

THE
WORKS

OF THE

REV. JONATHAN SWIFT, D. D.,

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.

ARRANGED BY THOMAS SHERIDAN, A. M.

WITH

NOTES, HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL.

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LETTERS

TO AND FROM

D R. S W I F T.

FROM PETER LUDLOW, ESQ*.

SEPTEMBER 10, 1718.

I SEND you the enclosed pamphlet by a private hand, not daring to venture it by the common post ; for it is a melancholy circumstance we are now in, that friends are afraid to carry on even a bare correspondence, much more to write news, or send papers of consequence (as I take the enclosed to be) that way. But I suppose I need make no apology for not sending it by post, for you must know, and own too, that my fears are by no means groundless. For, your friend Mr. Manley† has been guilty of opening letters that were not directed to him, nor his wife, nor really to one of his acquaintance. Indeed, I own, it so happened, that they were of no consequence, but secrets of state, secrets of families, and other secrets (that one would by no means let Mr. Manley know) might have been discovered ;

* Of Arsullagh, in the county of Meath, esq , grandson of the famous Ludlow, who wrote his own Memoirs.

† Postmaster general of Ireland, whom Dr. Swift had greatly befriended in queen Anne's time.

besides a thousand, nay, for ought I know, more than a thousand calamities might have ensued; I need not (I believe) enumerate them to you; but, to be plain with you, no man nor woman would (with their eyes open) be obliged to show all they had to Mr. Manley. These I think sufficient reasons for sending it in the manner I do; but submit them and myself to your candour and censure.

The paper, I believe, you'll find very artfully written, and a great deal couched under the appearance (I own at first) of blunders, and a silly tale. For who, with half an eye, may not perceive, that by the old woman's being drowned at Ratcliff-highway, and not dead yet, is meant the church, which may be sunk or drowned, but in all probability will rise again. Then the man, who was followed, and overtaken, is easily guessed at. He could not tell (the ingenious author says) whether she was dead: true! but may be he will tell soon. But then the author goes on (who must be supposed a high churchman) and inquires of a man riding a horse-back upon a mare. That's preposterous, and must allude to a great man who has been guilty (or he is foully belied) of very preposterous actions; when the author comes up to him, the man takes him for a robber, or tory, and ran from him, but you find he pursued him furiously. Mark that: and the horse.—This is indeed carrying a figure farther than Homer does: he makes the shield or its device an epithet sometimes to his warrior, but never, as I remember, puts it in place of the person; but there is a figure for this in rhetorick, which I own I do not remember; by which we often say, He is a good fiddle, or rather, as by the gown is often meant particular

ticular parsons. Well then, you find the horse, seeing himself dead, or undone, ran away as fast as he could, and left the preposterous fellow to go afoot. During this their misfortune, the candid author (whom I cannot mention without a profound respect) calls them friends, and means to do them no harm; only inquires after the welfare of the church.—Ah! dear sir, this is the true character of the Tories. And here I cannot but compare the generosity and good nature of the one, with the sullen ingratitude of the other; we find the horse gone, and they footing it give a surly answer; while the other (though a conqueror) offers his friendship, and asks the question with a “Pray inform me.”

I have gone, my dear friend, thus far with the paper, to show you how excellent a piece I take it to be, and must beg the favour of you to give me your opinion of it, and send me your animadversions upon the whole; which I am confident you will not refuse me, when you consider of how great an advantage they will be to the whole earth, who, may be, to this day, have read over these sheets with too superficial an understanding; and especially since it is the request of, learned sir, your most dutiful and obedient humble servant,

Sir POLITICK WOULD-BE.

I submit it to your better judgment (when you make a more curious inquiry into the arcana of this piece) to consider whether, by sir John Vangs (who you find lives by the waterside) must not be meant the Dutch; since you find too, that he eats bag pudding freezing hot; this may seem a paradox, but I have been assured by a curious friend of mine of

great veracity, who had lived many winters in Holland, that nothing is more common than for hot pudding to freeze in that cold country: but then what convinces me that by sir John, the Dutch must be meant, is, that you find he creeps out of a stopperhole, which alludes to their mean origin. I must observe too, that gammer Vangs had an old woman to her son. That's a bob for Glorious*.— But I am under great concern to find so hard a sentence past upon poor Swift, because he's little. I think him better than any of them, and hope to see him greater.

FROM MR. PRIOR †.

MY DEAR DEAN,

LONDGN, SEPT. 25, 1718.

I HAVE now made an end of what you, in your haughty manner, have called wretched work. My book is quite printed off; and if you are as much upon the *bagatelle* as you pretend to be, you will find more pleasure in it than you imagine. We are going to print the subscribers names: if, therefore, you have any by you, which are not yet remitted, pray send them over by the next post. If you have not, pray send me word of that too; that, in all cases, I may at last hear from you. The earl of Oxford has been in town all this summer, is now going into He-

* The common appellation in Ireland for king William III.

† On the back of this letter the dean has written—“*Levanda est enim paupertas eorum hominum, qui diu reipublicæ viventes, pauperes sunt, & nullorum magis.*”

refordshire, and says I shall see you very soon in England. I would tell you with what pleasure this would be, if I knew upon what certainty the hopes of it were founded. Write me word of this too; for upon it I would order my matters so, that I may be as much with you as I can; and this you will find no little favour; for, I assure you, we are all so changed, that there is very little choice of such company as you would like; and except about eighteen hundred that have subscribed to my book, I do not hear of as many more in this nation, that have common sense. My cousin Pennyfeather and Will. Phillips drink your health. I cough, but I am otherwise well; and till I cease to cough, *i. e.* to live, I am, with entire friendship and affection, dear sir, your most obedient and humble servant,

M. PRIOR.

FROM MR. ADDISON.

DEAR SIR,

BRISTOL, OCT. 1, 1718.

I HAVE received the honour of your letter at Bristol, where I have just finished a course of water drinking, which I hope has pretty well recovered me from the leavings of my last winter's sickness. As for the subject of your letter, though you know an affair of that nature cannot well nor safely be treated of in writing, I desired a friend of mine to acquaint sir Ralph Gore*, that I was under a preengagement, and not at my own choice to act in it, and have since

* Some time after speaker of the house of commons, and of the lords justice, of Ireland.

troubled my lady Ashe with a letter to the same effect, which I hope has not miscarried. However, upon my return to London, I will farther inquire that matter, and see if there is any room left for me to negotiate as you propose.

I live still in hopes of seeing you in England, and if you would take my house at Bilton in your way, (which lies upon the road within a mile of Rugby) I would strain hard to meet you there, provided you would make me happy in your company for some days. The greatest pleasure I have met with for some months, is in the conversation of my old friend Dr. Smalridge* ; who, since the death of the excellent man you mention, is to me the most candid and agreeable of all bishops ; I would say clergymen, were not deans comprehended under that title. We have often talked of you ; and when I assure you he has an exquisite taste of writing, I need not tell you how he talks on such a subject. I look upon it as my good fortune, that I can express my esteem of you, even to those who are not of the bishop's party without giving offence. When a man has so much compass in his character, he affords his friends topicks enough to enlarge upon, that all sides admire. I am sure a sincere and zealous friendly behaviour distinguishes you as much as your many more shining talents ; and as I have received particular instances of it, you must have a very bad opinion of me, if you do not think I heartily love and respect you ; and that I am ever, dear sir, your most obedient, and most humble servant,

J. ADDISON.

* Who had been promoted to the bishoprick of Bristol in 1713.

FROM

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT.

DEAR SIR,

LONDON, OCT. 14, 1718.

