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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 XXVII. To The Same.

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has struck their imagination, and he is too diffuse; but upon the whole, it is both a very useful and entertaining book. When you see it, you will perhaps think that I am bribed by the dedication to say what I now say of it, for he lays me on thick; but that, upon my word, is not the case. The truth is, that the several situations, which I have been in, having made me long the *plastron* of dedications, I am become as callous to flattery, as some people are to abuse.

I think your brother would be much in the wrong to quit his present commission of lieutenant-colonel to an old regiment of horse, for a new-raised regiment of foot, which with twenty others, would, I hope, be very soon broke, The extravagant and groundless, though general fears of an invasion from France, justify, to the timid public, the present military phrenzy; but, as I am convinced that the former will soon vanish, it is to be hoped the latter will soon after subside. This, at least, I am very sure of, that we shall not be able to pay three years longer the number of troops which we now have in our pay. Make my compliments to your young family; and be assured that I am, most faithfully and sincerely, your's,

CHESTERFIELD.

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LETTER XXVII.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, July 15, 1756.

MY DEAR LORD,

**I**T is not without doing some violence to my weak hand, and weaker head, that I attempt to satisfy your friendly anxiety about my health. I still crawl upon the face of the earth, neither worse nor better than I was some months ago, weary of, but not murmuring at, my disagreeable situation. Speaking tires and exhausts me; and as for hearing I have none left; so that I am *isolé* in the midst of my friends and acquaintance:

acquaintance : but, as I have had much more than my share of the good things of this world in the former part of my life, I neither do, nor ought to complain, of the change which I now experience. I will make the best use I can of this wretched remnant of my life, and atone, as well as I can, for the abuse of the whole piece, by wishing that I had employed it better.

I hope your children continue to deserve well all your tenderness: that you may have that and every other happiness, is the sincere wish of

Your faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

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LETTER XXVIII.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, Oct. 11, 1756.

MY DEAR LORD,

WHAT can a hermit send you from the desarts of Blackheath, in return for your kind letter, but his hearty thanks? I see nobody here by choice, and I hear nobody any where, by fatal necessity; and as for the thoughts of a deaf, solitary, sick man, they cannot be entertaining for one in health, as I hope you are. Those thoughts which relate to you are such as you would desire, that is, such as you deserve. My others seem to be a succession of dreams, but with this comfortable circumstance, that I have no gloomy ones. No passions agitate me, no fears disturb me, and no silly hopes gull me any longer. I have done with this world, and think of my journey to another, which I believe is not very remote. In the mean time, I shall next week take one to Bath, which the skilful say may perhaps do me good; *à la bonne heure*, I will try. I only ask for negative health; and if those waters will procure me that, I shall be abundantly satisfied.

I think