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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 LVI. To The Same.

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I propose going to Bath in about three weeks, for half repairs at most, whole ones I do not pretend to: my wretched vessel is too much shattered to be ever fit for sailing again. May yours sail easily and safely many years!

I am, my dear lord,

Yours most affectionately and faithfully,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R LVI.

TO THE SAME.

London, Jan. 26, 1766.

MY DEAR LORD,

THOUGH I too long delayed sending you my wishes of this season, I am sure you did me the justice to believe that I formed them as heartily and sincerely for you, as you could do for me; and more I think cannot be said on either side. We have known one another too long to have any doubts upon that subject.

The business of pamphleteering, I find, is not monopolized on this side of the channel; for I have lately read two or three angry papers, and one of them squirted out by my friend Dr. Lucas. Surely your government will be wise enough not to take any notice of them. Punishment will make sectaries and political writers considerable, when their own works would not; and if my friend Lucas had not been persecuted under lord Harrington's government, I believe he would have been, long before this, only a good apothecary, instead of a scurvy politician. I remember, at the latter end of queen Anne's reign, there was a great number of fanatics, who said they had, and very possibly really thought they had, the gift of prophecy. They used to assemble in Moorfields to exert that gift, and were attended by a vast number of idle and curious spectators. The then ministry,

nistry, who loved a little persecution well enough, was however wise enough not to disturb these madmen, and only ordered one Powel, who was the master of a famous puppet-show, to make Punch turn prophet, which he did so well, that it soon put an end to the prophets and their prophecies.

I have been *unwell* of late, and have been let blood twice this week, which has done me so much good, that I am now better than I was before my disorder; but, well or *unwell*, I am always,

My dear lord,

Yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R LVII.

TO THE SAME.

London, May 17, 1766.

M Y D E A R L O R D,

I Received your kind letter yesterday, and forwarded the inclosed according to your directions. It is true I was long in your debt; but it is as true too, that I am no longer, as I once was, the pen of a ready writer; both my head and my hand seem to decline writing; in short, *Non sum qualis eram* (I am no more the man I formerly was). My state of health, which you are always kindly inquisitive about, is just as you left it. I am too old to expect it to mend, and thank God it declines but gently, and I rather glide than tumble down hill.

I heartily congratulate you upon the good effects of your bill, and it is almost pity that you have no sins for this act of charity to cover. Adieu, my dear lord.

I am most faithfully yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

P. S. My compliments to your son.

LET.