THIS serves for an envelope to the enclosed ; for I cannot tell whether you care to hear from any of your friends on this side. In your last, I think, you desired me to let you alone to enjoy your own spleen. Can you purchase your fifty pounds a year in Wales as yet? I can tell you, beforehand, Lewis scorns to live with you there. He keeps company with the greatest, and is principal governor in many families. I have been in France ; six weeks at Paris, and as much at Rouen ; where, I can assure you, I hardly heard a word of news or politicks, except a little clutter about sending some impertinent *presidents du parlement* to prison, that had the impudence to talk for the laws and liberties of their country. I was asked for monsieur Swift by many people, I can assure you ; and particularly by the duke d'Aumont. I was respectfully and kindly treated by many folks, and even by the great Mr. Laws*. Amongst other things, I had the honour to carry an Irish lady † to court, that was admired beyond all

* The contrivers of the Mississippi scheme.

† The celebrated beauty miss Nelly Bennet, on whom these lines were written :

For when as Nelly came to France,
 (Invited by her cousins)
 Across the Thuilleries, each glance
 Killed Frenchmen by whole dozens.

all the ladies in France for her beauty. She had great honours done her. The hussar himself was ordered to bring her the king's cat to kiss. Her name is Bennet. Among other folks I saw your old friend lord Bolingbroke, who asked for you. He looks just as he did. Your friends here are in good health; not changed in their sentiments toward you. I left my two girls in France with their uncle, which was my chief business. I do not know that I have any friends on your side, beside Mr. Ford, to whom give my service, and to Dr. Parnell and Mr. Jervis*.

If it be possible for you, obey the contents of the enclosed; which, I suppose, is a kind invitation. The dragon is just as he was, only all his old habits ten times stronger upon him than ever. Let me beg of

The king, as he at dinner sat
 Did beckon to his hussar,
 And bid him bring his tabby cat,
 For charming Nell to buss her.

The ladies were with rage provok'd,
 To see her so respected:
 The men look'd arch, as Nelly strok'd,
 And puss her tail erected.

But not a man did look employ,
 Except on pretty Nelly;
 Then said the duke de Villeroi,
Ah! qu'elle est bien jolie?

The courtiers all, with one accord,
 Broke out in Nelly's praises;
 Admir'd her rose, and *lis sans farde*,
 Which are your terms *Francoises*.

* The very eminent painter,

you not to forget me, for I can never cease to love and esteem you, being ever your most affectionate and obliged humble servant,

JO. ARBUTHNOT.

FROM THE SAME.

DEAR BROTHER,

LONDON, DEC. 11, 1718.

FOR so I had called you before, were it not for a certain reverence I pay to deans. I find you wish both me and yourself to live to be old and rich. The second goes in course along with the first; but you cannot give seven (that is the tithe of seventy) good reasons for either. Glad at my heart should I be, if Dr. Helsham* or I could do you any good. My service to Dr. Helsham; he does not want my advice in the case. I have done good lately to a patient and a friend in that complaint of a vertigo, by cinnabar of antimony and castor, made up into boluses with confect. of alkermes. I had no great opinion of the cinnabar; but trying it amongst other things, my friend found good of this prescription. I had tried the castor alone before, not with so much success. Small quantities of *tinctura sacra*, now and then, will do you good. There are twenty lords, I believe, would send you horses, if they knew how. One or two have offered to me, who, I believe,

* Of whom see some pleasantries, in the poetical part of this collection, in vol. VIII,

would be as good as their word. Mr. Rowe, the poet laureat, is dead, and has left a damned jade of a Pegasus. I will answer for it, he will not do as your mare did, having more need of Lucan's present, than sir Richard Blackmore. I would fain have Pope get a patent for life for the place, with a power of putting in Durfey his deputy. I sent for the two Rosingraves, and examined the matter of fact. The younger had no concern in the note of 20l. The elder says, that he thought the 20l. due to him, for the pains and some expense he had been at about the young fellow; and his master Bethel, who had given Mr. Rosingrave the elder ten guineas before, thought the same reasonable. He says, he did not take it by way of bribe, but as his due; and did never intend to make use of it but when the young fellow was in circumstances to pay him. The younger Rosingrave was begged and intreated both by Bethel and the young fellow (who would not go without him) to accompany him to Ireland; and did believe that bearing his expenses, which was done by Bethel, was the least he could take. There is one thing in this fellow's paper that I know to be a lie, his being ill used by Rosingrave at lord Carnarvon's. He sung there, I believe once or twice for his own instruction or trial; and lord Carnarvon gave him a guinea. He went some times to hear the musick for his improvement. This is what they tell me. However, I have reprimanded the elder Rosingrave for taking the note. When this fellow came first to town, I thought his voice might do, but found it did not improve. It is mighty hard to get such a sort of a voice. There is an excellent one in the king's chapel; but he will not go. The top one of the world

world is in Bristol choir; and I believe might be managed; though your Rosingrave is really much improved: so do not totally exclude the young fellow till you have more maturely considered the matter. The dragon is come to town, and was entering upon the detail of the reasons of state that kept him from appearing at the beginning, &c. when I did believe at the same time, it was only a law of nature, to which the dragon is most subject, *Remanere in statu in quo est, nisi deturbetur ab extrinseco*. Lord Harley and lady Harley give you their service. Lewis is in the country with lord Bathurst, and has writ me a most dreadful story of a mad dog, that bit their huntsman; since which accident, I am told, he has shortened his stirrups three bores; they were not long before. Lord Oxford presented him with two horses. He has sold one, and sent the other to grass, *avec beaucoup de sagesse*. I do not believe the story of lord Bolingbroke's marriage, for I have been consulted about the lady; and, by some defects in her constitution, I should not think her appetite lay much toward matrimony. There is some talk about reversing his attainder; but I wish he may not be disappointed. I am for all precedents of that kind. They say the pretender is likely to have his chief minister impeached too. He has his wife prisoner like a ****. The footmen of the house of commons chose their speaker, and impeach, &c. I think it were proper, that all monarchs should serve their apprenticeships as pretenders, that we might discover their defects. Did you ever expect to live to see the duke of Ormond fighting against the protestant succession, and the duke of Berwick fighting for it? France, in confederacy with England, to
reduce

reduce the exorbitant power of Spain? I really think there is no such good reason for living till seventy, as curiosity. You say you are ready to resent it as an affront, if I thought a beautiful lady a curiosity in Ireland; but pray is it an affront to say that a lady, hardly known or observed for her beauty in Ireland, is a curiosity in France? All deans naturally fall into paralogisms. My wife gives you her kind love and service, and, which is the first thing that occurs to all wives, wishes you well married. I have not clean paper more than to bid you—Adieu.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

MARCH, 17, 1719.

I HAVE not these several years tasted so sensible a pleasure, as your letters of the 6th of January and 6th of February gave me; and I know enough of the tenderness of your heart, to be assured, that the letter I am writing will produce much the same effect on you. I feel my own pleasure, and I feel your's. The truest reflection, and at the same time, the bitterest satire, which can be made on the present age, is this; that to think as you think, will make a man pass for romantick. Sincerity, constancy, tenderness, are rarely to be found. They are so much out of use, that the man of mode imagines them to be out of nature. We meet with few friends; the greatest part of those who pass for such, are, properly speaking, nothing more than acquaintance; and

and no wonder, since Tully's maxim is certainly true, that friendship can subsist *non nisi inter bonos*. At that age of life, when there is balm in the blood, and that confidence in the mind, which the innocency of our own heart inspires, and the experience of other men's destroys, I was apt to confound my acquaintance and my friends together. I never doubted but that I had a numerous cohort of the latter. I expected, if ever I fell into misfortune, to have as many, and as remarkable instances of friendship to produce, as the Scythian, in one of Lucian's Dialogues, draws from his nation. Into these misfortunes I have fallen. Thus far my propitious stars have not disappointed my expectations. The rest have almost entirely failed me. The fire of my adversity has purged the mass of my acquaintance; and the separation made, I discover, on one side, a handful of friends; but on the other, a legion of enemies, at least of strangers. Happily this fiery trial has had an effect on me, which makes me some amends. I have found less resources in other people, and more in myself, than I expected. I make good, at this hour the motto which I took nine years ago, when I was weak enough to list again under the conduct of a man*, of whom nature meant to make a spy, or, at most, a captain of miners; and whom fortune, in one of her whimsical moods, made a general.

