

THE

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WORKS

1349

OF

Dr. Jonathan Swift,

Dean of St. PATRICK's, Dublin.

VOLUME XVII.

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~~XVIII.~~

1349

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L A W S
FOR THE
DEAN'S SERVANTS. 4

DECEMBER 7th, 1733.

IF either of the two men servants be drunk, he shall pay an *English* crown out of his wages for the said offence, by giving the dean a receipt for so much wages received.

When the dean is at home, no servant shall presume to be absent, without giving notice to the dean, and asking leave; upon the forfeiture of sixpence for every half-hour that he is ~~absent~~ to be stopt out of his or her board-wages.

When the dean is abroad, no servant, except the woman, shall presume to leave the house for above one half-hour; after which, for every half-hour's absence, he shall forfeit sixpence: and, if the other servant goes out before the first returns, he shall pay five shillings out of his wages, as above.

Whatever servant shall be taken in a manifest lie, shall forfeit one shilling out of his or her board-wages.

When the dean goes about the house, or out-houses, or garden, or to *Naboth's Vineyard*, whatever things he finds out of order, by neglect of any servant under whose care it was, that servant shall forfeit sixpence, and see to get it mended as

2 LAWS FOR THE DEAN'S SERVANTS

soon as possible, or suffer more forfeiture, at the dean's discretion.

If two servants be abroad together when the dean is from home, and the fact be concealed from the dean, the concealer shall forfeit two crowns out of his or her wages, as above.

If, in waiting at table, the two servants be out of the room together, without orders, the last who went out shall forfeit threepence out of his board-wages.

The woman may go out, when the dean is abroad, for one hour, but no longer, under the same penalty with the men; but provided the two men-servants keep the house until she returns: otherwise, either of the servants, who goes out before her return, shall forfeit a crown out of his wages, as above.

Whatever other laws the dean shall think fit to make, at any time to come, for the government of his servants, and forfeitures for neglect or disobedience, all the servants shall be bound to submit to.

Whatever other servant, except the woman, shall presume to be drunk, the other two servants shall inform the dean thereof, under pain of forfeiting two crowns out of his or her wages, besides the forfeiture of a crown from the said servant who was drunk.

A
Q U A K E R's
LETTER from PHILADELPHIA,
T O 1349
JONATHAN SWIFT, in DUBLIN.

Chilad, March 29, 1729.

Friend Jonathan Swift,

HAVING been often greatly amused by thy Tale, &c. &c. and being now loading a small ship for *Dublin*, I have sent thee a gammon, the product of the wilds of *America*; which perhaps may not be unacceptable at thy table, since it is only designed to let thee know that thy wit and parts are here in esteem at this distance from the place of thy residence. Thee need ask no questions who this comes from, since I am a perfect stranger to thee.

C H A R A C T

O F

MRS. H * * * * D.

Written in the Year 1727.

I SHALL say nothing of her wit & beauty, which are allowed by all persons, who can judge of either, when they hear or see her. Besides, beauty being transient, and a trifle, cannot justly make part of a character. And I leave others to celebrate her wit, because it will be of no use in that part of her character which I intend to draw. Neither shall I relate any part of her history; further than that she went, in the prime of her youth, to the court of *Hanover* with her husband, and became of the bed-chamber to the present princess of *Wales*, living in expectation of the queen's [k] death: upon which event she came over with her mistress, and hath ever since continued in her service; where, from the attendance daily paid her by the ministers and all expectants, she is reckoned much the greatest favourite of the court at *Leicester-house*: a situation which she hath long affected to desire that it might not be believed.

There is no politician, who more carefully watches the motions and dispositions of things and persons at *St. James's*, nor can form his language with more

[k] Queen Anne.

Imper-

imperceptible dexterity to the present posture of a court, or more early foresee what style may be proper upon any approaching juncture of affairs, whereof she can gather early intelligence without asking it, and often when even those from whom she hath it are not sensible they are giving it to her, but equally with others admire her sagacity. Sir *Robert Walpole* and she both think they understand each other, and are both equally mistaken.

With persons where she is to manage, she is very dextrous in that point of skill which the French call *tâter le pavé*; with others, she is a great vindicator of all present proceedings, but in such a manner, as if she was under no concern further than her own conviction, and wondering how any body can think otherwise. And the danger is, that she may come in time to believe herself; which, under a change of princes and a great addition of credit, might have bad consequences. She is a most unconscionable dealer; for, in return of a few good words, which she gives to her lords and gentlemen daily waiters before their faces, she gets ten thousand from them behind her back, which are of real service to her character. The credit she hath is managed with the utmost thrift; and, whenever she employs it, which is very rarely, it is only upon such occasions where she is sure to get much more than she spends. For instance, she would readily press Sir *Robert Walpole*, to do some favour for colonel *Churchill*, or *Doddington*; the prince, for a mark of grace Mr. *Schutz*; and the princess, to

6 CHARACTER of Mrs. H * * * *

be kind to Mrs. *Clayton*. She sometimes falls into the general mistake of all courtiers, which is that of not suiting her talents to the abilities of others, but thinking those she deals with to have less art than they really possess; so that she may possibly be deceived, when she thinks she deceiveth.

In all offices of life, except those of a courtier, she acts with justice, generosity, and truth. She is ready to do good as a private person; and I would almost think in charity that she will not do harm as a courtier, unless to please those in chief power.

In religion, she is at least a Latitudinarian, being not an enemy to books written by the free-thinkers; and herein she is the more blameable, because she hath too much morality to stand in need of them, requiring only a due degree of faith for putting her in the road to salvation. I speak this of her as a private lady, not as a court favourite; for, in the latter capacity, she can shew neither faith nor works.

If she had never seen a court, it is not impossible that she might have been a friend.

She abounds in good words and expressions of good wishes, and will concert a hundred schemes for the service of those whom she would be thought to favour: schemes that sometimes arise from them, and sometimes from herself; although, at the same time, she very well knows them to be without the least probability of succeeding. But, to do her justice, she never feeds or deceives any persons with promises,

promises, where she doth not at the same time intend a degree of sincerity.

She is, upon the whole, an excellent companion for men of the best accomplishments, who have nothing to desire or expect.

What part she may act hereafter in a larger sphere, as lady of the bed-chamber to a great Q—n (upon supposition of his present majesty [1], and of the earl of *Suffolk*, to whose title her husband succeeds) and in high esteem with a K—g, neither she nor I can foretel. My own opinion is natural and obvious, that her talents as a courtier will spread, enlarge, and multiply to such a degree, that her private virtues, for want of room and time to operate, will be laid up clean (like cloaths in a chest) to be used and put on, whenever satiety, or some reverse of fortune, or encrease of ill health (to which last she is subject), shall dispose her to retire. In the mean time, it will be her wisdom to take care that they may not be tarnished or moth-eaten, for want of airing and turning at least once a year.

[1] *George the First.*

CHARACTER
OF
DOCTOR SHERIDAN.

Written in the Year 1738.

DOCTOR THOMAS SHERIDAN died at *Rathfarnam*, the tenth of *October* 1738, at three of the clock in the afternoon: his diseases were a dropsy and asthma. He was doubtless the best instructor of youth in these kingdoms, or perhaps in *Europe*; and as great a master of the *Greek* and *Roman* languages. He had a very fruitful invention, and a talent for poetry. His *English* verses were full of wit and humour, but neither his prose nor verse sufficiently correct: however, he would readily submit to any friend who had a true taste in prose or verse. He hath left behind him a very great collection, in several volumes, of stories, humorous, witty, wise, or some way useful, gathered from a vast number of *Greek*, *Roman*, *Italian*, *Spanish*, *French*, and *English* writers. I believe I may have seen about thirty, large enough to make as many moderate books in octavo. But among these extracts, there were many not worth regard; for five in six, at least, were of little use or entertainment. He was (as it is frequently the case in men
of

of wit and learning) what the *French* call a *Dupe*, and in a very high degree. The greatest dunce of a tradesman could impose upon him, for he was altogether ignorant in worldly management. His chief shining quality was that of a school-master; here he shone in his proper element. He had so much skill and experience in the physiognomy of boys, that he rarely mistook at the first view. His scholars loved and feared him. He often rather chose to shame the stupid, but punish the idle, and expose them to all the lads, which was more severe than lashing. Among the gentlemen in this kingdom who have any share of education, the scholars of Dr. *Sheridan* infinitely excel, in number and knowledge, all their brethren sent from other schools.

To look on the doctor in some other lights, he was in many things very indiscreet, to say no worse. He acted like too many clergymen, who are in haste to be married when very young; and from hence proceeded all the miseries of his life. The portion he got proved to be just the reverse of 500*l.* for he was poorer by a thousand: so many incumbrances of a mother-in-law and poor relations, whom he was forced to support for many years.

Instead of breeding up his daughters to housewifery and plain cloaths, he got them, at a great expence, to be clad like ladies who had plentiful fortunes; made them only learn to sing and dance, to draw and design, to give them rich silks, and other

ther fopperies; and his two eldest were married to young lads who had nothing to settle on them. However, he had one son, whom the sent doctor to *Westminster-school*, although he could ill afford it. The boy was there immediately taken notice of, upon examination; although a mere stranger, he was by pure merit elected a king's scholar. It is true, their maintenance falls something short. The doctor was then so poor, that he could not add fourteen pounds, to enable the boy to finish the year; which if he had done, he would have been removed to a higher class, and in another year, would have been sped off (that is the phrase) to a fellowship in *Oxford* or *Cambridge*: but the doctor was forced to recal him to *Dublin*, and had friends in our university to send him there, where he hath been chosen of the foundation; and, I think, hath gotten an exhibition, and designs to stand for a fellowship.

The doctor had a good church-living, in the south parts of *Ireland*, given him by lord *Carteret*; who, being very learned himself, encourageth it in others. A friend of the doctor's prevailed on his excellency to grant it. The living was well worth 150 *l. per annum*. He changed it very soon for that of *Dunboyne*; which, by the knavery of the farmers and power of the gentlemen, fell so very low, that he could never get 80 *l.* He then changed that living for the free-school of *Cavan*, where he might have lived well, in so cheap a country, on 80 *l. salary per annum*, besides his scholars; but the air, he said, was too moist and unwholesome, and he could

could not bear the company of some persons in that neighbourhood. Upon this, he sold the school for about 400 l. spent the money, grew into diseases, and died.

It would be very honourable, as well as just, in those many persons of quality and fortune, who had the advantage of being educated under doctor *Sheridan*, if they would please to erect some decent monument over his body, in the church where it is deposited.

THE
H I S T O R Y
OF THE
SECOND SOLOMON [m].

Written in the Year 1729.

HE became acquainted with a person distinguished for poetical and other writings, and in an eminent station, who treated him with great kindness on all occasions, and he became familiar in this person's house [n]. In three months time, *Solomon*, without the least provocation, writ a long poem, describing that person's Muse to be dead, and making a funeral solemnity with asses, owls, &c. and gave the copy among all his acquaintance.

Solomon became acquainted with a most deserving lady, an intimate friend of the above person [o], who entertained him also as she would a brother; and, upon giving him a little good advice, in the most decent manner, with relation to his wife, he told her, she was like other women, as bad as she was, and that they were all alike: although his wife be, in every regard except gallantry (which no crea-

[m] Dr. Sberidan. [n] Dean Swift. [o] Stella,

ure would attempt), the most disagreeable beast in *Europe*.

He lets his wife (whom he pretends to hate as she deserves) govern, insult, and ruin him, as she pleases. Her character is this: her person is detestably disagreeable; a most filthy slut; lazy, and slothful, and luxurious, ill-natured, envious, suspicious; a scold, expensive on herself, covetous to others: she takes thieves and whores, for cheapness, to be her servants, and turns them off every week: positive, insolent; an ignorant, prating, overweening fool; a lover of the dirtiest, meanest company: an abominable tatter, affecting to be jealous of her husband with ladies of the best rank and merit, and merely out of affectation for perfect vanity.

Solomon has no ill design upon any person but himself; and he is the greatest deceiver of himself on all occasions.

His thoughts are sudden, and the most unreasonable always comes uppermost; and he constantly resolves and acts upon his first thoughts, and then asks advice, but never once before.

The person above mentioned, whom he lampooned in three months after their acquaintance, procured him a good preferment from the lord lieutenant; upon going down to take possession, *Solomon* preached, at *Cork*, a sermon on king *George's* birth-day, on this text, *Sufficient to the day is the evil thereof*. *Solomon*, having been famous for a high Tory, and suspected as a Jacobite, it was a most difficult thing to get any thing for him: but
that

that person, being an old friend of lord *Carteret*, prevailed against all *Solomon's* enemies, and got him made likewise one of his excellency's chaplains. But, upon this sermon, he was struck out of his list, and forbid the Castle, until that same person brought him again to the lieutenant, and made them friends.

A fancy sprung in *Solomon's* head, that a house near *Dublin* would be commodious for him and his boarders, to lodge in on *Saturdays* and *Sundays*: immediately, without consulting with any creature, he takes a lease of a rotten house at *Rathfarnham*, the worst air in *Ireland*, for 999 years, at twelve pounds a year; the land, which was only a strip of ground, not being worth twenty shillings a year. When the same person, whom he lampooned, heard the thing, he begged *Solomon* to get a clause of surrender, and at last prevailed to have it done after twenty-one years; because it was a madness to pay eleven pounds a year, for a thousand years, for a house that could not last twenty. But *Solomon* made an agreement with his landlady, that he should be at liberty to surrender his lease in seven years; and, if he did not do it at that time, should be obliged to keep it for 999 years. In the mean time, he expends about one hundred pounds on the house and garden-wall; and in less than three years, contracts such a hatred to the house, that he lets it run to ruin: so that, when the seven years are expired, he must either take it for the remain-
der

THE SECOND SOLOMON. 15

der of the 999 years, or be sued for waste, and lose all the money he laid out : and now he pays twelve pounds a year for a place he never sees.

Solomon has an estate of about thirty-five pounds *per annum*, in the county of *Cavan* ; upon which, instead of ever receiving one penny rent, he hath expended above thirty pounds *per annum*, in buildings and plantations, which are all gone to ruin.

Solomon is under-tenant to a bishop's lease : he is bound by articles to his lordship to renew and pay a fine, whenever the bishop renews with his landlord, and to raise his rent as the landlord shall rate it to the bishop. Seven years expire : *Solomon's* landlord demands a fine, which he readily pays ; then asks for a lease : the landlord says, he may have it at any time. He never gets it. Another seven years elapse : *Solomon's* landlord demands another fine, and an additional rent : *Solomon* pays both ; asks to have his lease renewed : the steward answers, he will speak to his master. Seventeen years are elapsed : the landlord sends *Solomon* word that his lease is forfeited, because he hath not renewed and paid his fines according to articles ; and now they are at law upon this admirable case.

It is *Solomon's* great happiness, that, when he acts in the common concerns of life against common sense and reason, he values himself thereupon as if it were the mark of a great genius, above little regards or arts, and that his thoughts are too exalted to descend into the knowledge of vulgar management ; and you cannot pay him a greater compliment

pliment than by telling instances to the company before his face, how careless he was in any affair that related to his interest and fortune.

He is extremely proud and captious; apt to resent as an affront and indignity what was never intended for either.

He is allured as easily by every new acquaintance, especially among women, as a child is by a new play-thing, and is led at will by them to suspect and quarrel with his best friends, of whom he hath lost the greatest part, for want of that indulgency which they ought to allow for his failings.

He is a generous, honest, good-natured man; but his perpetual want of judgment and discretion makes him act as if he were neither generous, honest, nor good-natured.

The person above-mentioned, whom he lampooned, and to whom he owes his preferment, being in the country and out of order; *Solomon* had appointed to come for him with a chaise, and bring him to town. *Solomon* sent him word that he was to set out on *Monday*, and did accordingly, but to another part of the kingdom, thirty miles wide of the place appointed, in compliment to a lady who was going that way; there staid with her and her family a month; then sent the chaise, in the midst of winter, to bring the said person where *Solomon* would meet him, declaring he could not venture himself for fear of the frost: and, upon the said person's refusing to go in the chaise alone, or to trust to *Solomon's* appointment, and being in ill health,

THE SECOND SOLOMON. 17

health, *Solomon* fell into a formal quarrel with that person, and foully misrepresented the whole affair, to justify himself.

Solomon had published a humorous ballad, called *Ballyspellin* [p], whither he had gone to drink the waters, with a new favourite lady. The ballad was in the manner of Mr. *Gay*'s on *Molly Mogg*, pretending to contain all the rhymes of *Ballyspellin*. His friend, the person so often mentioned, being at a gentleman's house in the neighbourhood, and merry over *Solomon*'s ballad, they agreed to make another in disguise of *Ballyspellin-wells*, which *Solomon* had celebrated, and with all new rhymes not made use of in *Solomon*'s [q]. The thing was done, and all in a mere jest and innocent merriment. Yet *Solomon* was prevailed upon, by the lady he went with, to resent this as an affront on her and himself; which he did accordingly, against all the rules of reason, taste, good-nature, judgment, gratitude, or common manners.

He will invite six or more people of condition to dine with him on a certain day, some of them living five or six miles from town. On the day appointed, he will be absent, and know nothing of the matter, and they all go back disappointed: when he is told of this, he is pleased, because it shews him to be a genius and a man of learning.

Having lain many years under the obloquy of a high Tory and Jacobite, upon the present queen's birth-day he writ a song, to be performed before

[p] See Vol. XIV.

[q] Ibid.

the government and those who attended them, in praise of the queen and the king, on the common topicks of her beauty, wit, family, love of *England*, and all other virtues, wherein the king and the royal children were sharers. It was very hard to avoid the common topicks. A young collegian, who had done the same job the year before, got some reputation on account of his wit; *Solomon* would needs vie with him, by which he lost all the esteem of his old friends the Tories, and got not the least interest with the Whigs; for they are now too strong to want advocates of that kind: and therefore one of the lords justices, reading the verses in some company, said, "Ah! Doctor, this shall not do." His name was at length in the title-page; and he did this without the knowledge or advice of one living soul, as he himself confesseth.

His full conviction of having acted wrong in an hundred instances, leaves him as positive in the next instance as if he had never been mistaken in his life: and if you go to him the next day, and find him convinced in the last, he hath another instance ready, wherein he is as positive as he was the day before.

D I S C O U R S E

To prove the ANTIQUITY of the
ENGLISH TONGUE.

*Proving, from various Instances, that HEBREW,
GREEK, and LATIN, were derived from the
ENGLISH.*

DURING the reign of parties, for about forty years past, it is a melancholy consideration to observe how *Philology* hath been neglected, which was before the darling employment of the greatest authors, from the restoration of learning in Europe. Neither do I remember it to have been cultivated, since the Revolution, by any one person, with great success, except our illustrious modern star, Doctor Richard Bentley, with whom the republic of learning must expire; as mathematics did with Sir Isaac Newton. My ambition hath been gradually attempting, from my early youth, to be the holder of a rush-light before that great luminary; which, at least, might be of some little use during those short intervals, while he was shuffling his candle, or peeping with it under a bushel.

My present attempt is to assert the antiquity of our English Tongue; which, as I shall undertake to prove by invincible arguments, hath varied very little for these two thousand six hundred and thirty-four years past. And my proofs will be drawn from etymology; wherein I shall use my readers much fairer than Pezrow, Skinner, Vossian, Bamden, and many other superficial pretenders have done. For I will put no force upon the words, nor desire any more favour than to allow for the usual accidents of corruption, or the avoiding a cacophonia.

I think, I can make it manifest to all impartial readers, that our language, as we now speak it, was originally the same with those of the Jews, the Greeks, and the Romans, however corrupted in succeeding times by a mixture of barbarisms. I shall only produce, at present, two instances among a thousand from the Latin tongue. *Cloaca*, which they interpret a *necessary-house*, is altogether an English word; the last letter *a* being, by the mistake of some scribe, transferred from the beginning to the end of the word. In the primitive orthography, it is called *a cloac*, which had the same signification; and still continues so at Edinburgh in Scotland, where a man in a *cloac*, or cloak, of large circumference and length, carrying a convenient vessel under it, calls out, as he goes through the streets, *Wha has need of me?* Whatever customer calls, the vessel is placed in the corner of the street; the *cloac*, or a cloak, surrounds and
covers

covers him; and thus he is eased with decency and secrecy.

The second instance is yet more remarkable. The Latin word *Turpis* signifieth *nasty*, or *filthy*. Now this word *Turpis* is a plain composition of two English words; only, by a syncope, the last letter of the first syllable, which is *d*, is taken out of the middle, to prevent the jarring of three consonants together: And these two English words express the most unseemly excrements that belong to man.

But although I could produce many other examples, equally convincing, that the Hebrews, the Greeks, and the Romans, originally spoke the same language which we do at present; yet I have chosen to confine myself chiefly to the proper names of persons, because I conceive they will be of greater weight to confirm what I advance; the ground and reason of those names being certainly owing to the nature, or some distinguishing action or quality in those persons, and consequently expressed in the true antient language of the several people.

I will begin with the Grecians, among whom the most antient are the great leaders on both sides in the siege of Troy; for it is plain, from Homer, that the Trojans spoke Greek as well as the Grecians. Of these latter, *Achilles* was the most valiant. This Hero was of a restless unquiet nature, never giving himself any repose either in peace or war; and therefore, as Guy of Warwick was called a Kill-cow, and another terrible man a Kill-devil,

devil, so this General was called *A Kill-ease*, or destroyer of ease; and at length, by corruption, *Achilles*.

Hector, on the other side, was the bravest among the Trojans. He had destroyed so many of the Greeks, by *hacking* and *tearing* them, that his soldiers, when they saw him fighting, would cry out, "Now the enemy will be *hackt*, now he will *be tore*." At last, by putting words both together, this appellation was given to their leader, under the name of *Hack-tore*; and, for the more commodious sounding, *Hector*.

Diomedes, another Grecian captain, had the boldness to fight with Venus, and wound her; whereupon the Goddess, in a rage, ordered her son Cupid to make this hero be hated by all women, repeating it often that he should *die a maid*; from whence, by a small change in orthography, he was called *Diomedes*. And it is to be observed, that the term *Maiden-head* is frequently, at this very day, applied to persons of either sex.

Ajax was, in fame, the next Grecian general to Achilles. The derivation of his name from *A Jakes*, however asserted by great authors, is, in my opinion, very unworthy both of them and of the Hero himself. I have often wondered to see such learned men mistake in so clear a point. This Hero is known to have been a most intemperate liver, as it is usual with soldiers; and, although he were not old, yet, by conversing with camp-strollers, he had got pains in his bones, which

which he pretended to his friends were only *Age-aches*; but they telling the story about the army, as the vulgar always confound right pronunciation, he was afterwards known by no other name than *Ajax*.

The next I shall mention is *Andromache*, the famous wife of Hector. Her father was a Scotch gentleman, of a noble family still subsisting in that antient kingdom. But, being a foreigner in Troy, to which city he led some of his countrymen in the defence of Priam, as *Diety's Gretensis* learnedly observes: Hector fell in love with his daughter, and the father's name was *Andrew Mackay*. The young lady was called by the same name, only a little softened to the Grecian accent.

Astyanax was the son of Hector and Andromache. When Troy was taken, this young prince had his head cut off, and his body thrown to swine. From this fatal accident he had his name; which hath, by a peculiar good fortune, been preserved entire, *A sty, an ax*.

Mars may be mentioned among these, because he fought against the Greeks. He was called the God of War; and is described as a swearing, swaggering companion, and a great giver of rude language. For, when he was angry, he would cry, "Kiss my *a—se*, My *a—se* in a band-box, "My *a—se* all over:" Which he repeated so commonly, that he got the appellation of *My a—se*; and, by a common abbreviation, *M'ars*; from whence, by leaving out the mark of elision, *Mars*.

And this is a common practice among us at present; as in the words D'anvers, D'avenport, D'anby, which are now written Danvers, Davenport, Danby, and many others.

The next is *Hercules*, otherwise called *Alcides*. Both these names are English, with little alteration; and describe the principal qualities of that Hero, who was distinguished for being a slave to his mistresses, and at the same time for his great strength and courage. Omphale, his chief mistress, used to call her lovers *her cullies*; and, because this Hero was more and longer subject to her than any other, he was in a particular manner called the chief of *her cullies*; which, by an easy change, made the word *Hercules*. His other name *Alcides* was given him on account of his prowess: For, in fight, he used to strike on *all sides*; and was allowed on *all sides* to be the chief hero of his age. For one of which reasons, he was called *All sides*, or *Alcides*; but I am inclined to favour the former opinion.

A certain Grecian youth was a great imitator of Socrates; which that philosopher observing, with much pleasure, said to his friends, "There is an *Ape o' mine own days*." After which the young man was called *Epaminondas*, and proved to be the most virtuous person, as well as the greatest general of his age.

Ucalegon was a very obliging inn-keeper of Troy. When a guest was going to take horse, the landlord took leave of them with this compliment,

ment, "Sir, I shall be glad to see you call again." Strangers, who knew not his right name, caught his last words; and thus, by degrees, that appellation prevailed, and he was known by no other name even among his neighbours.

Hydra was a great serpent, which Hercules slew. His usual outward garment was the *raw hyde* of a lion, and this he had on when he attacked the serpent; which, therefore, took its name from the skin: The modesty of that Hero devolving the honour of his victory upon the lion's skin, calling that enormous snake the *Hyde-raw* serpent.

Leda was the mother of Castor and Pollux; whom Jupiter embracing in the shape of a swan, she laid a couple of eggs; and was therefore called *Laid a*, or *Leda*.

As to Jupiter himself? It is well known that the statues and pictures of this Heathen God, in the Roman-catholic countries, resemble those of St. Peter, and are often taken the one for the other. The reason is manifest: For, when the emperors had established Christianity, the Heathens were afraid of acknowledging their heathen idols of the chief God, and pretended it was only a statue of the *Jew Peter*. And thus the principal Heathen God came to be called by the antient Romans, with very little alteration, *Jupiter*.

The *Hamadryades* are represented by mistaken antiquity as Nymphs of the Groves. But the true account is this: They were women of Calabria, who dealt in bacon; and, living near the sea-side, used

used to pickle their bacon in salt-water, and then set it up to dry in the sun. From whence they were properly called *Ham-a-dry-a-days*, and, in process of time, mis-spelt *Hamadryades*.

Neptune, the God of the sea, had his name from the *Tunes* sung to him by *Tritons*, upon their shells, every *neap* or *nep* tide. The word is come down to us almost uncorrupted, as well as that of *Tritons*, his servants; who, in order to please their master, used to try all *tones*, till they could hit upon that he liked.

Aristotle was a Peripatetic philosopher, who used to instruct his scholars while he was walking. When the lads were come, he would *arise* to tell them what he thought proper; and was therefore called *Arise to tell*. But succeeding ages, who understood not this etymology, have, by an absurd change, made it *Aristotle*.

Aristophanes was a Greek comedian, full of levity, and gave himself too much freedom; which made a graver people not scruple to say, that he had a great deal of *airy stuff* in his writings: And these words, often repeated, made succeeding ages denominate him *Aristophanes*. Vide *Rosm. Antiq.* l. iv.

Alexander the Great was very fond of eggs roasted in hot ashes. As soon as his cooks heard he was come home to dinner or supper, they called aloud to their under-officers, *All eggs under the Grate*: Which, repeated every day at noon and evening, made strangers think it was that prince's

real name, and therefore gave him no other; and polterity hath been ever since under the same delusion.

Pygmalion was a person of very low stature, but great valour; which made his townsmen call him *Pygmy lion*: And so it should be spelt; although the word hath suffered less by transcribers than many others.

Archimedes was a most famous mathematician. His studies required much silence and quiet: But his wife having several maids, they were always disturbing him with their tattle or their business; which forced him to come out every now and then to the stair-head, and cry, "*Hark ye, maids*, if you will not be quiet, I shall turn you out of doors." He repeated these words, *Hark ye, maids*, so often, that the unlucky jades, when they found he was at his study, would say, "*There is Hark ye, maids*, let us speak softly." Thus the name went through the neighbourhood; and, at last, grew so general, that we are ignorant of that great man's true name to this day.

Strabo was a famous geographer; and to improve his knowledge, travelled over several countries, as the writers of his life inform us; who likewise add, that he affected great nicety and finery in his cloaths: From whence people took occasion to call him the *Stray beau*; which future ages have pinned down upon him, very much to his dishonour.

Peloponnesus,

Peloponnesus, that famous Grecian peninsula, got its name from a Greek colony in Asia the Less; many of whom going for traffick thither, and finding that the inhabitants had but one well in the town of * * * *, from whence certain porters used to carry the water through the city in great pails, so heavy that they were often forced to set them down for ease; the tired porters, after they had set down the pails, and wanted to take them up again, would call for assistance to those who were nearest, in these words, *Pail up, and ease us*. The stranger Greeks, hearing these words repeated a thousand times as they passed the street, thought the inhabitants were pronouncing the name of their country, which made the foreign Greeks call it *Peloponnesus*, a manifest corruption of *Pail up, and ease us*.

Having mentioned so many Grecians to prove my hypothesis, I shall not tire the reader with producing an equal number of Romans, as I might easily do. Some few will be sufficient.

Cæsar was the greatest captain of that empire: The word ought to be spelt *Seiser*, because he *seised* on not only most of the known world, but even the liberties of his own country: So that a more proper appellation could not have been given him.

Cicero was a poor scholar in the university of *Athens*, wherewith his enemies in Rome used to reproach him; and, as he passed the streets, would
call

call out, *O Cifer, Cifer o!* A word still used in Cambridge, and answers to a servitor in Oxford.

Anibal was sworn enemy of the Romans, and gained many glorious victories over them. This name appears, at first repeating, to be a metaphor drawn from tennis, expressing a skilful gamester, who can take *any Ball*; and is very justly applied to so renowned a commander. Navigators are led into a strange mistake upon this article. We have usually in our fleet some large men of war, called the *Anibal* with great propriety, because it is so strong that it may defy *any ball* from a cannon. And such is the deplorable ignorance of our seamen, that they miscall it the *Honey-ball*.

Cartago was the most famous trading city in the world; where, in every street, there was many a *cart a going*, probably laden with merchants goods. Vide *Alexander ab Alexandro*, and *Suidas* upon the word *Cartago*.

The word *Roman* itself is perfectly English, like other words ending in *man* or *men*, as Hangman, Drayman, Huntsman, and several others. It was formerly spelt *Row-man*, which is the same with *Waterman*. And therefore, when we read of *Jesta* (or, as it is corruptly spelt, *Gesta*) *Romanorum*, it is to be understood of the rough manner of *jesting* used by watermen; who, upon the sides of rivers, would *row man or'um*. This I think is clear enough to convince the most incredulous.

Misanthropus was the name of an ill-natured man, which he obtained by a custom of catching a
great

great number of *mice*, then shutting them up in a room and throwing a cat among them. Upon which his fellow citizens called him *Mice and throw puss*. The reader observes how much the orthography hath been changed without altering the sound: But such depravations we owe to the injury of time; and gross ignorance of transcribers.

Among the antients, fortune-telling by the stars was a very beggarly trade. The professors lay upon straw, and their cabbins were covered with the same materials: Whence every one who followed that mystery was called *A straw lodger*, or a lodger in straw; but, in the new-fangled way of spelling, *Astrologer*.

It is remarkable that the very word *Diphthong* is wholly English. In former times, school-boys were chastised with thongs fastened at the head of a stick. It was observed that young lads were much puzzled with spelling, and pronouncing words where two vowels came together, and were often corrected for their mistakes in that point. Upon these occasions the master would *dip* his *thongs* (as we now do rods) in p—, which made that difficult union of vowels to be called *Diphthong*.

Bucephalus, the famous horse of Alexander, was so called because there were many grooms employed about him, which *fellows* were always *busy* in their office; and, because the horse had so many *busy fellows* about him, it was natural for those who went to the stable to say, “Let us go to the *busy fellows*,” by which they meant, to see that prince’s

prince's horse. And, in process of time, these words were absurdly applied to the animal itself, which was thenceforth styled *Busy fellows*, and very improperly *Bucephalus*.

I shall now bring a few proofs of the same kind, to convince my readers that our English language was well known to the Jews.

Moses, the great leader of those people out of Egypt, was in propriety of speech called *Mow seas* down in the middle, to make a path for the Israelites.

Abraham was a person of strong bones and sinews, and a firm walker, which made the people say, "He was a man (in the Scotch phrase, which comes nearest to the old Saxon) of a *bra ham*," that is, of a brave strong ham, from whence he acquired his name.

The man whom the Jews called *Balam* was a shepherd; who, by often crying *Ba* to his lambs, was therefore called *Baalamb*, or *Balam*.

Isaac is nothing else but *Eyes ake*; because the Talmudists report that he had a pain in his eyes. Vide *Ben gorion* and the *Targum* on *Genesis*.

Thus I have manifestly proved, that the Greeks, the Romans, and the Jews, spoke the language we now do in England; which is an honour to our country that I thought proper to set in a true light, and yet hath not been done, as I have heard, by any other writer.

And thus I have ventured (perhaps too temerarily) to contribute my mite to the learned world;

world; from whose candour, if I may hope to receive some approbation, it may probably give me encouragement to proceed on some other speculations, if possible, of greater importance than what I now offer; and which have been the labour of many years, as well as of constant watchings, that I might be useful to mankind, and particularly to mine own country.

A L E T.

A
L E T T E R,

Giving an ACCOUNT of

A PESTILENT NEIGHBOUR.

S I R;

Y O U must give me leave to complain of a *pestilent* fellow in my neighbourhood, who is always beating *mortar*; yet I cannot find he ever builds. In talking, he useth such hard words, that I want a Druggier-man to interpret them. But all is not gold that *glisters*. *A* pot he carries to most houses where he visits. He makes his prentice his *gally-slave*. I wish our lane were *purged* of him. Yet he pretends to be a *cordial* man. Every *spring* his shop his crouded with country-folks; who, by their *leaves*, in my opinion, help him to do a great deal of mischief. He is full of *scruples*; and so very litigious, that he *files bills* against all his acquaintance: and, though he be much troubled with the *simples*, yet I assure you he is a *Jesuitical dog*; as you may know by his *bark*. Of all poetry he loves the *dram-a-tick* best. I am, &c.

A L E T T E R
T O T H E
E A R L O F P E M B R O K E.

MY LORD, 1709, at a Conjecture.

IT is now a good while since I resolved to take some occasion of congratulating with your lordship, and condoling with the publick, upon your lordship's leaving the admiralty; and I thought I could never chuse a better time, than when I am in the country with my lord bishop of *Clogher* and his brother the doctor [n]: For we pretend to a *triumvirate* of as humble servants and true admirers of your lordship, as any you have in both islands. You may call them a *triumvirate*; for, if you please to *try-um*, they will *vie* with the best, and are of the first *rate*, though they are not *men of war*, but men of the church. To say the truth, it was a pity your lordship should be confined to the *Fleet*, when you are not in debt. Though your lordship is *cast away*, you are not *sunk*; nor ever will be, since nothing is out of your lordship's *depth*. Dr. *Ashe* says, it is but justice that your lordship, who is a man of *letters*, should be placed upon the *post-office*; and my lord bishop adds, that he hopes to see your lordship toft from that *post* to be a *pillar* of state again; which he desired I would put in by way of *Postscript*. I am,

MY LORD, &c.

[n] Doctor St. George *Ashe*,

A L E T-

A
L E T T E R
T O T H E
E A R L O F P E M B R O K E.

Pretended to be the DYING SPEECH of TOM ASHE,
whose Brother, the Reverend DILLON ASHE,
was nicknamed DILLY [o].

[Given to Dr. MONSEY by Sir ANDREW FOUNTAIN, and communicated to the Editor of these Volumes by that ingenious, learned, and very obliging Gentleman.]

