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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 XI. To The Same.

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LETTER XI.

TO THE SAME.

London, March 25, 1769.

MY WORTHY FRIEND,

AVIOLENT inflammation in my eyes, which is not yet quite removed, hindered me from acknowledging your last letter sooner; I regretted this delay the more, as I was extremely impatient to return, through you, my heartiest thanks to the Dublin Society, for the honor they have done me, by remembering in so advantageous a manner, and after so long an interval, an old and hearty friend and well-wisher. Pray tell them that I am much prouder of the place they have given me amongst those excellent citizens, my old friends Prior, Madden, Swift, &c. who benefitted and improved mankind, than I should be of one amongst heroes, conquerors and monarchs, who generally disturb and destroy their species. I did nothing for the Society but what every body, in my then situation, must and would have done; so that I have not the least merit upon that score; and I was aware that jobs would creep into the Society, as they do now into every society in England, as well as in Ireland, but neither that fear nor that danger should hinder one from founding or encouraging establishments that are in the main useful. Considering the times, I am afraid it is necessary that jobs should come, and all one can do is to say, woe be to him from whom the job cometh, and to extract what public good one can out of it. You give me great pleasure in telling me that drinking is a good deal lessened; may it diminish more and more every day. I am convinced that could an exact calculation be made of what Ireland has lost within these last fifty years in its trade, manufactures, manners and morals by drunkenness, the sum total would frighten the most determined guzzler of either claret or whiskey, into sobriety.

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I have received, and thank you for, the volumes you sent me of Swift, whom you have enriched me with in every shape and size. Your liberality makes me ashamed, and I could wish that you would rather be my book-seller, than my book-giver. Adieu, I am very sincerely,

Your faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER XII.

TO THE SAME.

London, January 2, 1770.

MY WORTHY FRIEND,

I RETURN you many thanks for your letter, with the inclosed papers which I received yesterday. You say with great truth that you are all in confusion in Ireland, but I will say nothing upon that subject. I am much obliged to the Dublin Society for thinking my busto worth putting up among so many better heads; my head never did Ireland much good; but upon my word, my heart always wished it, and if it loves me a little, it is but love for love. There is a spirit of dissatisfaction among you, but I hope it will not run into faction, which is too much the case in England at present; be angry, but sin not. I am sorry to find by your votes, that you persist in your militia scheme. Of your five or six thousand militia men there will be at least one half Papists, and would you put arms in their hands, and discipline in their heads? Those who were the most for the militia here at first are sick of it now, and have at last
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