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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 XXVIII. To The Same.

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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.

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

I think you have taken a very prudent resolution with regard to your approaching election.

My friend George Faulkner dined with me here one day; he tells me that reading is not yet come in fashion in Ireland, and that more bottles are bought in one week, than books in one year. Adieu, my dear lord: it is impossible to be more truly and faithfully than I am yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER XXIX.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, Nov. 21, 1756.

MY DEAR LORD,

I Can now make you a return to your last kind letter, which I know will be more welcome to you, than that which I made to your former; for I can tell you that I am something better, and have, in the month that I have drank these waters, regained a little strength and flesh. But, as my relapses have been very frequent, when I have been in still a better state of health than I am yet, I take it thankfully, but only *à bon compte* (on account), without relying upon its duration or improvement. Whatever happens to me, I am armed with patience, satiety, and confidence in my Creator to meet it coolly. The mad business of the world, as Swift says, is over with me; and when my time comes, and the sooner the better, for I am weary, I am ready and willing.

Adieu, my dear friend; writing much hitherto is very troublesome to me. Yours faithfully,

CHESTERFIELD.

LET