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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 XXXI. To The Same.

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L E T T E R XXX.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, Sept. 8, 1757.

I Was very glad to hear of your safe arrival on the other side of the water, and that you found the part of your family, which you had left there, so well; I hope that part of it which you took with you from hence will, by time and care, be as well too. My own health, which I know you always interest yourself in, gives me nothing to brag of. About three weeks ago, I had a return of my disorder; it is now gone off, and I am again in that state of vegetation, in which you left me. In about a month or six weeks, I propose going to Bath, which always gives me a reprieve, but never a free pardon. The halter is always about my neck, and that you will allow to be rather an uncomfortable state of life.

From this hermitage you must expect no news: news does not become an hermitage, but truth does; and *foi d'hermite* (on the faith of an hermit) I am

Your sincere and faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R XXXI.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, Nov. 22, 1757.

MY DEAR LORD,

I Shall make but a very unsatisfactory return to your kind inquiries and sollicitude about my health, when I tell you, that but three days ago I had a very strong attack of my illness, which has left me still weak and languid. I
thought

thought myself the better for the waters, which I have now drank a month, till this relapse came and undeceived me. All mineral waters, and the whole *materia medica*, lose their efficacy upon my shattered carcase; and the enemy within is too hard for them. I bear it all with patience, and without melancholy, because I must bear it whether I will or no. Physical ills are the taxes laid upon this wretched life; some are taxed higher, and some lower, but all pay something. My philosophy teaches me to reflect, how much higher, rather than how much lower, I might have been taxed. How gentle are my physical ills, compared with the exquisite torments of gout, stone, &c. ! The faculties of my mind are, thank God, not yet much impaired; and they comfort me in my worst moments, and amuse me in the best.

I read with more pleasure than ever; perhaps, because it is the only pleasure I have left. For, since I am struck out of living company by my deafness, I have recourse to the dead whom alone I can hear; and I have assigned them their stated hours of audience. *Solid folios* are the people of business, with whom I converse in the morning. *Quartos* are the easier mixed company, with whom I sit after dinner; and I pass my evenings in the light, and often frivolous, *chit-chat* of small *octavos* and *duodecimos*. This, upon the whole, hinders me from wishing for death, while other considerations hinder me from fearing it.

Does lord Clanbrassil bring in his register bill this session? If he can keep it short, clear, and mild, it will be, in my opinion, a very good one. Some time or other, though God knows when, it will be found out in Ireland, that the popish religion and influence cannot be subdued by force, but may be undermined and destroyed by art. Allow the papists to buy lands, let and take leases equally with the protestants, but subject to the *gavel* act, which will always have its effect upon their posterity at least. Tye them down to the government by the tender but strong bonds of landed property, which the pope will have much ado to dissolve, notwithstanding his power of loosening and binding. Use those who come over to you, though perhaps only seemingly at first, well and kindly, instead of looking for their cloven feet and their tails as you do now. Increase both
your

your number, and your care of the protestant charter schools. Make your penal laws extremely mild, and then put them strictly in execution.

Hæ tibi erunt artes.

(These will be your arts.)

This would do in time, and nothing else will, or ought. I would as soon murder a man for his estate, as prosecute him for his religious and speculative errors; and, since I am in a way of quoting verses, I will give you three out of Walsh's famous ode to King William,

Nor think it a sufficient cause,
To punish men by penal laws,
For not believing right.

I am very glad that your daughter is recovered. I am glad that you are well, and whatever you are glad of will, upon my word, gladden,

Your faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R XXXII.

TO THE SAME.

London, March 23, 1758.

MY DEAR LORD,

I Find by your letter to madame d'Elitz*, that my two last to you miscarried; for, upon my word, since my return from Bath I have sent you two letters, one of them particularly with my opinion upon lord Clanbrassil's bill. We have neither of us any reason to regret their loss; nor should I do it if my supposed silence had not given you uneasiness, and

* Sister to the countess of Chesterfield.