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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**

Lord Chesterfield's Letters, To Alderman George Faulkner, Dr. Madden, Mr.
Sexton, Mr. Derrick, and the Earl of Arran.

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LORD CHESTERFIELD'S

L E T T E R S,

T O

ALDERMAN GEORGE FAULKNER,

Dr. MADDEN, Mr. SEXTON,

Mr. DERRICK, and the EARL of ARRAN.

Vol. I.

X

LORD CHESTERFIELD'S

LETTERS

TO

ALDERMAN GEORGE FAULKNER

BY MADDEN, MR. SEXTON,

MR. DERRICK, and the EARL of ARBUTHNOT.

X

Vol. I



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LORD CHESTERFIELD'S
LETTERS.

LETTER I.

TO GEORGE FAULKNER, ESQUIRE.

London, September 17, 1748.

MY GOOD FRIEND,

I AM much obliged to you for the marks of your remembrance and friendship which you send me from time to time. The Sermon of Robert Hort, A. M. is certainly of a very singular nature, but as you do not give me your opinion upon it, I shall not give you mine. Possibly indeed we have neither of us formed one. Thus much only I will say, and that very sincerely; that if Mr. Hort is in the right, I heartily wish that you may live to see and feel, that general *Restoration* and *Perfection of all things*; as by the one you will recover your natural leg, and by the other, the letter of your Journal will be as black as ink, and the paper as white as snow, which I reckon, make up the perfection of a Journal. But whatever may be the state of printing in those days, however black your letter, however white your paper, I observe with concern that you are not likely to have Mr. Hort's custom or interest, his sermon being printed by S. Powell. In the mean time I hope business goes on well, and that you print and sell a great number of books, whether they

X 2

are

are read or not. If they become but fashionable furniture it will serve your purpose as well, or it may be better; for if people bought no more books than they intended to read, and no more swords than they intended to use, the two worst trades in Europe, would be a Bookfeller's and a Sword-cutler's; but luckily for both, they are reckoned genteel ornaments. Here has been lately published the first volumè of a History of the Popes, by one Mr. Bower, who was a Jesuit at Rome. It is extremely well wrote, and I believe it would be very well worth your while to print an octavo edition of it at Dublin; for our edition here is a large quarto, and consequently an expensive one. When finished, it will be four quartos. As yet no lesser edition has appeared here. In this, or any other undertaking, I assure you, that no body can wish you more sincerely well, than

Your friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

As I know you often see the Chief Baron, whom I esteem and honor much, pray make him my compliments.

LETTER II.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, November 11, 1752.

MY GOOD FRIEND,

YOU judged very rightly (as you always do) in thinking that I have the greatest esteem for the works of the bishop of Cloyne, and you acted very kindly (as you always do too) in sending them to me; I have since received them from the bishop himself, but feloniously printed in London by Tonson and Draper, and like most
 stolen

stolen goods strangely altered and disguised, as well by larger and whiter paper, as by ink of the blackest dye. I always expect your packets with impatience, and receive them with pleasure; but that pleasure would be much more complete, if some productions of your own now and then accompanied the excellent ones which you send me of other people. I must freely tell you that you have been long enough the celebrated and successful man-midwife of other people's conceptions, and it is now high time that you should take up the other end of the business, and beget, conceive, and bear fruit yourself. The most illustrious of your predecessors did so. The Stephens's, the Alduses, and many others, acted as men-midwives to the greatest authors, but then they acted as men too, and begot, as well as delivered: and indeed there is such a relation and connection between those two operations, that it is next to impossible that one who has been so able as you have been in the one, should be deficient in the other. You have moreover one advantage which the greatest of your typographical predecessors had not. They were never personally acquainted with Horace, Virgil, Cicero, and others whose productions they brought to light, but were obliged to exhibit them in the, always imperfect, often deformed, state in which they found them, in ragged and worm-eaten vellum and parchment. Whereas you have been always at the fountain head; you have not only printed and read, but you have heard Swift, Berkeley, and all the best authors of the Irish Augustan age. You have conversed with, you have been informed, and to my knowledge consulted by, them. Should you ask me, my friend, what sort of work I would particularly point out to you, I can only answer, consult your genius, which will best direct you; if it does not lead you, or rather hurry you, whether you will or not, into poetry, do not attempt verse, but take the more common manner of writing, which is prose. Cicero himself had better have done so. A *Typographia Hibernica*, which no man in the kingdom is more capable of doing well than yourself, would be a useful work, and becoming your character.