TOM ASHE died last night. It is conceived he was so puffed up by my lord lieutenant's *favour*, that it struck him into a *fever*. I

[o] *Thomas Ashe, Esq;* descended from an ancient family of that name in *Wiltshire*, was a gentleman of fortune in *Ireland*. He was a facetious pleasant companion, but the most eternal unwearied punster that ever lived. He was thick and short in his person, being not above five feet high at the most, and had something very droll in his appearance. He died about the year 1719, and left his whole estate, of about a thousand pounds a year, to his intimate friend and kinsman *Richard Ashe, of Ashfield, Esq.* There is a whimsical story, and a very true one, of *Tom Ashe*, which is well remembered to this day.

here send you his dying speech, as it was exactly taken by a friend in short-hand. It is something long, and a little incoherent; but he was several hours delivering it, and with several intervals. His friends were about the bed, and he spoke to them thus :

MY FRIENDS,

IT is time for a man to look grave when he has one foot there. I once had only a punnic fear of death, but, of late, I have pundred it more seriously. Every fit of *coffing* hath put me in mind of my *coffin*; though *dissolute* men seldomest think of *dissolution*. This is a very great alteration: I, that supported myself with good *wine*, must now be myself supported by a *small bier*.——A fortune-teller once looked on my hand, and said, This man is to be a great traveller; he will soon be at

It happened, that, while he was travelling on horse-back, and at a considerable distance from any town, there burst from the clouds such a torrent of rain as wetted him through. He galloped forward; and, as soon as he came to an inn, he was met instantly by a drawer: "Here," said he to the fellow, stretching out one of his arms, "Take off my coat immediately." "No, Sir, I won't," said the drawer. "Pox confound you," said *Ashe*, "take off my coat this instant." "No, Sir, (replied the drawer) I dare not take off your coat; for 'it is felony to strip an Ass.'" Tom was delighted beyond measure, frequently told the story, and said he would have given fifty guineas to have been the author of that pun. This little tract of Dr. *Swift's*, intituled, *The Dying Words of Tom Ashe*, was written several years before the decease of Tom, and was merely designed to exhibit the manner in which such an eternal punster might have expressed himself on his death-bed.

the *Diet of Worms*, and from thence go to *Ratisbone*. But now I understand his double meaning.—I desire to be privately *buried*, for I think a public funeral looks like *Bury fair*; and the *rites* of the dead too often prove *wrong* to the living. Methinks the world itself best expresses the number, neither *few nor all*.—A dying man should not think of *obsequies*, but *ob se quies*.—Little did I think you would so soon see poor *Tom* *flown* under a *tomb stone*. But as the *mole* crumbles the *mold* about her, so a man of my small *mold*, before I am *old*, may *molder* away.—Sometimes I've *rav'd* that I should *revive*; but physicians tell me, that, when once the great *artery* has drawn the *heart awry*, we shall find the *cor di all*, in spite of all the highest *cordial*.—Brother, you are fond of *Daffy's elixir*; but, when death comes, the world will see that, in spite of *Daffy-down dilly* [o].—Whatever doctors may *design* by their *medicines*, a man in a *dropsy* drops he not, in spite of *Goddard's drops*, though none are reckoned such *high drops*?—I find death smells the blood of an Englishman: A *fee faintly fumbled* ont will be a weak defence against his *fee-fa-fum*.—*P. T.* are no letters in death's *alphabet*; he has not *half a bit* of either: He *moves* his *fithe*, but will not be moved by all our *sighs*.—Every thing ought to put us in mind of death: Physicians affirm that our very food breeds it in us; so that, in our *dieting*, we may be said to *di eating*.—There is something ominous, not only in the names of diseases, as *di-arrhæa*, *di-abetes*, *di-sentery*, but even

[e] A nickname of *Tom Ashe's* brother,

38 THE DYING SPEECH

in the drugs designed to preserve our lives: as *di-acodium*, *di-apente*, *di-ascordium*.—I perceive Dr. Howard (and I feel *how hard*) lay thumb on my pulse, then pulls it back, as if he saw *Lethum* in my face. I see as bad in his; for sure there is no *physic* like a *sick phiz*. He thinks I shall *decease* before the *day cease*; but, before I die, before the bell hath toll'd, and Tom Tollman is told that little Tom, though not *old*, has paid nature's toll, I do desire to give some advice to those that survive me. First, Let gamesters consider that death is *hazard* and *passage*, upon the turn of a *die*. Let lawyers consider it is a hard *case*. And let punners consider how hard it is to *die jesting* when death is so hard in *digesting*.

As for my lord-lieutenant the earl of *Mungomerry*, I am sure he *be-wales* my misfortune; and it would move him to stand by, when the carpenter (while my friends grieve and make an *odd splutter*) nails up my coffin. I will make a short *affidavi-t*, that, if he makes my *epitaph* I will take it for a great honour; and it is a plentiful subject. His excellency may say, that the art of punning is dead with Tom. Tom has taken all puns away with him. *Omne tulit pun-Tom*.—May his excellency long live tenant to the queen in *Ireland*. We never *Herberd* so good a governor before. Sure he *mun-go-merry* home, that has made a kingdom so happy.—I hear, my friends design to publish a collection of my puns. Now I do confess, I have let many a *pun go*, which did never *pungo*; therefore

fore the world must read the bad as well as the good. *Vergil* has long foretold it: *Punica mala leges*.—I have had several fore-bodings that I should soon die: I have, of late, been often at committees, where I have sat *de die in diem*.—I conversed much with the *Usher* of the *black rod*: I saw his *medals*; and woe is me dull soul, not to consider they are but dead mens faces *stamp'd* over and over by the living, which will shortly be my condition.

Tell Sir Anthony *Fountain* I ran clear to the bottom, and wish he may be a late a river where I am going. He used to *brook* compliments. May his *sand* be long a running; not *quicksand*, like mine. Bid him avoid *poring* upon monuments and books, which is in reality but *running* among *rocks* and *shelves*, to *stop* his *course*. May his *waters* never be *troubled* with *mud* or *gravel*, nor *stop'd* by any *grinding stone*. May his friends be all true *trouts*, and his enemies laid as flat as *flounders*. I look upon him as the most *fluent* of his *race*; therefore let him not *despond*. I foresee his *black rod* will *advance* to a *pike*, and destroy all our *ills*.

But, I am going; my *wind* in lungs is turning to a *winding sheet*. The thoughts of a *pall* begin to a *pall* me. Life is but a *vapour*, car elle *vapour* la moindre cause. Farewell: I have lived ad *amico-rum fastidium*, and now behold how *fast I di um*!

Here his breath failed him, and he expired. There are some false spellings here and there; but they must be pardoned in a dying man.

A
L E T T E R
T O T H E
K I N G A T A R M S.

(From a reputed E S Q U I R E, one of the
S U B S C R I B E R S to the B A N K).

S I R,

November 18, 1721.

I N a late printed paper, containing some notes and queries upon that list of the subscribers names, which was published by order of the commissioners for receiving subscriptions, I find some hints and innuendos that would seem to insinuate, as if I and some others were only *reputed* esquires; and our case is referred to you, in your kingly capacity. I desire you will please to let me know the lowest price of a real esquire's coat of arms: and, if we can agree, I will give my bond to pay you out of the first interest I receive for my subscription; because things are a little low with me at present, by throwing my whole fortune into the bank, having subscribed for five hundred pounds sterling.

I hope you will not question my pretensions to this title, when I let you know that my god-father

father was a justice of peace, and I myself have been often a keeper of it. My father was a leader and commander of horse, in which post he rode before the greatest lords of the land; and, in long marches, he alone presided over the baggage, advancing directly before it. My mother kept open house in *Dublin*, where several hundreds were supported with meat and drink, bought at her own charge, or with her personal credit, until some envious brewers and butchers forced her to retire.

As to myself, I have been, for several years, a foot-officer; and it was my charge to guard the carriages, behind which I was commanded to stick close, that they might not be attacked in the rear. I have had the honour to be a favourite of several fine ladies; who each of them, at different times, gave me such coloured knots and public marks of distinction, that every one knew which of them it was to whom I paid my address. They would not go into their coach without me, nor willingly drink unless I gave them the glass with my own hand. They allowed me to call them my Mistresses, and owned that title publicly. I have been told, that the true antient employment of a Squire was to carry a Knight's shield, painted with his colours and coat of arms. This is what I have witnessed to produce that I have often done; not indeed in a shield, like my predecessors, but that which is full as good, I have carried the colours of a Knight upon my coat. I have likewise borne the King's Arms in my hand, as a mark of authority;

thority; and hung them painted before my dwelling-house, as a mark of my calling: So that I may truly say, his Majesty's Arms have been my supporters. I have been a strict and constant follower of men of quality; I have diligently pursued the steps of several Squires, and am able to behave myself as well as the best of them, whenever there shall be occasion.

I desire it may be no disadvantage to me, that, by the new act of parliament going to pass for preserving the game, I am not yet qualified to keep a greyhound. If this should be the test of Squirehood, it will go hard with a great number of my fraternity, as well as myself, who must all be unsquired, because a greyhound will not be allowed to keep us company; and it is well known I have been a companion to his betters. What has a greyhound to do with a Squireship? Might not I be a real Squire, although there was no such thing as a greyhound in the world? Pray tell me, Sir, are greyhounds to be from henceforth the supporters of every Squire's coat of arms? Although I cannot keep a greyhound, may not a greyhound help to keep me? May not I have an order from the Governors of the Bank to keep a greyhound, with a *non obstante* to the act of parliament, as well as they have created a Bank against the votes of the two Houses? But, however, this difficulty will soon be overcome. I am promised 125*l.* a year for subscribing 500*l.*; and, of this 500*l.* I am to pay in only 25*l.* ready money: The governors will

THE KING AT ARMS. 43

will trust me for the rest, and pay themselves out of the interest by 25*l. per cent.* So that I intend to receive only 40*l.* a year, to qualify me for keeping my family and a greyhound, and let the remaining 85*l.* go on 'till it makes 500*l.* ther 1000*l.* then 10,000*l.* then 100,000*l.* then a million, and so forwards. This, I think, is much better (betwixt you and me) then keeping fairs, and buying and selling bullocks; by which I find, from experience, that little is to be gotten, in these hard times. I am,

S I R,

Your Friend, and

Servant to command,

A. B. ESQUIRE.

Postscript. I hope you will favourably represent my case to the publisher of the Paper above-mentioned.

Direct your letter for *A. B. Esquire*, at — in —; and, pray, get some parliament-man to frank it, for it will cost a groat postage to this place.

A L E T-

A
L E T T E R
T O

Mrs. SUSANNA NEVILLE [a].

June 24, 1732.

MADAM,

I WILL not trouble you with any grave *tophicks*, lest I should *discurmode* you; but rather write in a *farmiliar* and *jocosious* way.

You must know then, I was the other night at Mrs. Tattle's, and Mrs. Rattle came in to drink some *jocklit* with us, upon which they fell into a *nargiment* about the best *musficioners* in town: At last, Rattle told Tattle, that she did not know the *disfrence* between a song and a *tympany*. They were going to *defer* the matter to me; but I said that, when people disputed, it was my way always to stand *muter*. You would have thought they were both *intosticated* with liquor, if you had seen them so full of outrageousness. However Mrs. Tattle, as being a very *timbersome* woman, yielded to Rattle, and there was an end of the *disputement*.—I wonder you do not honour me sometimes with your company. If I myself be no *introduce-ment*, my garden, which has a fine *ruval* look,

[a] This letter is fictitious, and was written by Dr. Sheridan.

ought to be one. My Tommy would be glad to see you before he goes for England, and so would I; for I am resolved to take the *tower* of London before I return. We intend to go to Norfolk or Suffolk, to see a clergyman, a near cousin of ours. They say that he is an *admiral* good man, and very *orspital* in his own house. I am *determ'd*, when this *vege* is over, never to set my foot in a stage-coach again; for the jolting of it has put my blood into such a *firmament*, that I have been in an *ego* ever since, and have lost my *nappitite* to such a degree that I have not eaten a *mansfon* of bread, put all together, these six weeks past. They allow me to eat nothing at night but *blanchius mansfbius*, which has made a perfect *notomy* of me; and my spirits are so *extorted*, that I am in a perfect *liturgy*; for which I am resolved to take some *rubrick*, although the doctors advise me to drink *burgomy*. And what do you think? when I went to my cellar for a flask, I found that my servants had *imbellished* it all; for which I am resolved to give them some *hippokockeney* to bring it up again.—I fear that I have been too *turbulent* in this long and tedious *crawl*; which I hope you will excuse from

Your very humble servant,

MARY HOWE.

ON BARBAROUS
DENOMINATIONS
IN
IRELAND.

SIR,

I HAVE been lately looking over the advertisements in some of your *Dublin* news-papers, which are sent me to the country, and was much entertained with a large list of denominations of lands, to be sold or let. I am confident they must be genuine; for it is impossible that either chance, or modern invention, could sort the alphabet in such a manner, as to make those abominable sounds; whether first invented to invoke, or fright away the Devil, I must leave among the curious.

If I could wonder at any thing barbarous, ridiculous, or absurd among us, this should be one of the first. I have often lamented that *Agricola*, the Father-in-law of *Tacitus*, was not prevailed on by that petty king from *Ireland*, who followed his camp, to come over and civilize us with a conquest, as his countrymen did *Britain*, where several *Roman* appellations remain to this day; and so would the rest have done, if that inundation of *Angles*, *Saxons*, and other northern people, had not

2 changed

changed them so much for the worse, although in no comparison with ours. In one of the advertisements just mentioned, I encountered near a hundred words together, which I defy any creature in human shape, except an *Irishman* of the savage kind, to pronounce; neither would I undertake such a task, to be owner of the lands, unless I had liberty to humanize the syllables twenty miles round. The Legislature may think what they please, and that they are above copying the *Romans* in all their conquests of barbarous nations; but I am deceived, if any thing hath more contributed to prevent the *Irish* from being tamed, than this encouragement of their language, which might easily be abolished, and become a dead one in half an age, with little expence, and less trouble.

How is it possible that a gentleman, who lives in those parts, where the *Town-lands* (as they call them) of his estate produce such odious sounds from the mouth, the throat, and the nose, can be able to repeat the words, without dislocating every muscle that is used in speaking, and without applying the same tone to all other words, in every language he understands: As it is plainly to be observed, not only in those people, of the better sort, who live in *Galloway* and the *Western* parts, but in most counties of *Ireland*?

It is true, that, in the city-part of *London*, the trading people have an affected manner of pronouncing; and so, in my time, had many ladies and coxcombs at court. It is likewise true, that there

there is an odd provincial cant in most counties in *England*, sometimes not very pleasing to the ear; and the *Scotch* cadence, as well as expression, are offensive enough. But none of these defects derive contempt to the speaker; whereas, what we call the *Irish Brogue* is no sooner discovered, than it makes the deliverer, in the last degree, ridiculous and despised; and, from such a mouth, an *Englishman* expects nothing but bulls, blunders, and follies. Neither does it avail whether the censure be reasonable or not, since the fact is always so. And, what is yet worse, it is too well known that the bad consequence of this opinion affects those among us who are not the least liable to such reproaches, further than the misfortune of being born in *Ireland*, although of *English* parents, and whose education hath been chiefly in that kingdom.

I have heard many gentlemen, among us, talk much of the great convenience to those who live in the country, that they should speak *Irish*. It may possibly be so: but, I think, they should be such who never intend to visit *England*, upon pain of being ridiculous. For I do not remember to have heard of any one man that spoke *Irish*, who had not the accent upon his tongue, easily discernible to any *English* ear.

But I have wandered a little from my subject, which was only to propose a wish, that these execrable denominations were a little better suited to an *English* mouth, if it were only for the sake of the *English* lawyers; who, in trials upon appeals

to the House of Lords, find so much difficulty in repeating the names, that, if the plaintiff or defendant were by, they would never be able to discover which were their own lands. But, besides this, I would desire, not only that the appellations of what they call *Town lands* were changed, but likewise of larger districts, and several towns, and some counties; and particularly the seats of country-gentlemen, leaving an *alias* to solve all difficulties in point of law. But I would by no means trust these alterations to the owners themselves; who, as they are generally no great clerks, so they seem to have no large vocabulary about them, nor to be well skilled in prosody. The utmost extent of their genius lies in naming their country-habitation by a hill, a mount, a brook, a burrough, a castle, a bawn, a ford, and the like ingenious conceits. Yet these are exceeded by others, whereof some have continued anagrammatical appellations, from half their own and their wives names joined together, others only from the lady. As, for instance, a person, whose wife's name was Elizabeth, calls his seat by the name of *Bess-borow*. There is likewise a famous town, where the worst iron in the kingdom is made, and it is called *Swandlingbar*. The original of which name I shall explain, lest the antiquaries of future ages might be at a loss to derive it. It was a most witty conceit of four gentlemen, who ruined themselves with this iron-project. *Sw.* stands for

Swift, *And.* for *Sanders*, *Ling.* for *Darling*, and *Bar.* for *Barry*. Methinks I see the four logger-heads sitting in consult, like *Smeetyminus*, each gravely contributing a part of his own name to make up one for their place in the iron-work; and could wish they had been hanged, as well as undone, for their wit. But I was most pleased with the denomination of a town land, which I lately saw in an advertisement of *Pue's* paper: "This
" is to give notice, that the lands of *Douras*,
" alias WHIG-borow, &c." Now this zealous proprietor, having a mind to record his principles in religion or loyalty to future ages, within five miles round him, for want of other merit, thought fit to make use of this expedient; wherein he seems to mistake his account: For this distinguishing term *Whig* had a most infamous original, denoting a man who favoured the Fanatic sect, and an enemy to kings, and so continued 'till the idea was a little softened, some years after the Revolution, and during a part of her late majesty's reign. After which it was in disgrace until the queen's death: since which time it hath, indeed, flourished with a witness: but how long it will continue so, in our variable scene, or what kind of mortal it may describe, is a question which this courtly landlord is not able to answer. And therefore, he should have set a date on the title of his burrow, to let us know what kind of creature a Whig was in that year of our LORD. — I
would

would readily assist nomenclators of this costly imagination; and therefore I propose, to others of the same size in thinking, that, when they are at a loss about christening a country-seat, instead of straining their invention, they would call it *Booby-burrow*, *Fool-brook*, *Puppy-ford*, *Coxcomb-hall*, *Mount-loggerhead*, *Dunce-hill*; which are innocent appellations, proper to express the talents of the owners. But I cannot reconcile myself to the prudence of this Lord of *WHIG-burrow*, because I have not yet heard, among the Presbyterian squires, how much soever their persons and principles are in vogue, that any of them have distinguished their country-abode by the name of *Mount-regicide*, *Covenant hall*, *Fanatic-hill*, *Roundhead-bawn*, *Canting-brook*, or *Mount-rebel*; and the like: because there may, possibly, come a time when those kind of sounds may not be so grateful to the ears of the kingdom. For I do not conceive it would be a mark of discretion, upon supposing a gentleman, in allusion to his name; or the merit of his ancestors, to call his house *Tyburn-hall*.

But the scheme I would propose, for changing the denominations of land into legible and audible syllables, is by employing some gentlemen in the University; who, by the knowledge of the *Latin* tongue, and their judgment in sounds, might imitate the *Roman* way, by translating those hideous words into their *English* meanings, and altering the termination, where a bare translation will not

form a good cadence to the ear, or be easily delivered from the mouth. And, when both these means happen to fail, then to name the parcels of land from the nature of the soil, or some peculiar circumstance belonging to it; as, in *England*, *Farnham*, *Oat lands*, *Black-beath*, *Corn-bury*, *Rye-gate*, *Ash-burnham*, *Barn-elms*, *Cole-ortum*, *Sand-wich*, and many others.

I am likewise apt to quarrel with some titles of lords among us, that have a very ungracious sound, which are apt to communicate mean ideas to those who have not the honour to be acquainted with their persons or their virtues, of whom I have the misfortune to be one. But I cannot pardon those gentlemen, who have gotten titles since the judicature of the peers among us hath been taken away, to which they all submitted with a resignation that became good Christians, as undoubtedly they are. However, since that time, I look upon a graceful harmonious title to be, at least, forty *per cent.* in the value intrinsic of an *Irish* peerage: and, since it is as cheap as the worst, for any *Irish* law hitherto enacted in *England* to the contrary, I would advise the next sett, before they pass their patents, to call a consultation of scholars and musical gentlemen, to adjust this most important and essential circumstance. The *Scotch* noblemen, though born almost under the North Pole, have much more tuneable appellations, except some very few, which, I suppose, were
given

given them by the *Irish*, along with their language, at the time when that kingdom was conquered, and planted from hence; and, to this day, retain the denominations of places, and surnames of families, as all historians agree.

I should likewise not be sorry, if the names of some bishops sees were so much obliged to the alphabet, that, upon pronouncing them, we might contract some veneration for the order and persons of those reverend peers, which the gross ideas sometimes joined to their titles are very unjustly apt to diminish.

O. N.
T H E D E A T H
O F

Mrs. JOHNSON [STELLA].

THIS day, being *Sunday January 28th 1727-8.* about eight o'clock at night, a servant brought me a note, with an account of the death of the truest, most virtuous, and valuable friend, that I or perhaps any other person was ever blessed with. She expired about six in the evening of this day; and, as soon as I am left alone, which is about eleven at night, I resolve, for my own satisfaction, to say something of her life and character.

She was born at *Richmond in Surrey*, on the thirteenth day of *March*, in the year 1681. Her father was a younger brother of a good family in *Nottinghamshire*, her mother of a lower degree, and indeed she had little to boast of her birth. I knew her from six years old, and had some share in her education, by directing what books she should read, and perpetually instructing her in the principles of honour and virtue; from which she never swerved in any one action or moment of her life. She was sickly from her childhood until about the age of fifteen: but then grew into perfect health, and was looked upon as one of the most beautiful, graceful,

graceful, and agreeable young women in *London*, only a little too fat. Her hair was blacker than a raven, and every feature of her face in perfection. She lived generally in the country, with a family where she contracted an intimate friendship with another lady of more advanced years. I was then, to my mortification, ~~forced in~~ *Ireland*; and, about a year after, going to visit my friends in *England*, I found she was a little uneasy upon the death of a person on whom she had some dependance. Her fortune, at that time, was in all not above fifteen hundred pounds, the interest of which was but a scanty maintenance, in so dear a country, for one of her spirit. Upon this consideration, and indeed very much for my own satisfaction, who had few friends or acquaintance in *Ireland*, I prevailed with her and her dear friend and companion, the other lady [r], to draw what money they had into *Ireland*, a great part of their fortune being in annuities upon funds. Money was then at ten per cent in *Ireland*, besides the advantage of returning it, and all necessaries of life at half the price. They complied with my advice, and soon after came over; but I happening to continue some time longer in *England*, they were much discouraged to live in *Dublin*, where they were wholly strangers. She was at that time about nineteen years old, and her person was soon distinguished. But the adventure looked so like a frolick, the censure held, for some

[r] Mrs. Dingley.

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time, as if there were a secret history in such a removal; which, however, soon blew off by her excellent conduct. She came over with her friend on the in the year 170—; and they both lived together until this day, when death removed her from us. For some years past, she had been visited with continual ill-health; and several times, within these last two years, her life was despaired of. But, for this twelve-month past, she never had a day's health; and, properly speaking, she hath been dying six months—but kept alive, almost against nature, by the generous kindness of two physicians and the care of her friends.—Thus far I writ the same night between eleven and twelve.

Never was any of her sex born with better gifts of the mind, or more improved them by reading and conversation. Yet her memory was not of the best, and was impaired in the latter years of her life. But I cannot call to mind that I ever once heard her make a wrong judgment of persons, books, or affairs. Her advice was always the best, and with the greatest freedom, mixt with the greatest decency. She had a gracefulness somewhat more than human in every motion, word, and action. Never was so happy a conjunction of civility, freedom, easiness, and sincerity. There seemed to be a combination among all that knew her, to treat her with a dignity much beyond her rank: yet people of all sorts were never more easy than in her company. Mr. Addison, when he was in Ireland, being introduced to her, immediately found

found her out: and, if he had not soon after left the kingdom, assured me he would have used all endeavours to cultivate her friendship. A rude or conceited coxcomb passed his time very ill, upon the least breach of respect; for, in such a case, she had no mercy, but was sure to expose him to the contempt of the standers-by; yet in such a manner as he was ashamed to complain, and durst not resent. All of us, who had the happiness of her friendship, agreed unanimously, that, in an afternoon or evening's conversation, she never failed, before we parted, of delivering the best thing that was said in the company. Some of us have written down several of her sayings, or what the *French* call *Bons Mots*, wherein she excelled almost beyond belief [1]. She never mistook the understanding of others; nor ever said a severe word, but where a much severer was deserved.

Her servants loved and almost adored her at the same time. She would, upon occasions, treat them with freedom; yet her demeanour was so awful, that they durst not fail in the least point of respect. She chid them seldom; but it was with severity, which had an effect upon them for a long time after.

January 26th, My head aches, and I can write no more.

January 30th, Tuesday.

This is the night of the funeral, which my sickness will not suffer me to attend. It is now nine

[1] See Vol. XII. p. 243.

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at night ; and I am removed into another apartment, that I may not see the light in the church, which is just over against the window of my bed-chamber.

With all the softness of temper that became a lady, she had the personal courage of a hero. She and her friend having removed their lodgings to a new house, which stood solitary, a parcel of rogues, armed, attempted the house, where there was only one boy : she was then about four and twenty : and, having been warned to apprehend some such attempt, she learned the management of a pistol ; and, the other women and servants being half-dead with fear, she stole softly to her dining-room window, put on a black hood to prevent being seen, primed the pistol fresh, gently lifted up the sash ; and, taking her aim with the utmost presence of mind, discharged the pistol, loaden with the bullets, into the body of one villain, who stood the fairest mark. The fellow, mortally wounded, was carried off by the rest, and died the next morning ; but his companions could not be found. The duke of *Ormond* had often drank her health to me upon that account, and had always an high esteem for her. She was indeed under some apprehensions of going in a boat, after some danger she had narrowly escaped by water ; but she was reasoned thoroughly out of it. She was never known to cry out, or discover any fear, in a coach or on horse-back, or any uneasiness by those sudden accidents with

With which most of her sex, either by weakness or affectation, appear so much disordered.

She never had the least absence of mind in conversation, nor given to interruption, or appeared eager to put in her word by waiting impatiently until another had done. She spoke in a most agreeable voice, in the plainest words, never hesitating, except out of modesty before new faces, where she was somewhat reserved; nor, among her nearest friends, ever spoke much at a time. She was but little versed in the common topicks of female chat; scandal, censure, and detraction, never came out of her mouth: yet, among a few friends, in private conversation, she made little ceremony in discovering her contempt of a coxcomb, and describing all his follies to the life; but the follies of her own sex she was rather inclined to extenuate or to pity.

When she was once convinced by open facts of any breach of truth or honour, in a person of high station, especially in the church, she could not conceal her indignation, nor hear them named without shewing her displeasure in her countenance; particularly one or two of the latter sort, whom she had known and esteemed, but detested above all mankind, when it was manifest that they had sacrificed those two precious virtues to their ambition, and would much sooner have forgiven them the common immoralities of the laity.

Her frequent fits of sickness, in most parts of her life, had prevented her from making that progress in

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in reading which she would otherwise have done. She was well versed in the *Greek* and *Roman* story, and was not unskilled in that of *France* and *England*. She spoke *French* perfectly, but forgot much of it by neglect and sickness. She had read carefully all the best books of travels, which serve to open and enlarge the mind. She understood the *Platonic* and *Epicurean* philosophy, and judged very well of the defects of the latter. She made very judicious abstracts of the best books she had read. She understood the nature of gov~~ernment~~, and could point out all the errors of *Hobbes*, both in that and religion. She had a good insight into physick, and knew somewhat of anatomy; in both which she was instructed in her younger days by an eminent physician, who had her long under his care, and bore the highest esteem for her person and understanding. She had a true taste of wit and good sense, both in poetry and prose, and was a perfect good critick of style: neither was it easy to find a more proper or impartial judge, whose advice an author might better rely on, if he intended to send a thing into the world, provided it was on a subject that came within the compass of her knowledge. Yet, perhaps, she was sometimes too severe, which is a safe and pardonable error. She preserved her wit, judgement, and vivacity to the last; but often used to complain of her memory.

Her fortune, with some accession, could not, as I have heard say, amount to much more than two thousand pounds, whereof a great part fell with

her life, having been placed upon annuities in *England*, and one in *Ireland*. In a person so extraordinary, perhaps, it may be pardonable to mention some particulars, although of little moment, further than to set forth her character. Some presents of gold-pieces being often made to her while she was a girl, by her mother and other friends, on promise to keep them, she grew into such a spirit of thrift, that, in about three years, they amounted to above two hundred pounds. She used to shew them with boasting; but her mother, apprehending she would be cheated of them, prevailed, in some months, and with great importunities, to have them put out to interest; when, the girl losing the pleasure of seeing and counting her gold, which she never failed of doing many times in a day, and despairing of heaping up such another treasure, her humour took the quite contrary turn: she grew careless and squandering of every new acquisition, and so continued till about two and twenty; when, by advice of some friends, and the fright of paying large bills of tradesmen, who enticed her into their debt, she began to reflect upon her own folly, and was never at rest until she had discharged all her shop-bills, and refunded herself a considerable sum she had run out. After which, by the addition of a few years and a superior understanding, she became, and continued all her life, a most prudent oeconomist; yet still with a strong bent to the liberal side, wherein she gratified herself by avoiding all expence in cloaths (which she ever despised) beyond what was merely

merely decent. And, although her frequent returns of sickness were very chargeable, except fees to physicians, of which she met with several so generous that she could force nothing on them (and indeed she must otherwise have been undone), yet she never was without a considerable sum of ready money. Insomuch that, upon her death, when her nearest friends thought her very bare, her executors found in her strong box about a hundred and fifty pounds in gold. She lamented the narrowness of her fortune in nothing so much, as that it did not enable her to entertain her friends so often, and in so hospitable a manner, as she desired. Yet they were always welcome; and, while she was in health to direct, were treated with neatness and elegance: so that the revenues of her and her companion passed for much more considerable than they really were. They lived always in lodgings; their domesticks consisted of two maids and one man. She kept an account of all the family expences; from her arrival in *Ireland* to some months before her death; and she would often repine, when looking back upon the annals of her household bills, that every thing necessary for life was double the price, while interest of money was sunk almost to one half; so that the addition made to her fortune was indeed grown absolutely necessary.

[I since writ as I found time].

But her charity to the poor was a duty not to be diminished, and therefore became a tax upon those tradesmen who furnish the fopperies of other ladies.

ladies. She bought cloaths as seldom as possible, and those as plain and cheap as consisted with the situation she was in; and wore no lace for many years. Either her judgment or fortune was extraordinary, in the choice of those on whom she bestowed her charity; for it went further in doing good than double the sum from any other hand. And I have heard her say, she always met with gratitude from the poor: which must be owing to her skill in distinguishing proper objects, as well as her gracious manner in relieving them.

But she had another quality that much delighted her, although it may be thought a kind of check upon her bounty; however, it was a pleasure she could not resist: I mean that of making agreeable presents, wherein I never knew her equal, although it be an affair of as delicate a nature as most in the course of life. She used to define a present, That it was a gift to a friend of something he wanted or was fond of, and which could not be easily gotten for money. I am confident, during my acquaintance with her, she hath, in these and some other kind of liberality, disposed of to the value of several hundred pounds. As to presents made to herself, she received them with great unwillingness, but especially from those to whom she had ever given any; being, on all occasions, the most disinterested mortal I ever knew or heard of.

From her own disposition, at least as much as from the frequent want of health, she seldom made
any

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any visits; but her own lodgings, from before twenty years old, were frequented by many persons of the graver sort, who all respected her highly, upon her good sense, good manners, and conversation. Among these were the late Primate *Lindsay*, Bp. *Lloyd*, Bp. *Ashe*, Bp. *Brown*, Bp. *Stearn*, Bp. *Pulleyn*, with some others of later date; and indeed the greatest number of her acquaintance was among the clergy. Honour, truth, liberality, good nature, and modesty, were the virtues she chiefly possessed, and most valued in her acquaintance; and, where they found them, would be ready to allow for some defects, nor valued them less, although they did not shine in learning or in wit; but would never give the least allowance for any failures in the former, even to those who made the greatest figure in either of the two latter. She had no use of any person's liberality, yet her detestation of covetous people made her uneasy if such a one was in her company; upon which occasion, she would say many things very entertaining and humorous.

She never interrupted any person who spoke; she laugh at no mistakes they made, but helped them out with modesty; and if a good thing were spoken, but neglected, she would not let it fall, but set it in the best light to those who were present. She listened to all that was said, and had never the least distraction or absence of thought.

It was not safe, nor prudent, in her presence, to offend in the least word against modesty; for she
then

then gave full employment to her wit, her contempt, and resentment, under which even stupidity and brutality were forced to sink into confusion; and the guilty person, by her future avoiding him like a bear or a satyr, was never in a way to transgress a second time.

It happened one single coxcomb, of the pert kind, was in her company, among several other ladies; and, in his flippant way, began to deliver some double meanings: the rest flapped their fans, and used the other ~~common~~ expedients practised in such cases, of appearing not to mind or comprehend what was said. Her behaviour was very different; and perhaps may be censured. She said thus to the man: "Sir, all these ladies and I understand your meaning very well, having, in spite of our care, too often met with those of your sex who wanted manners and good sense. But, believe me, neither virtuous nor even vicious women love such kind of conversation. However, I will leave you, and report your behaviour: and, whatever visit I make, I shall first enquire at the door whether you are in the house, that I may be sure to avoid you." I know not whether a majority of ladies would approve of such a proceeding; but I believe the practice of it would soon put an end to that corrupt conversation, the worst effect of dulness, ignorance, impudence, and vulgarity, and the highest affront to the modesty and understanding of the female sex.

By returning very few visits, she had not much company of her own sex, except those whom she most loved for their easiness, or esteemed for their good sense; and those, not insisting on ceremony, came often to her. But she rather chose men for her companions, the usual topicks of ladies discourse being such as she had little knowledge of, and less relish. Yet no man was upon the rack to entertain her, for she easily descended to any thing that was innocent and diverting. News, politicks, censure, family-management, or town talk, she always diverted to something else; but these indeed seldom happened, for she chose her company better: and therefore many, who mistook her and themselves, having solicited her acquaintance, and finding themselves disappointed after a few visits, dropped off; and she was never known to enquire into the reason, or ask what was become of them.

She was never positive in arguing, and she usually treated those who were so, in a manner which well enough gratified that unhappy disposition; yet in such a sort as made it very contemptible, and at the same time did some hurt to the owners. Whether this proceeded from her easiness in general, or from her indifference to persons, or from her despair of mending them, or from the same practice which she much liked in Mr. Addison, I cannot determine; but when she saw any of the company very warm in a wrong opinion, she was more inclined to confirm them in it than oppose them. The
excuse

excuse she commonly gave, when her friends asked the reason, was, That it prevented noise, and saved time. Yet I have known her very angry with some whom she much esteemed for sometimes falling into that infirmity.

She loved *Ireland* much better than the generality of those who owe both their birth and riches to it; and, having brought over all the fortune she had in money, left the reversion of the best part of it, one thousand pounds, to Dr. *Stephens's Hospital*. She detested the tyranny and injustice of *England*, in their treatment of this kingdom. She had indeed reason to love a country, where she had the esteem and friendship of all who knew her, and the universal good report of all who ever heard of her, without one exception, if I am told the truth by those who keep general conversation. Which character is the more extraordinary, in falling to a person of so much knowledge, wit, and vivacity, qualities that are used to create envy, and consequently censure; and must be rather imputed to her great modesty, gentle behaviour, and inoffensiveness, than to her superior virtues.

Although her knowledge, from books and company, was much more extensive than usually falls to the share of her sex; yet she was so far from making a parade of it, that her female visitants, on their first acquaintance, who expected to discover it by what they call hard words and deep discourse, would be sometimes disappointed, and say, they

found she was like other women. But wise men, through all her modesty, whatever they discoursed on, could easily observe that she understood them very well, by the judgment shewn in her observations as well as in her questions.

O F T H E

E D U C A T I O N O F L A D I E S.

TH E R E is a subject of controversy, which I have frequently met with, in mixed and select companies of both sexes, and sometimes only of men ; whether it be prudent to chuse a wife, who hath good natural sense, some taste of wit and and humour, sufficiently versed in her own natural language, able to read and to relish history, books of travels, moral or entertaining discourses, and be a tolerable judge of the beauties in poetry. This question is generally determined in the negative by the women themselves, but almost universally by the men.