I enjoy, at this hour, with very tolerable health, great tranquillity of mind. You will, I am sure, hear this with satisfaction; and sure it is, that I tell it you without the least affectation. I live, my friend,

* Robert, earl of Oxford.

in a narrower circle than ever ; but I think in a larger. When I look back on what is past, I observe a multitude of errors, but no crimes. I have been far from following the advice which Cælius gave to Cicero ; *Id melius statuere quod tutius sit* : and I think, may say to myself what Dolabella says in one of his letters to the same Cicero : *Satisfactum est jam a te, vel officio, vel familiaritati : satisfactum etiam partibus, et ei reipublicæ, quam tu probabas. Reliquum est, ubi nunc est respublica : ibi simus potius, quàm, dum illam veterem sequamur, simus in nullâ.* What my memory has furnished on this head (for I have neither books nor papers here concerning home affairs) is writ with great truth, and with as much clearness as I could give it. If ever we meet, you will, perhaps, not think two or three hours absolutely thrown away in reading it. One thing I will venture to assure you of beforehand, which is, that you will think I never deserved more to be commended, than while I was the most blamed ; and, that you will pronounce the brightest part of my character to be that, which has been disguised by the nature of things, misrepresented by the malice of men, and which is still behind a cloud. In what is past, therefore, I find no great source of uneasiness. As to the present, my fortune is extremely reduced ; but my desires are still more so. Nothing is more certain than this truth, that all our wants, beyond those which a very moderate income will supply, are purely imaginary ; and that his happiness is greater, and better assured, who brings his mind up to a temper of not feeling them, than his who feels them, and has wherewithal to supply them.

“ — Vides, quæ maxima credis
 “ Esse mala, exiguum censum, turpemque repulsam,
 “ Quanto devites, &c.”

HOR. epist. i. lib. 1.

Which I paraphrased thus, not long ago, in my postchaise :

Survey mankind, observe what risks they run,
 What fancy'd ills, thro' real dangers, shun ;
 Those fancy'd ills, so dreadful to the great,
 A lost election, or impair'd estate.
 Observe the merchant, who, intent on gain,
 Affronts the terrours of the Indian main ;
 Tho' storms arise, and broken rocks appear,
 He flies from poverty, knows no other fear.
 Vain men ! who might arrive, with toil far less,
 By smoother paths, at greater happiness.
 For 'tis superiour bliss, not to desire
 That trifling good, which fondly you admire,
 Possess precarious, and too dear acquire. }
 What hackney gladiator can you find,
 By whom the Olympick crown would be declin'd ?
 Who, rather than that glorious palm to seize,
 With safety combat, and prevail with ease,
 Would choose on some inglorious stage to tread,
 And, fighting, stroll from wake to wake for bread ?

As to what is to happen, I am not anxious about it : on which subject I have twenty fine quotations at the end of my pen ; but, I think, it is better to own frankly to you, that upon a principle (which I have long established) we are a great deal more mechanical than our vanity will give us leave to allow ; I have familiarized the worst prospects to
 my

my sight ; and, by staring want, solitude, neglect, and the rest of that train in the face, I have disarmed them of their terrors. I have heard of somebody, who, while he was in the Tower, used, every morning, to lie down on the block, and so act over his last scene.

Nothing disturbs me, but the uncertainty of my situation, which the zeal of a few friends, and the inveteracy of a great many enemies, entertain. The more prepared I am to pass the remainder of my life in exile, the more sensibly shall I feel the pleasure of returning to you, if his majesty's unconditional favour (the offers of which prevented even my wishes) proves at last effectual. I cannot apply to myself, as you bid me do ;

Non tibi parvum

Ingenium, non incultum est,

and what follows ; and, if ever we live in the same country together, you shall not apply to me,

Quod si

Frigida curarum fomenta relinquere posses.

I have writ to you, before I was aware of it, a long letter. The pleasure of breaking so long a silence transports me ; and your sentiment is a sufficient excuse. It is not so easy to find one for talking so much about myself ; but I shall want none with you upon this score. Adieu.

This letter will get safe to London ; and from thence, I hope, the friend, to whom I recommend it, will find means of conveying it to you.—For God's sake, no more apologies for your quotations, unless you mean, by accusing yourself, to correct me.

There

There never was a better application than your's, of the story of Pierochole. Things are come to that pass, the storks will never come, and they must be porters all their lives. They are something worse; for I had rather be a porter than a tool: I would sooner lend out my back to hire, than my name. They are at this time the instruments of a saucy gardener, who has got a gold cross on his stomach, and a red cap on his head.

A poor gentleman, who puts me often in mind of one of Scandal's pictures in Congreve's play of *Love for Love*, where a soldier is represented with his heart where his head should be, and no head at all, is the conductor of this doughty enterprise; which will end in making their cause a little more desperate than it is. Again, adieu.

Let me hear from you by the same conveyance, that brings you this. I am in pain about your health. From the 6th of January to the 16th of February is a long course of illness.

TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

MY LORD,

MAY, 1719.

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.

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 publick 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 disposes 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

* Lord Oxford.

of sixteen marrying a woman of thirty for love ; she decays every year, while he grows up to his 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 has 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 Commynes 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, or incapacity of great men, that has 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 among 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 farther that way, although I could say many things which you would 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 solitude, or attending, like Hannibal, in foreign courts, *donec Bithyno libeat vigilare tyranno*. My health (a thing of no moment) is somewhat mended; but, at
best,

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.*

FROM MR. PRIOR.

DEAR SIR,

WESTMINSTER, MAY 5, 1718.

SINCE I love you with all the ties of inclination and friendship, and wish you half the happiness of life, health especially, the chiefest, you will pardon me being a little peevish, when I received your's of the twenty-eighth past, which told me I must not expect to see you here, and that you were not perfectly well at Dublin. I hope there is a little spleen mixed with your distemper; in which case your horse may be your physician, and your physician may have the happiness of being your companion; an honour, which many here would envy him. As to the *sang froid* of fifty, who has it not, that is worth conversing with, except Harley and Bathurst? at least, make no more that sort of complaint to me. *Isthæc commemoratio est quasi exprobratio*; for fifty (as Mr. Locke observes) is equal to fifty; and a cough is worse than the spleen. My bookseller is a block-head; so have they all been, or worse, from Chaucer's scrivener, down to John and Jacob; Mr. Hyde only excepted, to whom my books in quires are consigned, and the greatest care taken, that they are rightly put up. Several of the subscribers to you, requiring their books here, have had them. I need not repeat my thanks to you, for the trouble this

matter has given you; or intreat your favour for Alma and Solomon. I shall perform your commands to the earl of Oxford, *semper idem*; and drink your health with our friends, which is all I can do for you at this distance, till your particular order enjoins me any thing, by which I may show you, that I am, and desire always to continue, with the greatest truth and regard, sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

M. PRIOR,

FROM THE SAME.

