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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 IX. To The Same.

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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.

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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,

**Y**OU 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  
is

is a great deal above me, and I am now too old to begin to learn Celtick.

Your septennial patriotick bill, is unfortunately lost here, and I humbly presume to the great joy of the patriots who brought it in, to whom one may apply what has hitherto been charged as a blunder upon our country, that *they have got a loss*. It is not the case with a Habeas Corpus act, if you can ever get one, and were no body wiser than I, you should have one to-day; for I think every human creature has a right to liberty, which cannot with justice be taken from him, unless he forfeits it by some crime.

I cannot help observing, and with some satisfaction, that Heaven has avenged your cause, as well and still more severely, than the courts of temporal justice in Ireland did, having punished your adversary Foote in the part offending. The vulgar saying that mocking is catching, is verified in his case, you may in your turn mock him, without danger to your adopted leg.

Adieu, my good friend, be as well as ever you can, and as serenely chearful as you please. I need not bid you grow rich, for you have taken good care of that already, and if you were now to grow richer, you would be overgrown, and after all, *est modus in rebus*. I am very seriously and truly,

Your faithful servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

A C A R D.

**L**ORD CHESTERFIELD sends his compliments to his good friend Mr. Faulkner, hungers and thirsts after him, and hopes that he will take some mutton with him at Blackheath, any day or days that he has leisure.

Blackheath, August 13, 1766

V O L. I.

Y

L E T.