We must observe, that, in this debate, those whom we call men and women of fashion are only to be understood, not merchants, tradesmen, or others of such occupations, who are not supposed to have share in a liberal education. I except likewise all ministers of state, during their power, lawyers and physicians in great practice, persons in such employments as take up the greater part of the day, and perhaps some other conditions of life which I cannot call to mind. Neither must I forget to except all gentlemen of the army, from the general to ensign ; because those qualifications abovementioned, in a wife, are wholly out of their

element and comprehension; together with all mathematicians, and gentlemen lovers of musick, metaphysicians, virtuosi, and great talkers, who have all amusements enough of their own. All these put together will amount to a great number of adversaries, whom I shall have no occasion to encounter, because I am already of their sentiments. Those persons, whom I mean to include, are the bulk of lords, knights, and squires throughout *England*, whether they reside between the town and country, or generally in either. I do also include those of the clergy, who have tolerably good preferments in *London* or any other parts of the kingdom.

The most material arguments that I have met with, on the negative side of this great question, are what I shall now impartially report, in as strong a light as I think they can bear.

It is argued, That the great end of marriage is propagation: that, consequently, the principal business of a wife is to breed children, and to take care of them in their infancy: that the wife is to look on her family, watch over the servants, see that they do their work: that she be absent from her house as little as possible: that she is to obey all the lawful commands of her husband; and visit, or be visited, by no persons whom he disapproves. That her whole business, if well performed, will take up most hours of the day: that the greater she is, and the more servants she keeps, her inspection must encrease accordingly. For, as a family repre-

represents a kingdom, so the wife, who is her husband's first minister, must, under him, direct all the officers of state, even to the lowest; and report their behaviour to her husband, as the first minister does to his prince. That such a station requires much time, and thought, and order; and, if well executed, leaves but little time for visits or diversions.

That a humour of reading books, except those of devotion or housewifery, is apt to turn a woman's brain. That plays, romances, novels, and love-poems, are only proper to instruct them how to carry on an intrigue. That all affectation of knowledge, beyond what is merely domestic, renders them vain, conceited, and pretending. That the natural levity of woman wants ballast; and, when she once begins to think she knows more than others of her sex, she will begin to despise her husband, and grow fond of every coxcomb who pretends to any knowledge in books. That, she will learn scholastic words; make herself ridiculous by pronouncing them wrong, and applying them absurdly in all companies. That in the mean time, her household affairs, and the care of her children, will be wholly laid aside; her toilet will be crowded with all the under-wits, where the conversation will pass in criticising on the last play or poem that comes out, and she will be careful to remember all the remarks that were made, in order to retail them in the next visit, especially in company who know nothing of the matter. That she will have all the impertinence of a pedant, without the knowledge;

and, for every new acquirement, will become so much the worse.

To say the truth, that shameful and almost universal neglect of good education among our nobility, gentry, and indeed among all others who are born to good estates, will make this essay of little use to the present age: for, considering the modern way of training up both sexes in ignorance, idleness, and vice, it is of little consequence how they are coupled together. And therefore my speculations on this subject can be only of use to a small number: for, in the present situation of the world, none but wise and good men can fail of missing their match, whenever they are disposed to marry; and consequently there is no reason for complaint on either side. The forms by which a husband and wife are to live, with regard to each other and to the world, are sufficiently known and fixed, in direct contradiction to every precept of morality, religion, or civil institution: it would be therefore an idle attempt to aim at breaking so firm an establishment.

But, as it sometimes happens, that an elder brother dies late enough to leave the younger at the university, after he hath made some progress in learning; if we suppose him to have a tolerable genius, and a desire to improve it, he may consequently learn to value and esteem wisdom and knowledge wherever he finds them, even after his father's death, when his title and estate come into his own possession. Of this kind, I reckon, by a favourable computation,

putation, there may possibly be found, by a strict search among the nobility and gentry throughout *England*, about five hundred. Among those of all other callings or trades, who are able to maintain a son at the university, about treble that number. The sons of clergymen, bred to learning with any success, must, by reason of their parents poverty, be very inconsiderable, many of them being only admitted servitors in colleges (and consequently proving good for nothing): I shall therefore count them to be not above fourscore. But, to avoid fractions, I shall suppose there may possibly be a round number of two thousand male human creatures in *England* (including *Wales*), who have a tolerable share of reading and good sense. I include in this list all persons of superior abilities, or great genius, or true judgment and taste, or of profound literature, who, I am confident, we may reckon to be at least five and twenty.

I am very glad to have this opportunity of doing an honour to my country, by a computation which I am afraid foreigners may conceive to be partial; ~~when out of~~ only fifteen thousand families of lords and estated gentlemen, which may probably be their number, I suppose one in thirty to be tolerably educated, with a sufficient share of good sense. Perhaps the censure may be just. And therefore, upon cooler thoughts, to avoid all cavils, I shall reduce them to one thousand, which, at least, will be a number sufficient to fill both houses of parliament.

The daughters of great and rich families, computed after the same manner, will hardly amount to above half the number of the male : because the care of their education is either left entirely to their mothers, or they are sent to boarding-schools, or put into the hands of *English* or *French* governesses, and generally the worst that can be gotten for money. So that, after the reduction I was compelled to, from two thousand to one, half the number of well-educated nobility and gentry must either continue in a single life, or be forced to couple themselves with women for whom they can possibly have no esteem ; I mean fools, prudes, coquettes, gamesters, saunterers, endless talkers of nonsense, splenetic idlers, intriguers, given to scandal and censure,

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L E T T E R S
TO AND FROM
SEVERAL PERSONS.

L E T T E R I.

To Mr. BENJAMIN TOOKE.

Dublin, June 29, 1710.

SIR,

I WAS in the country when I received your letter with the Apology inclosed in it [1]; and I had neither health nor humour to finish that business. But the blame rests with you, that, if you thought it time, you did not print it when you had it. I have just now your last, with the complete Key. I believe it is so perfect a *Grubstreet*-piece, it will be forgotten in a week. But it is strange that there can be no satisfaction against a bookseller, for publishing names in so bold a manner. I wish some lawyer could advise you how I might have satisfaction: for, at this rate, there is no book, however vile, which may not be fastened on me. I cannot but think that little Parson-cousin [m] of

[1] The *Apology* prefixed to the Tale of a Tub.

[m] He was Rector of Puttenham in Surrey, near Guildford.

mine is at the bottom of this; for, having lent him a copy of some part of, &c. and he shewing it, after I was gone for *Ireland*, and the thing abroad, he affected to talk suspiciously, as if he had some share in it. If he should happen to be in town, and you light on him, I think you ought to tell him gravely, that, if he be the author, he should set his name to the &c.; and railly him a little upon it: and tell him, if he can explain some things, you will, if he pleases, set his name to the next edition. I should be glad to see how far the foolish impudence of a dunce could go. Well; I will send you the thing, now I am in town, as soon as possible. But, I dare say, you have neither printed the rest, nor finished the cuts; only are glad to lay the fault on me. I shall, at the end, take a little contemptible notice of the thing you sent me; and I dare say it will do you more good than hurt. If you are in such haste, how came you to forget the *Miscellanies*? I would not have you think of *Steele* for a publisher; he is too busy. I will, one of these days, send you some hints, which I would have in a preface, and you may get some friend to dress them up. I have thoughts of some other work one of these years; and I hope to see you ere it be long; since it is like to be a new world, and since I have the merit of suffering by not complying with the old. Yours,

&c.

L E T T E R II.

Mr. TOOKE to Doctor SWIFT.

London, July 10, 1710.

SIR,

I NCLOSED I have sent the Key, and I think it would be much more proper to add the notes at the bottom of the respective pages they refer to, than printing them at the end by themselves. As to the cuts, sir *Andrew Fountain* has had them from the time they were designed, with an intent of altering them. But he is now gone into *Norfolk*, and will not return till *Michaelmas*; so that, I think, they must be laid aside: for, unless they are very well done, it is better they were quite let alone. As to the Apology, I was not so careless but that I took a copy of it before I sent it to you, so that I could have printed it easily, but that you sent me word not to go on till you had altered something in it. As to that cousin of yours, which you speak of, I neither know him, nor ever heard of him till the key mentioned him. It was very indifferent to me which I proceeded on first, the Tale, or the Miscellanies: but, when you went away, you told me there were three or four things should be sent over out of *Ireland*, which you had not here; which, I think, is a very reasonable excuse for myself in all these affairs. What I beg of you at present is, that you would return the Apology and this Key, with directions as to the

the

the placing it : although I am entirely of opinion to put it at the bottom of each page ; yet shall submit. If this be not done soon, I cannot promise but some rascal or other will do it for us both ; since you see the liberty that is already taken. I think too much time has already been lost in the Miscellanies ; therefore hasten that : and whichever is in the most forwardness, I would begin on first. All here depend on an intire alteration. I am, &c.

L E T T E R III.

To the Earl of PETERBOROW.

February, 1710-11.

My LORD,

I ENVY none of the queen's subjects so much as those who are abroad ; and I desire to know, whether, as great a soul as your lordship has, you did not observe your mind to open and enlarge, after you were some leagues at sea, and had left off breathing party-air. I am apt to think this schium in politicks has cloven our understandings, and left us but just half the good sense that blazed in our actions : and we see the effect it has had upon our wit and learning, which are crumbled into pamphlets and penny-papers. The *October* club, which was in its rudiments when your lordship left us, is now growing up to be a party by itself, and begins to rail at the ministry as much as the
Whigs

Whigs do, but from topicks directly contrary. I am sometimes talked into frights, and told that all is ruined ; but am immediately cured when I see any of the ministry : not from the satisfaction they give me in any one point, but because I see them so perfectly easy, and I believe they could not be so if they had any fear at heart. My comfort is, they are persons of great abilities, and they are engaged in a good cause. And what is one very good circumstance, as I told three of them the other day, they seem heartily to love one another, in spite of the scandal of inconstancy which court-friendships lie under. And I can affirm to your lordship, they heartily love you too ; which I take to be a great deal more than when they assure you so themselves. For even statesmen will sometimes discover their passions, especially their good ones.

Here is a pamphlet come out, called *A letter to Jacob Banks*, shewing that the liberty of Sweden was destroyed by the principle of passive obedience. I know not whether his quotation be fair, but the piece is ill-revewdly written ; and, in my opinion, not to be answered, otherwise than by disclaiming that sort of passive obedience which the tories are charged with. This dispute would soon be ended, if the dunces, who write on each side, would plainly tell us what the object of this passive obedience is in our country. For, I dare swear, nine in ten of the whigs will allow it to the legislature, and as many of the tories deny it to the prince alone : and I hardly ever saw

saw a whig and tory together, whom I could not immediately reconcile on that article, when I made them explain themselves.

My lord, the Queen knew what she did, when she sent your lordship to spur up a dull northern court : Yet, I confess, I had rather have seen that activity of mind and body employed in conquering another kingdom, or the same over again. I am,

My LORD, &c.

L E T T E R IV.

To the earl of P E T E R B O R O W.

May 4, 1711.

My LORD,

I H A V E had the honour of your lordship's letter ; and, by the first lines of it, have made a discovery that your lordship is come into the world about eighteen hundred years too late, and was born about half a dozen degrees too far to the North to employ that public virtue I always heard you did possess ; which is now wholly useless, and which those very few that have it, are forced to lay aside when they would have business succeed.

Is it not some comfort, my lord, that you meet with the same degeneracy of manners, and the same neglect of the publick, among the honest *Germans* , though, in the philosopher's phrase, differently modified ? and I hope, at least, we have one
advantage

advantage, to be more polite in our corruptions than they.

Our divisions run further than perhaps your lordship's intelligence hath yet informed you of. That is, a triumvirate of our friends whom I have mentioned to you : I have told them more than once, upon occasion, that all my hope of their success depended on their union ; that I saw they loved one another, and hoped they would continue it, to remove that scandal of inconstancy ascribed to court-friendships. I am not now so secure. I care not to say more on such a subject, and even this *entre nous*. My credit is not of a size to do any service on such an occasion : but, as little as it is, I am so ill a politician, that I will venture the loss of it to prevent this mischief ; the consequences of which I am as good a judge of as any minister of state, and perhaps a better because I am not one.

When you writ your letter, you had not heard of *Guiscard's* attempt on Mr. *Harley* : supposing you know all the circumstances, I shall not desist upon it. We believe Mr. *Harley* will soon be treasurer, and be of the house of peers ; and then we imagine the court will begin to deal out employments, for which every *October-member* is a candidate ; and consequently nine in ten must be disappointed : the effect of which we may find in the next session. Mr. *Harley* was yesterday to open to the house the ways he has thought of, to raise funds for securing the unprovided debts of

the nation ; and we are all impatient to know what his proposals are.

As to the imperfect account you say you have received of disagreement among ourselves, your lordship knows that the names of Whig and Tory have quite altered their meanings. All who were for turning out the late ministry, we now generally call Tories : and, in that sense, I think it plain that there are among the Tories three different interests. One of those, I mean the ministry, who agree with your lordship and me, in a steady management for pursuing the true interest of the nation ; another is that of warmer heads, as the *October-club* and their adherents without doors ; and a third is, I fear, of those who, as your lordship expresses it, would found a party, and who would make fair weather in case of a change ; and some of these last are not inconsiderable.

Nothing can be more obliging than your lordship's remembering to mention me in your letters to Mr. *Harley* and Mr. *St. John*, when you are in the midst of such great affairs. I doubt I shall want such an advocate as your lordship ; for I believe, every man who has modesty or merit is but an ill one for himself. I desire but the smallest of those titles you give me on the outside of your letter. My ambition is to live in *England*, and with a competency to support me with honour. The ministry know by this time whether I am worth keeping ; and it is easier to provide for ten men in the church than one in a civil employment.

But

But I renounce *England* and deanries, without a promise from your lordship, under your own hand and seal, that I shall have liberty to attend you whenever I please. I foresee we shall have a peace next year, by the same sagacity that I have often foreseen when I was young. I must leave the town in a week, because my money is gone, and I can borrow no more. Peace will bring your lordship home; and we must have you to adorn your country, when you shall be no longer wanted to defend it. I am,

My LORD, &c.

L E T T E R V.

To Mr. Secretary ST. JOHN [1].

Chelsea; May 11, 1711.

SIR,

BEING convinced, by certain ominous prognostics, that my life is too short to permit me the honour of ever dining another *Saturday* with sir *Simon Harcourt*, knight, or *Robert Harley*, esq; I beg I may take the last farewell of those two gentlemen to-morrow. I made this request on *Saturday* last, unfortunately after you were gone; and they, like great statesmen, pretended they could do nothing in it without your consent; particularly my lord-keeper, as a lawyer, raised innumerable difficulties, although I submitted to allow you

[1] Afterwards lord *Bolingbroke*.

an hour's whispering before dinner, and an hour after. My lord *Rivers* would not offer one word in my behalf, pretending he himself was but a tolerated person. The keeper alledged you could do nothing but when all three were capitularly met, as if you could never open but like a parish-chest, with the three keys together. It grieves me to see the present ministry thus confederated to pull down my great spirit. Pray, sir, find an expedient. Finding expedients is the business of secretaries of state. I will yield to any reasonable conditions not below my dignity. I will not find fault with the victuals; I will restore the water-glass that I stole, and solicit for my lord keeper's salary. And, sir, to shew you I am not a person to be safely injured, if you dare refuse me justice in this point, I will appear before you in a pudding-sleeve gown, I will disparage your snuff, write a lampoon upon *Nably Car*, dine with you upon a foreign post-day; nay, I will read verses in your presence, until you snatch them out of my hands. Therefore pray, sir, take pity upon me and yourself; and believe me to be, with great respect,

Sir,

Your most obedient and

most humble servant,

L E T.

L E T T E R VI.

Mr. SHOWER to the Lord High-Treasurer
OXFORD.

London, Dec. 20, 1711.

MY LORD,

THOUGH there be little reason to expect your lordship should interpose in favour of the Dissenters, who have been so shamefully abandoned, sold, and sacrificed by their professed friends; the attempt is however so glorious, in all its views, tendencies, and prospects, that, if it be not too late, I would most humbly beg your lordship not to be immoveable as to that matter. The fatal consequences of that bill cannot be expressed: I dread to think of some of them; and shall as much rejoice with many thousands, if you may be instrumental to prevent it. May Heaven direct you in this, and all your great affairs for the public good of your country. I am,

My honoured lord,

Your most obedient servant,

JOHN SHOWER.

L E T T E R VII.

ANSWER to Mr. SHOWER [u].

Dec. 21, 1717.

REVEREND SIR,

HA D not a very painful distemper confined me, I had desired the favour of seeing you some time since; and I should have spoken very plainly to you, as I shall whenever I see you. I have long foretold, that the Dissenters must be saved whether they will or no; they resist even restraining grace; and would almost convince me, that the notion of man's being a mechanism is true in every part. To see men moved as puppets, with rage for their interest, with envy acting against their own interest, *having mens persons in admiration*; not only those of their own body, who certainly are the first who pretended to consummate wisdom and deep policy; yet have shewn that they knew not the common affairs of this nation, but are *deaf* *in thick clay*. They are *Epicureans* in act, *Puritans* in profession, *politicians* in conceit, and a prey and laughing-stock to the *Deists* and *synagogue* of the libertines, in whom they have trusted, and to whose infallibility they have sold themselves and their congregations. All they have done,

[u] The answer was written by Dr. Swift, as appears not only from his hand-writing, but particularly from a correction in the original draught.

or can do, shall never make me their enemy. I pity poor deluded creatures, that have for seventeen years been acting against all their principles, and the liberty of this nation, without leaving so much salt as to keep the body of them sweet. For there has not been one good bill, during that term of years, which they have not opposed in the house of commons; contrary to the practice of those very few Dissenters, which were in the parliament in king *Charles* the Second's time, who thereby united themselves to the country-gentlemen, the advantage of which they found for many years after. But now they have lifted themselves with those, who had first denied our Saviour and now have sold them.

I have written this only to shew you, that I am ready to do every thing that is practicable, to save people who are bargained for by their leaders, and given up by their ministers: I say, their ministers; because it is averred and represented, that the dissenting ministers have been consulted, and are consenting to this bill. By what lies and arts they are brought to this, I do not care to mention; but, as to myself, the engineers of this bill thought they had obtained a great advantage against me: Finding I had stopped it in the house of commons, they thought to bring me to a fatal dilemma, whether it did or did not pass. This would have no influence with me; for I will act what I think to be right, let there be the worst enemies in the world of one side or other. I guess, by your letter, that

you do not know that the bill, yesterday, passed both houses, the lords having agreed to the amendments made by the commons; so that there is no room to do any thing upon that head.

What remains is, to desire, that the Dissenters may seriously think from whence they are fallen, and do their first works,—and recover their reputation of sobriety, integrity, and love of their country, which is the sincere and hearty prayer of,

REVEREND SIR,

Your most faithful and

most humble servant,

OXFORD.

L E T T E R VIII.

To Mrs. HILL.

May, 1712.

MADAM,

I WAS commanded some days ago to do what I had long a mind to, but avoided because I would not offend your prudence, or strain your eyes. But my lord *Masham* assures me there is no danger of either; and that you have courage enough to read a letter, though it comes from a man, provided it be one of no consequence, which his lordship would insinuate to be my case; but, I hope,

hope, you will not affront me so highly as to understand it so. There is not a grain of news in this town, or five miles about it, worth sending you ; and what we receive from *Windsor* is full as insignificant, except the accounts of the queen's health, and your house-keeping. We are assured that you keep a constant table, and that your guests leave you with full stomachs and full pockets ; that Dr. *Arbutnot* sometimes leaves his beloved green cloth, to come and receive your chidings, and pick up your money. We intend shortly to represent your case to my lord treasurer, as what deserves commiseration ; but we hope the matter is already settled between his lordship and you, and that you are instructed to be thus magnificent, in order to carry on the cause. We reckon his lordship's life is now secure, since a combination of band-boxes and ink-horns, the engines of late times, were employed in vain to destroy him. He will do me the justice to tell you, that I never fail of toasting you under the name of the Governess of *Dunkirk*, and that you have the honour to be very particularly in my good graces. My lady *Masham* still continues in a doubtful state of neither up nor down ; and one of her servants told mine, that they did not expect she would cry out this fortnight. I saw, yesterday, our brother *Hill*, who promises to be more thrifty of his health, and seems to have a pretty good stock of it. I hope you receive no visits from the head-ache and the spleen : and one who knows your constitution very well, advises
you,

you, by all means, against sitting in the dusk at
at your window, or on the ground, leaning on
your hand, or at see-saw in your chair.

I am,

MADAM, &c.

L E T T E R IX.

TO GENERAL HILL [x].

Windsor-Castle, Aug. 12, 1712.

S I R,

WITH great difficulty, I recovered your
present of the finest box in *France*, out
of the hands of Mrs. *Hill*: she allowed her own
to be the prettiest, but then mine was the handsom-
est; and, in short, she would part with neither. I
pleaded my brotherhood, and got my lord and lady
Masbam to intercede: and, at last, she threw it
me with a heavy sigh: but now it is in my possession,
I wish you had sent a paper of directions how I
shall keep it. You that sit at your ease, and have
nothing to do but keep *Dunkirk*, never consider the
difficulties you have brought upon me: twenty
ladies have threatened to seize or surprize my box;
and what are twenty thousand *French* or *Dutch* in
comparison of those? Mrs. *Hill* says, it was a very
idle thing in you to send such a present to a man
who can neither punish nor reward you, since *Grub-*

[x] Brother to lady *Masbam*.

Street

street is no more: for the parliament has killed all the Muses of *Grub-street*, who yet; in their last moments, cried out nothing but *Dunkirk*. My lord treasurer, who is the most malicious person in the world, says you ordered a goose to be drawn at the bottom of my box, as a reflexion upon the clergy; and that I ought to resent it: but I am not angry at all, and his lordship observes by halves: for the goose is there drawn pecking at a snail, just as I do at him, to make him mend his pace in relation to the publick, although it be hitherto in vain. And besides, Dr. *Arbutnot*, who is a scholar, says you meant it as a compliment for us both: that I am the goose who saved the Capitol by my cackling, and that his lordship is represented by the snail, because he preserves his country by delays. But my lord *Masham* is not to be endured: he observed, that, in the picture of the inside, which represents a great company dancing, there stands a fool with a cap and bells, and he would needs understand that figure as applied to me. And the worst of it was, that I happened, last night, to be at my lady duchess of *Shrewsbury's* ball: where, looking a little singular among so many fine ladies and gentlemen, his lordship came and whispered me to look at my box; which I resented so highly, that I went away in a rage, without staying for supper. However, considering of it better, after a night's sleep, I find all this is nothing but envy, and a design to make a quarrel between you and me: but it shall not so; for I hope your intentions were good,

however

however malice may misrepresent them. And though I am used ill by all your family, who win my money and laugh at me, yet, to vex them more, I will forgive them for your sake; and, as soon as I can break loose, will come to *Dunkirk* for a fortnight, to get a little ease from my many persecutions, by the *Harleys*, the *Mashams*, and the *Hills*; only I intend to change my habit, for fear colonel *Killigrew* should mistake me for a chimney-sweeper. In the mean time, I wish you all success in your government, loyal *French* subjects, virtuous ladies, little campaign, and much health; and am, with the truest respect and esteem,

Sir,

Your most obedient

humble servant and brother.

L E T T E R X.

To Lady O R K N E Y.

November 21, 1712.

MADAM,

WHEN, upon parting with your ladyship, you were pleased to tell me I should find your present at home, natural justice prompted me to resolve that the first use I made of it should be in paying acknowledgments to my benefactor. But, when I opened the writing-table, which I must now call

all mine, I found you had neither sent pens, ink, nor paper, sufficient for such an undertaking. But I ought to tell your ladyship in order, that I first got there a much more valuable thing: and I cannot do greater honour to my scrutoire, than to assure your ladyship that your letter is the first thing I have put in it, and shall be the last I will ever take out. I must tell your ladyship, that I am this moment under a very great concern. I was fully convinced that I should write with a new spirit, by the influence of the materials you sent me; but it is quite otherwise: I have not a grain of invention, whether out of the confusion which attendeth us when we strive too much to acquit ourselves, or whether your pens and ink are fullen, and think themselves disgraced since they have changed their owner. I heartily thank your ladyship, for making me a present that looks like a sort of establishment. I plainly see, by the contrivance, that, if you were first minister, it would have been a cathedral. As it is, you have more contributed towards fixing me, than all the ministry together; for it is difficult to travel with this equipage, and it will be impossible to travel or live without it. You have an undoubted title to whatever papers this table shall ever contain (except your letter), and I desire you will please to have another key made for it; that, when the court shall think fit to give me a room worth putting it into, your ladyship may come and search it whenever you please.

I beg

I beg your ladyship to join in laughing with me, at my unreasonable vanity, when I wished that the motto written about the wax was a description of yourself. But, if I am disappointed in that, your ladyship will be so in all the rest; even this ink will never be able to convey your ladyship's note as it ought. The paper will contain no wonders, but when it mentions you; neither is the seal any otherwise an emblem of my life, than by the deep impression your ladyship has made, which nothing but my death can wear out. By the inscription about the pens, I fear there is some mistake; and that your ladyship did not design them for me. However, I will keep them until you can find the person you intended should have them, and who will be able to dispose of them according to your predictions. I cannot find that the workman you employed, and directed, has made the least mistake: but there are four implements wanting. The two first I shall not name, because an odd superstition forbids us to accept them from our friends; the third is a sponge, which the people long have given so ill a reputation to, that I view it shall be no gift of your ladyship: the last is a flat ivory instrument, used in folding up of letters, which I insist you must provide.

See, Madam, the first fruits this unlucky present of yours has produced. It is but giving a fiddle to a scraper, or a pestle and mortar to an apothecary, or a Tory pamphlet to Mrs. *Ramsay*. Nothing is

o great a discouragement to generous persons as the fear of being worried by acknowledgments. Besides, your ladyship is an unsufferable kind of giver, making every present fifty times the value, by the circumstances and manner. And I know people in the world, who would not oblige me so much, at the cost of 1000*l.* as you have done at that of 20*l.* which, I must needs tell you, is an unconscionable way of dealing, and whereof, I believe, nobody alive is so guilty as yourself. In short, you deceive my eyes and corrupt my judgment; nor am I now sure of any thing, but that of being, &c.

L E T T E R XI.

To the Duchess of O R M O N D.

December 20, 1712.

MADAM,

ANY other person, of less refinement and prudence than myself, would be at a loss how to thank your grace, upon the surprize of coming home last night, and finding two pictures where only one was demanded. But I understand your grace's malice, and do here affirm you to be the greatest prude upon earth. You will not so much as let your picture be alone in a room with a man, no not with a clergyman, and a clergyman of five and forty; and therefore resolved my lord duke should accompany it, and keep me in awe, that I might not presume to
look

look too often upon it. For my own part, I begin already to repent that I ever begged your grace's picture; and could almost find in my heart to send it you back: for, although it be the most beautiful sight I ever beheld, except the original, yet the veneration and respect it fills me with, will always make me think I am in your grace's presence; will hinder me from saying and writing twenty idle things, that used to divert me: will set me labouring upon majestic, sublime ideas, at which I have no manner of talent; and will make those who come to visit me think I am grown, on the sudden, wonderful stately and reserved. But, in life, we must take the evil with the good; and it is one comfort, that I know how to be revenged. For the sight of your grace's resemblance will perpetually remind me of paying my duty to your person; which will give your grace the torment, and me the felicity, of a more frequent attendance.

But, after all, to deal plainly with your grace, your picture (and I must say the same of my lord duke's) will be of very little use, further than to let others see the honour you are pleased to do me. For all the accomplishments of your mind and person are so deeply printed in my heart, and represent you so lively to my imagination, that I should take it for a high affront, if you believed it in the power of colours to refresh my memory: almost as high a one, as if your grace should deny me the justice of being, with the most profound respect and gratitude,

MADAM,

Your Grace's, &c.

L E T T

L E T T E R XII.

To the duke of ARGYLE.

January 20, 1712-13.

MY LORD,

I WOULD myself have delivered the answer I sent yesterday to your grace at court, by Dr. *Arbuthnot*, if I had not thought the sight of complaining to be on my side: for I think it was my due, that you should have immediately told me whatever you had heard amiss of my conduct to your grace. When I had the honour to be first known to those in the ministry, I made it an express condition, that whoever did me ill offices, they should inform me of what was said, and hear my vindication; that I might not be mortified with countenances estranged of the sudden, and be at a loss for the cause. And, I think, there is no person alive, whose favour or protection I would purchase at that expence. I could not speak to the disadvantage of your grace without being ungrateful (which is an ill word), since you were pleased, voluntarily, to make so many professions of favour to me for some years past; and your being a duke and a general would have swayed me not at all in my respect for your person, if I had not thought you to abound in qualities, which I wish were easier to be found in those of your rank. I have indeed

sometimes heard what your grace was told I reported ; but, as I am a stranger to coffee-houses, so it is a great deal below me to spread coffee-house reports. This accusation is a little the harder upon me, because I have always appeared fond of your grace's character ; and have, with great industry, related several of your generous actions, on purpose to remove the imputation of the only real fault (for I say nothing of common frailties) which I ever heard laid to your charge. I confess, I have often thought that *Homer's* description of *Achilles* bore some resemblance to your grace, but I do not remember that ever I said so. At the same time, I think few men were ever born with nobler qualities, to fulfil and adorn every office of a subject, a friend, and a protector, &c.

L E T T E R XIII.

To Lord Chancellor HARCOURT.

May, 1713.

MY LORD,

I W O N D E R your lordship would presume to go out of town, and leave me in fear that I should not see you before I go to *Ireland*, which will be in a week. It is a strange thing, you should prefer your own health, and ease, and convenience, before my satisfaction. I want your lordship for my solicitor. I want your letter to your younger brother

brother of *Ireland*, to put him under my government: I want an opportunity of giving your lordship my humble thanks, for a hundred favours you have done me: I wanted the sight of your lordship this day in *York-buildings* [y]. Pray, my lord, come to town before I leave it, and supply all my wants. My lord-treasurer uses me barbarously; appoints to carry me to *Kensington*, and makes me walk four miles at midnight. He laughs when I mention a thousand pound, which he gives me; though a thousand pound is a very serious thing, &c.

L E T T E R XIV.

To Mr. ADDISON.

May 13, 1713.

SIR,

I WAS told yesterday, by several persons, that Mr. *Steele* had reflected upon me in his *Guardian*; which I could hardly believe, until, sending for the paper of the day, I found he had, in several parts of it, insinuated with the utmost malice, that I was author of the *Examiner*; and abused me in the grossest manner he could possibly invent, and set his name to what he had written. Now, sir, if I am not author of the *Examiner*; how will Mr. *Steele* be able to defend himself from the impu-

[y] Lord Treasurer *Oxford* then lived there.

tation of the highest degree of baseness, ingratitude, and injustice? Is he so ignorant of my temper, and of my style? Has he never heard that the author of the *Examiner* (to whom I am altogether a stranger [z]) did, a month or two ago, vindicate me from having any concern in it? Should not Mr. *Steele* have first expostulated with me as a friend? Have I deserved this usage from Mr. *Steele*, who knows very well that my lord treasurer has kept him in his employment upon my intreaty and intercession? My lord chancellor and lord *Bolingbroke* will be witnesses, how I was reproached by my lord treasurer, upon the ill returns Mr. *Steele* made to his lordship's indulgence, &c.

L E T T E R XV.

Mr. STEELE to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

May 19, 1713.

MR. *Adairson* shewed me your letter, wherein you mention me. They laugh at you, if they make you believe your interposition has kept me thus long in my office. If you have spoken in my behalf at any time, I am glad I have always

[z] The reader will please to recollect, that Dr. *Swift* never writ any *Examiners* after June 7, 1711. He took up that paper at Number XIII. and laid it down at Number XLIV. See Vol. VIII. of his works. The *Examiner* was continued by Mr. *Oldisworth*, under the patronage of the ministry,

treated

treated you with respect ; though I believe you an accomplice of the Examiner. In the letter you are angry at, you see I have no reason for being so merciful to him, but out of regard to the imputation you lie under. You do not in direct terms say you are not concerned with him ; but make it an argument of your innocence, that the Examiner has declared you have nothing to do with him. I believe I could prevail upon the Guardian to say there was a mistake in putting my name in this paper : but the *English* would laugh at us, should we argue in so *Irish* a manner. I am heartily glad of your being made dean of St. *Patrick's*. I am, Sir,

Your most obedient

humble servant,

RICHARD STEELE.

L E T T E R XVI.

To Mr. S T E E L E.

SIR,

* * * * *

[a] I may probably know better, when they are

[a] It has unluckily happened that two or three lines have been torn by accident from the beginning of this letter ; and, by the same accident, two or three lines are missing towards the latter part, which were written on the back part of the paper which was torn off. But what remains of this letter will, I presume, be very satisfactory to the intelligent reader, upon many accounts, and especially because a light into this affair will justify the prodigious severity of Dr. *Swift's* pen against Mr. *Steele*, in his *Public Spirit of the Whigs*.

disposed * * * * * The case was thus: I did with the utmost application, and desiring to lay all my credit upon it, desire Mr. *Harley* (as he then was called) to shew you mercy. He said he would, and wholly upon my account: that he would appoint you a day to see him: that he would not expect you should quit any friend or principle. Some days after, he told me he had appointed you a day, and you had not kept it; upon which he reproached me, as engaging for more than I could answer; and advised me to more caution another time. I told him, and desired my lord chancellor [b] and lord *Bolingbroke* to be witnesses, that I would never speak for or against you as long as I lived; only I would, and that it was still my opinion, you should have mercy till you gave further provocation. This is the history of what you think fit to call, in the spirit of insulting, "their laughing at me." And you may do it securely; for, by the most inhuman dealings, you have wholly put it out of my power, as a Christian, to do you the least ill office. Next I desire to know, whether the greatest services ever done by one man to another, may not have the same turn as properly applied to them? And, once more, suppose they did laugh at me, I ask whether my inclinations to serve you merit to be rewarded by the vilest treatment, whether they succeeded or no? If your interpretation were true, I was laughed at only for your

[b] Lord *Harcourt*.

take;

fake, which, I think, is going pretty far to serve a friend. As to the letter I complain of, I appeal to your most partial friends, whether you ought not either to have asked, or written to me, or desired to have been informed by a third hand, whether I were any way concerned in writing the Examiner? And, if I had shuffled, or answered indirectly, or affirmed it, or said I would not give you satisfaction; you might then have wrecked your revenge with some colour of justice. I have several times assured Mr. *Addison*, and fifty others, that I had not the least hand in writing any of those papers; and that I had never exchanged one syllable with the supposed author in my life, that I can remember, nor even seen him above twice, and that in mixed company, in a place where he came to pay his attendance. One thing more I must observe to you, that, a year or two ago, when some printers used to bring me their papers in manuscript, I absolutely forbid them to give any hints against Mr. *Addison* and you, and some others; and have frequently struck out reflexions upon you in particular, and should (I believe) have done it still, if I had not wholly left off troubling myself about those kind of things.

I protest I never saw any thing more liable to exception, than every part is of the letter you were pleased to write me. You plead, that I do not, in mine to Mr. *Addison*, in direct terms, say am not concerned with the Examiner: And is that an excuse for the most savage injuries in the world a

week before? How far you can prevail with the Guardian I shall not trouble myself to enquire; and am more concerned how you will clear your own honour and conscience, than my reputation. I shall hardly lose one friend by what you [c] * * *

* * I know not any * * * * * laugh at me for any * * * * * absurdity of yours. There are solecisms in morals as well as in languages; and to which of the virtues you will reconcile your conduct to me, is past my imagination. Be pleased only to put these questions to yourself. If Dr. Swift be entirely innocent of what I accuse him, how shall I be able to make him satisfaction? And how do I know but he may be intirely innocent? If he was laughed at only because he solicited for me, is that a sufficient reason for me to say the vilest things of him in print, under my hand, without any provocation? And, how do I know but he may be in the right, when he says I was kept in my employment at his interposition? If he never once reflected on me the least in any paper, and hath hindered many others from doing it, how can I justify myself, for endeavouring in mine to ruin his credit as a Christian and a clergyman? I am,

S I R,

Your most obedient

humble servant,

J. S.

[c] Here the manuscript is torn.

L E T -

L E T T E R XVII.

Mr. S T E E L E to Dr. S W I F T.

