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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 LXXXVI. To The Same.

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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.

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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



into it. I dare answer for it that the speaker himself wishes that it had never been stirred, and I dare say will contrive to have it dropped in the next session. I am sure he wishes well to his country, and upon reflection he must be sensible that a national dispute with England upon a point so intirely unsupported by either law or prudence, can by no means tend to the good of Ireland. Dr. Barry, I know, thinks exactly as I do upon this subject, and I dare say will administer, whenever he is consulted, emollient, quieting, and cooling medicines. If it would but please God, by his lightning, to blast all the vines in the world, and by his thunder to turn all the wines now in Ireland sour, as I most sincerely wish he would, Ireland would enjoy a degree of quiet and plenty that it has never yet known. By the way, I am not so partial neither to Ireland, as not to pray for the same blessing for this my native country, notwithstanding the grief and desolation which I know it would occasion in our two learned universities, the body of our clergy, and among our knights of shires, burgeses, &c. and in general among all those worthy honest gentlemen, who toast and are toasted. But I will leave these public considerations, of which I am a remote and insignificant spectator, and indulge the tender sentiments of private friendship. Is it possible that my worthy friend, George Faulkner, can even for a moment have seen a vile cudgel impending over his head? Who can think himself safe, when gravity of deportment, dignity of character, candor, impartiality, and even a wooden leg, are no longer a protection? This rough manner of treating a man of letters, which my friend must be allowed to be, implies perhaps more zeal than knowledge; at least I never met with it among the canons of criticism. If my friend discovered upon this occasion some degree of human weakness, his other half, at least, exerted the undaunted spirit of a Roman wife. Why is she not lady Faulkner? And why are they not blessed with a numerous issue, the happy compound of their father's stoicism, and their mother's heroism? I have had several packets from my friend since this affair happened, but he has never touched upon it, prudently observing, I presume, the advice of Horace, *Quæ desperes tractata nitescere posse, relinque.* (Whatever cannot be improved by handling, is best let alone.)

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