SIR,

WESTMINSTER, DEC. 8, 1719.

HAVING spent part of my summer very agreeably in Cambridgeshire with dear lord Harley, I am returned without him to my own palace in Duke-street, whence I endeavour to exclude all the tumult and noise of the neighbouring court of requests, and to live *aut nihil agendo aut aliud agendo*, till he comes to town. But there is worse than this yet. I have treated lady Harriot* at Cambridge; (Good God! a fellow of a college treat!) and spoke verses to her † in a gown and cap! What! the plenipotentary so far concerned in the damned peace at Utrecht; the man, that makes up half the volume

* Lady Harriot Harley, only daughter of Edward, lord Harley; afterward duchess of Portland.

† They are printed in what is called by the editor, Samuel Humphreys, esq., the third volume of Prior's Works; and are entitled, "Verses spoken to lady Henrietta Cavendish Holles Harley, in the library of St. John's College, Cambridge, Nov. 9, 1719."

of terse prose, that makes up the report of the committee, speaking verses ! *Sic est, homo sum* ; and am not ashamed to send those very verses to one, who can make much better. And now let me ask you, How you do ? and what you do ? How your Irish country air agrees with you, and when you intend to take any English country air ? In the spring I will meet you where you will, and go with you where you will ; but I believe the best rendezvous will be Duke street, and the fairest field for action Wimple* ; the lords of both those seats agreeing, that no man will be more welcome to either than yourself.

It is many months since the complaints of my subscribers are redressed, and that they have ceased to call the bookseller a blockhead, by transferring that title to the author. We have not heard from Mr. Hyde ; but expect that at his leisure he will signify to Tonson what may relate to that whole matter, as to the second subscriptions. In the mean time, I hope the books have been delivered without any mistake ; and shall only repeat to you, that I am sensible of the trouble my poetry has given you, and return you my thanks in plain prose. Earl of Oxford, *pro more suo*, went late into the country, and continues there still. Our friends are all well ; so am I, *nisi cum pituita molesta est* ; which is at this present writing, and will continue so all the winter. So, with weak lungs, and a very good heart, I remain always, sir, your most obedient humble servant,

M. PRIOR.

Service to Matthew Pennyfeather, and all friends.
Adieu.

* The seat of lord Harley.

TO MISS VANHOMRIGH.

MAY 12, 1719.

JE vous fais des complimens sur votre perfection dans la langue Françoisé. Il faut vous connoître long temps avant de connoître toutes vos perfections; toujours en vous voyant et entendant, il en paroît des nouvelles, qui étoient auparavant cachées; il est honteux pour moi de ne sçavoir que le Gascon et le Patois, au prix de vous. Il n'y a rien à redire dans l'ortographie, la propriété, l'élégance, le douceur et l'esprit. Et que je suis sot moi de vous répondre en même langage, vous qui êtes incapable d'aucune sottise, si ce n'est l'estime qu'il vous plaît d'avoir pour moi; car il n'y a point de mérite, ni aucun preuve de mon bon goût, de trouver en vous tout ce que la nature a donné un mortel, je veux dire l'honneur, la vertu, le bon sens, l'esprit, la douceur, l'agrément, et la fermeté d'ame; mais en vous cachant, commes vous faites, le monde ne vous connoît pas, et vous perdez l'éloge des millions de gens. Depuis que j'ai l'honneur de vous connoître, j'ai toujours remarqué que ni en conversation particulière, ni générale, aucun mot a échappé de votre bouche, qui pouvoit être mieux exprimé. Et je vous jure, qu'en faisant souvent la plus sévère critique, je ne pouvois jamais trouver aucun défaut en vos actions, ni en vos paroles: la coquetterie, l'affectation, la pruderie sont des imperfections que vous n'avez jamais connues. Et avec tout cela, croyez pas vous, qu'il est possible de ne pas vous estimer au dessus du

reste

reste du genre humain. Quelles bêtes en jupes sont les plus excellentes de celles, que je vois semées dans le monde, au prix de vous : en les voyant, en les entendant, je dis cent fois le jour ; ne parlez, ne regardez, ne pensez, ne faites rien comme ces misérables. Quelle calamité à faire mépriser autant de gens, qui sans songer de vous, seroient assez supportables : mais il est temps de vous délasser, et de vous dire Adieu : avec tout le respect, la sincérité, et l'estime du monde, je suis, et serai toujours.

TO DR. SHERIDAN*.

SIR, DEC. 14, 1719. NINE AT NIGHT.

IT is impossible to know by your letter whether the wine is to be bottled to morrow, or no.

If it be, or be not, why did not you in plain English tell us so ?

For my part, it was by mere chance I came to sit with the ladies this night.

And if they had not told me there was a letter from you, and your man Alexander had not gone, and come back from the deanery, and the boy here had not been sent to let Alexander know I was here, I should have missed the letter outright.

Truly I do not know who is bound to be sending for corks to stop your bottles, with a vengeance.

Make a page of your own age, and send your man

* In this letter, though written in prose, every paragraph ends with a rhyme to the foregoing one,

Alexander

Alexander to buy corks, for Saunders already has gone above ten jaunts.

Mrs. Dingley and Mrs. Johnson say, truly they do not care for your wife's company, though they like your wine; but they had rather have it at their own house to drink in quiet.

However they own it is very civil in Mr. Sheridan to make the offer; and they cannot deny it.

I wish Alexander safe at St. Katharine's to night, with all my heart and soul, upon my word and honour.

But I think it base in you to send a poor fellow out so late at this time of year, when one would not turn out a dog that one valued; I appeal to your friend Mr. Connor.

I would present my humble service to my lady Mountcashel; but truly I thought she would have made advances to have been acquainted with me, as she pretended.

But now I can write no more, for you see plainly my paper is ended.

P. S. I wish when you prated,
 Your letter you'd dated,
 Much plague it created,
 I scolded and rated,
 My soul it much grated,
 For your man I long waited.
 I think you are fated,
 Like a bear to be baited :
 Your man is belated,
 The case I have stated,
 And me you have cheated.

My

My stable's unslated,
 Come back t'us well freighted ;
 I remember my late-head,
 And wish you translated,
 For teasing me.

2 P. S. Mrs. Dingley
 Desires me singly
 Her service to present you,
 Hopes that will content you ;
 But Johnson madam
 Is grown a sad dame,
 For want of your converse,
 And cannot send one verse.

3 P. S. You keep such a twattling
 With you and your bottling,
 But I see the sum total,
 We shall ne'er have one bottle ;
 The long and the short,
 We shall not have a quart.
 I wish you would sign't,
 That we may have a pint,
 For all your colloguing*,
 I'd be glad of a knogging†:
 But I doubt 'tis a sham,
 You won't give us a dram.
 'Tis of shine, a mouth moon-full,
 You won't part with a spoonful,
 And I must be nimble,
 If I can fill my thimble.

* *Colloguing* is a phrase used in Ireland for a specious appearance of kindness without sincerity.

† *Knogging* is in Ireland, the name of a measure of liquor answering to the English quartern or gill.

You see I won't stop,
 Till I come to a drop ;
 But I doubt the oraculum
 Is a poor supernaculum ;
 Tho' perhaps you may tell it
 For a grace, if we smell it.

STELLA.

TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

MY LORD,

DECEMBER 19, 1719.