S I R,

Bloomsbury, May 26, 1713.

I HAVE received yours, and find it is impossible for a man to judge in his own case. For an allusion to you, as one under the imputation of helping the Examiner, and owning I was restrained out of respect to you, you tell *Addison*, under your hand, you think me the vilest of mankind, and bid him tell me so. I am obliged to you for any kind things said in my behalf to the treasurer; and assure you, when you were in *Ireland*, were the constant subject of my talk to men in power at that time. As to the vilest of mankind, it would be a glorious world if I were. For I would not conceal my thoughts in favour of an injured man, though all the powers on earth gainsaid it, to be made the first man in the nation. This position, I know, will ever obstruct my way in the world; and I have conquered my desires accordingly. I have resolved to content myself with what I can get by my own industry, and the improvement of a small estate, without being anxious whether I am ever in a court again or not. I do assure you, I do not speak this calmly, after the ill-usage in your letter to *Addison*, out of terror of your wit or my lord treasurer's power, but pure kindness to

5 the

the agreeable qualities, I once so passionately delighted in, in you. You know, I know nobody, but one that talked after you, could tell *Addison* had bridled me in point of party. This was ill hinted, both with relation to him, and,

S I R,

Your most obedient,

humble servant,

RICHARD STEELE.

I know no party; but the truth of the question is, what I will support as well as I can, when any man I honour is attacked.

L E T T E R XVIII.

To Mr. S T E E L E.

S I R,

May 27, 1713.

THE reason I give you the trouble of this reply to your letter, is because I am going in a very few days to *Ireland*: and, although I intended to return towards winter, yet it may happen, from the common accidents of life, that I may never see you again.

In your yesterday's letter, you are pleased to take the complaining side, and think it hard I should
write

write to Mr. *Addison* as I did, only for an allusion. This allusion was only calling a clergyman of some little distinction an infidel: A clergyman, who was your friend, who always loved you, who had endeavoured at least to serve you; and who, whenever he did write any thing, made it sacred to himself never to fling out the least hint against you.

One thing you are pleased to fix on me, as what you are sure of; that the Examiner had talked after me, when he said Mr. *Addison* had bridled you in point of party. I do not read one in six of those papers, nor ever knew he had such a passage; and I am so ignorant of this, that I cannot tell what it means: whether, that Mr. *Addison* kept you close to a party, or that he hindered you from writing about party. I never talked or writ to that author in my life; so that he could not have learned it from me. And, in short, I solemnly affirm, that, with relation to every friend I have, I am as innocent as it is possible for a human creature to be. And, whether you believe me or not, I think, with submission, you ought to act as if you believed me, till you have demonstration to the contrary. I have all the ministry to be my witnesses, that there is hardly a man of wit of the adverse party, whom I have not been so bold as to recommend often and with earnestness to them. For, I think, principles at present are quite out of the case, and that we dispute wholly about persons. In these last you and I differ; but in the other,

other, I think, we agree: for I have in print professed myself in politicks to be what we formerly called a Whig.

As to the great man [d] whose defence you undertake; though I do not think so well of him as you do, yet I have been the cause of preventing five hundred hard things to be said against him.

I am sensible I have talked too much when myself is the subject: therefore I conclude with sincere wishes for your health and prosperity, and am,

S I R,

Your, &c.

You cannot but remember, that, in the only thing I ever published with my name, I took care to celebrate you as much as I could, and in as handsome a manner, though it was in a letter to the present lord treasurer.

[d] Duke of Marlborough.

L E T T E R XIX.

To Lord Treasurer OXFORD.

*On the Death of his Daughter, the Marchioness of
Caermarthen.*

MY LORD,

November 21, 1713.

YOUR lordship is the person in the world to whom every body ought to be silent upon such an occasion as this, which is only to be supported by the greatest wisdom and strength of mind; wherein, God knows, the wisest and best of us, who would presume to offer their thoughts, are far your inferiors. It is true, indeed, that a great misfortune is apt to weaken the mind, and disturb the understanding. This, indeed, might be some pretence to us to administer our consolations, if we had been wholly strangers to the person gone. But, my lord, whoever had the honour to know her, wants a comforter as much as your lordship; because, though their loss is not so great, yet they have not the same firmness and prudence, to support the want of a friend, a patroness, a benefactor, as you have to support that of a daughter. My lord, both religion and reason forbid me to have the least concern for that lady's death, upon her own account; and he must be an ill Christian, or a perfect stranger to her virtues, who would not wish himself, with all submission to
God

God Almighty's will, in her condition. But your lordship, who hath lost such a daughter, and we, who have lost such a friend, and the world, which hath lost such an example; have, in our several degrees, greater cause to lament, than, perhaps, was ever given by any private person before. For, my lord, I have sat down to think of every amiable quality that could enter into the composition of a lady, and could not single out one, which she did not possess in as high a perfection as human nature is capable of. But, as to your lordship's own particular, as it is an unconceivable misfortune to have lost such a daughter, so it is a possession which few can boast of, to have had such a daughter. I have often said to your lordship, that I never knew any one, by many degrees, so happy in their domestic as you; and I affirm you are so still, though not by so many degrees: From whence it is very obvious, that your lordship should reflect upon what you have left, and not upon what you have lost.

To say the truth, my lord, you began to be too happy for a mortal; much more happy than is usual with the dispensations of Providence long to continue. You had been the great instrument of preserving your country from foreign and domestic ruin: you have had the felicity of establishing your family in the greatest lustre, without any obligation to the bounty of your prince, or any industry of your own: you have triumphed over the violence and treachery of your enemies, by
your

your courage and abilities: and, by the steadiness of your temper, over the inconstancy and caprice of your friends. Perhaps your lordship has felt too much complacency within yourself, upon this universal success: and God Almighty, who would not disappoint your endeavours for the publick, thought fit to punish you with a domestic loss, where he knew your heart was most exposed; and, at the same time, has fulfilled his own wise purposes, by rewarding, in a better life, that excellent creature he has taken from you.

I know not, my lord, why I write this to you, nor hardly what I am writing. I am sure, it is not from any compliance with form; it is not from thinking that I can give your lordship any ease. I think it was an impulse upon me that I should say something: and whether I shall send you what I have written, I am yet in doubt, &c.

L E T T E R XX.

To the Earl of PETERBOROW.

MY LORD,

London, May 18, 1714.

I HAD done myself the honour of writing to your excellency, above a month before yours of *March* the 5th came to my hands. The *Saturday's* dinners have not been resumed since the queen's return from *Windsor*; and I am not sorry, since it became so mingled an assembly, and of so little use either to business or conversation: so that

I was

L E T T E R S.

I was content to read your queries to our two great friends. The treasurer stuck at them all; but the secretary acquitted himself of the first, by assuring me he had often written to your excellency.

I was told, the other day, of an answer you made to somebody abroad, who enquired of you the state and dispositions of our court: that you could not tell, for you had been out of *England* a fortnight. In your letter, you mention the *World of the Moon*, and apply it to *England*; but the moon changes but once in four weeks. By both these instances, it appears you have a better opinion of our steadiness than we deserve; for I do not remember, since you left us, that we have continued above four days in the same view, or four minutes with any manner of concert. I assure you, my lord, for the concern I have for the common cause, with relation to affairs both at home and abroad, and from the personal love I bear to our friends in power, I never led a life so thoroughly uneasy as I do at present. Our situation is so bad, that our enemies could not, without abundance of invention and ability, have placed us so ill, if we had left it entirely to their management. For my own part, my head turns round; and, after every conversation, I come away just one degree worse informed than I went. I am glad, for the honour of our nation, to find by your excellency's letter, that some other courts have a share of frenzy, though not equal, nor of the same nature with ours. The height of honest men's wishes at present

sent is to rub off this session; after which, nobody has the impudence to expect that we shall not immediately fall to pieces: nor is any thing I write the least secret, even to a whig footman.

The queen is pretty well at present; but the least disorder she has, puts all in alarm; and, when it is over, we act as if she were immortal. Neither is it possible to persuade people to make any preparations against an evil day. There is a negotiation now in hand, which, I hope, will not be abortive: the States-General are willing to declare themselves fully satisfied with the peace and the queen's measures, &c. and that is too popular a matter to slight. It is impossible to tell you whether the prince of *Hanover* intends to come over or no. I should think the latter, by the accounts I have seen; yet our adversaries continue strenuously to assert otherwise, and very industriously give out, that the lord treasurer is at the bottom; which has given some jealousies not only to his best friends, but to some I shall not name; yet I am confident they do him wrong. This formidable journey is the perpetual subject both of court and coffee-house chat.

Our mysterious and unconcerted ways of proceeding have, as it is natural, taught every body to be refiners, and to reason themselves into a thousand various conjectures: even I, who converse most with people in power, am not free from this evil: and, particularly, I thought myself twenty times in the right, by drawing conclusions very

regularly from premises which have proved wholly wrong. I think this, however, to be a plain proof that we act altogether by chance; and that the game, such as it is, plays itself.

By the present enclosed in your excellency's letter, I find the *Sicilians* to be bad delineators, and worse poets. As sneakingly as the prince looks at the bishop's foot, I could have made him look ten times worse, and have done more right to the piece, by placing your excellency there, representing your mistress the queen, and delivering the crown to the bishop, with orders where to place it. I should like your new king very well, if he would make *Sicily* his constant residence, and use *Savoy* only as a commendam. Old books have given me great ideas of that island. I imagine every acre there worth three in *England*; and that a wise prince, in such a situation, would, after some years, be able to make what figure he pleased in the *Mediterranean*.

The duke of *Shrewsbury*, not liking the weather on our side the water, continues in *Ireland*, although he formally took his leave there six weeks ago. *Tom. Harley* is every hour expected here, and writes me word, he has succeeded at *Hanover* to his wishes. Lord *Strafford* writes the same, and gives himself no little merit upon it.

Barber the printer was, some time ago, in great distress, upon printing a pamphlet, of which evil tongues would needs call me the author [e]: he

[e] The Public Spirit of the Whigs.

was

was brought before your house, which addressed the queen in a body, who kindly published a proclamation with 300*l.* to discover. The fault was, calling the *Scots* a fierce poor Northern people. So well protested are those who scribble for the government. Upon which, I now put one query to your excellency, what has a man without employment to do among ministers, when he can neither serve himself, his friends, nor the publick?

In my former letter, which I suppose was sent to *Paris* to meet you there, I gave you joy of the government of *Minorca*. One advantage you have by being abroad, that you keep your friends; and I can name almost a dozen great men, who thoroughly hate one another, yet all love your lordship. If you have a mind to preserve their friendship, keep at a distance; or come over and shew your power, by reconciling at least two of them; and remember, at the same time, that this last is an impossibility. If your excellency were here, I would speak to you without any constraint; but the fear of accidents, in the conveyance of the letter, makes me keep to generals. I am sure you would have prevented a great deal of ill, if you had continued among us; but people of my level must be content to have their opinion asked, and to see it not followed; although I have always given it with the utmost freedom and impartiality. I have troubled you too much; and, as a long letter from you is the most agreeable thing one can

receive, so the most agreeable return would be a short one. I am ever, with the greatest respect and truth,

My LORD,

Your Excellency's

most obedient and

most humble servant.

L E T T E R XXI.

To Lord Treasurer OXFORD.

My LORD,

July 1st, 1714.

WHEN I was with you, I have said more than once that I would never allow quality or station made any real difference between men. Being now absent and forgotten, I have changed my mind: you have a thousand people who can pretend they love you, with as much appearance of sincerity as I; so that, according to common justice, I can have but a thousandth part in return of what I give. And this difference is wholly owing to your station. And the misfortune is still the greater, because I always loved you just so much the worse for your station. For, in your public capacity, you have often angered me to the heart; but, as a private man, never once.

So that, if I only look towards myself, I could wish you a private man to-morrow. For I have nothing to ask, at least nothing that you will give, which is the same thing: and then you would see whether I should not, with much more willingness, attend you in a retirement, whenever you please to give me leave, than ever I did at *London* or *Windsor*. From these sentiments, I will never write to you, if I can help it, otherwise than as to a private person, or allow myself to have been obliged by you in any other capacity.

The memory of one great instance of your candour and justice, I will carry to my grave: that, having been in a manner domestic with you for almost four years, it was never in the power of any public or concealed enemy to make you think ill of me, though malice and envy were often employed to that end. If I live, posterity shall know that, and more; which, though you and somebody that shall be nameless seem to value less than I could wish, is all the return I can make you. Will you give me leave to say how I would desire to stand in your memory? As one who was truly sensible of the honour you did him, though he was too proud to be vain upon it: as one who was neither assuming, officious, nor teasing; who never wilfully misrepresented persons or facts to you, nor consulted his passions when he gave a character: and, lastly, as one whose indiscretions proceeded altogether from a weak head, and not an ill heart. I will add one thing more, which is

the highest compliment I can make, that I never was afraid of offending you, nor am now in any pain for the manner I write to you in. I have said enough; and, like one at your levee, having made my bow, I shrink back into the crowd. I am, &c.

L E T T E R XXII.

To the Duke of O R M O N D.

MY LORD,

July 17th, 1714.

I NEVER expected that a great man should remember me in absence, because I knew it was unreasonable, and that your grace is too much troubled with persons about you, to think of those who are out of the way. But, if Dr. *Pratt* has done me right, I am mistaken; and your grace has almost declared that you expected a letter from me; which you should never have had, if the ministry had been like you: for then I should have always been near enough to have carried my own messages. But I was heartily weary of them; and your grace will be my witness, that I despaired of any good success, from their manner of proceeding, some months before I left town; where I thought it became me to continue no longer, when I could do no service either to myself, my friends, or the publick. By the accounts I have from particular friends, I find the animosity between the
two

two great men does not at all diminish: though I hear it is given out that your grace's successor [f] has undertaken a general reconciliation. If it be true, this will succeed like the rest of his late undertakings.

I must beg your grace's pardon, if I intreat you, for several reasons, to see lady *Masbam* as often as you conveniently can: and I must likewise desire you, to exert yourself in the disposal of the bishopricks in *Ireland*. It is a scandal to the crown, and an injury to the church, that they should be so long delayed. There are some hot-headed people, on the other side the water, who understand nothing of our court, and would confound every thing; always employed to raise themselves upon the ruins of those characters they have blasted. I wish their intermeddling may not occasion a worse choice than your grace approved of last winter. However, I beg you will take care that no injury be done to Dr. *Pratt*, or Dr. *Elwood*, who have more merit and candour than a hundred of their detractors. I am, with the greatest respect,

MY LORD,

Your Grace's most obedient

and most obliged

humble servant,

J. S.

[f] The Duke of *Sbrensfury*.

L E T T E R XXIII.

To Lord OXFORD.

On hearing his Intentions to resign his Staff.

MY LORD,

July 25th, 1714.

TO-MORROW seven-night I shall set out from hence to *Ireland*; my license for absence being so near out, that I can stay no longer without taking another. I say this, that, if you have any commands, I shall have just time enough to receive them before I go. And, if you resign in a few days, as I am told you design to do, you may possibly retire to *Herefordshire*, where I shall readily attend you, if you soon withdraw; or, after a few months stay in *Ireland*, I will return at the beginning of winter, if you please to command me. I speak in the dark, because I am altogether so; and what I say may be absurd. You will please to pardon me; for, as I am wholly ignorant, so I have none of your composure of mind. I pray God Almighty direct and defend you, &c.

L E T T E R XXIV.

To Lady MASHAM.

MADAM,

Aug. 7th, 1714.

I HAD the honour of a letter from your ladyship a week ago; and, the day after, came the unfortunate news of the queen's death, which made it altogether unseasonable, as perhaps it may be still, to give your ladyship this kind of trouble. Although my concern be as great as that of any other good subject, for the loss of so excellent a princess; yet I can assure you, madam, it is little to what I suffer upon your ladyship's particular account. As you excel in the several duties of a tender mother, a true friend, and a loving wife, so you have been the best and most faithful servant to your mistress, that ever any sovereign had. And, although you have not been rewarded suitable to your merits, I doubt not but God will make it up to you in another life, and to your children and posterity in this. I cannot go about to comfort your ladyship in your great affliction, otherwise than by begging you to make use of your own piety and your own wisdom, of both which you have so great a share. You are no longer a servant; but you are still a wife, a mother, and a friend; and you are bound in conscience to take care of your health, in order to acquit yourself of

of these duties, as well as you did of the other, which is now at an end.

I pray God to support your ladyship, under so great a share of load, in this general calamity: and remain, with the greatest respect and truth,

MADAM, Your ladyship's

most obedient and

most obliged servant.

I most heartily thank your ladyship for the favourable expressions and intentions in your letter, written at a time when you were at the height of favour and power.

L E T T E R XXV.

To Lord BOLINGBROKE.

MY LORD,

Aug. 7th, 1714.

I HAD yours of the third, and our country-post is so ordered, that I could acknowledge it no sooner. It is true, my lord, the events of five days last week might furnish morals for another volume of *Seneca*. As to my lord *Oxford*, I told him freely my opinion before I left the town, that he ought to resign at the end of the session. I said the same thing often to your lordship and my lady *Masham*, although you seemed to think otherwise, for

for some reasons; and said so to him one afternoon, when I met you there with my lord chancellor. But, I remember, one of the last nights I saw him (it was at lady *Masbam's* lodgings), I said to him, that upon the foot your lordship and he then were, it was impossible you could serve together two months; and, I think, I was just a week out in my calculation. I am only sorry, that it was not a resignation, rather than a removal; because the personal kindness and distinction I always received from his lordship and you, gave me such a love for you both (if you great men will allow that expression in a little one) that I resolved to preserve it entire, however you differed between yourselves; and in this I did, for some time, follow your commands and example. I impute it more to the candour of each of you, than to my own conduct, that, having been, for two years, almost the only man who went between you, I never observed the least alteration in either of your countenances towards me. I will swear for no man's sincerity, much less for that of a minister of state: but thus much I have said, wherever it was proper, that your lordship's proposals were always the fairest in the world, and I faithfully delivered them as I was empowered: and, although I am no very skilful man at intrigue, yet I durst forfeit my head, that, if the case were mine, I could have either agreed with you, or put you *dans votre tort*. When I saw all reconciliation impracticable, I thought fit to retire; and was resolved, for some reasons

reasons (not to be mentioned at this distance) to have nothing to do with whoever was to be last in. For either I should not be needed, or not be made use of. And, let the case be what it would I had rather be out of the way. All I pretended was, to speak my thoughts freely, to represent persons and things without any mingle of my own interest or passions, and, sometimes, to make use of an evil instrument, which was like to cost me dear, even from those for whose service it was employed. I did believe there would be no further occasion for me, upon any of those accounts. Besides, I had so ill an opinion of the queen's health, that I was confident you had not a quarter of time left for the work you had to do; having let slip the opportunity of cultivating those dispositions she had got after her sickness at *Windsor*. I never left pressing my lord *Oxford* with the utmost earnestness (and perhaps more than became me) that we might be put in such a condition, as not to lie at mercy on this great event. And I am your lordship's witness, that you have nothing to answer for in that matter. I will, for once, talk in my trade, and tell you, that I never saw any thing more resemble our proceedings, than a man of fourscore, or in a deep consumption, going on in his sins, although his physician assured him he could not live a week. Those wonderful refinements, of keeping men in expectation, and not letting your friends be too strong, might be proper in their season. *Sed nunc non erat his locus*. Besides, you kept your bread

bread and butter till it was too stale for any body to care for it. Thus your machine of four years modelling is dashed to pieces in a moment: and, as well by the choice of the regents as by their proceedings, I do not find their is any intention of managing you in the least. The whole nineteen consist either of the highest party-men, or (which mightily mends the matter) of such who left us upon the subject of the peace, and affected jealousies about the succession. It might reasonably be expected, that this quiet possession might convince the successor of the good dispositions of the church-party towards him; and I ever thought there was a mighty failure somewhere or other, that this could not have been done in the queen's life. — But this is too much for what is past; and yet, whoever observed and disliked the causes, hath some title to quarrel with the effects. As to what is to come, your lordship is in the prime of your years, *plein des esprits qui fornissent les esperances*; and you are now again to act that part (though in another assembly) which you formerly discharged so much to your own honour, and the advantage of your cause. You set out with the wind and tide against you; yet, at last, arrived at your port, from whence you are now driven back into open sea again. But, not to involve myself in an allegory, I doubt whether, after this disappointment, you can go on with the same vigour you did in your more early youth. Experience, which has added to your wisdom, has lessened your resolution.

You

You are now a general, who, after many victories, hath lost a battle, and have not the same confidence in yourself or your troops. Your fellow labourers have either made their fortunes, or are past them, or will go over to seek them on the other side.—Yet, after all, and to resume a little courage: to be at the head of the church interest is no mean station; and that, as I take it, is now in your lordship's power. In order to which, I could heartily wish for that union you mention; because, I need not tell you, that some are more dextrous at pulling down their enemies than, &c. We have certainly more heads and hands than our adversaries; but, it must be confessed, they have stronger shoulders and better hearts. I only doubt my friends, the rabble, are at least grown trimmers; and that, setting up the cry of *Trade and Wool*, against *Sacheverel* and the *Church*, hath cooled their zeal. I take it for granted, there will be a new parliament against winter; and if they will retain me on the other side, as their counsellor, I will engage them a majority. But, since it is possible I may not be so far in their good graces, if your lordship thinks my service may be of any use in this new world, I will be ready to attend you by the beginning of winter. For the misfortune is, that I must go to *Ireland* to take the oaths; which I never reflected on till I had notice from some friends in *London*. And the sooner I go the better, to prevent accidents; for I would not willingly want a favour at present. I think to set out
in

in a few days, but not before your lordship's commands and instructions may reach me.

I cannot conclude without offering my humblest thanks and acknowledgements, for your lordship's kind intentions towards me (if this accident had not happened) of which I received some general hints.—I pray God direct your lordship: and I desire you will believe me to be, what I am with the utmost truth and respect,

Your lordship's most obedient, &c.

L E T T E R XXVI.

To Lord BOLINGBROKE.

Dublin, Sept. 14th, 1714.

MY LORD,

I HOPE your lordship, who were always so kind to me while you were a servant, will not forget me now in your greatness. I give you this caution, because I really believe you will be apt to be exalted in your new station of retirement, which was the only honourable post that those who gave it you were capable of conferring. And as, in other employments, the circumstances with which they are given are sometimes said to be equally valuable with the gift itself, so it was in your case. The sealing up your office, and especially without any directions from the king, discovered such sentiments of you in such persons, as would make any honest man proud to share them.

I must be so free to tell you, that this new office of retirement will be harder for you to keep than
that

that of secretary : and you lie under one great disadvantage, besides your being too young ; that, whereas none but knaves and fools desire to deprive you of your former post, all the honest men in *England* will be for putting you out of this.

I go on in writing, though I know not how to send you my letter. If I were sure it would be opened by the sealers of your office, I would fill it with some terms of art, that they would better deserve than relish.

It is a point of wisdom too hard for me, not to look back with vexation upon past management. Divines tell us often from their pulpits, that half the pains which some men take to be damned, would have compassed their salvation : this, I am sure, was extremely our case. I know not what motions your lordship intends ; but, if I see the old whig measures taken in the next elections ; and that the Court, the Bank, East-India, and South-sea, act strenuously, and procure a majority ; I shall lie down, and beg of *Jupiter* to heave the cart out of the dirt.

I would give all I am worth, for the sake of my country, that you had left your mantle with somebody in the house of commons, or that a dozen honest men among them had only so many shreds of it.—And so, having dispatched all our friends in *England*, off flies a splinter, and knocks two governors of *Ireland* dead. I remember, we never had leisure to think of that kingdom. The poor dead queen is used like the giant *Longaron* in *Rabelais*.

luis. Pantagruel took *Longaron* by the heels, and made him his weapon to kill twenty other giants; then flung him over a river in the town, and killed two ducks and an old cat. I could talk very wisely to you, but you would regard me not. I could bid you, *non desperare de republicâ*; and say, that *res nolunt diu male administrari*. But I will cut all short, and assure you, that, if you do not save us, I will not be at the pains of racking my invention to guess how we shall be saved; and yet I have read *Polybius*.

They tell me you have a very good crop of wheat, but the barley is bad. Hay will certainly be dear, unless we have an open winter. I hope you found your hounds in good condition, and that *Bright* has not made a stirrup-leather of your jocky-belt.

I imagine you now smoaking with your humdrum squire (I forget his name) who can go home at midnight, and open a dozen gates when he is drunk.

I beg your lordship not to ask me to lend you any money. If you will come and live at the deanry, and furnish up an apartment, I will find you in victuals and drink, which is more than ever you got by the court: and, as proud as you are, I hope to see you accept a part of this offer before I die.

The ——— take this country; it has, in three weeks, spoilt two as good sixpenny pamphlets, as ever a proclamation was issued out against. And since we talk of that, will there not be *****
 *** [g]. I shall be cured of loving *England*, as the

[g] Here are two or three words in the manuscript totally erased and illegible.

fellow was of his ague, by getting himself whipt through the town.

I would retire too, if I could ; but my country-seat, where I have an acre of ground, is gone to ruin. The wall of my own apartment is fallen down, and I want mud to rebuild it, and straw to thatch it. Besides, a spiteful neighbour has seized on six foot of ground, carried off my trees, and spoiled my grove. All this is literally true, and I have not fortitude enough to go and see those devastations.

But, in return, I live a country-life in town, see nobody, and go every day once to prayers; and hope, in a few months, to grow as stupid as the present situation of affairs will require.

Well, after all, parsons are not such bad company, especially when they are under subjection ; and I let none but such come near me.

However, pray God forgive them, by whose indolence, neglect, or want of friendship, I am reduced to live with twenty leagues of salt-water between your lordship and me, &c.

L E T T E R XXVII.

To the Earl of OXFORD.

MY LORD,

Dublin, July 19, 1715.

IT may look like an idle or officious thing in me, to give your lordship any interruption under your present circumstances : Yet I could never forgive myself, if, after being treated for several years with the greatest kindness and distinction, by
a person

a person of your lordship's virtue, I should omit making you, at this time, the humblest offers of my poor service and attendance. It is the first time I ever solicited you in my own behalf; and, if I am refused, it will be the first request you ever refused me. I do not think myself obliged to regulate my opinions by the proceedings of a house of lords or commons; and therefore, however they may acquit themselves in your lordship's case, I shall take the liberty of thinking and calling your lordship the ablest and faithfullest minister, and truest lover of your country, that this age hath produced. And I have already taken care, that you shall be so represented to posterity, in spite of all the rage and malice of your enemies. And this I know will not be wholly indifferent to your lordship; who, next to a good conscience, always esteemed reputation your best possession. Your intrepid behaviour, under this prosecution, astonisheth every one but me, who know you so well and how little it is in the power of human actions or events to discompose you. I have seen your lordship labouring under greater difficulties, and exposed to greater dangers, and over-coming both, by the providence of God, and your own wisdom and courage. Your life hath been already attempted by private malice; it is now pursued by public resentment. Nothing else remained. You were destined to both trials; and the same Power which delivered you out of the paws of the lion and the

bear, will, I trust, deliver you out of the hands of the uncircumcised.

I can write no more. You suffer for a good cause; for having preserved your country, and for having been the great instrument, under God, of his present majesty's peaceable accession to the throne. This I know, and this your enemies know; and this I will take care that all the world shall know, and future ages be convinced of. God Almighty protect you, and continue to you that fortitude and magnanimity he hath endowed you with. Farewel.

J. S.

L E T T E R XXVIII.

To Lord BOLINGBROKE.

May, 1719.

MY LORD,

I FORGET whether I formerly mentioned to you what I have observed in *Cicero*; that, in some of his letters, while he was in exile, there is a sort of melancholy pleasure, which is wonderfully affecting. I believe the reason must be, that, in those circumstances of life, there is more leisure for friendship to operate, without any mixture of envy, interest, or ambition. But, I am afraid, this was chiefly when *Cicero* writ to his brethren in exile, or they to him; because common distress is a great promoter both of friendship and speculation. For, I doubt, prosperity and adversity

are too much at variance, ever to suffer a near alliance between their owners.

Friendship, we say, is created by a resemblance of humours. You allow that adversity both taught you to think and reason much otherwise than you did; whereas, I can assure you, that those who contrived to stay at home, and keep what they had, are not changed at all; and, if they sometimes drink an absent friend's health, they have fully discharged their duty. I have been, for some time, nursing up an observation, which perhaps may be a just one: that no men are used so ill, upon a change of times, as those who acted upon a public view, without regard to themselves. I do not mean from the circumstance of saving more or less money, but because I take it, that the same grain of caution, which disposeth a man to fill his coffers, will teach him how to preserve them upon all events. And I dare hold a wager that the duke of *Marlborough*, in all his campaigns, was never known to lose his baggage. I am heartily glad to hear of that unconditional offer you mention; because I have been taught to believe there is little good-nature to be had from that quarter: and, if the offer were sincere, I know not why it has not succeeded, since every thing is granted that can be asked for, unless there be an exception only for generous and good-natured actions. When I think of you with relation to sir *Roger*, I imagine a youth of sixteen marrying a woman of thirty for love; she decays every year, while he grows up to his

K 3

prime;

prime; and when it is too late, he wonders how he could think of so unequal a match, or what is become of the beauty he was so fond of.—I am told, he outdoes himself in every quality for which we used to quarrel with him. I do not think, that leisure of life, and tranquillity of mind, which fortune and your own wisdom hath given you, could be better employed than in drawing up very exact memoirs of those affairs, wherein, to my knowledge, you had the most difficult and weighty part: and I have often thought, in comparing periods of time, there never was a more important one in *England* than that which made up the four last years of the late queen. Neither do I think any thing could be more entertaining or useful, than the story of it fully and exactly told, with such observations, in such a spirit, style, and method, as you alone are capable of performing it. One reason why we have so few memoirs written by principal actors, is because much familiarity with great affairs makes men value them too little; yet such persons will read *Tacitus* and *Commines* with wonderful delight. Therefore I must beg two things; first, that you will not omit any passage because you think it of little moment; and, secondly, that you will write to an ignorant world, and not suppose your reader to be only of the present age, or to live within ten miles of *London*. There is nothing more vexes me in old historians, than when they leave me in the dark in some passages which they suppose every one to know. It is this laziness, pride,

pride, or incapacity of great men, that hath given way to the impertinents of the nation where you are, to pester us with memoirs full of trifling and romance. Let a *Frenchman* talk twice with a minister of state, he desires no more to furnish out a volume ; and I, who am no *Frenchman*, despairing ever to see any thing of what you tell me, have been some time providing materials for such a work, only upon the strength of having been always amongst you, and used with more kindness and confidence, than it often happens to men of my trade and level. But I am heartily glad of so good a reason to think no further that way, although I could say many things which you will never allow yourself to write. I have already drawn your character at length in one tract, and a sketch of it in another. But I am sensible that, when *Cæsar* describes one of his own battles, we conceive a greater idea of him from thence, than from all the praises any other writer can give him.

I read your Paraphrase with great pleasure ; and the goodness of the poetry convinces me of the truth of your philosophy. I agree, that a great part of our wants is imaginary ; yet there is a different proportion, even in real want, between one man and another. A king, deprived of his kingdom, would be allowed to live in real want, although he had ten thousand a year ; and the case is parallel in every degree of life. When I reason thus on the case of some absent friends, it frequently takes away all the quiet of my mind. I think it indecent to

be merry, or take satisfaction in any thing, while those who presided in councils or armies, and by whom I had the honour to be beloved, are either in humble solicitude, or attending, like *Hannibal*, in foreign courts, *dence Bithyno libeat vigetere tyranno*. My health (a thing of no moment) is somewhat mended; but, at best, I have an ill head and an aching heart. Pray God send you soon back to your country in peace and honour, that I may once more see him *cum quo morantem sæpe diem fregi*, &c.

L E T T E R XXIX.

To Lord BOLINGBROKE.

December 19, 1719.

My Lord,

I F I R S T congratulate with you upon growing rich; for I hope our friend's information is true, *Omne solum dii patria*. *Euripides* makes the queen *Jocasta* ask her exiled son, how he got his victuals? But who ever expected to see you a trader or dealer in stocks? I thought to have seen you where you are, or perhaps nearer: but *diis aliter visum*. It may be with one's country as with a lady: if she be cruel and ill-natured, and will not receive us, we ought to consider that we are better without her. But, in this case, we may add, she has neither virtue, honour, nor justice. I have gotten a mezzotinto (for want of a better) of *Aristippus*, in my drawing-room: The motto

at

at the top is, *Omnis Aristippum, &c.* and at the bottom, *Tantâ scelus cum gente ferire, commissum juveni.* But, since what I heard of *Mississipi*, I am grown fonder of the former motto. You have heard that *Plato* followed merchandize three years, to shew he knew how to grow rich as well as to be a philosopher: and, I guess, *Plato* was then about forty, the period which the *Italians* prescribe for being wise, in order to be rich at fifty. *Venes ut in otia tuta recedant.* I have known something of courts and ministers longer than you, who knew them so many thousand times better; but I do not remember to have ever heard of, or seen, one great genius, who had long success in the ministry: and, recollecting a great many, in my memory and acquaintance, those who had the smoothest time were, at best, men of middling degree in understanding. But, if I were to frame a romance of a great minister's life, he should begin it as *Aristippus* has done; then be sent into exile, and employ his leisure in writing the memoirs of his own administration; then be recalled, invited to resume his share of power, act as far as was decent; at last, retire to the country, and be a pattern of hospitality, politeness, wisdom, and virtue. Have you not observed, that there is a lower kind of discretion and regularity, which seldom fails of raising men to the highest stations in the court, the church, and the law? It must be so: for Providence, which designed the world should be governed by many heads, made it a business

business within the reach of common understandings; while one great genius is hardly found among ten millions. Did you never observe one of your clerks cutting his paper with a blunt ivory knife? Did you ever know the knife to fall going the true way? Whereas, if he had used a razor, or a pen-knife, he had odds against him of spoiling a whole sheet. I have twenty times compared the motion of that ivory implement to those talents that thrive best at court. Think upon lord *Bacon*, *Williams*, *Strafford*, *Laud*, *Clarendon*, *Shaftebury*, the late duke of *Buckingham* [b]; and of my own acquaintance, the earl of *Oxford* and yourself, all great geniuses in their several ways; and, if they had not been so great, would have been less unfortunate. I remember but one exception, and that was lord *Sommers*, whose timorous nature, joined with the trade of a common lawyer and the consciousness of a mean extraction, had taught him the regularity of an alderman, or a gentleman-usher. But, of late years, I have been refining upon this thought: for I plainly see, that fellows of low intellectuals, when they are gotten at the head of affairs, can fall into the highest exorbitances, with much more safety, than a man of great talents can make the least step out of the way. Perhaps it is for the same reason, that men are more afraid of attacking a vicious than a mettlesome horse: but I rather think it owing to that incessant envy, wherewith the common rate of

[b] *Villiers Duke of Buckingham.*

mankind pursues all superior natures to their own. And, I conceive, if it were left to the choice of an ass, he would rather be kicked by one of his own species than a better. If you will recollect that I am towards six years older than when I saw you last, and twenty years duller, you will not wonder to find me abound in empty speculations: I can now express in an hundred words what would formerly have cost me ten. I can write epigrams of fifty distichs, which might be squeezed into one. I have gone the round of all my stories three or four times with the younger people, and begin them again. I give hints how significant a person I have been, and no body believes me: I pretend to pity them, but am inwardly angry. I lay traps for people to desire I would shew them some things I have written, but cannot succeed; and wreak my spite, in condemning the taste of the people and company where I am. But it is with place, as it is with time. If I boast of having been valued three hundred miles off, it is of no more use than if I told how handsome I was when I was young. The worst of it is that lying is of no use; for the people here will not believe one half of what is true. If I can prevail on any one to personate a hearer and admirer, you would wonder what a favourite he grows. He is sure to have the first glass out of the bottle, and the best bit I can carve.—Nothing has convinced me so much that I am of a little subaltern spirit, *inopis atque pusilli animi*, as to reflect how I am forced into the most trifling amusements, to divert the vexation

of

of former thoughts, and present objects.—
 Why cannot you lend me a shred of your mantle,
 or, why did you not you leave a shred of it with
 me when you was snatched from me?—You see
 I speak in my trade, although it is growing fast a
 trade to be ashamed of.