character.

character. I do not recommend to you any ludicrous performances; they must flow naturally, or they are good for nothing; and though, were it only by your long and amicable collision with Sheridan, Delany, Swift and others, you must be very strongly impregnated with particles of wit and humour, yet I take your natural turn to be grave and philosophical. A collection of *Anas* would admit of all subjects, and in a volume or two of *Swiftiana*, you might both give and take a sample of yourself, by slipping in some *Faulkneriana*; the success of which, would, I am persuaded, engage you to go further. Biography should in my mind be your next step, for which you appear to be thoroughly qualified, by the clear and impartial accounts, which your hebdomadal labours give of the deaths of all people of note. History would soon follow, which in truth you have been writing these many years, though perhaps without thinking so; what is history but a collection of facts and dates? Your Journal is a collection of facts and dates; then, what is your Journal but history? Our friend the chief baron, with whom I have often talked upon this subject, has always agreed with me, that in the fitness of things it was necessary you should be an Author, and I am very sure that if you consult him he will join with me in exhorting you to set about it forthwith. Whenever you assume that character, I claim a very strong dedication with the first copy of the work, as an old friend, which, joking a-part, I sincerely am, and

Your humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LET-

LETTER III.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, September 15, 1753.

MY WORTHY FRIEND,

THOUGH I am very sorry for your quarrels in Ireland, by which I am sure the public must suffer, let who will prevail; I gladly accept your kind offer of sending me the controversial productions of the belligerent parties. Pray do not think any of those polemical pieces too low, too grub-street, or too scurrilous to send me, for I have leisure to read them all, and prefer them infinitely to all other controversial performances. I have often wished, and wish it now more than ever, that you were in parliament, where, in my opinion, your coolness, gravity, and impartiality would greatly contribute to calm if not to cure those animosities. Virgil seems prophetically to have pointed at you, in his description of a person qualified to sooth and moderate popular tumults. These are the lines, which will perhaps be more intelligible to us both in Dryden's translation, than in the original.

If then some grave and pious man appear,
They hush their noise, and lend a listening ear;
He sooths with sober words their angry mood,
And quenches their innate desire of blood.

I am not very superstitious, but I am persuaded that, if you were to try the *Sortes Virgilianæ*, you would open the book at that very place. That incomparable and religious prince, king Charles the first, consulted them with great faith, and to his great information.

There

There is one thing which I would much rather know, than all the contending parties in Ireland say or write against each other, and that is, your real sentiments upon the whole; but all that I know of them, is that I never shall know them, such is your candour, and such is your caution. The celebrated Atticus seems to me to have been your prototype. He kept well with all parties, so do you; he was trusted and consulted by individuals on all sides, so are you; he wrote some histories, so have you; he was the most eminent bookseller of the age he lived in, so are you; and he died immensely rich, and so will you. It is true he was a knight, and you are not, but that you know is your own fault; and he was an epicurean, and you are a stoic.

For the next seven weeks pray direct your packets to me at Bath, where I am going next week, as deaf as ever your friend the Dean was, and full as much, though not so profitably,

Your friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

Pray make my compliments to our friend Mr. Bristow when you see him.

LETTER IV.

TO THE SAME.

London, April 13, 1754.

MY WORTHY FRIEND,

THESE things never happened to your prototype Atticus, even in the height and rage of the civil dissensions at Rome, and yet I will venture to affirm that he neither was, nor could be more prudent, cautious, and circumspect, than yourself. But there is a chance, a fatality,

a fatality, which we cannot define, that attends particular men, and particular times. Pompey the Great was publicly insulted upon the Roman stage, and the actor obliged to repeat that part a second and a third time; and you my friend, it seems, have been most unaccountably, and unjustly I will add, disturbed for a slight omission in your weekly historical labours. I have upon this occasion searched for precedents among all the best Greek and Latin historians, and I cannot find the drinking of any one political health, recorded by any one of them. Perhaps the Greeks and Romans had not parts enough to invent those ingenious toasts which make so shining a figure in the late annals of Ireland, and possibly it might not occur to them, that the health of any particular day or event long past, could with any propriety be drunk, or perhaps the injudicious historians might think the mention of them below the dignity of history; but be that as it will, it is certain that neither Thucydides, Xenophon, Livy, nor Tacitus, say one word of bumpers, toasts, political, loyal or patriot healths. You stand therefore fully justified by precedents. But however, as wise men will to a certain degree conform to prevailing though perhaps absurd customs; why should you not repair your omission by a more minute and circumstantial account of those elegant drinking bouts or *Symposia* than any of your co-temporary historians have yet thought fit to give? Why not relate circumstantially the convivial wit and urbanity of those polite computations, the serious, the jocular, the ironical, and satyrical toasts, the numbers of bottles guzzled down and spewed up again, the political discourses and plans of government attempted, and now and then interrupted by hiccups and four eructations, the downfall of heroes weltering in their vomit, and in short the exact detail of those *Noctes Atticæ*. The style of your late friend the Dean, of which you are master, seems admirably adapted to this descriptive part of your historical works, and one way or another you would please all your readers by it. The performers themselves must be glad to see their achievements recorded and transmitted to posterity.

