



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 LXXXV. To The Same.

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

## L E T T E R LXXXV.

TO THE SAME.

London, Dec. 29, 1753.

S I R,

I Thought at least that I perfectly understood the meaning of all your disputes in Ireland, while they related only to the roasting or the *Boyleing* (pardon a written quibble) of Arthur Jones Nevil Esq; and I heard of them with the same indifference with which I formerly heard of those of Charles Lucas, apothecary. Those objects were indifferent to me, because I thought them so to Ireland; and I humbly apprehended that the only point in question was the old one, who should govern the governor. But now I confess my indifference ceases, and my astonishment and concern, as a sincere well-wisher to Ireland, begin. I cannot comprehend this last point carried by five, which was merely national, and which has excited such general joy and drunkenness; and I have the failing of all little minds, I am apt to suspect and dislike whatever I do not understand. I know nothing of the arguments on either side, nor how groundless, or how well grounded, they may severally be; but this I know, that the dispute, being now become national, must come to a decision, and how favourable to Ireland that decision is likely to be, the enemies of Ireland will, I fear, foresee and foretell with pleasure. I observe that whole provinces splendidly proclaim in the news papers the Bacchanals they have lately celebrated; that of Munster has in particular favoured the public with a list of the toasts, in which, I think, I discover all the guards of prudence, all the depths of policy, and all the urbanity of refined and delicate satire. I am informed too that these disputes have, to a great degree, revived that antient, Gothick, humane, sensible, and equitable method of decision of right and wrong, the *duellum*, or single combat. In short, you are all in a violent fever, not without some paroxysms of delirium,  
for

for which I fear your father in law and my friend Dr. Barry, whom I very sincerely love and esteem, has no cure. Pray tell him that I do not take this (to use our terms of physic) to be the *febricula*, or slow fever, but a high and inflammatory one, *mali moris*, and subject to exacerbations.

Friends may, and often do, among themselves, laugh and quibble upon subjects, in which however they take a very serious part. I have done so with you, though, upon my word, I am truly affected with the present situation of affairs in Ireland, from which I expect no one good, but fear many ill, consequences. Your own personal situation at Dublin, I should imagine, cannot be now very agreeable, and therefore, as you have, for so long together, discharged the duties of a diligent, indefatigable officer, (and husband too I hope) why should you not come over here, to see *your uncle* and other friends? among whom you will, I can assure you, see none more truly and sincerely so, than

Your most faithful humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

---

L E T T E R LXXXVI.

TO THE SAME.

London, Mar. 7, 1754.

S I R,

A Long and painful illness has hindered me from thanking you sooner for the favour of your letters, which contained very clear accounts of the late important transactions in Ireland. However strong the ferment may still be, I will venture to affirm that it must and will subside to a certain degree, before the next session of parliament, I mean with regard to the national point. It is not tenable, and upon cooler thoughts will, I am convinced, appear so to many of those who, from personal piques and sudden heat, were hurried into