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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 XXXVI. To The Same.

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To his FRIENDS. BOOK II. LET. XXXIV. XXXV. XXXVI. 355  
grossly defrauded the bishop of Waterford, as appears by  
your own account here inclosed, you set down two pieces  
and fourteen yards of cloth £. 16. 7 s. 3 d. whereas I  
have received seven pieces and fourteen yards, which must  
certainly come to a great deal more. *Item*, you set down  
but six dozen and six pints of Usquebaugh, whereas I have  
received nine dozen and six, for which you put down only  
£. 13. 5 s. and which makes it as cheap as porter's ale.  
Pray retrieve your character, which is at stake, and clear  
up this matter to the Bishop, and to

Your faithful servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

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L E T T E R XXXVI.

T O T H E S A M E.

Blackheath, Aug. 29, 1758.

I Cannot return such an answer as we could either of us  
wish, to your frequent and friendly inquiries after my  
weakened and decaying body and mind. I am at least  
*unwell*, often worse, and never quite well. My deafness,  
which is considerably increased, deprives me of that con-  
solation, which sickness commonly admits of, the conver-  
sation of a few friends; and my illness deprives me of the  
chief consolation under deafness, which is reading and  
writing. My head will seldom let me read, and seldom  
let me think, consequently still seldom let me write.  
Shall I tell you that I bear this melancholy situation, with  
that meritorious constancy and resignation which most  
people boast of? No, for I really cannot help it; if I  
could, I certainly would, and since I cannot, I have com-  
mon sense and reason enough, not to make my situation  
worse, by unavailing restlessness and regret.

I hope, for your sake and many other people's, that  
your health is perfect, for I know that you will employ it  
in

in doing good. May you long have that power, as I am sure you will always have those inclinations! I am, with real truth and friendship,

My dear lord,

Your most faithful servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

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L E T T E R XXXVII.

T O T H E S A M E.

London, Feb. 20, 1759.

M Y D E A R L O R D,

I Received yesterday your very kind letter of the 10th, with the inclosed, which I forwarded according to the directions. No apologies about that, for I am very glad to be the *entrepôt* between you and whoever you correspond with. White protests that he troubled you with a letter, long since the time mentioned in your's. For these three months he has been confined with the gout, and is but just got about me again. But neither could he, nor I myself, have given you any account of my most unaccountable illness, for I am ill, better, and worse, within the space of every half hour; all that I know is, that it is a miserable latter end of life. But it would not be reasonable in me to complain, as the former part was happier than I could in justice pretend to.

I said nothing to you upon the death of your brother (*a*); I never upon those occasions do, where I am sure the concern is sincere: yours, I dare say, was so; but you had this just reflection to comfort you, that he left a good character, and a reasonable fortune to his family, behind him.

Adieu, my dear lord; my head will not be held down any longer.

Yours sincerely,

CHESTERFIELD.

(*a*) The bishop's brother, colonel Chenevix, of the Carabineers