Their

Their enemies perhaps (such is the malignity of the human heart) would not be sorry. Only sober people would or could object to it, and they are too few, and too inconsiderable to deserve your attention.

The riot at the play-house was so extraordinary a one and lasted so long, that I cannot imagine where the civil magistrate, assisted by the military force, was all that time; I am sorry for Sheridan's loss, but I carry my thoughts much farther; and I consider all these events, as they may in their consequences affect you; the precedent seems a dangerous one, and *proximus ardet Eucalegon*. I take the play-house to be the shop of the proprietor, and the plays that he acts his goods, which those that do not like them, are not obliged to take, and need not go to his shop; but those who enter it forcibly, destroy his scenes, benches, &c. are perhaps a more dangerous sort of shop-lifters. Now consider my friend, the near relation that there is between your shop and Mr. Sheridan's. You have, I believe, printed all that he has ever acted, and a great deal more. If therefore these vigorous correctors of the theatre, should take it into their heads to be likewise the correctors of your press, what might be the consequence? I will not anticipate by conjectures so gloomy a scene, but I will only say with the bishop of St. Asaph—*our enemies will tell us with pleasure.*

Pray send me your bill for the innumerable pamphlets, sheets, and half-sheets, which you have been so kind to transmit to me from Dublin; I have, being very idle, read them all, and cannot say that many of them entertained me; but all together they gave me serious concern, to find a people that I love so divided and distracted by party feuds and animosities, of which in the mean time the public is the victim. That Providence and your own prudence may protect you, is sincerely wished by,

Your faithful friend, and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LET-

LETTER V.

T O T H E S A M E.

London, January 16, 1759.

MY WORTHY FRIEND,

I FIND with pleasure that you do not forget your old friends, though become useles to you, to themselves, and to the whole world. Dr. Lawson's lectures which I received from you last week, were a most welcome proof of it. I have read them with all the satisfaction that I expected, from my knowledge and esteem of the author. His design is laudable, and his endeavours able, but yet I will not answer for his success. His plan requires much study, and application, and consequently much time; three things that few people will care to bestow upon so trifling an accomplishment as that of speaking well. For in truth, what is the use of speaking, but to be understood, and if one is but understood, surely one speaks well enough of all conscience. But allowing a certain degree of eloquence to be desirable upon some occasions, there is a much easier and shorter way of coming at it, than that which Dr. Lawson proposes, for Horace says (and Horace you know can never be in the wrong) *Fœcundi calices quem non fecere disertum?* Now if a man has nothing to do, but to drink a great deal in order to be eloquent (that is as long as he can speak at all) I will venture to say that Ireland will be, what ancient Greece was, the most eloquent nation in the world without Dr. Lawson's assistance, and even without loss of time or business. I must observe to you by the way, that the Roman *Calix* was not a certain stated measure, but signified a glass, a tumbler, a pot, or any vessel that contained wine, so that by the rule of *pars pro toto*; it may perhaps be extended to a cooper, which

which contains a torrent of this potable eloquence. However, make my compliments to Dr. Lawson, and return him my thanks for the flattering mention he has made of me, in his excellent work; I wish I deserved it as well, as he did *something* which he has not got.

I am your faithful friend,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER VI.

T O T H E S A M E.

London, February 7, 1760.