I FIRST congratulate with you upon growing rich ; for I hope our friend's information is true, *Omne solum diti 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 metzotinto (for want of a better) of Aristippus, in my drawingroom : the motto at the top is, *Omnis Aristippum, &c.* and at the bottom, *Tantâ fœdus cum gente ferire, commissum juveni*. But, since what I heard of Mississippi, I am grown fonder of the former motto. You have heard that Plato followed merchandise three years, to show he knew how to grow rich, as well as to be a philosopher : and I guess, Plato was then about forty,

forty, the period which the Italians prescribe for being wise, in order to be rich at fifty—*Senes 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 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 fail going the true way? whereas, if he had used a razor, or a penknife, 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, Shaftesbury, the last duke of Buckingham;

ham; 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 Somers, 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 sally 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 mankind pursues all superiour 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 toward 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 a 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 nobody believes me: I pretend to pity them, but am inwardly angry. I lay traps for people to desire I would show them some things I have written, but cannot succeed; and
wreak

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 former thoughts, and present objects.—Why cannot you lend me a shred of your mantle, or why did not you leave a shred of it with me when you were 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 possible 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 beside your own, and I scorn to say how safe they would be in mine. Neither 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 was, I believe, much as edifying as this, only thanking and congratulating with you for the delightful verses you sent me. And I ought to have expressed my vexation, 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 than those who live by the art. You may thank fortune that my paper is no longer, &c.

FROM THE DUCHESS OF ORMOND.

SIR,

APRIL 18, 1720.

YOU would have great reason to be angry with me, if my long silence had been occasioned by any thing but my care of you; for having no safe hand to send by till now, I would not write, for fear it might be construed a sort of treason (misprision at least) for you to receive a letter from one half of a proscribed man. I inquire of every body I see, that I imagine has either seen you or heard from you, how you have your health; for wealth and happiness I do not suppose you abound in; for it is hard to meet with either in the country you are in, and be honest as you are. I thank God our parliament has taken them to task, and finding how ill a use they made of their judicature when they had it, have thought it not fit to trust them with it any longer*. I hope the next thing will be to tax
Ireland

* The house of peers in Ireland having transmitted to king George I a long representation, setting forth their right to the final judicature of causes in that kingdom, the house of lords in England resolved, on the eighth of January 1719-20, on the contrary,

Ireland from hence, and then no more opportunities for bills of attainder, which is very happy; for else young Hopeful* might have been in danger. They were so good and obedient to the powers above, that whether there were reason or not, or (as prince Butler said,) crime or no crime, the man was condemned, and a price set upon his head.

I want much to hear what you think of Great Britain; for all our relations here want much to see you, where are strange changes every day. You remember, and so do I, when the South Sea was said to be my lord Oxford's brat, and must be starved at nurse. Now the king has adopted it, and calls it his beloved child; though, perhaps, you may say, if he loves it no better than his son, it may not be saying much: but he loves it as well as he does the duchess of Kendal†, and that is saying a good deal. I wish it may thrive, for many of my friends are deep in it: I wish you were so too. I believe, by this time, you are very sorry I have met with an opportunity of troubling you with this scrawl; but the strong must bear with the infirmities of the weak; and therefore, brother, I

trary, that the barons of the Exchequer in Ireland had acted, in the affair of Annesley and Sherlock, with courage, according to law, in support of his majesty's prerogative, and with fidelity to the crown of Great Britain; and a bill was soon after brought in, for the better securing the dependency of the kingdom of Ireland upon the crown of Great Britain.

* The duchess seems to mean the prince of Wales, afterward king George II, then upon ill terms with his father, and his father's ministers.

† Erengard Melesina Schuylenberg, baroness of Schuylenberg in Germany. She was created duchess of Kendal by king George I, on the thirtieth of April 1719.

hope you will pardon the impertinences of your poor sister, whose brain may be reasonably thought turned with all she has met with. But nothing will hinder her from being, as long as she lives, most sincerely your very humble servant, and faithful friend,

M. ORMOND.

FROM MR. PRIOR.

SIR,

WESTMINSTER, MAY 4, 1720.

FROM my good friend the dean I have two letters before me, of what date I will not say, and I hope you have forgot, that call out for vengeance; or, as other readings have it, for an answer. You told me in one of them, you had been pursued with a giddy head; and I presume you judged by my silence, that I have laboured under the same distemper. I do not know why you have not buried me as you did Partridge, and given the wits of the age, the Steeles and Addisons, a new occasion of living seven years upon one of your thoughts. When you have finished the copy of verses which you began in England, our writers may have another hint, upon which they may dwell seven years longer.

Are you Frenchman enough to know how a Gascon sustains his family for a week?

Dimanche, une Esclanche;

Lundi, froide et Salade;

Mardi,

Mardi, j'aime la Grillade ;
 Mercredi, Hachée ;
 Jeudi, bon pour la Capillotade ;
 Vendredi, Point de Gras ;
 Samedi, qu'on me casse les os, et les chiens se
 creveront des restes de mon Mouton.

We can provide such sort of cookery, if you will but send us the *esclanche* ; but rather bring it with you, for it will eat much better, when you are in the company.

Lord Oxford has been a twelvemonth in Herefordshire, as far from us, literally, though not geographically, as if he had been with you in Ireland. He has writ no more to us, than if we were still ministers of state. But, in the balance of account, *per contra*, I have lord Harley at London ; and have either lived with him at Wimple, or upon him here, ever since his father left us. I know no reason why you should not expect his picture, but that he promised it to you so often. I wrote to him six months since, and instead of acknowledging my letter, he took a more compendious way of sending a gentleman to lady Harriot, in Dover street ; and bid him call in Westminster, to know if I had any thing to say to his lord. He was here to a day, when he was sure the scaffold was ready and the axe whetted ; and is in Herefordshire, when the consent of all mankind either justifies his ministry, or follows the plan of it. The South Sea Company have raised their stock to three hundred and fifty, and he has not sixpence in it. Thou art a stranger in Israel, my good friend ; and seemest to know no more of this lord, than thou

D 2

didst

didst of the conde de Peterborow, when first I construed him to thee at the coffehouse.

I labour under the distemper you complain of, deafness ; especially upon the least cold. I did not take care of my ears, till I knew if my head was my own or not ; but am now syringing, and I hope to profit by it. My cousin is here, and well, and I see him sometimes ; but I find he has had a caution, which depended upon his expecting more from court, and is justifiable in a man, who, like him, has a great family. I have given your compliments to my two favourites. We never forget your health.

I have seen Mr. Butler, and served him to the utmost of my power with my *amici potentiores* : though he had a good cause, and a strong recommendation, he trusted wholly to neither of them, but added the greatest diligence to his solicitations.

Auditor Harley thanks you, for remembering him and his singing man*. As to the affair of subscriptions, do all at your leisure, and in the manner you judge most proper ; and so I bid you heartily farewell, assuring you, that I am ever most truly your's

M. P.

Friend Ford salutes you. Adieu.

Richardson, whom I take to be a better painter than any named in your letter, has made an excellent picture of me ; from whence lord Harley (whose it is) has a stamp taken by Vertue. He has given me some of them for you to give to our friends at or about

* Probably a person recommended to the dean's cathedral.

Dublin. I will send them by Tonson's canal to Hyde at Dublin, in such a manner, as that, I hope, they may come safe to you.

TO ROBERT COPE, ESQ.

DUBLIN, MAY 26, 1720.

