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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 XXXII. To The Same.

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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.

made you suspect very unjustly a change in my sentiments towards you. Be assured that can never happen, I am so well convinced of yours for me: my disorders in my head may, and do very often, render me incapable of writing; but they cannot affect my heart, which will always be warm for my friends: and I am very sure that you are of that number.

Lord Clanbrassil's bill is thrown out at last, and perhaps never the worse, though I approved of it; but it would be so altered and mangled before it had passed the two houses, that it would have been worse than none.

My health and strength decay daily, and of course my spirits. The idle dream of this world is over with me; I am tired of being every thing but of being

Your faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER XXXIII.

TO THE SAME.

London, April 14, 1758.

MY DEAR LORD,

I Received your kind letter of the 7th. The post is favourable to us both, for I receive your letters, and you escape mine, which are not worth your receiving, but from the interest you take in the health of a faithful friend. I should rather have used the word existence, than that of health, not having been acquainted with the thing these two or three years. I am now comparatively better than I have been this winter, but very far from being what a healthy man would call well. That degree of health I give up entirely; I might as well expect rejuvenescence.

your