MY WORTHY FRIEND,

WHAT mean all these disturbances in Ireland? I fear you do not exert, for I cannot suppose that you have lost, that authority, which your impartiality, dignity, and gravity had so deservedly procured you. You know I always considered Virgil's *pietate gravem virum* as your prototype, and like him, you have allayed former popular commotions, and calmed civil disturbances. You will perhaps tell me that no dignity, no authority whatsoever can restrain or quiet the fury of a multitude drunk with whisky. But then if you cannot, who can? Will the multitude enraged with whisky, be checked and kept within bounds by their betters who are full as drunk as they are, only with claret? no. You are the only neutral power now in Ireland, equally untainted by the outrageous effects of whiskey, or the dull stupefaction of claret; and therefore I require from you, *Ne quid detrimenti capiat Respublica. Capesse Rempubli-*

Do you really mean to turn my head with the repeated doses of flattery which you have lately sent me? Consider

Consider that long illness has weakened it, and that it has now none of the ballast which yours has to keep it steady. It is so apt to turn of itself, that the least breeze of flattery may over-set it. But perhaps there may be some degree of self-love in your case, for in truth, I was the only lord lieutenant that you ever absolutely governed; but do not mention this, because I am said to have had no favourite.

Let me advise you as a friend not to engage too deep in the expence of a new, and pompous quarto edition of your friend Swift. I think you may chance to be, what perhaps you would not choose to be, a considerable loser by it. Whosoever in the three kingdoms has any books at all, has Swift, and unless you have some new pieces, and those too not trifling ones to add, people will not throw away their present handy and portable octavos, for expensive and unweildly quartos. How far indeed the name (you are so much superior to quibbles, that you can bear and sometimes even smile at them) of *quartos* may help them off in Ireland, I cannot pretend to say. After all this, I am very seriously,

Your faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER VII.

TO THE SAME.

London, July 1, 1762.

MY WORTHY FRIEND,

FROM my time down to the present, you have been in possession of governing the governors of Ireland, whenever you have thought fit to meddle with business; and if you had meddled more with some, it might perhaps

haps have been better for them and better for Ireland. A proof of this truth is, that an *out* governor, no sooner received your commands, than he sent them to the *in* governor, who without delay returned him the inclosed answer, by which you know what you have to do.

I send you no news from hence, as it appears by your Journal, that you are much better informed of all that passés, and of all that does not pass than I am; but one piece of news I look upon myself in duty bound to communicate to you, as it relates singly to yourself. Would you think it, Mr. Foote, who, if I mistake not, was one of your *Symposion* while you was in London, and if so the worse man he, takes you off, as it is vulgarly called, that is, acts you in his new Farce, called the Orators. As the government here cannot properly take notice of it, would it be amiss that you should shew some spirit upon this occasion, either by way of stricture, contempt, or by bringing an action against him; I do not mean for writing the said farce, but for acting is. The doctrine of *scribere est agere* was looked upon as too hard in the case of Algernon Sidney, but my lord Coke in his incomparable notes upon Littleton, my lord chief justice Hales in his Pleas of the Crown, my lord Vaughan, Salkeld, and in short all the greatest men of the law, do, with their usual perspicuity and precision, lay it down for law that *agere est agere*. And this is exactly Mr. Foote's case with regard to you; therefore any orders that you shall think fit to send me, in this affair as to retaining counsel, filing a bill of, Faulkner versus Foote, or bringing a common action upon the case, which I should think would be the best of all, the case itself being actionable, shall be punctually executed by,

Your faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T.

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
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.

LORD 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.

LETTER X.

TO THE SAME.

London, July 7, 1767.

MY WORTHY FRIEND,

I AM to thank you, and I heartily do thank you, for your kind and welcome present. You have cloathed your old friend the Dean very richly, and suitably to his merit, and your own present dignity; but after all the poor Dean pays dear for his own fame, since every scrap of paper of his, every rebus, quibble, pun and conversation joke is to be published, because it was his. It is true his *Bagatelles*, are much better than other people's, but still many of them, I believe, he would have been sorry to have had published. How does your new dignity agree with you? do you manfully withstand the attacks of claret? or do you run into the danger to avoid the apprehension? You may set the fashion of sobriety if you please, and a singular one it will be; for I dare say that in the records of Dublin, there is no one instance to be found of a sober high-sheriff. Remember Sir William Temple's rule, and consider that every glass of wine that you drink beyond the third, is for Foote, the only enemy that I believe you have in the world. I am sure you have a friend, though a very usefess one, in,

Your faithful servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

I hope your fair fellow traveller is well.

LET-

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.

Y 2

I have

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
found

found out that it is only an addition of thirty thousand men to our regular army of twenty thousand, and full as dangerous to the constitution. I find every day more and more, that it was not without reason, that many years ago I looked upon you as the Atticus of Ireland; for in all these bustles you stand unmoved and unscathed, and enjoy the storm by growing very rich in the midst of it. Adieu, and many happy new years to you. I am very sincerely,

Your faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER XIII.

