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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 VIII. To The Same.

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LETTER VIII.

TO THE SAME.

London, January 4, 1763.

MY WORTHY FRIEND,

MANY thanks to you for your letter, many thanks to you for your almanack, and more thanks to you, for your friend Swift's works, in which last, to borrow an expression of Cibber's, you have outdone your usual outdoings; for the paper is white-ish, and the ink is black-ish, I only wish that the margin had been a little broader; however, without flattery, it beats Elziver, Aldus, Vascofan, and I make no doubt but that in seven or eight hundred years, the learned and the curious in those times, will, like the learned and the curious in these, who prefer the impression of a book to the matter of it, collect with pains and expence all the books that were published ex Typographia Faulkneriana.—But I am impatient to congratulate you upon your late triumph; you have made (if you will forgive a quibble upon so serious a subject) your enemy your Foot-stool; a victory which the divine Socrates had not influence enough to obtain at Athens over Aristophanes, nor the great Pompey at Rome, over the actor who had the insolence to abuse him under the name of Magnus, by which he was universally known, and to tell him from the stage, *Miseris nostris Magnus Magnus es.* A man of less philosophy than yourself, would perhaps, have chastised Mr. Foote corporally, and have made him feel that your wooden leg which he mimicked, had an avenging arm to protect it; but you scorned so inglorious a victory, and called justice, and the laws of your country to punish the criminal, and to avenge your cause. You triumphed; and I heartily join my weak voice, to the loud acclamations of the good citizens of Dublin upon this occasion. I take it
for

for granted that some of your many tributary wits have already presented you with gratulatory poems, odes, &c. upon this subject; I own I had some thoughts myself of inscribing a short poem to you upon your triumph, but to tell you the truth, when I had writ not above two thousand verses of it, my muse forsook me, my poetic vein stopped, I threw away my pen, and I burned my poem, to the irreparable loss not only of the present age, but also of latest posterity.

I very seriously and sincerely wish you a great many very happy new years, and am,

Your most faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

I like your messenger, young Dunkin, mightily; he is a very sensible well behaved young man.

L E T T E R IX.

T O T H E S A M E:

London, May 22, 1766.

M Y W O R T H Y F R I E N D,

YOU reproach me gently, but with seeming justice for my long silence; I confess the fact, but think that I can, in some degree at least, excuse it. I am grown very old, and both my mind and my body feel the sad effects of old age. All the parts of my body now refuse me their former assistance, and my mind, (if I may use that expression) flutters and is as unready as any part of my body. Under these circumstances, it is no wonder that I delayed writing to such a critic and philosopher as you are. However I will now trust to your indulgence.

I thank you for the book you sent me, in which there is great labour and great learning, but I confess that it
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