IF all the world would not be ready to knock me down for disputing the good nature and generosity of you and Mrs. Cope, I should swear you invited me out of malice: some spiteful people have told you I am grown sickly and splenetick; and, having been formerly so yourself, you want to triumph over me with your health and good humour; and she is your accomplice. You have made so particular a muster of my wants and humours, and demands and singularities, and they look so formidable, that I wonder how you have the courage to be such an undertaker. What if I should add, that once in five or six weeks I am deaf for three or four days together; will you and Mrs. Cope undertake to bawl to me, or let me mope in my chamber till I grow better? *Singula de nobis amici prædantur euntes.* I hunted four years for horses, gave twenty-six pounds for one of three years and a half old, have been eighteen months training him, and when he grew fit to ride, behold my groom gave him a strain in the shoulder, he is rowelled, and gone to grass. Show me a misfortune greater in its kind. Mr. Charleton has refused Wadman's living; why, God knows; and got

the duchess to recommend his brother to it; the most unreasonable thing in the world. The day before I had your letter, I was working with Mr. Nutley and Mr. Whaley, to see what could be done for your lad, in case Caulfeild should get the living which Mr. Whaley (the primate's chaplain) is to leave for Wadman's. Because, to say the truth, I have no concern at all for Charleton's brother, whom I never saw but once. We know not yet whether Whaley's present living will not be given to Dr. Kearney*; and I cannot learn the scheme yet, nor have been able to see Dr. Stone. The primate† is the hardest to be seen or dealt with in the world. Whaley seems to think the primate will offer Caulfeild's living to young Charlton. I know not what will come of it. I called at sir William Fownes's‡; but he is in the county of Wicklow.—If we could have notice of any thing in good time, I cannot but think that, mustering up friends, something might be done for Barclay; but really the primate's life is not upon a very good foot, though I see no sudden apprehensions. I could upon any occasion write to him very freely, and I believe my writing would be of some weight, for they say he is not wholly go-

* Treasurer of Armagh.

† Dr. Thomas Lindsay was made bishop of Raphoe, June 6, 1713, and translated to Armagh, January 4, 1713-14. He died July 13, 1724.

‡ An alderman and lord mayor of Dublin, father of Mr. Cope's lady. He was author of "Methods proposed for regulating the Poor, supporting some, and employing others, according to their Capacities. By sir W. F. 1725." 8vo.—And see a letter of his to the dean, September 9, 1732, on the great utility of founding an hospital for lunaticks.

verned by Cross*. All this may be vision; however, you will forgive it. I do not care to put my name to a letter; you must know my hand. I present my humble service to Mrs. Cope; and wonder she can be so good to remember an absent man, of whom she has no manner of knowledge, but what she got by his troubling her. I wish you success in what you hint to me, and that you may have enough of this world's wisdom to manage it. Pray God preserve you and your fireside. Are none of them yet in your lady's opinion ripe for Sheridan? I am still under the discipline of the bark, to prevent relapses. Charles Ford comes this summer to Ireland. Adieu.

FROM MISS VANHOMRIGH.

SELLBRIDGE, 1720.

BEELIEVE me, it is with the utmost regret that I now complain to you, because I know your good

* Rector of St. Mary's, Dublin.—To this note, which is by Mr. Faulkner, Mr. Deane Swift adds, "Reading the name of Cross in this page gives me reason to apprehend the letter is misdated; for Crosse, who had been chaplain to the Smyrna company, was not rector of St. Mary's until the year 1722; nor do I believe he was at all known in Ireland, further than, perhaps, by name, until his arrival there, when, by the virulence of party rage, dean Francis, an old tory, father to Mr. Francis, who translated Horace, was most spitefully turned out of the rectory of St. Mary's, which he had enjoyed for eighteen years. Crosse was so universally detested for accepting a living, which had been absolutely refused by two or three others of the clergy (particularly by Dr. Cobb, who lived to be promoted several years after to the archiepiscopal see of Dublin) that I am sure Lindsey, who was an old and high tory, would scorn to be acquainted with him. My real opinion is, that Crosse, in that passage, is no more than a pun. D. S.

nature such, that you cannot see any human creature miserable without being sensibly touched. Yet what can I do? I must either unload my heart, and tell you all its griefs, or sink under the inexpressible distress I now suffer by your prodigious neglect of me. It is now ten long weeks since I saw you; and in all that time, I have never received but one letter from you, and a little note with an excuse. Oh! have you forgot me? You endeavour by severities to force me from you. Nor can I blame you: for with the utmost distress and confusion, I beheld myself the cause of uneasy reflections to you: yet I cannot comfort you, but here declare, that it is not in the power of art, time, or accident, to lessen the inexpressible passion, which I have for ——. Put my passion under the utmost restraint; send me as distant from you as the earth will allow, yet you cannot banish those charming ideas which will ever stick by me, while I have the use of memory: nor is the love I bear you only seated in my soul; for there is not a single atom of my frame, that is not blended with it. Therefore, do not flatter yourself that separation will ever change my sentiments: for I find myself unquiet in the midst of silence, and my heart is at once pierced with sorrow and love. For Heaven's sake, tell me, what has caused this prodigious change in you, which I have found of late. If you have the least remains of pity for me left, tell it me tenderly. No—do not tell it so, that it may cause my present death. And do not suffer me to live a life like a languishing death, which is the only life I can lead, if you have lost any of your tenderness for me.

FROM

FROM THE SAME.

PART OF A LETTER WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1720.

IS it possible, that again you will do the very same thing I warned you of so lately? I believe you thought I only rallied, when I told you the other night, I would pester you with letters. Once more I advise you, if you have any regard for your quiet, to alter your behaviour quickly, for I do assure you, I have too much spirit to sit down contented with this treatment. Because I love frankness extremely, I here tell you not that I have determined to try all manner of human arts to reclaim you; and if all those fail, I am resolved to have recourse to the black one, which, it is said, never does. Now see what inconveniency you will bring both yourself and me into. Pray think calmly of it; is it not much better to come of yourself, than to be brought by force, and that perhaps at a time when you have the most agreeable engagement in the world? for when I undertake any thing, I do not love to do it by halves.

TO MISS VANHOMRIGH.

IF you write as you do, I shall come the seldomer, on purpose to be pleased with your letters, which I never look into without wondering how a brat that cannot read, can possibly write so well. You are mistaken: send me a letter without your hand on the outside, and I hold you a crown I shall not read it. But raillery apart, I think it inconvenient, for a hundred reasons, that I should make your house
a sort

a sort of constant dwellingplace. I will certainly come as often as I conveniently can; but my health, and the perpetual run of ill weather, hinder me from going out in the morning; and my afternoons are taken up I know not how, that I am in rebellion with a dozen of people beside yourself, for not seeing them. For the rest, you need make use of no other black art beside your ink. It is a pity your eyes are not black, or I would have said the same: but you are a white witch, and can do no mischief. If you have employed any of your art on the black scarf, I defy it, for one reason—guess. Adieu.

TO THE SAME.

I RECEIVED your letter when some company was with me on Saturday night, and it put me in such confusion that I could not tell what to do. This morning a woman, who does business for me, told me she heard I was in love with one—naming you, and twenty particulars; that little master —— and I visited you; and that the archbishop did so; and that you had abundance of wit, &c. I ever feared the tattle of this nasty town, and told you so: and that was the reason why I said to you long ago, that I would see you seldom when you were in Ireland; and I must beg you to be easy, if, for some time I visit you seldomer, and not in so particular a manner. I will see you at the latter end of the week, if possible. These are accidents in life that are necessary, and must be submitted to; and tattle, by the help of discretion, will wear off.

FROM

FROM MISS VANHOMRIGH.

SELLBRIDGE, 1720.