TO THE SAME.

Chesterfield House, March 11, 1771.

MY WORTHY FRIEND,

THE indifferent state of my health at present, will only allow me, to thank you (and that not with my own hand) for your friendly letter, with that from your friend to you, which I return you here inclosed, according to your desire.

I now see your Irish affairs, at too great a distance, both of time and place, to form any just opinion upon them; but this I will confess to you, that the present situation, does not at all flatter my good wishes, for the peace and prosperity of Ireland. I hope things will mend, and I am sure, there is great room for them to do so. Adieu, my friend. I am, most sincerely and faithfully,

Yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

LET-

LETTER XIV.

TO THE REV. DOCTOR SAMUEL MADDEN.

London, September 15, 1748.

S I R,

I AM very sensibly affected with the late mark which you have given me of your remembrance and friendship. I assure you that I deserve them both, as far as the truest regard for your parts and merit can entitle me to them.

Your Poem, of which I have read the first Canto with equal pleasure and attention, has (without any compliment to you) a great deal of wit and invention in it: the characters are perfectly well preserved; and the moral, which it is easy to foresee from the first Canto, is excellent. You cannot doubt of my being proud to have such a performance addressed to me; and I should be prouder of it still, if the Author's name were to appear; but, as your friend, I must confess, that I think you in the right to conceal it: for, though the moral be good, yet, as the propriety of characters has obliged you to put some warm expressions in the mouths of Venus and Cupid, some silly, or malicious people might lay hold of them, and quote them to your disadvantage. As to the Dedication, I must tell you very sincerely, and without the least false modesty, that I heartily wish you would lower it: the honest warmth of your friendship makes you view me in a more partial light, than other people do, or, upon my word, than I do myself. The few light, trifling things that I have accidentally scribbled in my youth, in the cheerfulness of company, or sometimes (it may be) inspired by wine, do by no means entitle me to the compliments which you make me as an author; and my own vanity is so far from deceiving me upon that subject, that I repent of what I have shewn,

shewn, and only value myself upon what I have had the prudence to burn.

Though my cares for Ireland are ceased, you do me but justice in being convinced that my wishes for the prosperity of that country never will cease but with my life. The best wish that I could form for it would be, that half its inhabitants were like you: nay, I would compound for twenty who would, like you, devote their thoughts, their time, and a proportionable share of their fortunes to the public good. Your late considerable benefaction to Dublin College will be a perpetual monument of your public spirit, and your love of mankind. How greatly would arts and sciences flourish in Ireland, if those, who are much better able than you are, would contribute but half as much as you do to their improvement? You shine, indeed, the more for it; but I know you well enough to know, that you would rather *prodesse quam conspici*. The Irish might be a rich and happy people, *bona si sua norint*. Free from the heavy load of debts and taxes under which the English groan, as fit for arts, sciences, industry and labour, as any people in the world, they might, notwithstanding some hard restraints which England, by a mistaken policy, has laid them under, push several branches of trade to great perfection and profit; and, not only supply themselves with every thing they want, but other nations too with many things. But jobbs and claret engross and ruin the people of fashion, and, the ordinary people (as is usual in every country) imitate them in little momentary and mistaken views of present profit, and in whiskey. As to the incorporating by Charter the Dublin Society, I see many advantages that might arise from it; but, I must at the same time own, that I foresee some dangers too. Jobbs have hitherto always accompanied charters, however they may have been calculated to prevent them. The Dublin Society has hitherto gone on extremely well, and done infinite good: why? Because that not being a permanent incorporated society, and having no employments to dispose of, and depending only for their existence on their own good behaviour, it was not a theatre for jobbers

to shew their skill upon : but, when once established by Charter, the very advantages which are expected from, and which, I believe, will attend that Charter, I fear may prove fatal. It may then become an object of party, and Parliamentary views ; (for you know how low they stoop) in which case it will become subservient to the worst, instead of the best designs. Remember the Linen-board, where the paltry dividend of a little flax-feed was become the seed of jobbs, which indeed produced one hundred fold. However, I submit my fears to your hopes ; and will do all that I can to promote that Charter which you, who I am sure have considered it in every light, seem so desirous of. Mr. Maccauley, who is now here, has brought over the rough draught of a Charter, which he and I are to meet and consider of next week. I hope your worthy fellow labourers, and my worthy friends, the bishop of Meath and Mr. Prior are well. May you long be so, for the good of mankind, and for the particular satisfaction of,

Your most sincere friend and faithful servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

I hope you will send me the other Cantos by proper opportunities, for I long to see them.