I cannot but wish that you would make it possi-
 ble for me to see a copy of the papers you are about ;
 and I do protest it necessary that such a thing should
 be in some person's hands besides your own, and I
 scorn to say how safe they would be in mine. Nei-
 ther would you dislike my censures, as far as they
 might relate to circumstantial. I tax you with
 two minutes a day, until you have read this letter,
 although I am sensible you have not half so much
 from business more useful and entertaining.

My letter which miscarried [i] was, I believe,
 much as edifying as this, only thanking and con-
 gratulating with you for the delightful verses you
 sent me. And I ought to have expressed my vexa-
 tion, at seeing you so much better a philosopher
 than myself; a trade you were neither born nor
 bred to : But I think it is observed, that gentlemen
 often dance better those who live by the art. You
 may thank fortune that my paper is no longer, &c.

[i] He means Letter XXVIII. which he hath endorsed on the
 back as having miscarried.

L E T T E R XXX.

To the BISHOP of MEATH.

July 5, 1721.

MY LORD,

I HAVE received an account of your lordship's refusing to admit my proxy at your visitation, with several circumstances of personal reflections on myself, although my proxy attested my want of health ; to confirm which, and to lay before you the justice and Christianity of your proceeding, above a hundred persons of quality and distinction can witness, that, since *Friday* the 26th of *May*, I have been tormented with an ague, in as violent a manner as possible, which still continues, and forces me to make use of another hand in writing to you. At the same time, I must be plain to tell you, that, if this accident had not happened, I should have used all endeavours to avoid your visitation, upon the public promise I made you three years ago, and the motives which occasioned it ; because I was unwilling to hear any more very injurious treatment and appellations given to my brethren or myself ; and, by the grace of God, I am still determined to absent myself on the like occasions, as far as I can possibly be dispensed with by any law, while your lordship is in that diocese and I a member of it. In which resolution I could not conceive but your lordship would be easy ;

easy ; because, although my presence might possibly contribute to your real (at least future) interest, I was sure it could not to your present satisfaction.

If I had had the happiness to have been acquainted with any one clergyman in the diocese, of your lordship's principles, I should have desired him to represent me, with hopes of better success : but I wish you would sometimes think it convenient to distinguish men as well as principles, and not to look upon every person, who happens to owe you canonical obedience, as if [k]——

I have the honour to be Ordinary over a considerable number of as eminent divines as any in this kingdom, who owe me the same obedience as I owe to your lordship, and are equally bound to attend my visitation ; yet neither I nor any of my predecessors, to my knowledge, did ever refuse a regular proxy.

I am only sorry that you, who are of a country famed for good nature, have found a way to unite the hasty passion of your own countrymen [l], with the long, sedate resentment of a *Spaniard* : but I have an honourable hope, that this proceeding has been more owing to party than complexion. I am,

MY LORD,

Your lordship's

most humble servant.

[k] The remainder of this paragraph he has left to the bishop's own conjecture.

[l] The bishop was a *Welshman* ; his name *Evans*.

L E T T E R XXXI.

To the Earl of OXFORD.

October 11th, 1722.

MY LORD,

I OFTEN receive letters franked *Oxford*, but always find them written and subscribed by your lordship's servant *Mynett*. His meaning is some business of his own, wherein I am his solicitor; but he makes his court by giving me an account of the state of your family, and perpetually adds a clause, that your lordship soon intends to write to me. I knew you indeed when you were not so great a man as you are now, I mean when you were treasurer; but you are grown so proud since your retirement, that there is no enduring you: and you have reason, for you never acted so difficult a part of life before. In the two great scenes of power and persecution, you have excelled mankind; and, in this of retirement, you have most injuriously forgotten your friends. Poor *Prior* often sent me his complaints on this occasion; and I have returned him mine. I never courted your acquaintance when you governed *Europe*, but you courted mine; and now you neglect me, when I use all my insinuations to keep myself in your memory. I am very sensible, that, next to receiving thanks and compliment there is nothing you more hate than writing letters: but, since I never gave you thanks nor

made you compliments, I have so much more merit than any of those thousands whom you have less obliged, by only making their fortunes, without taking them into your friendship, as you did me, whom you always countenanced in too public and particular a manner to be forgotten, either by the world or myself; for which never man was more proud or less vain.

I have now been ten years soliciting for your picture; and, if I had solicited you for a thousand pounds (I mean of your own money, not the public), I could have prevailed in ten days. You have given me many hundred hours; can you not now give me a couple? Have my mortifications been so few, or are you so malicious to add a greater than I ever yet suffered? Did you ever refuse me any thing I asked you? and will you now begin? In my conscience, I believe, and by the whole conduct of your life I have reason to believe, that you are too poor to bear the expence. I ever told you, I was the richer man of the two; and I am now richer by five hundred pounds, than I was at the time when I was boasting at your table of my wealth, before *Diamond Pitt* [q].

I have hitherto taken up with a scurvy print of you, under which I have placed this lemma:

—*Veteres actus primamque juventam
Prosequar? ad sese mentem præsentia ducunt.*

And this I will place under your picture, whenever you are rich enough to send it me. I will promise,

[q] An *East India* merchant, famous for his opulence.

in return, that it shall never lose you the reputation of poverty; which, to one of your birth, patrimony, and employments, is one of the greatest glories of your life, and so shall be celebrated by

I intreat your lordship, if your leisure and your health will permit, to let me know when I can be a month with you at *Brampton-castle*; because I have a great deal of business with you that relates to posterity. Mr. *Mynett* has, for some time, led me an uncomfortable life with his ill accounts of your health; but, God be thanked, his style of late is much altered for the better.

My hearty and constant prayers are perpetually offered up for the preservation of you and your excellent family. Pray, my lord, write to me; or you never loved me, or I have done something to deserve your displeasure. My lord and lady *Harriot*, my brother and sister [m], pretend to atone by making me fine presents; but I would have his lordship know, that I would value two of his lines more than two of his manors, &c.

[m] The members of the *Saturday's* club all called one another Brothers, and consequently their wives were Sisters to the several members.

L E T T E R XXXII.

To His Excellency Lord C A R T E R E T, Lord-
Lieutenant of I R E L A N D.

My LORD,

April 28th, 1724.

M A N Y of the principal persons in this kingdom, distinguished for their loyalty to his present majesty, hearing that I had the honour to be known to your excellency, have for some time pressed me very earnestly, since you were declared lord-lieutenant of this kingdom, to represent to your excellency the apprehensions they are under concerning Mr. *Wood's* patent for coining half-pence to pass in *Ireland*. Your excellency knows the unanimous sentiments of the parliament here upon that matter: and, upon enquiry, you will find, that there is not one person, of any rank or party in this whole kingdom, who does not look upon that patent as the most ruinous project that ever was contrived against any nation. Neither is it doubted, that when your excellency shall be thoroughly informed, your justice and compassion for an injured people will force you to employ your credit for their relief.

I have made bold to send you inclosed two small tracts on this subject, one written (as it is supposed) by the earl of *Abercorn*; the other is intitled to a weaver, and suited to the vulgar, but thought to be the work of a better hand.

I hope

I hope your excellency will forgive an old humble servant, and one who always loved and esteemed you, for interfering in matters out of his province: which he would never have done, if many of the greatest persons here had not, by their importunity, drawn him out of his retirement, to venture giving you a little trouble, in hopes to save their country from utter destruction, for which the memory of your government will be blessed by posterity.

I hope to have the honour of seeing your excellency here; and do promise neither to be a frequent visitor nor troublesome solicitor, but ever, with the greatest respect, &c.

L E T T E R XXXIII.

To the same.

MY LORD,

June 9th, 1724.

IT is above a month since I took the boldness of writing to your excellency, upon a subject where the welfare of this kingdom is highly concerned.

I writ at the desire of several considerable persons here, who could not be ignorant that I had the honour of being well known to you.

I could have wished your excellency had condescended so far, as to let one of your under-clerks have signified to me that a letter was received.

I have been long out of the world, but have not forgotten what used to pass among those I lived

with, while I was in it : and I can say, that, during the experience of many years and many changes in affairs, your excellency, and one more, who is not worthy to be compared to you, are the only great persons that ever refused to answer a letter from me, without regard to business, party, or greatness ; and, if I had not a peculiar esteem for your personal qualities, I should think myself to be acting a very inferior part in making this complaint.

I never was so humble, as to be vain upon my acquaintance with men in power, and always rather chose to avoid it when I was not called. Neither were their power or titles sufficient, without merit, to make me cultivate them ; of which I have witnesses enough left, after all the havoc made among them by accidents of time, or by changes of persons, measures, and opinions.

I know not how your conceptions of yourself may alter, by every new high station ; but mine must continue the same, or alter for the worse.

I often told a great minister, whom you well know, that I valued him for being the same man through all the progress of power and place. I expected the like in your lordship ; and still hope that I shall be the only person who will ever find it otherwise.

I pray God to direct your excellency in all your good undertakings, and especially in your government of this kingdom.

I shall

I shall trouble you no more; but remain, with great respect,

MY LORD,

Your Excellency's

most obedient and

most humble servant.

L E T T E R XXXIV.

To the same.

MY LORD,

July 9th, 1724.

I HUMBLY claim the privilege of an inferior, to be the last writer; yet with great acknowledgments for your condescension in answering my letters. I cannot but complain of you for putting me in the wrong. I am in the circumstances of a waiting-woman, who told her lady, that nothing vexed her more than to be caught in a lie. But, what is worse, I have discovered in myself somewhat of the bully; and that, after all my rattling, you have brought me down to be as humble as the most distant attender at your levee. It is well your excellency's talents are in few hands; for, if it were otherwise, we, who pretend to be free-speakers, in quality of philosophers, should be utterly cared of our forwardness; at least I am afraid there will be an end of mine, with regard to your excellency. Yet, my lord, I am ten years older than I

was when I had the honour to see you last, and consequently ten times more testy. Therefore I foretel, that you, who could so easily conquer so captious a person, and of so little consequence, will quickly subdue this whole kingdom to love and reverence you. I am, with the greatest respect,

MY LORD, &c.

L E T T E R XXXV.

To EDWARD Earl of OXFORD.

On his Father's death.

MY LORD,

July, 1724.

ALTHOUGH I had, for two years past, inured myself to expect the death of my lord your father, from the frequent accounts of the bad condition of his health—yet the news of it struck me so sensibly, that I had not spirit enough to console with your lordship, as I ought to have done, for so great a loss to the world and yourself. It is true, indeed, you no longer wanted his care and tenderness, nor his example to incite you to virtue: but his friendship and conversation you will ever want, because they are qualities so rare in the world, and in which he so much excelled all others. It hath pleased me, in the midst of my grief, to hear that he preserved the greatness, and calmness, and intrepidity of his mind to his last minutes: for it was

was fit that such a life should terminate with equal lustre to the whole progress of it.

I must now beg leave to apply to your lordship's justice. He was often pleased to promise me his picture; but his troubles and sickness, and want of opportunity, and my absence, prevented him. I do therefore humbly insist, that your lordship will please to discharge what I almost look upon as a legacy.

I would intreat another and much greater favour of your lordship, that, at your leisure hours, you would please to inspect among your father's papers, whether there be any memorials that may be of use towards writing his life; which I have sometimes mentioned to him, and often thought on, when I little thought to survive him. I have formerly gathered several hints, but want many memorials, especially of his more early times, which might be easily supplied. And such a work most properly belongs to me, who loved and respected him above all men, and had the honour to know him better than any other of my level did.

I humbly beg your lordship's pardon for so long a letter upon so mournful an occasion; and expect your justice to believe, that I am, and shall ever be, with the greatest respect,

My Lord,

Your lordship's most obedient,
most obliged, and

most humble servant.

I desire to present my most humble respects to my
lady Oxford.

L E T-

L E T T E R XXXVI.

To his Excellency the Lord CARTERET,
Lord Lieutenant of IRELAND.

MY LORD,

Sept. 3d, 1724.

BEING ten years older than when I had the honour to see your excellency last, by consequence, if I am subject to any ailments, they are now ten times worse, and so it has happened. For I have been, this month past, so pestered with the return of a noise and deafness in my ears, that I had not spirit to perform the common offices of life, much less to write to your excellency, and least of all to answer so obliging and condescending a letter as that I received from you. But these ugly ten years have a worse consequence; that they utterly destroy any title to the good opinion you are pleased to express of me, as an amuser of the world and myself. To have preserved that talent, I ought, as I grew older, to have removed into a better climate, instead of being sunk for life in a worse. I imagine *France* would be proper for me now, and *Italy* ten years hence. However, I am not so bad as they would make me: for, since I left *England*, such a parcel of trash has been there fathered upon me, that nothing but the good judgment of my friends could hinder them from thinking me the greatest dunce alive.

There

There is a gentleman of this kingdom just gone for *England*; it is Dr. *George Berkeley*, dean of *Derry*, the best preferment among us, being worth 100*l.* a year. He takes the *Bath* in his way to *London*; and will, of course, attend your excellency; and be presented, I suppose, by his friend my lord *Burlington*. And, because I believe you will chuse out some very idle minutes to read this letter, perhaps you may not be ill entertained with some account of the man, and his errand. He was a fellow in the University here; and, going to *England* very young, about thirteen years ago, he became the founder of a sect there called the *immaterialists*, by the force of a very curious book upon that subject. Dr. *Smaldridge* and many other eminent persons were his proselytes. I sent him secretary and chaplain to *Sicily*, with my lord *Peterborow*; and, upon his lordship's return, Dr. *Berkeley* spent above seven years in travelling over most parts of *Europe*, but chienty through every corner of *Italy*, *Sicily*, and other islands. When he came back to *England*, he found so many friends, that he was effectually recommended to the duke of *Grafton*, by whom he was lately made dean of *Derry*. Your excellency will be frightened, when I tell you all this is but an introduction: for I am now to mention his errand. He is an absolute philosopher, with regard to money, titles, and power; and for three years past, hath been struck with a notion of founding a university at *Bermudas*,
by

by a charter from the Crown. He hath seduced several of the hopefullest young clergymen and others here, many of them well provided for, and all of them in the fairest way of preferment: but in *England*, his conquests are greater; and, I doubt will spread very far this winter. He shewed me a little tract, which he designs to publish; and there your excellency will see his whole scheme of a life academick-philosophical (I shall make you remember what you were) of a college founded for *Indian* scholars and missionaries; where he most exorbitantly proposeth a whole hundred pounds a year for himself, forty pounds for a fellow, and ten for a student. His heart will break if his deanry be not taken from him, and left to your excellency's disposal. I discouraged him by the coldness of courts and ministers, who will interpret all this as impossible, and a vision; but nothing will do. And, therefore, I do humbly intreat your excellency, either to use such persuasions as will keep one of the first men in this kingdom, for learning and virtue, quiet at home, or assist him, by your credit, to compass his romantic design; which, however, is very noble and generous, and directly proper for a great person of your excellent education to encourage.

I must now, in all humility, intreat one favour of you, as you are lord lieutenant. Mr. *Proby*, surgeon of the army here, laid out the greatest part of his fortune to buy a captainship for his eldest son. The young man was lately accused of discovering

an inclination to popery, while he was quartered in *Galway*. The report of the court-martial is transmitted to your excellency. The universal opinion here is, that the accusation was false and malicious; and the archbishop of *Tuam*, in whose diocese *Galway* is, upon a strict enquiry, hath declared it to be so. But all this is not to sway with your excellency, any more than that the father is the most universally beloved of any I ever knew in his station. But I intreat that you will please to hear the opinion of others, who may speak in his favour; and, perhaps, will tell you, that, as party is not in the case, so you cannot do any personal thing more acceptable to the people of *Ireland*, than in inclining towards lenity to Mr. *Proby* and his family; although I have reason to be confident, that they neither need nor desire more than justice. I beg your excellency will remember my request to be only that you would hear others, and not think me so very weak, as to imagine I could have hopes of giving the least turn to your mind. Therefore, I hope, what I have said is pardonable in every respect, but that of taking up your time.

My lord, we are here preparing for your reception, and for a quiet session under your government; but whether you approve the manner I can only guess. It is by universal declarations against *Wood's* coin. One thing I am confident of, that your excellency will find and leave us under dispositions very different, towards your person and high station, than what have appeared towards others.

I have

I have no other excuse for the length of this letter, but a faithful promise that I will never be guilty of the same fault a second time. I am, &c.

L E T T E R XXXVII.

To Mrs. P R A T T.

March 18th, 1724-5.

MADAM,

MR S. *Fitzmorrice* did the unkindest thing she could imagine; she sends an open note by a servant (for she was too much a prude to write me a letter), directing me to enquire for one *Howard*, master of a ship, who had brought over a screen to me from Mrs. *Pratt*. Away I ran to the Custom-house, where they told me the ship was expected every day: but the God of Winds, in confederacy with Mrs. *Fitzmorrice* to teaze me, kept the ship at least a month longer, and left me miserable in a state of impatience between hope and fear, worse than a lady who apprehends her cloaths will not be ready against the birth-day.

I will not move your good-nature, by representing how many restless days and nights I have passed, with what dreams my sleep hath been disturbed, when I sometimes saw the ship sinking, and my screen floating in the sea, and the Mermaids struggling which of them should get it. At last Mr. *Medlicott* [n], whose heart inclines him to pity

[n] One of the commissioners of the customs.

the distressed, gave me notice of it's safe arrival. He interposed his authority; and, over-ruling the tedious forms of the Custom-house, sent me my screen to the Deanry: where it was immediately opened, on *Tuesday* the 16th instant, three minutes seven seconds after four o'clock, the day being fair but somewhat windy, the sun in *Aries*, and the moon within 39 hours 8 seconds and a half of being full. All which I find, by consulting *Ptolemy*, to be fortunate incidents; and that, with due care, my screen will escape the mops of the housemaid, and the greasy hands of the footmen.

At the opening of the screen, just after dinner, some company of both sexes were present. The ladies were full of malice, and the men of envy, while I was very affectedly calm. But all agreed, that nothing shewed a better judgment than to know how to make a proper present, and that no present could be more judiciously chosen. For no man in this kingdom wanted a screen so much as myself: and, besides, since I had left the world, it was very kind to send the world to me. As for my own part, I confess I never expected to be sheltered by the world, when I have been so long endeavouring to shelter myself from it. See how ill you bestow your favours, when you meet with nothing but complaints and reproaches, instead of acknowledgments, for thinking, in the midst of courts, upon an absent insignificant man, buried in obscurity. But I know it is as hard to give thanks as
to

to take them: Therefore I shall say no more, than that I receive your acceptable present just as I am sure you desire I should. But I cannot promise that it will add one jot to the love and esteem I have for you; because it is impossible for me to be more than I have always been,

MADAM,

Yours, &c.

L E T T E R XXXVIII.

To his Excellency the Lord CARTERET,
Lord Lieutenant of IRELAND.

Deanry-house, April 17th, 1725.

MY LORD,

I HAVE been so long afflicted with a deafness, and at present with a giddiness in my head (both old distempers), that I have not been able to attend your excellency and my lady Carteret, as my inclination and duty oblige me; and I am now hastening into the country, to try what exercise and better air will do towards my recovery. Not knowing how long I may be absent, nor how soon you may think fit to leave this kingdom, I take this occasion of returning your excellency, and my lady Carteret, my most humble acknowledgements for your great civilities towards me, which I wish it were in my power to deserve.

I have

I have only one humble request to make to your excellency, which I had in my heart ever since you were nominated lord-lieutenant ; and it is in favour of Mr. *Sheridan*. I beg you will take your time for bestowing on him some church-living, to the value of 150*l. per annum*. He is agreed on all hands to have done more public service, by many degrees, in the education of lads, than any five of his vocation ; and has much more learning than usually falls to the share of those who profess teaching, being perfectly skilled in the *Greek* as well as *Latin* tongue, and acquainted with all the ancient writers, in poetry, philosophy, and history. He is a man of good sense, modesty, and virtue. His greatest fault is a wife and four children ; for which there is no excuse, but that a wife is thought necessary to a school-master. His constitution is so weak, that, in a few years, he must give up his business ; and probably must starve, without some preferment, for which he is an ill solicitor. My lord bishop of *Elphin* hath promised to recommend this request to your excellency. And I hope you will please to believe that it proceeds wholly from justice and humanity, for he is neither a dependent nor relation of mine.

I humbly take my leave ; and remain, with the utmost respect,

MY LORD, &c.

L E T

L E T T E R XXXIX.

To Mrs. H O W A R D [o].

February 1st, 1726-7.

MADAM,

I AM so very nice, and my workmen so fearful, that there is yet but one piece finished of the two, which you commanded me to send to her royal highness. The other was done; but the undertaker, confessing it was not to the utmost perfection, hath obtained my leave for a second attempt; in which he promises to do wonders, and tells me it will be ready in another fortnight; although, perhaps, the humour may be quite off both with the princess and you: for such were courts when I knew them. I desire you will order her royal highness to go to *Richmond* as soon as she can this summer, because she will have the pleasure of my neighbourhood; for I hope to be in *London* by the middle of *March*, and I do not love you much when you are there: and I expect to find you are altered by flattery, or ill company. I am glad to tell you now, that I honour you with my esteem; because, when the princess grows a crowned head, you shall have no more such compliments; and it is a hundred to one whether you will deserve them.

[o] Afterwards countess of *Suffolk*. See *The Character of Mrs. H***d*, in this volume, p. 4.

I do not approve of your advice to bring over pumps for myself, but will rather provide another shoe for his Royal Highness [p], against there shall be occasion. I will tell you an odd accident that happened this night: While I was caressing one of my *Houyhnhnms*, he bit my little finger so cruelly, that I am hardly able to write; and I impute the cause to some foreknowledge in him, that I was going to write to a *Sieve Yahoo* [q] (for so you are pleased to call yourself). Pray tell sir *Robert Walpole*, that, if he does not use me better next summer than he did last, I will study revenge, and it shall be *vengeance ecclesiastique*. I hope you will get your house and wine ready, to which Mr. Gay and I are to have free access when you are at court; for, as to Mr. *Pope*, he is not worth considering on such occasions. I am sorry I have no complaints to make of her royal highness; therefore, I think, I may let you tell her, That every grain of virtue and good sense, in one of her rank, considering the bad education among flatterers and adorers, is worth a dozen in any inferior person. Now, if what the world says be true, that she exceeds all other ladies at least a dozen times; then, multiply one dozen by the other, you will find the number to be one hundred and forty-four. If any one can say a civiler thing, let him; for I think it too much for me.

[p] Vide *Gulliver's Travels*, chap. IV.

[q] i. e. A Court-lady. See *Gulliver's Travels*, in the Voyage to *Laputa*, chap. V.

I have some title to be angry with you, for not commanding those who write to me to mention your remembrance. Can there be any thing more base, than to make me the first advances, and then be inconstant? It is very hard, that I must cross the sea, and ride two hundred miles, to reproach you in person; when, at the same time I feel myself, with the most intire respect,

MADAM, &c.

L E T T E R XL.

To the ARCHBISHOP of DUBLIN [r].

MY LORD,

May 18th, 1727.

I UNDERSTAND, by some letters just come to my hands, that, at your grace's visitation of the dean and chapter of *St. Patrick's*, a proxy was insisted on from the dean, the visitation adjourned, and a rule entered that a proxy be exhibited within a month. If your grace can find, in any of your old records or of ours, that a proxy was ever demanded for a dean of *St. Patrick's*, you will have some reason to insist upon it: but, as it is a thing wholly new and unheard of, let the consequences be what they will, I shall never comply with it. I take my chapter to be my proxy,

[r] Dr. *William King*.

if

if I want any : it is only through them that you visit me, and my sub-dean is to answer for me. I am neither civilian nor canonist : your grace may probably be both, with the addition of a dextrous deputy. My proceeding shall be only upon one maxim : never to yield to an oppression, to justify which no precedent can be produced. I see very well how personal all this proceeding is ; and how, from the very moment of the queen's death, your grace hath thought fit to take every opportunity of giving me all sorts of uneasiness, without ever giving me, in my whole life, one single mark of your favour beyond common civilities. And, if it were not below a man of spirit to make complaints, I could date them from six and twenty years past. This hath something in it the more extraordinary, because, during some years, when I was thought to have credit with those in power, I employed it the utmost for your service, with great success, where it could be most useful, against many violent enemies you then had, however unjustly ; by which I got more ill-will than by any other action of my life, I mean from my friends. My lord, I have lived, and by the grace of God will die, an enemy to servitude and slavery of all kinds : and I believe, at the same time, that persons of such a disposition will be the most ready to pay obedience wherever it is due. Your grace hath often said, you would never infringe any of our liberties. I will call back nothing of what is past : I will forget, if I can, that you mentioned to me a licence

to be absent. Neither my age, health, humour, or fortune, qualify me for little brangles; but I will hold to the practice delivered down by my predecessors. I thought, and have been told, that I deserved better from that church and that kingdom: I am sure, I do from your grace. And, I believe, people on this side will attest, that all my merits are not very old. It is a little hard, that, the occasion of my journey hither being partly for the advantage of that kingdom, partly on account of my health, partly on business of importance to me, and partly to see my friends; I cannot enjoy the quiet of a few months, without your grace interposing to disturb it. But, I thank God, the civilities of those in power here, who allow themselves to be my professed adversaries, make some atonement for the unkindness of others, who have so many reasons to be my friends. I have not long to live; and, therefore, if conscience were quite out of the case for me to do a base thing, I will set no unworthy examples for my successors to follow: and, therefore, repeating it again that I shall not concern myself upon the proceeding of your lordship, I am, &c.

L E T T E R XLI.

To the Countess of SUFFOLK.

Twickenham, Aug. 15, 1727.

MADAM,

I WISH I were a young lord, and you were unmarried: I should make you the best husband in the world, for I am ten times deaser than ever you were in your life; and, instead of a poor pain in my face, I have a good substantial giddiness and head-ach. The best of it is, that, although we might lay our heads together, you could tell me no secrets that might not be heard five rooms distant. These disorders of mine, if they hold me as long as they used to do some years ago, will last as long as my leave of absence, which I shall not renew: and then the queen will have the misfortune not to see me, and I shall go back with the satisfaction never to have seen her since she was queen, but when I kissed her hand. And, although she were a thousand queens, I will lose my privilege of never seeing her but when she commands it. I told my two landlords, that I would write you a love-letter; which, I remember, you commanded me to do last year: but I would not shew it to either of them. I am the greatest courtier and flatterer you have; because I try your good sense and taste, more than all of them put together, which is the greatest compliment I could

put upon you : and you have hitherto behaved yourself tolerably well under it ; much better than your mistress, if what a lady told me was true : that, talking with the queen about me, her majesty said, I was an odd sort of a man. But I forgive her, for it is an odd thing to speak freely to princes. I will say another thing in your praise, that goodness would become you better than any person I know : and, for that very reason, there is nobody I wish to be good so much as yourself. I am, &c.

L E T T E R XIII.

To his Excellency the Lord CARTERET,
Lord-Lieutenant of IRELAND.

January 18, 1727-8,

MY LORD,

I WAS informed, that, your excellency having referred to the University here some regulation of his majesty's benefaction for professors ; they have, in their answer, insinuated as if they thought it best, that the several professorships should be limited to their fellows, and to be held only as they continue to be so. I need not inform your excellency, how contrary such a practice is to that of all the universities in *Europe*. Your excellency well knows how many learned men, of the two last ages, have been invited by princes to be professors

fessors in some art or science, for which they were renowned; and that the like rule hath been followed in *Oxford* and *Cambridge*. I hope your excellency will shew no regard to so narrow and impartial an opinion, which can only tend to mend fellowship, and spoil professorships: although I should be sorry, that any fellow should be thought incapable on that account, when otherwise qualified. And I should be glad that any person, whose education hath been in this university, should be preferred before another upon equal deservings. But that must be left to those who shall be your excellency's successors, who may not always be great clerks: and I wish you could, in some measure, provide against having this benefaction made a perquisite of humour or favour. Whoever is preferred to a bishoprick, or to such a preferment as shall hinder him from residing within a certain distance of this town, should be obliged to resign his professorship.

As long as you are governor here, I shall always expect the liberty of telling you my thoughts: and I hope you will consider them, until you find I grow impertinent, or have some bias of my own.

If I had not been confined to my chamber by the continuance of an unconvertible disorder, I would have exchanged your trouble of reading for that of hearing. I am, &c.

I desire to present my most humble respects to my lady *Carteret*.

M 4

Your

Your friend *Walpole* hath lately done one of the cruellest actions that ever I knew, even in a minister of state, these thirty years past; which, if the queen hath not intelligence of, may my right hand forget it's cunning.

L E T T E R XLIII.

To the same [s].

About *May* 10, 1728.

MY LORD,

I TOLD your excellency that you were to run on my errands. My lord *Burlington* hath a very fine monument of his ancestor the earl of *Cork*, in my cathedral, which your excellency hath seen. I and the chapter have written to him in a body to have it repaired, and I in person have desired he would do it. And I desired likewise, that he would settle a parcel of land, worth five pounds a year (not an annuity), to keep it always in repair. He said he would do any thing to oblige me; but was afraid that, in future times, the five pounds a year would be misapplied, and secured by the dean and chapter to their own use. I answered, that a dean and twenty-four members of so great a chapter, who, in livings, estates, &c. had about 4000*l.* a year amongst them, would hardly divide

[s] This letter is not dated, but endorsed "To lord-lieutenant *Carteret*, before his going off."

four shillings among them to cheat his posterity; and that we could have no view but to consult the honour of his family. I therefore command your excellency to lay this before him, and the affront he hath put upon us, in not answering a letter written to him by the dean and chapter in a body.

The great duke of *Schomberg* is buried under the altar in my cathedral. My lady *Holderness* is my old acquaintance, and I writ to her about a small sum, to make a monument for her grandfather. I writ to her myself; and also, there was a letter from the dean and chapter, to desire she would order a monument to be raised for him in my cathedral. It seems *Mildmay*, now lord *Fitzwalter*, her husband, is a covetous fellow; or, whatever is the matter, we have had no answer. I desire you will tell lord *Fitzwalter*, that, if he will not send fifty pounds to make a monument for the old duke, I and the chapter will erect a small one of ourselves for ten pounds; wherein it shall be expressed, That the posterity of the duke, naming particularly lady *Holderness* and Mr. *Mildmay*, not having the generosity to erect a monument, we have done it of ourselves. And if, for an excuse, they pretend they will send for his body, let them know it is mine; and, rather than send it, I will take up the bones, and make of it a skeleton, and put it in my registry-office, to be a memorial of their baseness to all posterity. This I expect your excellency will tell Mr. *Mildmay*, or, as you now call him, lord *Fitzwalter*: and I expect likewise, that

that he will let Sir *Conyers Darcy* know how ill I take his neglect in this matter; although, to do him justice, he averred, that *Mildmay* was so avaricious a wretch, that he would let his own father be buried without a coffin, to save charges.

I expect likewise, that, if you are acquainted with your successor, you will let him know how impartial I was in giving you characters of clergymen, without regard to party; and what weight you laid on them: and that, having but one clergyman who had any relation to me, I let him pass unpreferred. And, lastly, that you will let your said successor know, that you lament the having done nothing for Mr. *Robert Glatton*; and give him such a recommendation, that he may have something to mend his fortune.

These are the matters I leave in charge to your excellency: and I desire that I, who have done with courts, may not be used like a courtier. For, as I was a courtier when you were a school-boy, I know all your arts. And so God bless you, and all your family, my old friends: and remember, I expect you shall not dare to be a courtier to me. I am, &c.

L E T T E R XLIV.

To Mr. P O P E.

S I R,

March 6th, 1728-9.

I F I am not a good correspondent, I have bad health; and that is as good. I passed eight months in the country, with Sir *Arthur* and my lady *Acheson*, and had at least half a dozen returns of my giddiness and deafness, which lasted me about three weeks a piece; and, among other inconveniencies, hindred me from visiting my chapter and punishing enormities, but did not save me the charges of a visitation-dinner. This disorder neither hinders my sleeping, nor much my walking, yet is the most mortifying malady I can suffer. I have been just a month in town, and have just got rid of it in a fortnight: and, when it is on me, I have neither spirits to write, or read, or think, or eat. But I drink as much as I like; which is a resource you cannot fly to when you are ill. And I like it as little as you: but I can bear a pint better than you can a spoonful. You were very kind in your care for Mr. *Whalley*; but, I hope, you remembered, that *Daniel* is a damnable poet, and consequently a public enemy to mankind. But I despise the lords degree, which is a jest upon common sense: for what did it signify to the merits of the cause, whether *George* the Old, or the Young, were on the throne?

No:

No: I intended to pass last winter in *England*, but my health said No: and I did design to live a gentleman, and, as *Sancho's* wife said, to go in my coach to court. I know not whether you are in earnest to come hither in spring: if not, pray God you may never be in jest. Dr. *Delany* shall attend you at *Chester*, and your apartment is ready; and I have a most excellent chaise, and about sixteen dozen of the best cyder in the world; and you shall command the town and kingdom; and *digito monstrari, &c.* And, when I cannot hear, you shall have choice of the best people we can afford, to hear you, and nurses enough; and your apartment is on the sunny side.

The next paragraph strikes me dumb. You say I am to blame, if I refuse the opportunity of going with my lady *Bolingbroke* to *Aix-la-Chapelle*. I must tell you, that a foreign language is mortal to a deaf man. I must have good ears to catch up the words of so nimble a tongued race as the *French*, having been a dozen years without conversing among them. Mr. *Gay* is a scandal to all lusty young fellows with healthy countenance; and, I think, he is not intemperate in a physical sense. I am told he has an asthma, which is a disease I commiserate more than deafness, because it will not leave a man quiet either sleeping or waking. I hope he does not intend to print his Opera [1] before it is acted; for I defy all your subscriptions

[1] The Second Part of the *Beggar's Opera*.

to amount to 800*l*. And yet, I believe, he lost as much more for want of human prudence.

I told you some time ago, that I was dwindled to a writer of libels on the lady of the family where I lived, and upon myself; but they never went further: and my lady *Acheson* made me give her up all the foul copies, and never gave the fair ones out of her hands, or suffered them to be copied. They were sometimes shewn to intimate friends, to occasion mirth, and that was all. So that I am vexed at your thinking I had any hand in what could come to your eyes. I have some confused notion of seeing a paper called *Sir Ralph the Patriot*, but am sure it was bad or indifferent; and, as to the *Lady at Quadrille*, I never heard of it. Perhaps it may be the same with a paper of verses called, *The Journal of a Dublin Lady*, which I writ at Sir *Arthur Acheson's*; and, leaving out what concerned the family, I sent it to be printed in a paper which doctor *Sheridan* had engaged in, called *The Intelligencer*, of which he made but sorry work, and then dropt it. But the verses were printed by themselves, and most horridly mangled in the press, and were very mediocre in themselves; but did well enough in the manner I mentioned, of a family-jest. I do sincerely assure you, that my frequent old disorder, and the scene where I am, and the humour I am in, and some other reasons which time hath shewn, and will shew more if I live; have lowered my small talents with a vengeance, and cooled my disposition to put them in use. I

want

want only to be rich, for I am hard to be pleased; and, for want of riches, people grow every day less solicitous to please me. Therefore I keep humble company, who are happy to come where they can get a bottle of wine without paying for it. I give my vicar a supper, and his wife a shilling, to play with me an hour at back-gammon once a fortnight. To all people of quality, and especially of titles, I am not within; or, at least, am deaf a week or two after I am well. But, on *Sunday* evenings, it costs me six bottles of wine to people whom I cannot keep out. Pray, come over in *April*, if it be only to convince you that I tell no lies; and the journey will be certainly for your health. Mrs. *Brent*, my house-keeper, famous in print for digging out the great bottle [*u*], says she will be your nurse; and the best physicians we have shall attend you without fees: although, I believe, you will have no occasion but to converse with one or two of them to make them proud.