TELL me sincerely, if you have once wished with earnestness to see me, since I wrote to you : no, so far from that you have not once pitied me, though I told you how I was distressed. Solitude is insupportable to a mind which is not easy. I have worn out my days in sighing, and my nights with watching, and thinking of — who thinks not of me. How many letters shall I send you before I receive an answer? Can you deny me, in my misery, the only comfort which I can expect at present? O! that I could hope to see you here, or that I could go to you. I was born with violent passions, which terminate all in one, that unexpressible passion I have for you. Consider the killing emotions which I feel from your neglect of me; and show some tenderness for me, or I shall lose my senses. Sure you cannot possibly be so much taken up, but you might command a moment to write to me, and force your inclinations to so great a charity. I firmly believe, if I could know your thoughts (which no human creature is capable of guessing at, because never any one living thought like you) I should find you had often in a rage, wished me religious, hoping then I should have paid my devotions to Heaven: but that would not spare you; for were I an enthusiast, still you would be the deity I should worship. What marks

are there of a deity, but what you are to be known by? You are present every where: your dear image is always before my eyes. Sometimes you strike me with that prodigious awe I tremble with fear: at other times a charming compassion shines through your countenance, which revives my soul. Is it not more reasonable to adore a radiant form one has seen, than one only described?

FROM DR. SWIFT.

OCTOBER 15, 1720.

I SIT down with the first opportunity I have to write to you, and the Lord knows when I can find conveniency to send this letter; for all the morning I am plagued with impertinent visits, below any man of sense or honour to endure, if it were any way avoidable. Dinners and afternoons and evenings are spent abroad in walking, to keep and avoid spleen as far as I can; so that when I am not so good a correspondent as I could wish, you are not to quarrel and be governor; but to impute it to my situation, and to conclude infallibly, that I have the same respect and kindness for you I ever professed to have, and shall ever preserve; because you will always merit the utmost that can be given you, especially if you go on to read and still farther improve your mind, and the talents that nature has given you. I am in much concern for poor Mobkin; and the more, because

I am sure you are so too. You ought to be as cheerful as you can, for both our sakes, and read pleasant things that will make you laugh, and not sit moping with your elbows on your knees on a little stool by the fire. It is most infallible that riding would do Mobkin* more good than any other thing, provided fair days and warm clothes be provided : and so it would to you ; and if you lose any skin, you know Job says, skin for skin will a man give for his life. It is either Job or Satan says so, for aught you know. I am getting an ill head in this cursed town, for want of exercise. I wish I were to walk with you fifty times about your garden, and then drink your coffee. I was sitting last night with half a score of both sexes for an hour, and grew as weary as a dog. Every body grows silly and disagreeable or I grow monkish and splenetick ; which is the same thing. Conversation is full of nothing but South Sea, and the ruin of the kingdom, and scarcity of money.

FROM SIR THOMAS HANMER.

SIR,

MILDENHALL, OCT. 22, 1720.

I RECEIVED the favour of a letter from you about ten days since, at which time the duke of

* Miss Mary Vanhomrigh ; who is mentioned before under this appellation in vol. XI, in a letter of the year 1717.

Grafton

Grafton* was at London; but as he was soon expected in the country, and is now actually returned, I thought it best, rather than write, to wait for an opportunity of speaking to him; and yesterday I went over to his house, on purpose to obey your commands. I found he was not a stranger to the subject of my errand; for he had all the particulars of the story very perfect, and told me, my lord Arran had spoken to him concerning it†. I added my solicitations, backed with the reasons with which you had furnished me; and he was so kind to promise, he would by this post write to the chief justice; how explicitly or how pressingly I cannot say, because men in high posts are afraid of being positive in their answers; but I hope it will be in such a manner as will be effectual.

If the thing is done, it will be best that the means should be a secret by which it is brought about; and for this reason you will excuse me, if I avoid putting my name to the outside of my letter, lest it should excite the curiosity of the postoffice. If this affair ends to your satisfaction, I am glad it has proved to me a cause of hearing from you, and an occasion of assuring you, that I am, sir, your very humble servant,

THO. HANMER.

* Charles, whose mother Isabella, daughter of Henry Bennet, earl of Arlington, married for her second husband sir Thomas Hanmer.

† The prosecution of Waters. See the following letter from sir Constantine Phipps.

FROM SIR CONSTANTINE PHIPPS.

SIR, ORMOND-STREET, JAN. 14, 1720-21.

HAVING been a little indisposed, I went at Christmas into the country, which prevented me from sooner acknowledging the favour of your letter. As to Waters's* case, I was informed of it; and the last term I spoke to Mr. Attorney general † about it; but he told me, he could not grant a writ of error in a criminal case, without direction from the king; so that Waters is not likely to have much relief from hence, and therefore I am glad you have some hopes it will drop in Ireland. I think the chief justice ‡ should have that regard to his own reputation, to let it go off so; for I believe the oldest man alive, or any law-book, cannot give any instance of such a proceeding. I was informed who was aimed at by the prosecution, which made me very zealous in it; which I shall be in every thing,

* Dr. Swift's printer: he was prosecuted for printing "A Proposal for the universal Use of Irish Manufactures," said by mistake to have been written in 1721. The dean, in his letter to Pope, dated January 10, 1721, says, that the jury, which tried him, had been culled with the utmost industry; but that, notwithstanding, they brought him in not guilty. That Whitshed, the judge, sent them out nine times, and kept them eleven hours; till, being tired out, they were forced to leave the matter to the mercy of the judge by a special verdict. The duke of Grafton, lord lieutenant, soon after, upon mature advice, and permission from England, granted a *noli prosequi*.

† Sir Robert Raymond.

‡ Whitshed.

wherein

wherein I can be serviceable to that gentleman, for whom nobody has a greater esteem, than your most faithful humble servant,

CON. PHIPPS.

FROM MR. PRIOR.

DEAR SIR, WESTMINSTER, FEB. 28, 1720-21.

IF I am to chide you for not writing to me, or beg your pardon that I have not writ to you, is a question; for our correspondence has been so long interrupted, that I swear I do not know which of us wrote last. In all cases, I assure you of my continual friendship, and kindest remembrance of you; and with great pleasure, expect the same from you. I have been ill this winter. Age, I find, comes on; and the cough does not diminish.

Non sum qualis eram bonæ
Sub Regno Cynaræ—Pass for that.

I am tired with politicks, and lost in the South Sea. The roaring of the waves, and the madness of the people, were justly put together. I can send you no sort of news, that holds either connexion or sense. It is all wilder than St. Anthony's dream; and the bagatelle is more solid than any thing, that has been endeavoured here this year. Our old friend Oxford is not well, and continues in Herefordshire. John of Bucks* died last night, and Conningsby was sent

* John Sheffield, duke of Buckinghamshire.

last night to the Tower. I frequently drink your health with lord Harley, who is always the same good man, and grows daily more beloved as more universally known. I do so too with our honest good natured friend Ford, whom I love for many good reasons, and particularly for that he loves you. As to the subscriptions, in which I have given you a great deal of trouble already, to make the rest of that trouble less, I desire you to send the enclosed letter to Mr. Hyde, that he may raze out the names of those gentlemen who have taken out their books, and take what convenient care he can of the remaining books. And as to the pecuniary part, I find no better way than that you will remit it, as you did the former sum, by bill of exchange. Mr. Ford likewise judges this the best, and securest method.

How do you do as to your health? Are we to see you this summer? Answer me these questions. Give my service to all friends, and believe me to be ever, with great truth and esteem, dear sir, your's,

M. PRIOR.

FROM THE SAME.

DEAR SIR, WESTMINSTER, APRIL, 25, 1721.