LETTER XV.

TO THE SAME.

London, November 29, 1748.

SIR,

A RETURN of my old complaint of vertigos and pains in my head, which sent me to Bath, from whence I am but lately arrived here, and that with less benefit than I hoped for, delayed till now my acknowledgments

ledgments for your last friendly letter which accompanied the remainder of your poem. I read it with great pleasure, and not without some surprize to find a work of that length continued to the end with the same spirit and fire with which it begins. Horace's great rule of *qualis ab incepto* was, I believe, never better observed. If the public receives the same pleasure from it that I have done, you will have the satisfaction of having discharged every office towards mankind, that a private citizen of the world is capable of. Your example, your fortune, and your genius, will all have been devoted to the service, the improvement, and the rational pleasures of your fellow-creatures.

I make no doubt but that the Charter for the Dublin Society, when once you shall have formed it properly among yourselves, will be granted here; and upon the whole I am much for it, and will promote it to my power; not but that I foresee some dangers on that side of the question too. Abuses have always hitherto crept into corporate bodies, and will probably, in time, creep into this too: but I hope that it will have such an effect, at first, as to make the future abuses of less consequence. The draught, which Mr. Maccauley shewed me here, of the Charter seems to have all the provisions in it, that human prudence can make against human iniquity.

Good health and long life attend you, my good friend, for the sake of mankind in general, and of that country in particular, which will ever have a great share of the warmest wishes of,

Your faithful humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T-

LETTER XVI.

T O T H E S A M E.

London, April 15, 1749.

S I R,

YOU are, I am sure, too well persuaded of my sincere regard and friendship for you, to impute my late silence to negligence or forgetfulness: but, two concurrent causes have hindered me from acknowledging your two last letters; the one was the ill state of my health; the other was the unfetled state of my person, in my migration from my old house to my new one, where I have hardly yet got pen, ink, paper and a table. This latter has, I believe, been attested to you by your son, who saw me unfurnished in my old house, and since unfetled in my new one. I have (as I told him that I would) executed your orders, with regard to my book-sellers: I have told them, more fully than I can tell you, my thoughts of the work, and have raised their impatience for some of the copies; for which they will treat with your printer. How they will sell (considering the whimsical and uncertain decision of the public in those matters) I do not know; but how they ought to sell, if the public judges right, I well know: for I never saw more wit, fancy and imagination upon any one single subject. Every one of your alterations are, in my opinion, for the better, excepting those which you say you have made in my favour, and in which I fear, the public will too justly differ from you: your partiality to me had carried you but too far before. I congratulate both you and Ireland most heartily, upon the encreasing fruits of your labours for the public good: for I am informed from all hands, that a spirit of industry diffuses itself through all Ireland; the linen manufacture gains ground daily in the South and South-west; and new manufactures arise in different parts

parts of the kingdom; all which, I will venture to say, is originally owing to your judicious and indefatigable endeavours for the good of your country. You know the nature of mankind in general, and of our countrymen in particular, (for I still think and call myself an Irishman) well enough, to know that the invitation by præmiums would be much more effectual than laws, or remote considerations of general public good, upon which few people reason well enough to be convinced that their own solid, private interest essentially depends. The Dublin Society, and, in particular, my good friends the bishop of Meath, and Prior, have seconded you very well; and it is not saying too much of them to say, that they deserve better of Ireland, than any one other set of men in it; I will not even except the parliament. The præmiums for flaxseed raised, instead of the former iniquitous distribution of it, have, I am told and believe, had very good consequences for the linen manufacture. And, as *there* was an infamous jobb got the better of, I am in hopes that all jobbs will be hindered from creeping into that excellent establishment of the Protestant Charter-Schools, which, if it be kept pure but for some years, will have a prodigious effect, as to the religious and political state of Ireland: but, if once Protestant children slip into those schools, as was attempted in my time, the end of their institution ceases. I hope the University of Dublin, that enjoys a share of your præmiums, deserves them. Our two Universities, at least, will do it no hurt, unless by their examples; for I cannot believe that their present reputations will invite people in Ireland to send their sons there. The one (Cambridge) is sunk into the lowest obscurity; and the existence of Oxford would not be known, if it were not for the treasonable spirit publicly avowed, and often exerted there. The University of Dublin has this great advantage over ours; it is one compact body, under the eye and authority of one head, who, if he is a good one, can enforce order and discipline, and establish the public exercises as he thinks proper; among which the purity and elegance of the English language ought to be particularly

