



UNIVERSITÄTS-
BIBLIOTHEK
PADERBORN

Universitätsbibliothek Paderborn

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 LIII. To The Same.

[urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-52077](https://nbn-resolving.org/urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-52077)

You have acted in the affair of the charities as becomes your ecclesiastical character, and your private character of integrity and charity as a man, in endeavouring to detect, if you cannot punish, those sacrilegious frauds, in diverting to infamous political jobs, the sums of money bequeathed and appropriated for the relief of the poor. That I call sacrilege in the highest degree, if giving to the poor be, as undoubtedly it is, lending to God. This is a much more criminal sacrilege than stealing an old pulpit cloth out of a parish church, that can do as well without it, and which, though canonically called sacrilege, is, in my mind, but humble robbery. Go on then, my good lord, and detect not only the thieves, but those who connive at them. Thou sawest a thief, and consentedst unto him, was formerly the description of a very bad character, and should be so still, unless your doctors of divinity will say, like Moliere's doctor of physic, *nous avons changé tout cela*, (we have altered all that.) Good night, my dear lord.

Yours most faithfully,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R LIII.

T O T H E S A M E.

London, Mar. 17, 1764.

M Y D E A R L O R D,

YOUR last letter, which I received this week, made me two letters in your debt; but you are so used to my bad payment, that I am sure you will excuse it, especially when you consider that people of quality seldom pay at all, whereas I sometimes pay something in part, and upon account.

I assure you it is no compliment, but a literal truth, when I tell you that I have the *warmest* sense of your kindness,

kindness, in providing my old and chilled carcase, with such a quantity of flannel. I have cut my waistcoats according to my cloth, and they come half way down my thighs.

I am told you are all together by the ears in Ireland. We are so here too; and it will always be so, while avarice and ambition triumph over reason and virtue. Adieu, my dear lord. I am

Most faithfully yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R L I V .

T O T H E S A M E .

Blackheath, Oct. 1, 1764.

I HAVE been a long time in your debt, but I hope that my age and infirmities give me some privileges to compensate a little for the loss of youth and health. I am past the age at which a Roman soldier was *rudè donatus*, which some have translated, *given to be rude*. I adopt that version. Since your friendship for me makes you solicitous to have accounts of my health, I will tell you that I am neither better nor worse than when you heard from me last. I am never free from physical ills of one kind or another, but use and patience make them supportable; and I own this obligation to them, that they have cured me of worse ills than themselves, I mean moral ills, for they have given me leisure to examine, and reflection to subdue, all my passions. I think only of doing my duty to my Creator, and to my fellow-created beings, and *omnis in hoc sum* (this is my only object.)

Are you a grandfather in embryo yet? That ought by this time to be manifest. When you shall be really so, may your grand-children give you as much satisfaction as your own children have done!

Good night, my dear lord; I am most affectionately yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

P. S. Lady Chesterfield desires me to add her compliments to all.

L E T .