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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 III. To The Same.

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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,