particularly

ticularly attended to : for there you are apt to fail in Ireland. But, I trouble you too long, upon subjects of which you are a much better judge than I am, and upon the spot to observe. My thoughts are only *Quæ censet amicus* ; and I give them you, *Ut si cæcus iter monstrare velit*. My wishes for the prosperity of your country are as warm and as sincere, as the sentiments of regard, esteem and friendship, with which I am,

Your most faithful humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R XVII.

TO MR. SEXTON, LIMERICK.

London, April 8, 1752.

S I R,

I AM sincerely glad of the reward and encouragement which your industry hath met with. I never doubted but that it would ; for, though imaginary merit commonly complains of being unrewarded, real merit, sooner or later, in some shape or other, seldom fails of success. You have already experienced this, and will, I hope and believe, experience it every day more and more. Your Paper already wants but very little of equaling the best that any other country furnishes, and I see no reason why you should not bring it soon to such a point of perfection as to supply all the demands of Ireland, and possibly some of England ; for at present we import a great deal from other countries. Let me give you one piece of advice, though I believe you want it less than most manufacturers in Ireland. Never think your paper either good enough or cheap enough, be it ever so good or ever so cheap, but always endeavour to make it both better and cheaper ; and sacrifice a little present and precarious to
future

future and permanent profit. Acquire the public confidence in the goodness and reasonableness of your manufacture, and your fortune will be solid and lasting, both to you and your family, if they will tread in your steps.

I know a thread merchant at Rotterdam, who hath got above thirty thousand pounds by his industry, punctuality and integrity. He never let a yard of bad thread go out of his hands, and never took a farthing more than reasonable profit; by these means he hath acquired such confidence, that people make no difficulty of sending a blindman, or a child for what thread they want, sure not to be deceived either in the quantity or the quality of it. At first he got little, but then he lived low; his profits increased faster than his expence, and his expence now bears a just proportion to his fortune. Most trades-people in Ireland begin just at the other end, and therefore end so ill, as they frequently do. By what you have done it is plain you do not want these hints, and I hope your example will suggest them to those who do. I am, with that esteem, which you deserve from all Ireland, and from all those who wishes it as well as I do, Sir,

Your faithful servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER XVIII.

TO SAMUEL DERRICK, ESQ.

London, February 6, 1767.

S I R,

WHEN I left the Bath, I thought I left your throne as solidly established, as any throne in Europe. You ruled with lenity, and your subjects obeyed with chearfulness.
But

But such is the uncertainty of human affairs, that it seems a conspiracy has broke out, to distress, and even to subvert your government. I do not see what I can do at this distance to assist you, knowing no body at Bath but my brother and lord Ancram, who are both, as I am informed, much in your interest. There is a committee, you say, formed against you; form a counter committee of your most considerable friends, not forgetting two or three of our tough countrymen, who are *Mamquam Consilio promptiores*. Among gentler, but perhaps not less effectual measures, you may call ridicule into your assistance, and give their committee the name of The Committee of Safety, which was manifestly formed to destroy the then established government, and (avert the omen) did so. They begin with the reformation of your music, the Round-heads did so with the organs; but the latter meant more, and so do the former. The profit is the real cause of discord, and therefore I am afraid that some man of quality and fortune should avail himself of those civil dissentions, and come and swallow the oyster, and leave you and your antagonist only the shells. For my own part, I say, O king, live for ever. I am,

Your faithful, and loyal subject,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER XIX.

TO THE SAME.

London, March 17, 1767.

SIR,

DID I not tell you when first these little convulsions shook your throne, that they would tend to fix and establish it upon solid foundations. This hath happened, and

and I look upon your power to be, since your restoration, more permanent and more extensive than ever. It was the cause of king Charles the second upon his restoration, when all his subjects were in haste to surrender into his hands, all their rights and privileges. You are now in possession of all those at Bath, in as full and as ample a manner, as the most absolute of your predecessors (Nash) ever enjoyed them. But I must recommend to you to use your unlimited power with moderation and lenity, and to reflect, that despotism is a state of violence, which human nature abhors. How could you think me so bad a courtier, as not to be willing that my name should appear in the list of your flatterers? Make what use you please of it, but do not put me down in the list of your ministers, for I do not like that profession. I cannot say that I approve of your Poll Tax, as a fund for your Civil List, for I am convinced it will prove a deficient one. Your Balls were a much better. Your balls took in every Body, and many could not refuse taking a ticket from you *Ore tenus*, who will slip and shuffle out of the way of your subscription book.

