. LXVIII. LXIX. 391
parts of the kingdom, and a most notorious incapacity
distinguishes the administration: what this collision may
produce, God only knows, but I confess I fear. Good
night, my dear lord, I need not tell you, and I am sure
I cannot tell you, how sincerely and affectionately I am

Yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

P. S. Lady Chesterfield charges me with her compliments.

There seems to be an infectious distemper in the house
of Stanhope; your acquaintance Arthur died about
ten days ago, as did his next brother sir Thomas
three days after. I suppose I am too old and too
tough to take the infection.

L E T T E R LXIX.

TO THE SAME.

London, June 14, 1770.

MY DEAR LORD,

I Have long told you, and you have as long found, that
I was an anomalous noun, I can hardly say a substantive,
for I grow weaker and weaker every day, particularly
in my legs and my thighs, so that I can walk very
little at a time, and am obliged to take my share of
exercise by several snatches in the day: but this is by no
means the worst part of my present case, for the humour
that has fallen into my eyes about a year ago rather
increases than decreases, and to a degree that makes
writing and reading very troublesome to me, as they were
the only comforts that a deaf old fellow could have: if I
should lose my eyes as well as my ears, I should be of all
men the most miserable.

You know that you have long been in possession of
clothing me; and I must now apply to you to do so again,
not