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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 V. To The Same.

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## LETTER V.

T O T H E S A M E.

London, January 16, 1759.

MY WORTHY FRIEND,

I FIND with pleasure that you do not forget your old friends, though become useles to you, to themselves, and to the whole world. Dr. Lawson's lectures which I received from you last week, were a most welcome proof of it. I have read them with all the satisfaction that I expected, from my knowledge and esteem of the author. His design is laudable, and his endeavours able, but yet I will not answer for his success. His plan requires much study, and application, and consequently much time; three things that few people will care to bestow upon so trifling an accomplishment as that of speaking well. For in truth, what is the use of speaking, but to be understood, and if one is but understood, surely one speaks well enough of all conscience. But allowing a certain degree of eloquence to be desirable upon some occasions, there is a much easier and shorter way of coming at it, than that which Dr. Lawson proposes, for Horace says (and Horace you know can never be in the wrong) *Fœcundi calices quem non fecere disertum?* Now if a man has nothing to do, but to drink a great deal in order to be eloquent (that is as long as he can speak at all) I will venture to say that Ireland will be, what ancient Greece was, the most eloquent nation in the world without Dr. Lawson's assistance, and even without loss of time or business. I must observe to you by the way, that the Roman *Calix* was not a certain stated measure, but signified a glass, a tumbler, a pot, or any vessel that contained wine, so that by the rule of *pars pro toto*; it may perhaps be extended to a cooper, which



which contains a torrent of this potable eloquence. However, make my compliments to Dr. Lawson, and return him my thanks for the flattering mention he has made of me, in his excellent work; I wish I deserved it as well, as he did *something* which he has not got.

I am your faithful friend,

CHESTERFIELD.

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LETTER VI.

T O T H E S A M E.

London, February 7, 1760.

MY WORTHY FRIEND,

WHAT mean all these disturbances in Ireland? I fear you do not exert, for I cannot suppose that you have lost, that authority, which your impartiality, dignity, and gravity had so deservedly procured you. You know I always considered Virgil's *pietate gravem virum* as your prototype, and like him, you have allayed former popular commotions, and calmed civil disturbances. You will perhaps tell me that no dignity, no authority whatsoever can restrain or quiet the fury of a multitude drunk with whisky. But then if you cannot, who can? Will the multitude enraged with whisky, be checked and kept within bounds by their betters who are full as drunk as they are, only with claret? no. You are the only neutral power now in Ireland, equally untainted by the outrageous effects of whiskey, or the dull stupefaction of claret; and therefore I require from you, *Ne quid detrimenti capiat Respublica. Capesse Rempubli-*

Do you really mean to turn my head with the repeated doses of flattery which you have lately sent me? Consider