I should be unworthy of my peerage, if now that you are king indeed, I were not,

Your loyal subject,

and faithful servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

L. E. T.

LETTER XX.

TO THE EARL OF ARRAN.

Bath, October 22, 1770.

MY LORD,

I CONSIDER lord and lady Sudley's passing through Geneva as a fortunate accident for me, as it was the occasion of reviving me in your lordship's memory, for whom I always had the greatest regard and esteem: the advantageous testimony which my kinswoman lady Stanhope bore of lord and lady Sudley, in a letter to me, ought to have the greater weight, as it was unasked and unbiassed; for she could not know the part I took in every thing that concerned you: and I have been so long out of the world, that I did not know who lord and lady Sudley were, till I was informed by my old friend George Faulkner. Having mentioned him, give me leave to set your lordship right as to a very great mistake in a letter from you to him, which he shewed me. Your lordship says there, that you thought I looked coldly upon you for having proposed in the house of commons, the augmentation of four or five thousand men. Now I assure your lordship, upon my honor, that I had no such intention: it is true I disapproved of the motion, which I thought at that time unnecessary, and I think time has justified my opinion. I had always a great contempt for that extravagant attempt of the Pretender, which though it scattered shameful terrors, both here and in Ireland, I own never gave me one moment's uneasiness. In all events, I thought the affair must be decided one way or other before the troops proposed could be raised and tolerably disciplined, but I well knew that the half pay of the officers would remain for many years a burthen

then

then upon Ireland, which I was unfashionable enough to consider, and to prevent if I could ; but I had not the least reason to be displeas'd with whoever propos'd or voted for that question ; on the contrary, it flatter'd my vanity, in giving me the nomination of all the officers, and might have flatter'd my purse still more, had I been an infamous corrupt rascal. I never tamper'd with votes, nor ever made the least distinction in my reception of the members of either House upon account of their political conduct ; nor indeed, could I well do it, for your lordship well knows that I met with no difficulty nor opposition during my short administration ; you all judg'd favourably, and give me leave to add justly, of my intentions, and in consideration of them excus'd my errors. When I return'd from Ireland, I thought that the weight of property was too unequally divided between the two houses, and preponderated too much on the side of the house of Commons, and therefore, I laid a list before the late king of six commoners of the largest property, and the best characters to be made peers, in which list I give your lordship my word and honor you was one ; the king approv'd of it, but fate soon dispos'd of me in another department, much against my inclinations. Since that time I have ever heartily, though ineffectually, wish'd the peace and prosperity of Ireland, and shall always value myself upon its good opinion. I ask pardon for this tedious letter, relative only to times past, but I plead the privilege of seventy-six years of age which is always apt to be garrulous.

I am, with the greatest truth and esteem,

MY LORD,

Your lordship's most faithful,

and obedient servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

then upon Ireland, which I was unskillful enough to consider, and to prevent if I could; but I had not the least reason to be displeas'd with whoever propos'd or voted for that question; on the contrary, it pleas'd my vanity, in giving me the nomination of all the officers, and might have pleas'd my pride, had I been an infamous courtier, as I never pleas'd with you, nor ever made the least distinction in my reception of the members of either House upon account of their private conduct; nor indeed, could I well do so, for your ship well knows that I sat with no difficulty nor opposition during my first administration; you all judg'd for me, and give me leave to add, that of my intentions, and in consideration of them, I extend my regards to Ireland, I thought that the weight of power was too unequally divid'd between the two Houses, and did consider too much on the side of the House of Commons, and therefore, I had a bill for the late King of six counties of the best property, and the best characters to be made poor, in which bill I give your lordship my word and honor you was one; the King approv'd of it, but late Lord died of the same other department, much against my inclination. Since that time I have ever heartily, though in secret, wish'd the peace and prosperity of Ireland, and shall always give advice upon its good opinion. I still prefer the the richest part, relative only to time, but I place the privilege of twenty six years of age which is always apt to be generous.

I am, with the greatest truth and affection,

Y^r Lord,

Your lordship's most faithful

and obedient servant,

John Carter

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