



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 II. To The Same.

[urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-52184](https://nbn-resolving.org/urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-52184)

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-