Your letter came but last post, and you see my punctuality. I am unlucky at every thing I send to *England*. Two bottles of usquebaugh were broken. Well, my humble service to my lord *Bolingbroke*, lord *Bathurst*, lord *Masham*, and his lady my dear friend, and Mr. *Pultney*, and the doctor, and Mr. *Lewis*, and our sickly friend *Gay*, and my lady *Bolingbroke*; and very much to *Patty* [*w*], who I hope will learn to love the world less,

[*u*] See Vol. VI.[*w*] Mrs. Blount.

before the world leaves off to love her. I am much concerned to hear of my lord *Peterborow* being ill. I am exceedingly his servant, and pray God recover his health. As for your courtier Mrs. *Howard*, and her mistress, I have nothing to say, but that they have neither memory nor manners; else I should have some mark of the former from the latter, which I was promised above two years ago: but, since I made them a present, it would be mean to remind them. I am told poor Mrs. *Pope* is ill: Pray God preserve her to you, or raise you up as useful a friend.

This letter is an answer to Mr. *Ford*, whose hand I mistook for yours, having not heard from him this twelve-month. Therefore you are not to stare; and it must not be lost, for it talks to you only.

Again, forgive my blunders: for, reading the letter by candle-light, and not dreaming of a letter from Mr. *Ford*, I thought it must be yours, because it talks of our friends.

The letter talks of *Gay*, and Mr. *Whalley*, and lord *Bolingbroke*, which made me conclude it must be yours: so all the answering part must go for nothing.

L E T T E R XLV.

To a certain E S Q U I R E.

S I R,

January 3d, 1729-30.

SEEING your frank on the outside, and your address in the same hand, it was obvious who was the writer. And, before I opened it, a worthy friend being with me, I told him the contents of the difference between us. That, your tithes being generally worth five or six pounds *per annum*, and, by the terror of squireship, frightening my agent to take what you graciously thought fit to give, you wronged me of half my due every year. That, having held from your father an island worth three pence a year, which I planted and paid two shillings annually for; and being out of possession of the said island seven or eight years, there could not possibly be above four shillings due to you; for which you have thought proper to stop three or four years tithe, at your own rate of two pounds five shillings a year (as I remember) and still continue to stop it, on pretence that the said island was not surrendered to you in form; although you have cut down more plantations of willows, and abeles, than would purchase a dozen such islands. I told my friend, that this talent of squires prevailed very much formerly in the country: that, as to yourself, from the badness of your education, against all my advices and endeavours, and from the cast

2 of

of your nature, as well as another circumstance which I shall not mention; I expected nothing from you that became a gentleman: that I had expostulated this scurvy matter very gently with you: that I conceived this letter was an answer. — That, from the prerogative of a good estate, however gotten, and the practice of lording over a few *Irish* wretches, and from the natural want of better thinking, I was sure your answer would be extremely rude and stupid, full of very bad language in all senses. That a bear in a wilderness will as soon fix on a philosopher as on a cottager: and a man wholly void of education, judgment, or distinction of persons, has no regard, in his insolence, but to the passion of fear: and, how heartily I wished, that, to make you shew your humility, your quarrel had rather been with a captain of dragoons, than the dean of *St. Patrick's*.

All this happened before my opening your letter; which being read, my friend told me I was an ill guesser. That you affirmed you despised me only as a clergyman by your own confession; and that you had reason, because clergymen pretend to learning, wherein you value yourself as what you are an utter stranger to.

I took some pains in providing and advising about your education; but, since you have made so ill use of my rules, I cannot deny, that, according to your own principles, your usage of me is just. You are wholly out of my danger: the weapons I use will do you no hurt; and to that which would

keep nicer men in awe you are insensible. A needle against a stone-wall can make no impression. Your faculty lies in making bargains: stick to that. Leave your children a better estate than your father left you; as he left you much more than your grandfather left him. Your father and you are much wiser than I, who gave among you fifty years purchase for land, for which I am not to see one farthing. This was intended as an encouragement to a clergyman to reside among you, whenever any of your posterity shall be able to distinguish a man from a beast. One thing I desire you will be set right in: I do not despise all squires. It is true, I despise the bulk of them. But pray take notice, that a squire must have some merit before I shall honour him with my contempt: for I do not despise a fly, a maggot, or a mite.

If you send me an answer to this, I shall not read it, but open it before company, and in their presence burn it; for no other reason but the detestation of bad spelling, no grammar, and that pertness which proceeds from ignorance and an invincible want of taste.

I have ordered a copy of this letter to be taken, with an intention to print it, as a mark of my esteem for you; which, however, perhaps I shall not pursue: for I could willingly excuse our two names from standing in the same paper, since I am confident you have as little desire of fame as I have to give it you.

I wish

I wish many happy new years to you and your family; and am, with truth,

Your friend and

humble servant.

Let me add something serious: That, as it is held an imprudent thing to provoke valour; so, I confess, it was imprudent in me to provoke rudeness: which, as it was my own standing rule never to do, except in cases where I had power to punish it, so my error proceeded from a better opinion of you than you have thought fit to make good. For, with every fault in your nature, your education, and your understanding, I never imagined you so utterly devoid of knowing some little distinction between persons.

L E T T E R XLVI.

To Lady WORSLEY.

MADAM,

April 19th, 1730.

MY lady Carteret (if you know such a lady) commands me to pursue my own inclination; which is, to honour myself with writing you a letter; and thereby endeavouring to preserve myself in your memory, in spite of an acquaintance of more years, than in regard to my own reputation, as a young gentleman, I care to recollect.

N 2

I forgot

I forgot whether I had not some reasons to be angry with your ladyship, when I was last in *England*. I hope to see you very soon the youngest great-grand-mother in *Europe* and fifteen years hence (which I shall have nothing to do with) you will be at the amusement of "Rise up, daughter, &c." You are to answer this letter, and to inform me of your health and humour; and, whether you like your daughter better or worse, after having so long conversed with the *Irish* world, and so little with me. Tell me what are your amusements at present; cards, court, books, visiting, or fondling (I humbly beg your ladyship's pardon, but it is between ourselves) your grandchildren? My lady *Carteret* hath been the best queen we have known in *Ireland* these many years; yet is she mortally hated by all the young girls, because (and it is your fault) she is handsomer than all of them together. Pray, do not insult poor *Ireland* on this occasion, for it would have been exactly the same thing in *London*. And therefore I shall advise the K—g, when I go next to *England*, to send no more of her sort (if such another can be found) for fear of turning all his loyal female-subjects here against him.

How is our old friend Mrs. *Barton*? (I forget her new name). I saw her three years ago, at court, almost dwindled to an echo, and hardly knew her; while your eyes dazzled me as much as when I first met them: which, considering myself,

self, is a greater compliment than you are aware of. I wish you may have grace to find it.

My lady *Carteret* hath made me a present, which I take to be malicious, with a design to stand in your place. Therefore I would have you to provide against it by another, and something of your own work, as hers is. For you know I always expect advances and presents from ladies. Neither was I ever deceived in this last article by any of your sex but the Q—n, whom I taxed three years ago with a present of ten pounds value. Upon taking my leave, she said she intended a medal for me, but it was not finished. I afterwards sent her, on her own commands, about five and thirty pounds worth of silk, for herself and the princesses; but never received the medal to this day. Therefore, I will trust your sex no more. You are to present my most humble service to my old friend Sir *Robert Worsley*. I hope my friend *Harry* is well, and fattening in the sun, and continuing a bachelor to enrich the poor *Worsley* family.

I command you to believe me to be, with the greatest truth and respect, &c.

L E T T E R XLVII.

To the Earl of CHESTERFIELD.

MY LORD,

November 10th, 1730.

I WAS positively advised by a friend, whose opinion hath much weight with me, and who hath a great veneration for your lordship, to venture a letter of solicitation: and it is the first request of this kind that I ever made, since the public changes, in times, persons, measures, and opinions, drove me into distance and obscurity.

There is an honest man, whose name is *Launcelot*; he hath been long a servant to my lord *Suffex*: He married a relation of mine, a widow, with a tolerable jointure; which, depending upon a lease which the duke of *Grafton* suffered to expire about three years ago, sunk half her little fortune. Mr. *Launcelot* had many promises from the duke of *Dorset*, while his grace held that office which is now in your lordship [x]; but they all failed, after the usual fate that the bulk of court-suiters must expect.

I am very sensible that I have no manner of claim to the least favour from your lordship, whom I have hardly the honour to be known to, although you were always pleased to treat me with much

[x] The earl of *Chesterfield* was then lord steward of his majesty's household.

humanity,

humanity, and with more distinction than I could pretend to deserve. I am likewise conscious of that demerit which I have largely shared with all those who concerned themselves in a court and ministry, whose maxims and proceedings have been ever since so much exploded. But your lordship will grant me leave to say, that, in those times, when any persons of the ejected party came to court, and were of tolerable consequence, they never failed to succeed in any reasonable request they made for a friend. And, when I sometimes added my poor solicitations, I used to quote the then ministers a passage in the Gospel, *The poor* (meaning their own dependents) *you have always with you*, &c.

This is the strongest argument I have to entreat your lordship's favour for Mr. *Launcelot*, who is a perfect honest man, and as loyal as you could wish. His wife, my near relation, hath been my favourite from her youth, and as deserving as it is possible for one of her level. It is understood, that some little employments about the court may be often in your lordship's disposal; and that my lord *Suffex* will give Mr. *Launcelot* the character he deserves: and then let my petition be (to speak in my own trade) a drop in the bucket.

Remember, my lord, that, although this letter be long, yet what particularly concerns my request is but of a few lines.

I shall not congratulate with your lordship upon any of your present great employments, or upon the greatest that can possibly be given to you; be-

cause you are one of those very few who do more honour to a court, than you can possibly receive from it: which I take to be a greater compliment to any court than it is to your lordship. I am,

My LORD, &c.

L E T T E R XLVIII.

To the Countess of SUFFOLK.

MADAM,

November 21, 1730.

I DO now pity the leisure you have to read a letter from me; and this letter shall be a history. First, therefore, I call you to witness that I did not attend on the Q—n till I had received her own repeated messages; which, of course, occasioned my being introduced to you. I never asked any thing, till, upon leaving *England* the first time, I desired from you a present worth a guinea, and from her majesty one worth ten pounds, by way of a memorial. Your's I received; and the Q—n, upon my taking leave of her, made an excuse that she had intended a medal for me; which not being ready, she would send it me the *Christmas* following: yet this was never done, nor at all remembered when I went back to *England* the next year, and, by her commands, attended her as I had done before. I must now tell you, madam, that I will receive no medal from her majesty, nor any thing less than her picture at half length, drawn
by

by *Jervas*, and, if he takes it from another original, the Q—n shall sit at least twice for him to touch it up. I desire you will let her majesty know this in plain words, although I have heard that I am under her displeasure. But this is a usual thing with princes as well as ministers, upon every false representation; and so I took occasion to tell the Q—n, upon the quarrel Mr. *Walpole* had with our friend *Gay*, the first time I ever had the honour to attend her.

Against you I have but one reproach: That, when I was last in *England*, and just after the present king's accession, I resolved to pass that summer in *France*, for which I had then a most lucky opportunity; from which those who seemed to love me well dissuaded me, by your advice; and, when I sent you a note, conjuring you to lay aside the character of a courtier and a favourite upon that occasion, your answer positively directed me not to go in that juncture; and you said the same thing to my friends, who seemed to have power of giving me hints, that I might reasonably hope for a settlement in *England*. Which, God knows, was no very great ambition, considering the station I should leave here, of greater dignity, and which might have easily been managed to be disposed of as the Q—n pleased. If these hints came from you, I affirm you then acted too much like a courtier. But I forgive you, and esteem you as much as ever. You have your reasons, which I shall not enquire into; because I always believed you had

had some virtues, besides all the accomplishments of mind and person that can adorn a lady.

I am angry with the Q—n for sacrificing my friend *Gay* to the mistaken piques of sir *Robert Walpole*, about a libel written against him; although he were convinced at the same time of Mr. *Gay's* innocence, and although, as I said before, I told her majesty the whole story. Mr. *Gay* deserved better treatment amongst you, upon all accounts, and particularly for his excellent unregarded Fables, dedicated to prince *William*, which I hope his royal highness will often read for his instruction. I wish her majesty would a little remember what I largely said to her about *Ireland*, when, before a witness, she gave me leave, and commanded me, to tell her what she spoke to me upon that subject; and ordered me, that, if I lived to see her in her present station, to send her our grievances, promising to read my letter, and do all good offices in her power for this miserable and most loyal kingdom, now at the brink of ruin, and never so near as now. As to myself, I repeat again, that I never asked any thing more than a trifle, as a memorial of some distinction which her majesty graciously seemed to make between me and every common clergyman: but that trifle was forgotten, according to the usual method of princes, although I was taught to think myself upon a foot of pretending to some little exception.

As to yourself, madam, I most heartily congratulate with you for being delivered from the toil,
the

the envy, the slavery, and vexation of a favourite, where you could not always answer the good intentions that I hope you had. You will now be less teized with solicitations, one of the greatest evils in life. You possess an easy employment, with quiet of mind, although it be by no means equal to your merit: and, if it shall please God to establish your health, I believe and hope you are too wise to hope for more. Mr. *Pope* hath always been an advocate for your sincerity; and even I, in the character I gave you of yourself, allowed you as much of that virtue as could be expected in a lady, a courtier, and a favourite. Yet, I confess, I never heartily pledged your health as a toast, upon any other regards than beauty, wit, good sense, and an unblemished character. For, as to friendship, truth, sincerity, and other trifles of that kind, I never concerned myself about them; because I knew them to be only parts of the lower morals, which are altogether useless at courts. I am content that you should tell the Q—n all I have said of her, and in my own words, if you please.

I could have been a better prophet in the character I gave you of yourself, if it had been good manners, in the height of your credit, to put you in mind of its mortality. For you are not the first, by at least three ladies, whom I have known to undergo the same turn of fortune. It is allowed, that ladies are often very good scaffoldings; and I need not tell you the use that scaffoldings are put to by all builders, as well political as mechanic. I
should

should have begun this letter by telling you, that I was encouraged to write it by my best friend, and one of your great admirers: who told me, that, from something that had passed between you, he thought you would not receive it ill. After all, I know no person of your sex, for whom I have so great an esteem, as I do and believe I shall always continue to bear for you, I mean a private person, for I must except the Q—n, and it is not an exception of form: because I have really a very great veneration for her great qualities, altho' I have reason to complain of her conduct to me; which I could not excuse although she had fifty kingdoms to govern. I have but room to conclude with my sincere professions of being, with true respect,

MADAM,

Your most obedient

humble servant.

L E T T E R XLIX.

To Lady S A N T R Y.

MADAM,

1730, at a conjecture.

MY reason for waiting on you, some time ago, was grounded on the esteem I always had for you; which continued still the same, although I had hardly the least acquaintance with your lord, nor was at all desirous to cultivate it, because

because I did not at all approve of his conduct. In two or three days after I saw you at Sir *Compton Denmvile's* house, all my acquaintance told me how all the town was of the visit I had made you; and the cruel treatment you received from me, with relation to your son. I will not believe your ladyship was so weak as to spread this complaint yourself; but I lay it wholly to those two young women who were then in the same room, I suppose as visitors. But, if you were really discontented, and thought to publish your discontent in aggravating words, I must cut off at least nine tenths of the friendship I had for you, and list you in the herd of *Irish* ladies, whose titles, or those of their husbands, with me never have the weight of a feather, or the value of a pebble. I imagined you had so much sense as to understand, that all I said was intended for the service both of you and your son. I have often spoken much more severely to persons of much higher quality than your son, and in a kingdom where to be a lord is of importance; and I have received hearty thanks as well as sound amendment. One thing I shall observe, upon your account; which is, Never to throw away any more advice upon any *Irish* lord, or his mother; because I thought you would be one of the last to deceive me.

I called four times at the house where you lodge, and you were always denied, by which, I suppose, you would have me think you are angry; whereas I am the person who ought to complain, because
all

all I said to you proceeded from friendship, and a desire of reforming your son. But that desire is now utterly at an end.

L E T T E R L.

To the Earl of CHESTERFIELD.

January 5, 1730-L.

MY LORD,

I RETURN your lordship my most humble thanks for the honour and favour of your letter, and desire your justice to believe, that, in writing to you a second time, I have no design of giving you a second trouble. My only end at present is to beg your pardon for a fault of ignorance. I ought to have remembered, that the arts of courts are like those of play; where, if the most expert be absent for a few months, the whole system is so changed, that he hath no more skill than a new beginner. Yet I cannot but wish, that your lordship had pleased to forgive one, who hath been an utter stranger to public life above sixteen years. *Bussy Rabutin* himself, the politest person of his age, when he was re-called to court after a long banishment, appeared ridiculous there: and what could I expect from my antiquated manner of addressing your lordship in the prime of your life, in the height of fortune, favour, and merit; so distinguished by your active spirit, and greatness of your genius?

I do

I do here repeat to your lordship, that I lay the fault of my misconduct entirely on a friend, whom I exceedingly love and esteem, whom I dare not name, and who is ~~as bad a~~ courtier by nature as I am grown by want of practice. God forbid that your lordship should continue in an employment, however great and honourable, where you only can be an ornament to the court so long, until you have an opportunity to provide offices for a dozen low people like the poor man whom I took the liberty to mention. And God forbid, that, in one particular branch of the king's family, there should ever be such a mortality, as to take away a dozen of his meaner servants in less than a dozen years.

Give me leave, in further excuse of my weakness, to confess, that, besides some hints from my friends, your lordship is in great measure to blame, for your obliging manner of treating me in every place where I had the honour to see you; which I acknowledge to have been a distinction that I had not the least pretence to, and consequently as little to ground upon it the request of a favour.

As I am an utter stranger to the ~~present~~ forms of the world, I have imagined more than once, that your lordship's proceeding with me may be a refinement introduced by yourself: and that as, in my time, the most solemn and frequent promises of great men usually failed, against all probable appearances, so that single slight one of your lordship may, by your generous nature, early succeed against all visible impossibilities. I am, &c.

L E T T E R L I.

T O V E N T O S O.

S I R,

April 28th, 1731.

YOUR letter hath lain by me without acknowledging it, longer than I intended ; not for want of civility, but because I was wholly at a loss what to say : for, as your scheme of thinking, conversing, and living, differs in every point diametrically from mine, so I think myself the most improper person in the world to converse or correspond with you. You would be glad to be thought a proud man, and yet there is not a grain of pride in you : for you are pleased that people should know you have been acquainted with persons of great names and titles, whereby you confess that you take it for an honour ; which a proud man never does : and, besides, you ran the hazard of not being believed. You went abroad, and strove to engage yourself in a desperate cause, very much to the damage of your fortune, and might have been to the danger of your life, if there had not been, as it were, a combination of some, who would not give credit to the account you gave of your transactions ; and of others, who, either really or pretending to believe you, have given you out as a dangerous person (of which last notion

I once

I once hinted something to you): because, if what you repeated of yourself were true, it was necessary that you had either made your peace, or must have been prosecuted for high-treason. The reputation (if there be any) of having been acquainted with princes, and other great persons, arises from it's being generally known to others, but never once mentioned by ourselves, if it can possibly be avoided. I say this perfectly for your service; because an universal opinion among those who know, or have heard of you, that you have always practised a direct contrary proceeding, hath done you more hurt than your natural understanding, left to itself, could ever have brought upon you. The world will never allow any man that character which he gives to himself, by openly professing it to those with whom he converseth. Wit, learning, valour, great acquaintance, the esteem of good men, will be known, although we should endeavour to conceal them, however they may pass unrewarded: but, I doubt, our own bare assertions, upon any of those points, will very little avail, except in tempting the hearers to judge directly contrary to what we advance. Therefore, at this season of your life, I should be glad you would act after the common custom of mankind, and have done with thoughts of courts, of ladies, of lords, of politicks, and all dreams of being important in the world. I am glad your country life has taught you *Latin*, of which you were altogether ignorant when I knew

you first ; and I am astonished how you came to recover it. Your new friend *Horace* will teach you many lessons agreeable to what I have said, for which I could refer to a dozen passages in a few minutes. I should be glad to see the house wholly swept of these cobwebs, and that you would take an oath never to mention a prince, or princess, a foreign or domestic lord, an intrigue of state or of love ; but suit yourself to the climate and company, where your prudence will be to pass the rest of your life. It is not a farthing matter to you what is doing in *Europe*, more than to every alderman who reads the news in a coffee-house. If you could resolve to act thus, your understanding is good enough to qualify you for any conversation in this kingdom. Families will receive you without fear or constraint, nor watch to hear you talk in the grand style, laugh when you are gone, and tell it to all their acquaintance. It is a happiness that this quality may, by a man of sense, be as easily shaken off as it is acquired, especially when he hath no proper claim to it : for you were not bred to be a man of business ; you never were called to any employments at courts ; but destined to be a private gentleman, to entertain yourself with country-business and country acquaintance ; or, at best, with books of amusement in your own language. It is an uncontrolled truth, that no man ever made an ill figure who understood his own talents, nor a good one who mistook them. I am, &c.

L E T-

L E T T E R LII.

A COUNTERFEIT LETTER to the Q—N [y].

MADAM,

Dublin, June 22, 1731.

I HAVE had the honour to tell your majesty, on another occasion, that provinces labour under one mighty misfortune, which is, in a great measure, the cause of all the rest ; and that is, That they are for the most part far removed from the prince's eye, and, of consequence, from the influence, both of his wisdom and goodness. This is the case of *Ireland* beyond expression !

There is not one mortal here, who is not well satisfied of your majesty's good intentions to all your people : and yet your subjects of this isle are so far from sharing the effects of your good dispositions, in any equitable degree ; are so far from enjoying all the good to which they are entitled from your majesty's most gracious inclinations, that they often find great difficulty how to enjoy even the relief of complaint.

To omit a thousand other instances, there is one person of *Irish* birth, eminent for genius and merit of many kinds, an honour to her country, and to her sex ! I will be bold to say, not less so in her sphere than your majesty in yours.

[y] Thus indorsed by Dr. *Swift* : "Counterfeit letter from me to the Q—n, sent to me by Mr. *Pope*, dated June 22d, 1731. Received July 19th, 1731. Given by the Countess of *Suffolk*."

And yet all her talents and virtues have not yet been able to influence any one person about your majesty, so far as to introduce her into your least notice. As I am your majesty's most dutiful and loyal subject, it is a debt I owe your majesty to acquaint you, that Mrs. Barber, *the best female poet of this or perhaps of any age*, is now in your majesty's capital, known to lady Hartford, lady Torrington, lady Walpole, &c. A woman whose genius is honoured by every man of genius in this kingdom, and either honoured or envied by every man of genius in England.

Your majesty is justly revered for those great abilities with which God hath blessed you; for your regard to learning, and your zeal for true religion: compleat your character, by your regard to persons of genius; especially those, who make the greatness of their talents, after your majesty's example, subservient to the good of mankind and the glory of God; which is most remarkably Mrs. Barber's case and character.

Give me leave to tell you, madam, that every subject of understanding and virtue, throughout your dominions, is appointed by Providence of your council. And this, madam, is an open and an honest apology for this trouble; or, to speak more properly, for this dutiful information. It is your true interest, that all your subjects should see that merit is regarded by you in one instance; or, rather, that it is not disregarded in any instance. Let them

them daily bless God for every gift of wisdom and goodness bestowed upon you, and pray incessantly for the long continuance of them; as doth

Your MAJESTY'S

most dutiful and

loyal subject and servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

L E T T E R LIII.

To Mr. P O P E [z].

DEAR SIR,

July 20th, 1731.

I W R I T you a long letter not many days ago, which therefore did not arrive until after your last that I received yesterday, with the inclosed from me to the Q—n. You hinted something of this in a former letter: I will tell you sincerely how the affair stands. I never was at Mrs. Barber's house in my life, except once that I chanced to pass by her shop, was desired to walk in, and went no farther, nor staid three minutes. Dr. Delany hath been long her protector; and he, being many years my acquaintance, desired my good offices for her, and brought her several times to the deanry. I knew she was poetically given, and, for a woman,

[z] Occasioned by the preceding counterfeit letter.

had a sort of genius that way. She appeared very modest and pious, and I believe was sincere, and wholly turned to poetry. I did conceive her journey to *England* was on the score of her trade, being a woollen-drapier, until Dr. *Delany* said, she had a design of printing her poems by subscription, and desired I would befriend her: which I did, chiefly by your means; the doctor still urging me on: upon whose request I writ to her two or three times, because she thought that my countenancing of her might be of use. Lord *Carteret* very much befriended her, and she seems to have made her way not ill. As for those three letters you mention, supposed all to be written by me to the Q—n, on Mrs. *Barber's* account, especially the letter which bears my name: I can only say, that the apprehensions one may be apt to have of a friend doing a foolish thing, is an effect of kindness: and God knows who is free from playing the fool some time or other. But in such a degree as to write to the Q—n, who hath used me ill without any cause, and to write in such a manner as the letter you sent me, and in such a style, and to have so much zeal for one almost a stranger, and to make such a description of a woman as to prefer her before all mankind, and to instance it as one of the greatest grievances of *Ireland*, that her majesty hath not encouraged Mrs. *Barber*; a woollen-drapier's wife declined in the world, because she hath a knack at versifying; was to suppose, or fear, a folly, so transcendent, that no man could be guilty of, who
was

was not fit for *Bedlam*. You know the letter you sent inclosed is not my hand; and why I should disguise, and yet sign my name, should seem unaccountable: especially when I am taught, and have reason to believe, that I am under the Q—n's displeasure on many accounts, and one very late, for having fixed up a stone over the burying place of the duke of *Schomberg*, in my cathedral: which, however, I was assured by a worthy person, who solicited that affair last summer with some relations of the duke, that her majesty, on hearing the matter, said they ought to erect a monument. Yet I am told assuredly, that the K—g, not long ago, on the representation and complaint of the *Prussian* envoy (with a hard name), who hath married a granddaughter of the duke, said publicly in the drawing-room, That I had put up that stone out of malice, to raise a quarrel between his majesty and the King of *Prussia* [a]. This perhaps may be false, because it is absurd: for I thought it was a whiggish action to honour duke *Schomberg*, who was so instrumental in the Revolution, and was stadtholder of *Prussia*, and otherwise in the service of the electorate, which is now a kingdom. You will observe the letter you sent me concluded, "Your majesty's loyal subject;" which is absolutely absurd; for we are only subjects to the king, and so is her majesty herself. I have had the happiness to be known to you above twenty years; and I appeal, whether

[a] See his Epitaph, Vol. VII. p. 314.

you have known me to exceed the common indiscretions of mankind ; or that, when I conceived myself to have been so very ill used by her majesty, whom I never attended but on her own commands, I should turn solicitor to her for Mrs. Barber ? If the Q—n had not an inclination to think ill of me, she knows me too well to believe in her own heart that I should be such a coxcomb. I am pushed on by that unjust suspicion to give up so much of my discretion, as to write next post to my lady *Suffolk* on this occasion, and to desire she will shew what I write to the Q—n, although I have as much reason to complain of her as of her majesty, upon the score of her pride and negligence, which make her fitter to be an *Irish* lady than an *English* one. You told me she complained that I did not write to her : when I did, upon your advice, and a letter that required an answer, she wanted the civility to acquit herself. I shall not be less in the favour of God, or the esteem of my friends, for either of their majestys hard thoughts, which they only take up from misrepresentations. The first time I saw the Q—n, I took occasion, upon the subject of Mr. *Gay*, to complain of that very treatment which innocent persons often receive from princes and great ministers, that they too easily receive bad impressions ; and, although they are demonstrably convinced that those impressions had no grounds, yet they will never shake them off. This I said upon sir *Robert Walpole's* treatment of Mr. *Gay* about a libel, and the Q—n fell entirely in with me, yet

now falls into the same error. As to the lett * *
 * * * * *
 * * * [b] of accidents, and out of perfect
 commiseration, &c.

L E T T E R LIV.

To the Countess of SUFFOLK [c].

MADAM,

July 24th, 1731.

I GIVE you joy of your new title, and of the consequences it may have, or hath had, on your rising at court, whereof I know nothing but by common fame: for you remember how I prophesied of your behaviour, when you should come to be a great lady, at the time I drew your character; and hope you have kept it. I writ to you some time ago, by the advice of Mr. Pope: I writ to you civilly; but you did not answer my letter, although you were not then a countess; and if you were, your neglect was so much the worse. For your title hath not increased your value with me; and your conduct must be very good, if it will not lessen you. Neither should you have heard from me now, if it were not on a particular occasion. I find, from several instances, that I am under the Q—n's displeasure, and, as it is usual among princes, without any manner of reason. I am

[b] Here the paper is accidentally torn. There seem to be wanting eight small quarto lines, which conclude with those few words on the back of the page which follow the asterisks.

[c] Occasioned by the counterfeit letter to the queen.

told there were three letters sent to her majesty in relation to one Mrs. Barber, who is now in London, and soliciting for a subscription to her poems. It seems, the Q—n thinks that these letters were written by me; and I scorn to defend myself, even to her majesty, grounding my scorn upon the opinion I had of her justice, her taste, and good sense; especially when the last of those letters, whereof I have just received the original from Mr. Pope, was signed with my name: and why I should disguise my hand, which you know very well, and yet write my name, is both ridiculous and unaccountable. Last post, I writ my whole sentiments on the matter to Mr. Pope; who tells me, that you and he vindicated me on all the three letters; which, indeed, was but bare justice in you both, for he is my old friend, and you are in my debt on account of the esteem I had for you. I desire you would ask the Q—n, whether, since the time I had the honour to be known to her, I ever did one single action, or said one single word, to disoblige her? I never asked her for any thing: and you well know, that, when I had an intention to go to France, about the time that the late K—g died, I desired your opinion (not as you were a courtier) whether I should go or no; and that you absolutely forbid me, as a thing that would look affected, and for other reasons, wherein I confess I was your dupe as well as somebody's else: and, for want of that journey, I fell sick, and

was forced to return hither to my unenvied home. I hear the Q—n hath blamed me for putting a stone, with a *Latin* inscription, over the duke of *Schomberg's* burying-place in my cathedral ; and that the K—g said publicly, I had done it in malice, to create a quarrel between him and the king of *Prussia*. But the public prints, as well as the thing itself, will vindicate me : and the hand the duke had in the Revolution made him deserve the best monument. Neither could the king of *Prussia* justly take it ill, who must needs have heard that the duke was in the service of *Prussia*, and stadtholder of it, as I have seen in his titles. The first time I saw the Q—n, I talked to her largely upon the conduct of princes and great ministers (it was on a particular occasion) : That, when they receive an ill account of any person, although they afterwards have the greatest demonstration of the falsehood, yet, will they never be reconciled : and, although the Q—n fell in with me upon the hardship of such a proceeding, yet now she treats me exactly in the same manner. I have faults enough, but never was guilty of any either to her majesty or to you : and as little to the K—g, whom I never saw, but when I had the honour to kiss his hand. I am sensible that I owe a great deal of this usage to sir *Robert Walpole* ; whom yet I never offended, although he was pleased to quarrel with me very unjustly : for which I shewed not the least resentment (whatever I might have in my heart) nor was
ever

ever a partaker with those who have been battling him for some years past [d]. I am contented that the Q—n should see this letter: and would please to consider how severe a censure it is to believe I should write three to her, only to find fault with her ministry, and recommend Mrs. *Barlet* whom I never knew until she was recommended to me by a worthy friend, to help her to subscribers, which by her writings I thought she deserved. Her majesty gave me leave, and even commanded me, above five years ago, if I lived until she was Q—n, to write to her on behalf of *Ireland*: for the miseries of this kingdom she appeared then to be much concerned. I desired the friend who introduced me to be a witness of her majesty's promise. Yet that liberty I never took, although I had too many occasions; and is it not wonderful, that I should be suspected of writing to her in such a style, in such a counterfeit hand, and my name subscribed upon a perfect trifle, at the same time that I well knew myself to be very much out of her majesty's good graces? I am, perhaps, not so very much *acred* with majesty as others, having known courts more or less from my early youth. And I have more than once told the Q—n, that I did not regard her station half so much, as the good understanding I heard and found to be in her: neither

[d] It is true, there are but two or three passages in *Swift's Works* that could, in the least, offend Sir *R.W.* before this period; but instantly after, even in this very year 1731, he attacks him with a good deal of severity. See his *Poems*.

did I ever once see the late K—g, although her majesty was pleased to chide me on that account, for my singularity. In this I am a good whig, by thinking it sufficient to be a dutiful subject, without any personal regard for princes, further than as their virtues deserve; and, upon that score, had a most particular respect for the Q—n, your mistress. One who asks nothing may talk with freedom; and that is my case. I have not said half that was in my heart, but I will have done: And, remembering that you are a countess, will borrow so much ceremony, as to remain, with great respect,

MADAM,

Your ladyship's

most obedient and

most humble servant.

L E T T E R LV.

To Lady BETTY GERMAINE.

January, 1732-3

MADAM,

ALTHOUGH I have but just received the honour of your ladyship's letter, yet, as things stand, I am determin'd, against my usual practice, to give you no respite, but to answer it immediately;

immediately ; because you have provoked me with your lady *Suffolk*. It is six years last spring since I first went to visit my friends in *England*, after the Queen's death. Her present majesty heard of my arrival, and sent at least nine times to command my attendance before I would obey her, for several reasons not hard to guess ; and, among others, because I had heard her character from those who knew her well. At last I went, and she received me very graciously. I told her the first time, that I was informed she loved to see odd persons ; and that, having sent for a wild boy from *Germany*, she had a curiosity to see a wild Dean from *Ireland*. I was not much struck with the honour of being sent for, because I knew the same distinction had been offered to others, with whom it would not give me much pride to be compared. I never went once but upon command ; and Mrs. *Howard*, now lady *Suffolk*, was usually the person who sent for me, both at *Leicester-house* and *Richmond*. Mr. *Pope* (with whom I lived) and Mr. *Gay*, were then great favourites of Mrs. *Howard*, especially the latter, who was then one of her led-captains. He had wrote a very ingenious book of Fables, for the use of her younger son, and she often promised to provide for him. But, some time before, there came out a libel against Mr. *Walpole*, who was informed it was written by Mr. *Gay* ; and, although Mr. *Walpole* owned he was convinced that it was not written by *Gay*, yet he never would pardon him, but did him a hundred ill offices to the princess. *Wal-*
pole

pole was at that time very civil to me, and so were all the people in power. He invited me and some of my friends to dine with him at *Chelfea*. After dinner, I took an occasion to say, what I had observed of princes and great ministers, that, if they heard an ill thing of a private person, who expected some favour, although they were afterwards convinced that the person was innocent, yet they would never be reconciled. Mr. *Walpole* knew well enough that I meant Mr. *Gay*. I afterwards said the same thing to the princess, with the same intention, and she confessed it a great injustice. But Mr. *Walpole* gave it another turn: for he said to some of his friends, and particularly to a lord a near relation of yours, that I had dined with him, and had been making apologies for myself: it seems, for my conduct in her late majesty's reign, in which no man was more innocent; and particularly more officious to do good offices to many of that party, which was then out of power, as it is well known. Mrs. *Howard* was then in great favour, and openly protected Mr. *Gay*; at least, she saw him often, and professed herself his friend: but Mr. *Walpole* could hardly be persuaded to let him hold a poor little office for a second year, of commissioner to a lottery. When I took my leave of her highness, on coming hither, she was very gracious; told me the medals she had promised me were not ready, but she would send them to me. However, by her commands, I sent her some plaids for herself and the princesses, and was too gallant to hear of any offers of

of payment. Next spring, I came again to *England*, was received the same way ; and, as I had many hints given me that the court at *Whitehall* would endeavour to settle me in *England* (which I did not much regard) the late king died. I went, by Mrs. *Howard's* commands, to kiss their new majesties hands, and was particularly distinguished by the Q—n. In a few weeks, the Q—n said to Mrs. *Howard*, (alluding to one of Mr. *Gay's* Fables) that she would take up the Hare ; and bade her to put her in mind, in settling the family, to find some employment for Mr. *Gay* : But, in the event, it proved only an offer to be a gentleman-usher to a girl of two years old, which all his friends (and I among the rest) advised him not to accept ; and accordingly he excused himself with the utmost respect. This I and every body else were sure must have been a management of Mr. *Walpole*. As to myself, in a few weeks after the king's death, I found myself not well, and was resolved to take a step to *Paris* for my health, having an opportunity of doing it with some advantages and recommendations. But my friends advised me first to consult Mrs. *Howard* ; because, as they knew less of courts than I, they were strongly possessed that the promise made me might succeed, since a change was all I desired. I writ to her for her opinion ; and particularly conjured her, since I had long done with courts, not to use me like a courtier, but give me her sincere advice ; which she did, both in a letter and to some friends. It
was

was by all means not to go: it would look singular, and perhaps disaffected; and, to my friends, enlarged upon the good intentions of the court towards me. I staid; my health grew worse: I left Mr. Pope's house; went to a private lodging near *Hammer-smith*: and, continuing ill, I writ to Mrs. *Howard*, with my duty to the Q—n; took coach for *Chester*, recovered in my journey, and came over hither: where, although I have ever since lived in obscurity, yet I have the misfortune, without any grounds except misinformation, to lie under her majesty's displeasure, as I have been assured by more than two honourable persons of both sexes; and Mr. *Gay* is in the same condition. For these reasons, as I did always, so I do still think Mrs. *Howard*, now my lady *Suffolk*, to be an absolute courtier. Let her shew you the character I writ of her [c], and whereof no one else hath a copy; and I take Mr. *Pope* and Mr. *Gay*, who judge more favourably, to be a couple of simpletons. In my answer to the last letter which my lady *Suffolk* honoured me with, I did, with great civility, discharge her from ever giving herself another trouble of that kind. I have a great esteem for her good sense and taste. She would be an ornament to any court: and I do not in the least pity her for not being a female minister, which I never looked on as an advantageous character to a great and wise lady; of which I could easily produce instances. Mr. *Pope*,

[c] See above, p. 4.

beside his natural and acquired talents, is a gentleman of very extraordinary candour; and is, consequently, apt to be too great a believer of assurances, promises, professions, encouragements, and the like words of course. He asks nothing; and thinks, like a philosopher, that he wants nothing. Mr. Gay is, in all regards, as honest and sincere a man as ever I knew; whereof neither princes nor ministers are either able to judge or inclined to encourage: which, however, I do not take for so high a reach of politicks as they usually suppose. For however insignificant wit, learning, and virtue, may be thought in the world, it perhaps would do government no hurt to have a little of them on its side. If you have gone thus far in reading, you are not so wise as I thought you to be. But I will never offend again with so much length. I write only to justify myself. I know you have been always a zealous Whig, and so am I to this day: But Nature hath not given you leave to be virulent. As to myself, I am of the old Whig principles, without the modern articles and refinements.

