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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 XL. To The Same.

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You are not quite so philosophical in Ireland, where all the tourbillons of Descartes seem to be in the most rapid motion. What do your mobs mean? The Hibernian spirits are exceedingly inflammable. Lenients and refrigeratives will cool and quiet them.

I am very sorry that your daughter's lameness seems incurable, for I heartily wish well to every limb of your family, and am

Your most sincere and faithful servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

P. S. Lady Chesterfield bids me assure you of her service and esteem.

LETTER XL.

TO THE SAME.

London, Jan. 22, 1760.

MY DEAR LORD,

WHEN I received your last letter, I was not in a condition to answer, and hardly to read it; I was so extremely ill, that I little thought that I should live to the date of this letter. I have within these few months more than once seen death very near, and when one does see it near, let the best or the worst people say what they please, it is a very serious consideration. I thank God, I saw it without very great terrors, but at the same time the divine attribute of mercy, which gives us comfort, cannot make us forget, nor ought it, his attribute of justice, which must blend some fears with our hopes. The faculty tell me that I am now much better, and to be sure I am so, compared with what I was a fortnight ago, but however still in a very weak and lingering condition, not likely in my opinion to hold out long; but whether my end be more or less remote, I know I am tottering upon the brink of this

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world,

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world, and my thoughts are employed about the other. However, while I crawl upon this planet, I think myself obliged to do what good I can, in my narrow domestic sphere, to my fellow creatures, and to wish them all the good I cannot do. What share you will always have in those wishes, our long friendship, and your own merit, which I have so long known, will best tell you.

I am, with great truth and just esteem,

Your most faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER XLI.

TO THE SAME.

London, April 29, 1760.

MY DEAR LORD,

MR. des Voeux brought me your kind letter, and will send me (for he is gone to Germany) his Ecclesiastes as soon as it comes out. *A propos* of that book, I hope you have seen Voltaire's *précis* of it in verse. Nothing in my mind can be finer, than both the sense and poetry of it; for fear that you should not have seen it, I will give you two passages out of it, that struck me exceedingly.

Dieu nous donna les biens, il veut qu'on en jouisse,
Mais n'oubliez jamais leur cause et leur auteur,
Et lorsque vous goûtez sa divine faveur,
O! mortels gardez vous d'oublier sa justice*.

* These lines may be thus rendered in English:

God gave us blessings, freely to enjoy;
Mortals! remember from whose hand they came,
And, while you taste his gracious gifts with joy,
Both love and reverence his awful name.

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