Your ladyship says not one syllable, to inform me whether you approve of what I sent you to be written on the monument, nor whether you would have it in *Latin* or *English*. I am ever, with true respect and high esteem,

MADAM,

Your ladyship's, &c.

The

The friend I named, who I was afraid would die, is recovered; and his preferment is by turns in the Crown and the Primate; but the next vacancy will not be in the Crown's disposal.

L E T T E R. LVI.

To the BISHOP of CLOGHER [f].

My LORD,

July, 1733.

I HAVE been often told, by some of our common acquaintance, that you have sometimes expressed your wonder that I never waited on you for some years past, as I used to do for many years before; and that you could not guess the reason, because, to your knowledge, you never once disoblige me. As nothing is more common than dropping acquaintance by the usual occurrences of life, without any fault on either side, I never intended to say or think any thing of the matter, until a late proceeding of yours, which no way relates to me, put me upon a desire of finding matter to justify you to your friends here, as well as to myself; because I always wished you well, and because I have been more than once instrumental to your service. When I first came acquainted with you, we were both private clergymen in a neighbourhood: you were afterwards chancellor of *St. Patrick's*; then was chosen dean,

[f] Dr. John Stearne.

in which election I was the most busy of all your solicitors. When the compromise was made between the government and you, to make you easy, and Dr. Syngé chancellor, you absolutely and frequently promised to give me the curacy of *St. Nicholas Without*: but you thought fit, by concert with the archbishop, to hold it yourself, and apply the revenue to build another church; against which it became me to say nothing, being a party concerned and injured, although it was generally thought by others, as well as myself, that it was an ill and dangerous precedent to build a church with the revenue of the minister. I desire no thanks for being instrumental in your next promotion; because, as things then stood, I consulted my own advantage. However, upon the queen's death, when I had done for ever with courts, I returned to reside at my post, yet with some kind of hopes of getting some credit with you; very unwisely: because, upon the affair of *St. Nicholas*, I had told you frankly, that I would always respect you, but not hope for the least friendship from you. But, trying to forget all former treatment, I came like others to your house; and, since you were a bishop, have once or twice recommended persons to you, who were no relations or friends of mine, but merely for their general good character: which availed so little, that those very persons had the greatest share of your neglect. I then gave over all thoughts of being instrumental to place merit

and

and virtue under your protection by my recommendations ; and, as I was ever averse from mingling with multitudes and strangers, I forbore by degrees to be a partaker of your hospitality, rather than purchase a share of it at so dear a rate. This is the history of my conduct with regard to your lordship : and it is now a great comfort to me, that I acted in this manner. For otherwise, when those two abominable bills, for enslaving and beggaring the clergy (which took their birth from Hell) were upon the anvil, if I had found your lordship's name among the bishops who would have turned them into a law, I might have been apt to discover such marks of indignation, horror, and despair, both in words and deportment, as would have ill become me to a person of your station. For, I call God to witness, that I did then, and do now, and shall for ever, firmly believe, that every bishop, who gave his vote for either of these bills, did it with no other view (bating further promotion) than a premeditated design, from the spirit of ambition and love of arbitrary power, to make the whole body of the clergy their slaves and vassals, until the day of Judgement, under the load of poverty and contempt. I have no room for more charitable thoughts, except for those who will answer now, as they must at that dreadful day, that what they did was out of perfect ignorance, want of consideration, hope of future promotion (an argument

not to be conquered), or the persuasion of cunninger brethren than themselves; when I saw a bishop, whom I had known so many years, fall into the same *snare*, which word I use in partiality to your lordship. Upon this open avowed attempt, in almost the whole bench, to destroy the church, I resolved to have no more commerce with persons of such prodigious grandeur, who, I feared, in a little time, would expect me to kiss their slipper. It is happy for me that I know the persons of very few bishops, and it is my constant rule never to look into a coach; by which I avoid the terror that such a sight would strike me with.

In the beginning of my letter, I told your lordship of a desire to know the particulars of a late proceeding, which is in the mouths of many among your acquaintance; from some of whom I received the following account. That you have the great tithes of two livings in your diocese, which were let to some fanatic knight, whose name I forget. It seems you felt the beginning of a good motion ~~in~~ ^{your} self, which was to give up those tithes to the two incumbents (the fanatic's lease being near out), either for a very small reserved rent, or entirely, provided you could do so without lessening the revenue of the see. And the condition was, that your tenants among them should raise the rents 150 *l.* which was what the fanatic paid you for both the said parishes. It is affirmed, that sir *Ralph Gore*, one of your tenants, much approving

proving so generous a proposal, engaged to prevail on the tenants to agree, and offered a large advancement of his own part. The matter was thus fixed, when suddenly you changed your mind, and renewed the lease to the same fanatick for 300 l. fine. The reasons of this singular action are said to be two: the first is, That you declared you wanted power to resist the temptation of such a fine; the other, That you were dissuaded from it by some of your brethren, as an example very dangerous, and of ill consequence, if it should be followed by others. This last I do not in the least wonder at, because such advice is of the same leaven with the two enslaving and beggaring bills. I profess to your lordship, that I have no other motive in desiring to be satisfied upon this point, than a resolution to justify you to the world, as far as the truth will give me power. I am, &c.

L E T T E R LVII.

To the Duke of DORSET.

My LORD,

Jan. 1733-4.

I T hath been my great misfortune, that, since your grace's return to this kingdom, I have not been able to attend you, as my duty and gratitude for your favours, as well as the honour of having been so many years known to you, obliged me to do. I have been pursued by two old disorders, a giddiness and deafness, which used to leave me in

three or four weeks, but now have continued four months. Thus I am put under a necessity to write what I would rather have chosen to say in your grace's presence.

On *Monday* last week, toward's evening, there came to the deanry one Mr. *Bettesworth*; who, being told by the servants that I was gone to a friend's house, went thither to enquire for me, and was admitted into the street-parlour. I left my company in the back room, and went to him. He began with asking me, whether I were author of certain verses, wherein he was reflected on [g]? The singularity of the man, in his countenance, manner, action, style, and tone of voice, made me call to mind that I had once seen him, about two or three years ago, at Mr. *Ludlow's* country-house. But I could not recollect his name, and of what calling he might be I had never heard. I therefore desired to know who, and what he was; said I had heard of some such verses, but knew no more. He then signified to me that he was a serjeant at law, and a member of parliament. After which, he repeated the lines that concerned him with great emphasis; said, I was mistaken in one thing, for he assured me he was no booby, but owned himself to be a coxcomb. However, that being a point of controversy wherein I had no con-

[g] See these verses, Vol. VII. p. 207. See also the *Resolution of the Inhabitants of St. Patrick's*, with the *Dean's Answer*, in the *Life of Dr. Swift*, prefixed to Vol. I.

cern, I let it drop. As to the verses, he insisted, that, by his taste, and skill in poetry, he was as sure I writ them as if he had seen them fall from my pen. But I found the chief weight of his argument lay upon two words that rhymed to his name, which he knew could come from none but me. He then told me, That, since I would not own the verses, and that since he could not get satisfaction by any course of law, he would get it by his pen, and shew the world what a man I was. When he began to grow over-warm and eloquent, I called in the gentleman of the house, from the room adjoining; and the serjeant, going on with less turbulence, went away. He had a footman in the hall during all his talk, who was to have opened the door for one or more fellows, as he hath since reported: and, likewise, that he had a sharp knife in his pocket, ready to stab or maim me. But the master and mistress of the house, who knew his character, and could hear every word from the room they were in, had prepared a sufficient defence in such a case, as they afterwards told me. He hath since related to five hundred persons of all ranks, above five hundred falsehoods of this conversation, of my fears and his own brutalities, against all probability as well as fact; and some of them, as I have been assured, even in the presence of your grace. His meanings and his movements were indeed peevish enough, but his words were not. He threatened me with nothing but his pen, yet owned he had no pretence

tence to wit. And indeed I am heartily glad, for his own sake, that he proceeded no further; for the least uproar would have called his nearest neighbours [b] first to my assistance, and next, to the manifest danger of his life. And I would not willingly have even a dog killed upon my account. Ever since he hath amused himself with declaring, in all companies, especially before bishops, and lords, and members of parliament, his resolutions for vengeance, and the several manners by which he will put it in execution.

It is only to the advice of some judicious friends that your grace owes the trouble of this letter. For, though I may be dispirited enough by sickness and years, yet I have little reason to apprehend any danger from that man: and those who seem to have most regard for my safety, are no more apprehensive than myself, especially such as best know his character. For his very enemies, and even his ridiculers, who are, of the two, by far the greater number, allow him to be a peaceable man in all things, except his words, his rhetorical actions, his looks, and his hatred to the clergy; which however are all known, by abundance of experience, to be perfectly harmless; and particularly as to the clergy. I do not doubt, but, if he will be so good as to continue steadfast in his

[b] Dr. Swift was then at the Rev. Mr. Werral's house, which happened to be within three or four doors of Mr. Batesworth's.

principles and practices, he may at proper junctures contribute very much to the honour and interests of that Reverend body, as well as employ and improve the wit of many young gentlemen in the city, the university, and the rest of the kingdom.

What I have said to your grace is only meant as a poor endeavour to preserve myself in your good opinion, and in the continuance of your favour. I am, with the highest respect, &c.

L E T T E R LVIII.

To Miss HOADLEY [i].

MADAM,

June 4th, 1734.

W H E N I lived in *England*, once every year I issued out an edict, commanding that all ladies of wit, sense, merit, and quality, who had an ambition to be acquainted with me, should make the first advances at their peril; which edict, you may believe, was universally obeyed. When (much against my will) I came to live in this kingdom, I published the same edict; only, the harvest there being not altogether so plentiful, I confined myself to a smaller compass. This made me often wonder how you came so long to neglect your duty; for, if you pretend ignorance, I may produce legal witnesses against you.

[i] Daughter of Dr. John Hoadley, archdeacon of Dublin.

I have

I have heard of a judge bribed with a pig, but it was discovered by the squeaking ; and, therefore, you have been so politic as to send me a dead one, which can tell no tales. Your present of butter was made with the same design, as a known court-practice, to grease my fist that I might keep silence. These are great offences, contrived on purpose to corrupt my integrity. And besides I apprehend, that, if I should wait on you to return my thanks, you will deny that the pig and butter were any advances at all on your side, and give out that I made them first ; by which I may endanger the fundamental privilege that I have kept so many years in two kingdoms, at least make it a point of controversy. However, I have two ways to be revenged : first, I will let all the ladies of my acquaintance know, that you, the sole daughter and child of his grace of *Dublin*, are so mean as to descend to understand housewifery, which every girl of this town, who can afford sixpence a month for a chair, would scorn to be thought to have the least knowledge in : and this will give you as ill a reputation, as if you had been caught in the fact of reading a history, or handling a needle, or walking in a field at *Tallough*. My other revenge shall be this : When my lord's gentleman delivered his message, after I put him some questions, he drew out a paper containing your directions, and in your hand : I said it properly belonged to me ; and, when I had read it, I put it in my pocket, and am
ready

ready to swear, when lawfully called, that it is written in a fair hand, rightly spelt, and good plain sense. You now may see I have you at mercy; for, upon the least offence given, I will shew the paper to every female scrawler I meet, who will soon spread about the town, that your writing and spelling are ungenteel and unfashionable, more like a parson than a lady.

I suppose by this time, you are willing to submit; and therefore, I desire you may stint me to two China-bowls of butter a week; for my breakfast is that of a sickly man, rice-gruel; and I am wholly a stranger to tea and coffee, the companions of bread and butter. I received my third bowl last night, and I think my second is almost entire. I hope and believe my lord archbishop will teach his neighbouring tenants and farmers a little *English* country management: and I lay it upon you, Madam, to bring housewifery in fashion among our ladies; that, by your example, they may no longer pride themselves on their natural or affected ignorance. I am, with the truest respect and esteem,

MADAM,

Your most obedient

and obliged, &c.

I desire to present my most, &c. to his grace and the ladies.

L E T-

L E T T E R LIX.

To the Duke of CHANDOIS.

MY LORD,

Aug. 31, 1734.

ALTHOUGH I have long had the honour to be an old humble servant to your grace, yet I do not remember to have ever written you a letter, at least since her majesty's death. For this reason, your grace will reasonably wonder to find a man wholly forgotten begin a commerce by making a request. For which I can offer no other excuse, than that frequent application to me, by many worthy and learned persons of this city and kingdom; who, having heard that I was not unknown to you, seldom failed any opportunity of pressing me to solicit your grace, of whose generous nature fame has well informed them, to make a present of those antient records, in paper or parchment, which relate to this kingdom, that were formerly collected, as we have heard, by the late earl of *Clarendon*, during his government here, and are now in your grace's possession. They can be of no use in *England*, and the sight of them will be of little value to foreign virtuosi; and they naturally belong to this poor kingdom. I could wish they were of great intrinsic value, so as to be sold on the Exchange for 1000*l.* because you

would

would then part with them at the first hint, merely to gratify your darling passion of generosity and munificence: and yet, since they are only valuable in the place of their birth, like the rest of our natives, I hope you will be prevailed on to part with them, at the humble request of many very deserving persons in this city and university. In return for which bounty, the memory of it shall be preserved in that honourable manner, which so generous a patron of learning as your grace will certainly be pleased with. And, at their request alone, I desire your compliance, without the least mention of myself as any way instrumental.

I intreat your grace's pardon for this interruption; and remain, with the greatest respect,

MY LORD,

Your Grace's &c.

L E T T E R LX.

To the duke of D O R S E T.

MY LORD,

Jan. 14, 1734-5.

I AM assured, that your grace will have several representations of an affair relating to the university here, from some very considerable persons in this kingdom. However, I could not refuse the application made me by a very worthy person of that society, who was commissioned by some principal members

members of the body to desire my good offices to your grace; because they believed you thought me an honest man, and because I had the honour to be known to you from your early youth. The matter of their request related wholly to a dreadful apprehension they lie under, of Dr. *Whitcomb's* endeavour to procure a dispensation for holding his fellowship along with that church-preferment bestowed on him by your grace. The person sent to me on this message gave me a written paper, containing the reasons why they hope your grace will not be prevailed upon to grant such a dispensation. I presume to send you an abstract of these reasons; because I may boldly assure your grace, that party or faction have not the least concern in the whole affair; and, as to myself, it happens that I am an entire stranger to Dr. *Whitcomb*.

It is alledged, that this preferment given to the doctor consists of a very large parish, worth near six hundred pounds a year, in a very fine country thirty miles from *Dublin*: that it abounds very much with Papists, and consequently a most important cure, requiring the rector's residence, besides some other assistant; which, being so rich, it might well afford.

That, as to such dispensations, they find in their college-books but three or four instances since the Revolution, and these in cases very different from the present. For those few livings, which had dispensations to be held with a fellowship, were sinecures of small value, not sufficient to induce a fellow to leave his college;

college ; and, in the body of those dispensations, is inserted a reason for granting them, That they were such livings as could be no hindrance in the discharge of a fellow's duty.

That dispensations are very hurtful to their society ; because they put a stop to the succession of fellowships, and thereby give a check to that emulation, industry, and improvement in learning, which the hopes of gaining a fellowship will best incite young students with.

That, if this dispensation should take place, it may prove a precedent for the like practice, in future times ; which will be very injurious to the society, by encouraging fellows to apply for dispensations, when they have interest enough to get preferments, by which the senior fellows will be settled in the college for life ; and thus, for want of a succession any other way than by death or marriage, all encouragement to young diligent students will be wholly lost.

That a junior fellowship is of very small value, and to arrive at it requires good sense, as well as long and close study ; to which young students are only encouraged by hopes of succeeding, in a reasonable time, to be one of the seven seniors ; which hopes will be quite cut off, when those seniors are perpetuated by dispensations.

That the fellows, at their admittance into their fellowships, take a solemn oath, never to accept of any church-preferment above a certain value and

distance from *Dublin*, as long as they continue fellows: to which oath the accepting of a dispensation by Dr. *Whitcomb* is directly contrary, in both particulars of value and distance.

That, at this time, there is a sett of very hopeful young men, in long and close study, to stand for the first vacant fellowship, who will be altogether discouraged, and drop their endeavours in the pursuit of learning, by being disappointed in their hopes of Dr. *Whitcomb's* leaving the college, and opening a way for one of them to succeed in a fellowship.

These, my lord, are the sum of the reasons brought me by a very worthy person, a fellow of that college, and recommended by some of the most deserving in that body; and I have shortened them as much as I could.

I shall only trouble your grace with one or two of my own remarks upon this subject.

The university, and in some sense the whole kingdom, are full of acknowledgment for the honour your grace hath done them, in trusting the care of one of your sons to be educated in the college of *Dublin*, which hopes to be always in your grace's favour; and by your influence, while you govern here, as well as the credit you will always deserve at court, will ever desire to be protected in their rights.

Your grace will please to know, that a fellowship in this university differs much in some very important

portant circumstances from most of those in either of the universities in *England*.

My lord *George* will tell your grace, that a fellowship here is obtained with great difficulty, by the number of candidates, the strict examination in many branches of learning, and the regularity of life and manners. It is also disposed of with much solemnity : the examiners take an oath at the altar to give their vote according to their consciences.

The university is patron of some church-preferments, which are offered to the several fellows downwards to the lowest in holy orders.

I beg your grace to consider, That, there being very little trade here, there is no encouragement for gentlemen to breed their sons to merchandize : that not many great employments, in church or law, fall to the share of persons born here : that the last resource of younger sons is to the church ; where, if well befriended, they may chance to rise to some reasonable spiritual maintenance, although we do not want instances of some clergymen, well born and of good reputation, who have been, and still are curates, for thirty years ; which hath been a great discouragement to others, who have no other means left to provide for their children.

Your grace will not want opportunities, while you continue in this government, and by your most deserved favour with his majesty, to make Dr. *Whitcomb* easier in his preferment, by some ad-

dition, that no person or society can have the least pretence to complain of. And I humbly beg your grace, out of the high veneration I bear to your person and virtues, that you will please to let Dr. *Whitcomb* content himself for a while with that rich preferment (one of the best in the kingdom), until it shall lie in your way further to promote him to his own content. If, upon his admittance to his fellowship, he took an oath never to accept a church-living thus circumstantiated, and hold it with his fellowship, it will be thought hardly reconcileable to conscience to receive a dispensation.

I humbly entreat your grace to forgive this long trouble I have given you, wherein I have no sort of interest, except that which proceeds from an earnest desire, that your grace may continue, as you have begun from your youth, without incurring the least censure from the world, or giving the least cause of discontent to any deserving person. I am, &c.

L T T E R LXI.

To * * * * *, Esq ;

SIR,

March 19th, 1734.

I HAD, some days ago, a very long letter from a young gentleman whom I never saw ; but, by the name subscribed, I found it came from a younger son of yours, I suppose your second. He lays before me, in a very particular manner, the forlorn condition

condition he is in, by the severities of you and your lady, his mother. He freely owns his boyish follies, when he was first brought up to town, at fourteen years old ; but he appeals to Dr. *Sheridan* for the improvement he made in the doctor's school, and to his tutor for his behaviour in the college, where he took his degree with particular credit, being made one of the moderators of his class ; by which it appears that he passed for one of the four best scholars in it. His letter contains four large pages in folio, and written in a very small hand ; where he gives a history of his life, from the age of fourteen to the present time. It is written with so much spirit, nature, and good sense, as well as appearance of truth, that, having first razed out the writer's name, I have shewn it to several gentlemen, my friends, of great worth, learning, and taste ; who all agree in my opinion of the letter, and think it a pity that so hopeful a youth should not have proper encouragement, unless he hath some very disagreeable faults, whereof they and I are ignorant. When I had written thus far, Dr. *Sheridan* came to see me : I read your son's letter to him, and he was equally pleased with it, and justified the progress the young man had made in his school. I went this evening to visit a lady, who hath a very great esteem and friendship for you and Mrs. * * * * : she told me that the young man's great fault was too much pertness, and conceit of himself, which he often showed in your house, and even among company ; which, I own, is a very bad

bad quality in any young man, and is not easily cured : yet, I think, if had a son who had understanding, wit, and humour, to write such a letter, I could not find in my heart to cast him off, but try what good advice and maturer years would do towards amendment ; and, in the mean time, give him no cause to complain of wanting convenient food, lodging, and raiment. He lays the whole weight of his letter to me upon the truth of the facts, and is contented to stand or fall by them. If he be a liar, he is into the bargain an unpardonable fool ; and his good natural, as well as acquired parts, shall be an aggravation to me to render him more odious. I hear he is turned of one and twenty years ; and what he alledges seems to be true, that he is not yet put into any way of living, either by law, physick, or divinity ; although, in his letter, he pretends to have studied the first, on your promise to send him to the *Temple*, but, your mind altering, and you rather chusing to send him to *Leyden*, he applied himself to study physick, and made some progress in it ; but, for many months, he hath heard nothing from you ; so that now he is in utter despair, loaden with the hatred of both his parents, and lodges in a garret in *William-street*, with only the liberty to dine at your house, and no further care taken of him.

Sir, although I have seldom been in your company, it is many years since I had the honour of being known to you ; and I always thought, as well as heard, that you were a gentleman of great honour

honour, truth, knowledge, modesty, good-nature, and candour. As to your lady, I never saw her but once, and then but for a few minutes : she hath the character of being a very polite and accomplished person, and therefore, very probably, her son's rough, over-weening, forward behaviour, among company with her, without that due deference which only can recommend youth, may be very disgustful to her. Your son desires me, in his letter, to apply to some friends who have most credit with you, that you will please to put him into some way of life ; and he wishes that those friends would be so generous to join in contributing some allowance to support him at *Leyden*. I think, it would have been well if he had been sent to sea in the proper time, or had now a commission in the army. Yet, if he were the original writer of that letter sent to me under his name, I confess myself so very partial, as to be extremely sorry if he should not deserve and acquire the favour of you and your lady : in which case, any parents might be forgiven for being proud of such a son. I have no acquaintance with his tutor, *Dr. King* ; but, if I can learn from those who have, I shall be glad to hear that he confirms the character of the young man's good parts and learning, as *Dr. Sheridan* hath done.

I intreat your pardon for this long letter, and for offering to interfere in a domestic point, where I have no information but from one side : but I can

faithfully assure you, that my regard is altogether for the service and ease of you and your lady and family. I have always thought that a happy genius is seldom without some bent towards virtue, and therefore deserves some indulgence. Most of the great villains I have known (which were not a small number) have been brutes in their understandings as well as their actions.

But I have already run out my paper, as well as your patience. I shall therefore conclude with the sincere profession of being, with great esteem and truth,

S I R,

Your most obedient and

most humble servant.

L E T T E R LXII.

To Lady BETTY GERMAINE.

June 8th, 1735.

MADAM,

I TROUBLE you sooner than usual, in acknowledging your letter of *May 27th*, because there are some passages in it that seem to require a quick answer. If I forget the date of mine, you must impute it to my ill head; and, if I live two years longer, I shall first forget my own name and last

last your ladyship's. I gave my lady *Kerry* an account of what you said in relation to her son, with which she is fully satisfied. I detest the house of lords for their indulgence to such a profligate prostitute villain as *Curle*; but am at a loss how he could procure any letters written to Mr. *Pope*, although, by the vanity or indiscretion of correspondents, the rogue might have pickt up some that went from him. Those letters have not yet been sent hither, therefore I can form no judgment on them. When I was leaving *England*, upon the queen's death, I burnt all the letters I could find, that I had received from ministers for several years before. But, as to the letters I receive from your ladyship, I neither ever did or ever will burn any of them, take it as you please: for I never burn a letter that is entertaining, and consequently will give me new pleasure when it is forgotten. It is true, I have kept some letters merely out of friendship, although they sometimes wanted true spelling and good sense, and some others whose writers are dead. For I live like a monk, and hate to forget my departed friends. Yet I am sometimes too nice: for I burnt all my lord * * * * 's letters, upon receiving one where he used these words to me, *All I pretend to is a great deal of sincerity*: which, indeed, was the chief virtue he wanted. Of those from my lord *Halifax*, I burnt all but one, which I keep as a most admirable original of cou- promises and professions. I confess also that
I have

I have read some passages in many of your letters, to a friend, but without naming you, only that the writer was a lady, which had such marks of good sense that often the hearers would not believe me. And yet I never had a letter of mine printed, nor of any others to me.

Your ladyship very much surprises me with one passage in your letter, which however I do not in the least understand ; where you say, *You have been honoured in print by amorous, satirical, and gallant letters, where there was no word but your bare name mentioned.* I can assure you, this is to me altogether a riddle, and what I never heard the least syllable of ; and wish you would explain it. No, madam, I will never forgive your insolent niece, without a most humble submission under her own hands ; which if she will not comply with, I shall draw up letters between us, and send them to *Curle*.

I will tell your ladyship a cause I have of complaint against the duke of *Dorset*. I have written to him about four times since he was lieutenant ; and three of my letters were upon subjects that concerned him much more than it did any friend of mine, and not at all myself ; but he was never pleased to return me an answer. Which omission (for I disdain to call it contempt) I can account for only by some of the following reasons. He is either extremely busy in affairs of the highest importance ; or he is a Duke with a Garter ; or he is a Lieutenant of *Ireland* ; or he is of a very ancient noble

ble extraction ; or so obscure a man as I am is not worth his remembrance ; or, like the duke of *Chandois*, he is an utter stranger to me : and it would grieve me to the soul to put them together upon any one article. The last letter I writ to his grace was upon an affair relating to one of the favourite party, and yet a very honest gentleman ; which last circumstance, with submission to your ladyship, is what I seldom grant ; and the matter desired was a trifle. The letter before that related to a request made him by a senior fellow of this university, upon which I was earnestly pressed to write by some considerable members of the same body, which it highly concerned, as well as his grace's honour ; the demand being directly contrary to their statutes, and of the most pernicious consequence, not only to the university, but the kingdom : and for that reason, it is thought, his grace hath chosen to let it fall, I suppose by much better causes of conviction than mine. I do assure you, Madam, that I have not been troublesome to my lord duke in any particular : since he hath been governor, my letters have been at most but one a year, and my personal requests not so many ; nor any of them for the least interest that regarded myself. And although it be true that I do not much approve the conduct of affairs in either kingdom, wherein I agree with vast numbers of both parties ; yet I have utterly waved intermeddling even in this enslaved kingdom, where perhaps I might have some influence

influence to be troublesome ; yet I have long quitted all such thoughts, out of perfect despair : although I have sometimes wished, that the true loyal Whigs here might be a little more considered in the disposition of employments, notwithstanding their misfortune of being born on this side the Channel, which would gain abundance of hearts both to the crown and his grace. My paper is so full, that I have not room to excuse it's length. I remain

Your Ladyship's

Most obedient humble servant.

L E T T E R LXIII.

To Sir CHARLES WOGAN, in SPAIN [k].

HONOURED SIR,

1735.

I THINK you are the only person alive who can justly charge me with ingratitude : because, although I were utterly unknown to you, and become an obscure exile in a most obscure and enslaved country, you were at the pains to find me out, and send me your very agreeable writings, with which I have often entertained some very ingenious friends, as well as myself ; I mean not only your poetry, in *Latin* and *English*, but your

[k] See a Character of this Gentleman, in Vol. XIV

poetical history in prose of your own life and actions, inscribed to me : which I often wished it were safe to print here, or in *England*, under the madness of universal party now reigning : I mean particularly in this kingdom, to which I would prefer living among the *Hottentots*, if it were in my power [1].

I have been often told, that you have a brother [m] and some near relations in this country ; and have oftener employed my friends in vain to learn when any of them came to this town. But, I suppose, on account of their religion, they are so prudent as to live in privacy : although the court hath thought it better in point of politicks (and, to keep the good will of cardinal *Fleury*, hath thought it proper) to make the Catholics here much more easy than their ill-willers, of no religion, approve of in their hearts. And I can assure you, that those wretches here, who call themselves a Parliament, abhor the clergy of our church more than those of yours, and have made an universal association to defraud us of our undoubted dues.

I have further thanks to give you for your generous present of excellent *Spanish* wine, whereof I have been so choice, that my butler tells me there are still some bottles left [n]. I did very often ask some merchants here, who trade with *Spain*, whe-

[1] These writings are at present in the hands of *Deane Swift* Esq. all of them under Sir *Charles Wogan's* own hand.

[m] Mr. *Wogan*, of *Rathco*.

[n] Dr. *Swift*, in grateful remembrance of Sir *Charles Wogan*, used to call his *Spanish* wine his *Hero Wine*.

ther this country could not afford something that might be acceptable in *Spain*, but could not get any satisfaction. The price, I am sure, would be but a trifle. And I am told by one of them, that he heard you were informed of my desire: to which you answered in a disinterested manner, That you only desired my works. It is true indeed that a printer [o] here, about a year ago, did collect all that was printed in *London* which passed for mine, as well as several single papers in verse and prose, that he could get from my friends, and desired my leave to publish them in four volumes. He reasoned, That printers here had no property in their copies: that mine would fall into worse hands: that he would submit to me and my friends what to publish or omit. On the whole, I would not concern myself; and so they have appeared abroad, as you will see them in those I make bold to send you. I must now return to mention wine. The last season for it was very bad in *France*, upon which our merchants have raised the price twenty *per cent.* already, and the present weather is not like to mend it. Upon this, I have told some merchants my opinion, or perhaps my fancy; that when the warmth of summer happens to fail in the several wine-countries, *Spain* and *Portugal* wines, and those in the South of *Italy*, will be at least as ripe as those of *France* in a good year. If there be any truth in

[o] Mr. Faulkner.

this conceit, I would desire our merchants to deal this year in those warmer climates: because I hear that in *Spain* *French* vines are often planted, and the wine is more mellow; although, perhaps, the natural *Spanish* grape may fail, for want of its usual share of sun. In this point, I would have your opinion; wherein if you agree, I will make Mr. *Hall*, an honest Catholic merchant here, who deals in *Spanish* wine, to bring me over as large a cargo as I can afford, of wines as like *French* claret as he can get. For my disorders, with the help of years, make wine absolutely necessary to support me. And, if you were not a person of too considerable a rank (and now become half a *Spaniard*) I would try to make you descend so low, as to order some merchants there to consign to some of ours, directed to me, some good quantity of wine that you approve of; such as our claret-drinkers here will be content with. For, when I give them a pale wine (called by Mr. *Hall*, *Cassalia*), they say, it will do for one glass, and then (to speak in their language) call for honest Claret.

L E T T E R LXIV.

TO BISHOP HORTON [p].

MY LORD,

May 12th, 1736.

I HAVE two or three times begun a letter to your lordship, and as often laid it aside; until, by the unasked advice of some friends of yours, and of all my own, I resolved at last to tell you my thoughts upon the affair of the poor printer, who suffered so much upon your lordship's account, confined to a dungeon, among common thieves, and others with infectious diseases, to the hazard of this life; besides the expence of above twenty-five pounds, and besides the ignominy to be sent to *Newgate* like a common malefactor.

His misfortunes do also very highly and personally concern me. For, your lordship declaring your desire to have that paper looked for, he did at my request search his shop, and unfortunately found it: and, although he had absolutely refused before to print it, because my name as the author was fixed to it; which was very legible, notwithstanding there was a scratch through the words; yet, at my desire, he ventured to print it. Neither did *Faulkner* ever name you as the author, although you sent the paper by a clergyman, one of your dependents: but your friends were the only persons who gave out the report of it's having been your performance. I read your lordship's letter

[p] Dr. *Josiah Horton*, Bishop of *Kilmore*.

written

written to the printer, wherein you argue that he is, in these dealings, the adventurer, and must run the hazard of gain or loss. Indeed, my lord, the case is otherwise. He sells such papers to the running-boys for farthings apiece; and is a gainer by each, less than half a farthing; and it is seldom he sells above a hundred, unless they be of such as only spread by giving offence, and consequently endanger the printer both in loss of money and liberty, as it was the case of that very paper: which, although it be written with spirit and humour, yet, if it had not affected *Bettesworth*, would scarce have cleared above a shilling to *Faulkner*; neither would he have done it at all, but at my urgency, which was the effect of your lordship's commands to me. But, as your lordship hath since been universally known for the author, although never named by *Faulkner* or me, so it is as generally known that you never gave him the least consideration for his losses, disgraces, and dangers of his life. I have heard this, and more, from every person of my acquaintance, whom I see at home or abroad: and particularly from one person too high to name, who told me all the particulars; and I heartily wished, upon your account, that I could have assured him that the poor man had received the least mark of your justice, or, if you please to call it so, your generosity, which I would gladly inform that great person of before he leaves us.

Now, my lord, as God, assisting your own good management of a very ample fortune, hath made

you extremely rich, I may venture to say, that the printer hath a demand, in all conscience, justice, and honour, to be fully refunded, both for his disgraces, his losses, and the apparent danger of his life; and that my opinion ought to be of some weight, because I was an innocent instrument, drawn in by your lordship, against *Faulkner's* will, to be an occasion of his sufferings: and, if you shall please to recompence him in the manner that all people hope or desire, it will be no more in your purse than a drop in the bucket. And, as soon as I shall be informed of it, I shall immediately write to that very great person, in such a manner as will be most to the advantage of your character: for which, I am sure, he will rejoice, and so will all your friends; or, if you have any enemies, they will be put to silence.

Your lordship hath too good an understanding to imagine, that my principal regard in this affair is not to your reputation although it be likewise mingled with pity to the innocent sufferer. And I hope you will consider, that this case is not among those, where it is a mark of magnanimity to despise the censure of the world: because all good men will differ from you, and impute your conduct only to a sparing temper, upon an occasion where common justice and humanity required a direct contrary proceeding.

I conclude with assuring your lordship again that what I have written was chiefly for your lordship's credit and service: because I am, with great truth,

Your Lordship's most, &c.

L E T.

L E T T E R LXV.

To Lady BETTY GERMAINE.

MADAM,

June 15th, 1736.

I WRITE this letter to your ladyship, in the employment you have chosen of being a go-between the duke of *Dorset* and me. I must preface this letter with an honest declaration, That I never proposed any one thing to his grace wherein I did not chiefly consult his honour and the general opinion of the kingdom. I had the honour to know him from a boy, as I did your ladyship from a child; and yet, excepting great personal civilities, I never was able to obtain the favour of getting one church-preferment for any friend, except one too inconsiderable to mention. I writ to, and told my lord duke, that there was a certain family here, called the *Grattans*, and that they could command ten thousand men: two of them are parsons (as you whigs call them); another is lord mayor of this city, and was knighted by his grace a month or two ago. But there is another cousin of theirs, who is a *Grattan*, though his name be *John Jackson*, as worthy a clergyman as any in this kingdom. He lives upon his own small estate, four miles from this town, and in his own parish; but he hath four children. He only wants some little addition of 100*l.* a. year: for he hath laid

out 800*l.* to build upon his own small estate in his own parish, which he cannot leave; and we cannot spare him. He hath lain a weight upon my shoulders for many years; and I have often mentioned him to my lord duke as a most deserving person. His grace hath now an opportunity to help him. One *Mr. Ward*, who died this morning, had a deanry of small value: it was a hedge-deanry (my lord duke will tell you what I mean); we have many of them in *Ireland*: but, as it doth not require living there, except a month or two in the year, although it be but of forty or fifty pounds yearly rent, it will be a great ease to him. He is no party-man, but a loyal subject. It is the deanry of *Cloyne*: he is well acquainted with the bishop, who is *Dr. Berkeley*. I have reasons enough to complain of my lord duke, who absolutely refused to provide for a most worthy man, whom he had made one of his chaplains before he came over: and therefore, if he will not consent to give this poor deanry to *Mr. John Jackson*, I will fall out with him for ever. I desire your ladyship to let the duke know all this.

Somebody read a part of a news-paper to me the day, wherein your saucy niece is mentioned married, with forty-five thousand pounds to her fortune. I desire to present her with my most humble service, and that we may be friends for the future. I hope your ladyship still preserves your health and good-humour. Your virtues I am in no pain about; for you are confirmed in them.

your education and birth, as well as by constant practice. I pray God preserve you long, for the good you do to the world, and for your happiness hereafter.

I will (notwithstanding your commands to the contrary) be so bold to tell you, that I am, with the greatest respect and esteem,

MADAM,

your ladyship's

most obedient and

obliged humble servant,

L E T T E R LXVI.

To Mr. ALDERMAN BARBER.

March 30, 1737.

DEAR MR. ALDERMAN,

YOU will read the character of the bearer, Mr. *Lloyd*, which he will deliver to you, signed by the magistrates and chief inhabitants of *Coleraine*. It seems your society has raised the rents in that town, and of your lands about it, within three years past, to four times the value of what the tenants formerly paid; which is beyond what I have ever heard, even among the most screwing landlords of this kingdom: and the consequence hath already been, that many of your te-

nants in that town and the lands about it are preparing to the plantations of *America*; for the same reasons that are driving some thousands of families in the North to the same plantations; I mean the oppression of landlords. My dear friend, you are to consider, That no society can or ought, in prudence or justice let their lands at so high a rate as a squire, who lives upon his estate, and is able to distrain at an hour's warning. All bodies corporate must give easy bargains, so as to be ready to pay all the incident charges to which they are subject. Thus bishops, deans, and chapters, as well as other corporations, seldom or never let their lands even so high as half the value: and when they raise those rents which are unreasonably low, it is by degrees. I have instances of this conduct in my own practice, as well as that of my chapter; although my own lands, as dean, are let four fifths under their value. On the other side, there is no reason why an honourable society should rent their estate for a trifle. And therefore I told Mr. *Lloyd* my opinion: That, if you could be prevailed on just to double the rent and no more, I hoped the tenants might be able to live in a tolerable manner. For I am as much convinced as I can be of any thing human, that this wretched oppressed country must necessarily decline for ever. If, by a miracle, things should mend, you may, in a future renewal, make a moderate increase of rent; but not by such leaps as you are now taking: for you ought to remember the fable of the men, who

laid every second day a golden egg, upon which her mistress killed her, to get the whole lump together. I am told that one condition in your charter is, to plant a colony of *English* in those parts. If that be so, you are too wise to let it be a colony of *Irish* beggars. I would not have said thus much in an affair, and about persons to whom I am a stranger, if I had not been long assured of the poor condition those people in and about *Coleraine* have lain under, since that enormous raising of their rents. The bearer, whom I never saw until yesterday, seems to be a gentleman of truth and good sense. Yet, if he hath misrepresented this matter to me, I shall never be his advocate again.

My health is very indifferent: spirits I have none left. I decline every day. I hope and hear it is better with you. May you live as long as you desire: for I have lost so many friends without getting any new, that I must keep you as a sample of the former. I am, my dear friend,

Your's, &c.

L E T T E R LXVII.

To the Earl of OXFORD.

MY LORD,

June 14, 1737.

I HAD the honour of a letter from your lordship, dated *April* the 7th, which I was not prepared to answer until this time. Your lordship

R 4

must

must needs have known, that the History you mention, of the four last years of the queen's reign, was written at *Windsor*, just upon finishing the peace; at which time, your father and my lord *Bolingbroke* had a misunderstanding with each other, that was attended with very bad consequences. When I came to *Ireland* to take this deanry (after the peace was made) I could not stay here above a fortnight, being recalled by an hundred letters to hasten back, and to use my endeavours in reconciling those ministers. I left them the History you mention, which I had finished at *Windsor*, to the time of the peace. When I returned to *England*, I found their quarrels and coldness encreased. I laboured to reconcile them as much as I was able: I contrived to bring them to my lord *Masham's*, at *St. James's*: My lord and lady *Masham* left us together. I expostulated with them both, but could not find any good consequences. I was to go to *Windsor* next day with my lord treasurer: I pretended business that prevented me: expecting they would come to some ***** [q]. But I followed them to *Windsor*; where my lord *Bolingbroke* told me, that my scheme had come to nothing. Things went on at the same rate: they grew more estranged every day. My lord treasurer found his credit daily declining. In *May* before the queen died, I had my last meeting with them at my lord *Masham's*. He left us together: and therefore I

[q] Here is a blank left for some word or other; such as agreement, reconciliation, or the like,

spoke very freely to them both; and told them I would retire, for I found all was gone. Lord *Bolingbroke* whispered me, I was in the right; your father said, All would do well. I told him that I would go to *Oxford* on *Monday*, since I found it was impossible to be of any use. I took coach to *Oxford* on *Monday*; went to a friend in *Berkshire* [r]; there staid until the queen's death; and then to my station here; where I staid twelve years, and never saw my lord your father afterwards. They could not agree about printing the History of the four last years: and therefore I have kept it to this time, when I determined to publish it in *London*, to the confusion of all those rascals who have accused the queen and that ministry of making a bad peace; to which that party entirely owes the Protestant succession. I was then in the greatest trust and confidence with your father the lord treasurer, as well as with my lord *Bolingbroke*, and all others who had part in the administration. I had all the letters from the secretary's office, during the treaty of peace: out of those and what I learned from the ministry, I formed that history which I am now going to publish for the information of posterity, and to controul the most impudent falsehoods which have been published since [s]. I wanted no kind of materials. I knew your father better than you could at that time; and I do impartially think him the most virtuous minister, and

[r] The Rev. Mr. [redacted], Rector of *Litcombe*.

[s] The History now makes Vol. XV. of this collection.

the most able, that ever I remember to have read of. If your lordship has any particular circumstances that may fortify what I have said in the History, such as letters or other materials, I am content they should be printed at the end, by way of appendix. I loved my lord your father better than any other man in the world, although I had no obligation to him on the score of preferment, having been driven to this wretched kingdom, to which I was almost a stranger, by his want of power to keep me in what I ought to call my own country; although I happened to be dropt here, and was a year old before I left it: and, to my sorrow, did not die before I came back to it again. I am extremely glad of the felicity you have in your alliances; and desire to present my most humble respects to my lady *Oxford*, and your daughter the duchess [t]. As to the History, it is only of affairs which I know very well; and had all the advantages possible to know, when you were in some sort but a lad. One great design of it is, to do justice to the ministry at that time, and to refute all the objections against them, as if they had a design of bringing in Popery and the Pretender; and further to demonstrate, that the present settlement of the crown was chiefly owing to my lord your father. I can never expect to see *England*: I am now too old and too sickly, added to almost a perpetual deafness and giddiness. I live a most do-

[t] Duchess of *Portland*.

nessic life: I want nothing that is necessary; but I am in a cursed, factious, oppressed, miserable country; not made so by nature, but by the slavish, hellish principles of an execrable prevailing faction in it. Farewell, my lord. I have tired you and myself. I desire again to present my most humble respects to my lady *Oxford*, and the duchess your daughter. Pray God preserve you long and happy. I shall diligently enquire into your conduct from those who will tell me. You have hitherto continued right; let me hear that you persevere so. Your task will not be long; for I am not in a condition of health or time to trouble this world, and I am heartily weary of it already; and so should be in *England*, which I hear is full as corrupt as this poor enslaved country. I am, with the truest love and respect,

My Lord,

Your lordship's

most obedient and

most obliged, &c.

L E T T E R LXVIII.

TO ERASMUS LEWIS, Esq; [u].

July 23, 1737.

DEAR FRIEND,

WHILE any of those who used to write to me were alive, I always inquired after you. But, since your secretaryship in the queen's time, I believed you were so glutted with the office, that you had not patience to venture on a letter to an absent useless acquaintance: and I find I owe yours to my lord *Oxford*. The History you mention was written above a year before the queen's death. I left it with the treasurer and lord *Bolingbroke*, when I first came over to take this deanry. I returned in less than a month, but the ministry could not agree about the printing it: It was to conclude with the peace. I staid in *London* above nine months; but, not being able to reconcile the quarrels between those two, I went to a friend in *Berkshire*, and, on the queen's death, came hither for good and all. I am confident you read that History, as this lord *Oxford* did, as he owns in his two letters, the last of which reached me not above ten days ago. You know, on the queen's death, how the peace and all proceedings were universally condemned. This I knew would be done; and

[u] Formerly private secretary to the Earl of *Oxford*.

the chief cause of my writing was, not to let such a queen and ministry lie under such a load of infamy, or posterity be so ill informed, &c. Lord *Oxford* is in the wrong to be in pain about his father's character, or his proceedings in his ministry; which is so drawn, that his greatest admirers will rather censure me for partiality; neither can he tell me any thing material out of his papers, which I was not then informed of. Nor do I know any body but yourself who could give me more light than what I then received: for I remember I often consulted with you, and took memorials of many important particulars which you told me, as I did of others, for four years together. I can find no way to have the original delivered to lord *Oxford* or to you; for the person who hath it will not trust it out of his hands; but, I believe, would be contented to let it be read to either of you, if it could be done without letting it out of his hands, although perhaps that may be too late [w]. & my

[w] As, a little before this period, the great abilities of Dr. *Swift* had begun to fail, he had, in order to gratify some of his acquaintance, called for the History of the four last years of the Queen's reign once or twice out of his friend's hands, and lent it abroad; by which means part of the contents of it were whispered about the town, and several had pretended to have read it, who perhaps had never seen one line of it. And this caused it to be apprehended, that, if the dean should frequently lend the History, a copy of it might be taken some time or other. Whereupon Mrs. *Whiteaway*, the next time the dean put the original into her hands, told him plainly, That he should never lend it again to any man alive; and that if he should, at any time hereafter, call for it again, and insist upon having it in his own possession, she would never take the charge of it more.

health

health would have permitted me, for some years past, to have ventured as far as *London*, I would have satisfied both my lord and you. I believe you know that lord *Bolingbroke* is now busy in *France*, to write the history of his own time, and how much he grew to hate the treasurer you know too well; and I know how much lord *Bolingbroke* hates his very memory. This is what the present lord *Oxford* should be in most pain at, not about me. I have had my share of affliction sufficient, in the loss of Dr. *Arbutnot*, and poor *Gay* and others; and I heartily pity poor lord *Masham*. I would fain know whether his son be a valuable young man; because I much disliked his education. When I was last among you, Sir *William Wyndham* was in a bad state of health: I always loved him, and rejoice to hear from you the figure he makes. But I know so little of what passeth, that I never heard of lady *Blanchford*, his present wife.

Lord *Burlington* used to write to me, but hath dropped it some years. Pray, is *Charles Ford* yet alive? for he hath dropped me too; or perhaps my illness hath hindered me from provoking his remembrance: For I have been long in a very bad condition. My deafness, which used to be occasional and for a short time, hath stuck by me now several months without remission; so that I am unfit for any conversation, except one or two Stentors of either sex; and my old giddiness is likewise become chronical, although not in equal violence with my former short fits.

I was

I was never so much deceived in any *Scot*, as by that execrable lord K****, whom I loved extremely, and now detest beyond expression.

You say so little of yourself, that I know not whether you are in health or sickness, only that you lead a mere animal life; which, with nine parts in ten, is a sign of health. I find you have not, like me, lost your memory; nor, I hope, your sense of hearing, which is the greatest loss of any, and more comfortless than even being blind; I mean in the article of company. Writing no longer amuseth me, for I cannot think. I dine constantly at home, in my chamber, with a grave house-keeper, whom I call *Sir Robert*, and sometimes receive one or two friends and a female cousin, with strong high tenor voices. I am, &c.

L E T T E R LXIX.

To Miss RICHARDSON.

MADAM,

Jan. 28, 1737-8.

I MUST begin my correspondence by letting you know that your uncle is the most unreasonable person I was ever acquainted with; and, next to him, you are the second, although I think impartially that you are worse than he. I never had the honour and happiness of seeing you; nor can ever expect it, unless you make the first advance by coming up to town, where I am confined by

by want of health; and my travelling days are over. I find you follow your uncle's steps, by maliciously bribing a useless man, who can never have it in his power to serve or divert you. I have indeed continued a very long friendship with alderman *Barber*, who is governor of the *London-society* about your parts; whereupon Mr. *Richardson* came to the deanry, although it was not in my power to do him the least good office, further than writing to the alderman. However, your uncle came to me several times; and I believe, after several invitations, dined with me once or twice. This was all the provocation I ever gave him; but he had revenge in his breast, and you shall hear how he gratified it. First, he was told that my ill stomach, and a giddiness I was subject to, forced me, in some of these fits, to take a spoonful of usquebaugh: he discovered where I bought it, and sent me a dozen bottles, which cost him three pounds. The next was told, that, as I never drank spirit-liquors, so I was not able to drink *Dublin-claret* without mixing it with a little sweet *Spanish* wine: he found out the merchant with whom I deal, by the treachery of my butler, and sent me twelve dozen pints of that wine, for which he paid six pounds. But what can I say of a man, who, some years before I ever saw him, was loading me every season with salmons, that surfeited myself and all my visitors? Whereby it is plain, that his malice reached to my friends as well as to myself. At last, to complete his ill designs, he must needs force

force his niece into the plot; because it can be proved, that you are his prime minister, and so ready to encourage him in his bad proceedings; that you have been his partaker and seconder in mischief, by sending me half a dozen of shirts, although I never once gave you the least cause of displeasure. And, what is yet worse, the few ladies that come to the deanry assure me, they never saw so fine linen, or better worked up, or more exactly fitted. It is a happiness they were not stockings, for then you would have known the length of my foot. Upon the whole, madam, I must deal so plain as to repeat, that you are more cruel even than your uncle; to such a degree, that, if my health and a good summer can put it in my power to travel to *Summer-Seat*, I must take that journey on purpose to expostulate with you for all the unprovoked injuries you have done me. I have seen some persons who live in your neighbourhood, from whom I have enquired into your character; but I found you had bribed them all by never sending them any such dangerous presents: for they swore to me, that you were a lady adorned with all perfections, such as virtue, prudence, wit, humour, excellent conversation, and even good housewifery; which last is seldom the talent of ladies in this kingdom. But I take so ill your manner of treating me, that I shall not believe one syllable of what they said, until I have it by a letter under your own hand. Our common run of ladies here dare not read before a man, and much less dare to

write, for fear (as their expression is) of being exposed. So that when I see any of your sex, if they be worth mending, I beat them all, call them names, until they leave off their follies, and ask pardon. And therefore, because princes are said to have long hands, I wish I were a prince with hands long enough to beat you at this distance, for all your faults, particularly your ill treatment of me. However, I will conclude with charity. May you never give me cause to change, in any single article, the opinion and idea I have of your person and qualities. May you very long continue the delight of your uncle, and your neighbours round, who deserve your good-will, and of all who have merit enough to distinguish you. I am, with great respect and the highest esteem,

MADAM,

Your most obedient

and most obliged

humble servant.

L E T-

L E T T E R LXX.

To Mr. ALDERMAN BARBER.

August 8, 1738.

My dear and honoured Friend,

I HAVE received yours of *July* 27th, and two days ago had a letter from Mr. *Pope*, with a dozen lines from my lord *Bolingbroke*, who tells me he is just going to *France*, and, I suppose, designs to continue there as long as he lives. I am very sorry he is under a necessity of selling *Dawley*: pray, let me know whether he be tolerable easy in his fortunes; for he hath, these several years, lived very expensively. Is his lady still alive? and hath he still a country-house and an estate of hers to live on? I should be glad to live so long, as to see his History of his own Times, which would be a work very worthy of his lordship, and will be a defence of that ministry, and a justification of our late glorious Queen, against the malice, ignorance, falsehood, and stupidity of our present times and managers. I very much like Mr. *Pope's* last poem, entitled M DCC XXXVIII, called Dialogue II; but I live so obscurely, and know so little of what passes in *London*, that I cannot know the names of persons and things by initial letters.

I am very glad to hear that the duke of *Ormond* lives so well at ease and in so good health, as well

as with so valuable a companion. His grace hath an excellent constitution at so near to fourscore. Mr. *Dunkin* is not in town, but I will send to him when I hear he is come. I extremely love my lord and lady *Oxford*, but his way of managing his fortune is not to be endured. I remember a rascally butcher, one *Morley*, a great land-jobber and knave, who was his lordship's manager, and hath been the principal cause of my lord's wrong conduct, in which you agree with me in blaming his weakness and credulity. I desire you will please, upon occasion, to present my humble service to my lord and lady *Oxford*, and to my lord *Bathurst*. I just expected the character you give of young * * * * *. I hated him from a boy. I wonder Mr. *Ford* is alive; perhaps, walking preserves him.

I very much lament your asthma. I believe temperance and exercise have preserved me from it. I seldom walk less than four miles, sometimes six, eight, ten, or more, never beyond my own limits; or, if it rains, I walk as much through the house, up and down stairs: And, if it were not for this cruel deafness, I would ride through the kingdom, and half through *England*; pox on the modern phrase, *Great-Britain*, which is only to distinguish it from *Little-Britain*, where old cloaths and old books are to be bought and sold. However, I will put Dr. *Sheridan* (the best scholar in both kingdoms) upon taking your receipt for a terrible asthma. I wish you were rich enough to buy and keep a horse, and ride every tolerable day twenty miles.

lives. Mr. *Richardson* is, I think, still in *London*. I assure, you he is very grateful to me, and is too wise and discreet to give any just occasion of complaint, by which he must be a great loser in reputation, and a greater in his fortune.

I have not written so much this many a day. I have tired myself much; but, in revenge, I will tire you.

I am, dear Mr. Alderman, with very great esteem,

Your most obedient

and most humble servant.

L E T T E R LXXI.

Mr. POPE to Dr. SWIFT.

Twitnam, Oct. 12, 1738.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I COULD gladly tell you every week the many things that pass in my heart, and revive the memory of all your friendship to me; but I am not so willing to put you to the trouble of shewing it (though I know you have it as warm as ever) upon little or trivial occasions. Yet, this once, I am unable to refuse the request of a very particular and very deserving friend; one of those whom his own merit has forced me to contract an intimacy with,

with, after I had sworn never to love a man more, since the sorrow it cost me to have loved so many, now dead, banished, or unfortunate. I mean Mr. *Lyttelton*, one of the worthiest of the rising generation. His nurse has a son, whom I would beg you to promote to the next vacancy in your choir. I loved my own nurse, and so does *Lyttelton*: he loves, and is loved, through the whole chain of relations, dependents, and acquaintance. He is one who would apply to any person to please me, or to serve mine: I owe it to him to apply to you for this man, whose name is *William Lamb*; and he is the bearer of this letter. I presume he is qualified for that which he desires; and I doubt not, if it be consistent with justice, you will gratify me in him.

Let this, however, be an opportunity of telling you — What? — what I cannot tell; the kindness I bear you, the affection I feel for you, the hearty wishes I form for you, my prayers for your health of body and mind, or (the best softeners of the want of either) quiet and resignation. You lose life by not hearing such things as this idle and base generation has to tell you: you lose not much by forgetting most of what now passes in it. Perhaps, to have a memory that retains the past scenes of our country and forgets the present, is the means to be happier and better contented. But, if the evil of the day be not intolerable (though sufficient, God knows, at any period of life) we may, at least we should, nay we must (whether patiently

friendly or impatiently) bear it, and make the best of what we cannot make better, but may make worse. To hear that this is your situation and your temper, and that peace attends you at home, and one or two true friends who are tender about you, would be a great ease to me to know, and know from yourself. Tell me who those are whom you now love or esteem, that I may love and esteem them too; and, if ever they come into *England*, let them be my friends. If, by any thing I can here do, I can serve you, or please you, be certain it will mend my happiness; and that no satisfaction any thing gives me here will be superior, if equal to it.

My dear Dean, whom I never will forget, or think of with coolness, many are yet living here who frequently mention you with affection and respect. Lord *Orrery*, lord *Bathurst*, lord *Bolingbroke*, lord *Oxford*, lord *Masham*, *Lewis*, Mrs. *P. Blount* (allow one woman to the list, for she is as constant to old friendships as any man); and many young men there are, nay all that are any credit to this age, who love you unknown, who kindle at your fire, and learn by your genius. Nothing of you can die, nothing of you can decay, nothing of you can suffer, nothing of you can be obscured, or locked up from esteem and admiration, except what is at the deanry; just as much of you only as God made mortal. May the rest of you (which is all) be as happy hereafter as honest men may

expect and need not doubt; while (knowing nothing more) they know that their Maker is merciful. Adieu.

Your's ever,

A. P O P E.

L E T T E R LXXII.

To Mr. P O P E.

May 10th, 1739, at a conjecture.

YOU are to suppose, for the little time I shall live, that my memory is entirely gone, and especially of any thing that was told me last night, or this morning. I have one favour to entreat from you. I know the high esteem and friendship you bear to your friend Mr. *Lyttelton*, whom you call the rising genius of this age. His fame, his virtue, honour, and courage, have been early spread even among us. I find he is secretary to the prince of *Wales*; and his royal highness hath been for several years chancellor of the university in *Dublin*. All this is a prelude to a request I am going to make you. There is in this city one *Alexander M^cAulay*, a lawyer of great distinction for skill and honesty, zealous for the liberty of the subject, and loyal to the house of *Hanover*; and particularly to the prince of *Wales*, for his highness's love to both kingdoms.

Mr.

Mr. *Macaulay* is now soliciting for a seat in parliament here, vacant by the death of Dr. *Coghlin*, a civilian, who was one of the persons chosen for this university: And, as his royal highness continues still chancellor of it, there is no person so proper to nominate the representative as himself. If this favour can be procured, by your good-will and Mr. *Lyttelton's* interest, it will be a particular obligation to me, and grateful to the people of *Ireland*, in giving them one of their own nation to represent this university.

There is a man in my choir, one Mr. *Lamb*; he hath at present but half a vicarship: the value of it is not quite 50*l. per annum*. You writ to me in his favour some time ago; and, if I outlive any one vicar-choral, Mr. *Lamb* shall certainly have a full place, because he very well deserves it: and I am obliged to you very much for recommending him.

L E T T E R LXXIII.

To Mr. LYTTTELTON [x].

S I R,

June 5th, 1739.

YOU treat me very hard, by beginning your letter with owning an obligation to me on account of Mr. *Lamb*, which deserves mine and my chapter's thanks, for recommending so useful a person to my choir. It is true I gave Mr. *Deane*

[x] Now Lord *Lyttelton*.

Swift a letter [y] to my dear friend Mr. *Pope*, that he might have the happiness to see and know so great a genius in poetry, and so agreeable in all other good qualities; but the young man (several years older than you) was much surpris'd to see his junior in so high a station, as secretary to his royal highness the prince of *Wales*, and to find himself treated by you in so kind a manner. In one article, you are greatly mistaken. For, however ignorant we may be in the affairs of *England*, your character is well known among us, in every particular, as it is in the prince your master's court, and indeed all over this poor kingdom.

You will find that I have not altogether forgotten my old court-politicks: for, in a letter I writ to Mr. *Pope*, I desired him to recommend Mr. *M'Aulay* to your favour and protection, as a most worthy, honest, and deserving gentleman; and, I perceive, you have effectually interceded with the prince, to prevail with the university to chuse him for a member to represent that learned body in parliament, in the room of Dr. *Coghill*, deceased.

I have been just now informed, that some of the fellows have sent over an apology, or rather a remonstrance, to the prince of *Wales*, pretending they were under a prior engagement to one Mr. *Tisdal*; and therefore have desired his royal highness to withdraw his recommendation. A modest request indeed, to demand from their chancellor

what they think is dishonourable in themselves, to give up an engagement. Their whole proceeding, on this occasion, against their chancellor, heir of the crown, is universally condemned here, and seems to be the last effort of such men; who, without duly considering, make rash promises, not consistent with the prudence expected from them.

I can hardly venture the boldness to desire, that his royal highness may know from you the profound respect, honour, esteem, and veneration, I bear towards his princely virtues. All my friends on your side the water represent him to me in the most amiable light; and the people infallibly reckon upon a golden age in both kingdoms, when it shall please God to make him the restorer of the liberties of his people.

I ought to accuse you highly for your ill-treatment of me, by wishing yourself in the number of my friends: but you shall be pardoned, if you please to be one of my protectors; and your protection cannot be long. You shall therefore make it up in thinking favourably of me. Years have made me lose my memory in every thing but friendship and gratitude: and you, whom I have never seen, will never be forgotten by me, until I am dead. I am, honourable Sir, with the highest respect,

Your most obedient and
obliged humble servant.

L E T T E R LXXIV.

To the Honourable the SOCIETY of the GOVERNOUR and ASSISTANTS, *London*, for the NEW PLANTATION in *Ulster*, within the Realm of *Ireland*, at their Chamber in *Guild-hall, London*.

By conjecture, 1731.

WORTHY GENTLEMEN,

I HEARTILY recommend to your very worshipful society, the reverend Mr. *William Dunkin*, for the living of *Colerain*, vacant by the death of Dr. *Squire*. Mr. *Dunkin* is a gentleman of great learning and wit, true religion, and excellent morals. It is only for these qualifications that I recommend him to your patronage; and I am confident that you will never repent the choice of such a man, who will be ready at any time to obey your commands. You have my best wishes, and all my endeavours for your prosperity: and I shall, during my life, continue to be, with the truest respect and highest esteem,

WORTHY SIRS,

Your most obedient and

most humble servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

An EPISTLE, in HARD LATIN, from Dr.
SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN *.

DOMINE,

AUDIVI quod abra scœminæ nobilis et mihi
amicæ offendendo pedem ad paxillam vel ri-
dicam, vel, ut alii dicunt, rutabulum; valdè lætic
uropygium, et est miserè catax. Navi ejus patrem,
capitularem, et subleßum, et carrarium, qui su-
ratus erat hornotinum per ostium clathratum, et,
ut meruit, a vulgo occilatus. Pauper enim erat,
gaunaco et decotibus vestitus; perñionibus claudi-
cans laboravit. Frequentavit sui similes, propo-

* As the words, in this and the following Letter, which cause any difficulty, are extremely uncommon; we presume, it will not be amiss to print a Glossary, in order to save our Readers the plague and trouble of turning over a Dictionary.

Abra, a waiting-woman: *Quod sit delicata, non vulgaris Ancilla.*

Paxillus, a stake, pale, or post.

Ridica, the prop of a vine, &c.

Rutabulum, a maukin, a cole-rake to make clean an oven, an oven-swoop, a skealing-stick.

Uropygium, the narrowest and lowest part of the chine, the rump.

Catax, lame, hip-halt.

Capitularis, a tax-gatherer, an exciseman.

Subleßus, weak, feeble; of no esteem or account.

Carrarius, a butcher.

Hornotinus, a fawn or hind-calf.

Clathratus, latticed, barred, grated.

Occillo, to buffet, or beat and maul.

Gaunacancum, a thick shag rug to cover one with, an Irish mantle.

Decotes, *Togæ detritæ*, garments worn bare.

Pernio, a kibe on the heel.

Propola, a huckster, or retailer, a forestaller, a regrater, &c.

las nempe, arilatores, cociones, imò salisubfulos et labdas, omnes, ut meruerant, tribonibus vestitos.

Pridiè tabellio ad me attulit epistolam de stlata catta in portu obrutis, unde miser perdidit cadiscum, strobilorum plerum, duo haustra, calpar, decem scutellas, calignam, et, quod maximè dolet, crocotulam nuper uxori emptam, sed spero me redhositurum fore.

Amicus noster catulaster lepidissimus hominum miserè vivit in domuncula vescarum plena proficie-

Arilator, a pedlar.

Cocio, a higler.

Salisubfulus, a morris-dancer, any one who dances and capers to musick.

Labda, any sort of vile filthy rascal.

Tribon, a threadbare cloak.

Tabellio, a carrier of letters.

Stlata, a float, a hoy, a flat boat.

Catta, nomen navis.

Cadiscus, a rundlet, a kilderkin, or little barrel.

Strobilus, a pine-apple.

Plerus, idem quod *plenus*.

Haustrum, a bucket; also a kind of pot, or jug, to draw drink with.

Calpar, an earthen vessel, or tun.

Scutella, any kind of dish or platter.

Caligna, as this word seems to be derived from *καλόν*, *lignum*, perhaps it signifies a large wooden bowl.

Crocotula, a little saffron-coloured, or yellow garment.

Redhositio, to requite a courtesy, to return like for like: But here it may signify, To make a present of just such another garment.

Catulaster, a little whelp.

Vesca, a cobweb.

Proficies, perhaps it may signify a supply, or subsidy, given as a present.

bus pascitur, operando strigans et conquiniscens,
et turundis pullos pascit in tuguriolo serphorum ple-
no.

Hesternæ nocte cecidit terribilissima labes mantif-
sæ, quæ indices omnes implevit.

Sum humilissimus, &c

Strigo, to breathe, or rest in work, to stoop or stand still, as oxen
sometimes do at plough in the middle of a furrow.

Conquinisco, to duck the head, to bow or bend the body, to stoop.

Turunda, a pellet of bread, dough, or paste, wherewith capons are
crammed.

Serphus, a kind of vermine like an ant.

Labes, a great fall, or path of rain or hail, &c.

Mantissa, qu. *manutensa*, eo quod manu porrigitur. Over-measure, advantage, the vantage or over-weight. The Welsh call
it *Ispine*.

Indices, *indices canales*, gutters in streets.

Dr. SHERIDAN'S ANSWER to the EPISTLE in
HARD LATIN.

DOCTISSIME DECANE,

FORBUM tabellarum methodium vestra-
rum lagonopono me fermè affecit, quocirca
hostire vestrae reverentiae gerras aggredior. Quid mea
refer si uropygium abrae ignobilis sit læsum? Ejusmo-
di etenim mulieres plerumque sunt exbuæ, atque
rimarum non minus plenæ quàm excernicula; pro-
fectò non mihi injucundum foret si tu esses illi ia-
traliptes. Si vero curam suscipias, non abs re fu-
erit illius crotaphitas ambabus calidè manibus fri-
care ne spiritus deficient, atque inde porrò ad podi-
cem descendens, postquam complutum aquâ vitæ
feceris, applicueris emplastrum calligoni, mattia-

Forbus, Calidus, *Servi*. Formus a *ῥεῦσις*: *Æol.* *ῥεῦσις*:

aliter a *forbo*, vel *forvo*; i. e. *Ferveo*, hot, warm.

Tabella, a letter, or epistle.

Methodium, a trick, a cheat, a cunning fetch.

Lagonoponos, fretting to the guts.

Hostio, to recompense, to return like for like.

Gæ, hurdles, or twigs filled up with earth, for fortifying a
place; gabions, &c.

Exbuæ, tippling-gossips.

Excerniculum, a sieve.

Iatraliptes, a physician or surgeon that cures by ointments and
frictions.

Crotaphitæ, the two muscles that are in the temples.

Complutus, wetted all over.

Calligonum, way-grass, knot-grass.

Mattiacæ, [pilæ dict. quòd præstantissimæ apud Mattiacum Ger-
manicæ oppidum conficerentur.] Soap-balls, wash-balls.

carum

carum tritarum, daucorum, suffitieteridis, gethyonum. Caveo interim ne tibi manus imbulbitaverit, aut imbubinaverit, partiliter quando prædicti spiritus urticam senserit; sed ne forsan obliviscaris, te moneo, ut pars crepidinis dorsi interior sit fissiculanda. Memini illius patrem ex infimâ plebis ruderatione gingrinatorem; lucuntes olim vendidit, admodum fuit procellulus, eximius autem pilicrepus;

Tritus, common, much used.

Daucus, a kind of wild carrot.

Suffitieteridis. As there is no such word as this to be found in the common Dictionaries, it is imagined to have been coined by Doctor Sheridan, when he was writing this Letter, in order to amuse and puzzle his Correspondent: Or, if it be not too wild a conjecture, let us suppose the word to be thus divided, *Suffiti* et *Eridis*; and then it may refer to the rest of the ingredients of the plaister, and especially to the severe poignancy of the onions, in the next and last article: And then, perhaps, the latter part of the sentence may be thus paraphrastically interpreted: "You might apply to the part affected a plaister of knot-grass, common wash-ball, wild carrot, and among the rest of the ingredients," [for *Συστάτης* signifies a Companion] "by way of giving the whole a poignancy," [for *Ἐπίς* signifies a contention for victory] you should take care that a mixture of onion predominate in the composition." The word *Urtica*, in the following period, seems to favour his conjecture.

Gethyon, a kind of onions, hollow leeks.

Imbulbito, to defile one's self with any thing detestable. Vide Dictionary.

Imbubino, to defile with any thing abominable. Vide Dict.

Partiliter, particularly, with exactness or subtilty.

Urtica, a nettle, or any tickling pain like the sting of a nettle.

Crepidus, *dorsi crepido*, the rump.

Fissiculandus, to be cleft, or cut open.

Rudratio, rubbish.

Gingrinator, a piper or minstrel.

Lucuns, a kind of meat, or rather some baked thing; a spice-cake.

Pilicrepus, a ball-player.

sed salaconem atque dosonem nimiùm se ostendendo, minuit hanc gloriam quam exercitiis meruit. Si vis ut nostra denuò amicitia inoleascat, te mecum cràs prandere prorito; habebis sympinium vel applara vini non vulgaris absque flocibus, cum cervisia æquè pellucidum ac glæsum. Sæpissimè futabas in ædibus meis neque unquam inania, de quibus mentem in epistolâ vestrâ fecisti, in aliâ nostrarum contempnisti camerarum. Hesterno die nimiùm ambulando flegmine laboro, quod ex stomachi ventositate evenisse comperio, ideoque magnam git quantitatem, ut postico emurmuret, deglutire statuo.

Sum tibi humillimus, &c.

Manaco Maii 15^o, 1732.

Salacon, a great boaster, who, being extremely poor, would be thought very rich.

Dosco, a great promiser, but who does nothing.

Inalesco, ut *Coalesco*, to grow together, to stick one to another.

Prorito, to provoke, stir up, egg on.

Sympinium, a kind of wooden vessel for wine, used of old in their holy rites and divine services; a stone-jug, or pitcher, a drinking-cup.

Appla, ab *ad* et *pleo*, ut sit vas quod subinde impletur et depletur, — a kind of vessel used at table.

Floes, pl. the dregs or lees of wine.

Cervisia, vel *Cerevisia*, *Cerealis*, liquor, ale, beer, &c.

Futo, to blame or reprove.

Glæsum, a kind of amber.

Inania, emptinesses, cobwebs.

Flegmen, an inflammation or swelling in the legs, tired by over-much walking.

Git, vel *Gub*, indecl. a kind of cockle, a small seed.

Posticum, a back-door.

Manacus, a month.