I KNOW very well, that you can write a good letter, if you have a mind to it; but that is not the question. A letter from you sometimes is what I desire. Reserve your tropes and periods for those you love less; and let me hear how you do, in whatever humour you are; whether lending your money to the butchers, protecting the weavers, treating the

Vol. XII. E women,

women, or construing *propria quæ maribus* to the country curate. You and I are so established authors, that we may write what we will, without fear of censure; and if we have not lived long enough to prefer the *bagatelle* to any thing else, we deserved to have had our brains knocked out ten years ago.

I have received the money punctually of Mr. Dan. Hayes, have his receipt, and hereby return you all the thanks, that your friendship in that affair ought to claim, and your generosity does contemn. There is one turn for you: good.

The man you mentioned in your last has been in the country these two years, very ill in his health, and has not for many months been out of his chamber; yet what you observe of him is so true, that his sickness is all counted for policy, that he will not come up, till the publick distractions force somebody or other, (whom God knows) who will oblige somebody else to send for him in open triumph, and set him in *statu quo prius*. That in the mean time, he has foreseen all that has happened; checkmated all the ministry; and to divert himself at his leisure hours, he has laid all those lime twigs for his neighbour Coningsby*, that keep that precious bird in the cage, out of which himself slipped so cunningly and easily.

Things, and the way of men's judging them, vary so much here, that it is impossible to give you any just account of some of our friends actions. *Roffen*† is more than suspected to have given up his party, as

* 'Thomas, earl of Coningsby, created so by king George I, in 1719.'

† Atterbury, bishop of Rochester.

Sancho did his subjects, for so much a head, *l'un portant l'autre*. His cause, therefore, which is something originally like that of *Lutrin*, is opposed or neglected by his ancient friends, and openly sustained by the ministry. He cannot be lower in the opinion of most men, than he is; and I wish our friend Har—* were higher than he is.

Our young Harley's vice is no more covetousness, than plainness of speech is that of his cousin Tom. His lordship is really *amabilis*, and lady *Harriette, adoranda*.

I tell you no news, but that the whole is a complication of mistakes in policy, and of knavery in the execution of it: of the ministers I speak, for the most part, as well ecclesiastical as civil. This is all the truth I can tell you, except one, which I am sure you receive very kindly, that I am ever your friend and your servant,

M. PRIOR.

Friend Shelton, commonly called Dear Dick, is with me. We drink your health. Adieu.

TO [STELLA] MRS. JOHNSON†.

JACK GRATTAN said nothing to me of it till last night; it is none of my fault: how did I know but you were to dine abroad? You should have sent your messenger sooner; yes, I think the dinner

* Lord Harcourt.

† Indorsed by Mrs. Johnson; "An answer to no letter."

you provided for yourselves may do well enough here, but pray send it soon. I wish you would give a body more early warning; but you must blame yourselves. Delany says he will come in the evening; and for aught I know Sheridan may be here at dinner: which of you was it that undertook this frolick? Your letter hardly explained your meaning, but at last I found it. Pray do not serve me these tricks often. You may be sure, if there be a good bottle you shall have it. I am sure I never refused you, and therefore that reflection might have been spared. Pray be more positive in your answer to this.

Deanery-house,
Sunday morning, April 30, 1721.

*Margoose**, and not *Mergoose*, it is spelt with an a, simpleton.

No, I am pretty well after my walk. I am glad the archdeacon† got home safe, and I hope you took care of him. It was his own fault; how could I know where he was? and he could have easily overtaken me; for I walked softly on purpose, I told Delany I would.

* The name of a species of strong wine. A similar word is used in an epilogue, ascribed to the dean, in the *Gulliveriana*, p. 64.

“And with richest margoux to wash down a titbit.”
Dr. Bramston, in his “*Crooked Sixpence*,” talks of

“*Chatteau, margout, or the renown’d pontack*.”
And Dr. Dunkin, vol. II, p. 211, after deprecating bumpers, adds,

“O raise not the fury of potent margouze!”

† Archdeacon Walls.

TO THE REV. MR. WALLIS.

SIR,

DUBLIN, MAY 18, 1721.

HAD your letter, and the copy of the bishop's circular enclosed, for which I thank you; and yet I will not pretend to know any thing of it, and hope you have not told any body what you did. I should be glad enough to be at the visitation, not out of any love to the business or the person, but to do my part in preventing any mischief. But in truth my health will not suffer it; and you, who are to be my proxy, may safely give it upon your veracity. I am confident the bishop would not be dissatisfied with wanting my company, and yet he may give himself airs when he finds I am not there. I now employ myself in getting you a companion to cure your spleen. I am

Your faithful humble servant,

J. S.

 TO THE BISHOP OF MEATH.

MY LORD,

JULY 5, 1721.

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

dred 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 publick 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 occasion, 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; 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 —

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,

cessors, 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*, 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.

TO VANESSA.

Gallstown, near Kinnegad, July 5, 1721.

IT was not convenient, hardly possible, to write to you before now, though I had a more than ordinary desire to do it, considering the disposition I found you in last; though I hope I left you in a better. I must here beg you to take more care of your health by company and exercise, or else the spleen will get the better of you, than which there is not a more foolish or troublesome disease, and what you have no pretences to in the world, if all the advantages of life can be any defence against it. Cadenus — assures me, he continues to esteem, and love, and value you above all things, and so will do to the end of his life; but at the same time entreats that you would not make yourself or him unhappy by imaginations. The wisest men of all ages have thought it the best course to seize the

* The bishop was a Welshman; his name Evans.

minutes as they fly, and to make every innocent action an amusement. If you knew how I struggle for a little health, what uneasiness I am at in riding and walking, and refraining from every thing agreeable to my taste, you would think it but a small thing to take a coach now and then, and to converse with fools or impertinents, to avoid spleen and sickness. Without health you will lose all desire of drinking coffee, and be so low as to have no spirits. Pray write to me cheerfully, without complaints or expostulations, or else Cadenus shall know it, and punish you. What is this world without being as easy in it as prudence and fortune can make us? I find it every day more silly and insignificant, and I conform myself to it for my own ease. I am here as deeply employed in other folks plantations and ditches, as if they were my own concern; and think of my absent friends with delight, and hopes of seeing them happy, and of being happy with them. Shall you, who have so much honour and good sense, act otherwise, to make Cad—— and yourself miserable? Settle your affairs, and quit this scoundrel island, and things will be as you desire. I can say no more, being called away. *Mais soyez assurée que jamais personne au monde n'a été aimée, honorée, estimée, adorée par votre ami que vous.* I have drunk no coffee since I left you, nor intend it till I see you again: there is none worth drinking but yours, if myself may be the judge. Adieu.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

JULY 28, 1721.

I NEVER was so angry in all my life, as I was with you last week, on the receipt of your letter of the 19th of June. The extreme pleasure it gave me takes away all the excuses, which I had invented for your long neglect. I design to return my humble thanks to those men of eminent gratitude and integrity, the weavers and the judges, and earnestly to entreat them, instead of tossing you in the person of your proxy, who had need to have iron ribs to endure all the drubbings you will procure him, to toss you in your proper person, the next time you offend, by going about to talk sense or to do good to the rabble. Is it possible, that one of your age and profession should be ignorant, that this monstrous beast has passions to be moved, but no reason to be appealed to; and that plain truth will influence half a score men at most in a nation, or an age, while mystery will lead millions by the nose?

Dear Jonathan, since you cannot resolve to write as you preach, what publick authority allows, what councils and senates have decided to be orthodox, instead of what private opinion suggests, leave off instructing the citizens of Dublin. Believe me, there is more pleasure, and more merit too, in cultivating friendship, than in taking care of the state. Fools and knaves are generally best fitted for the last; and none but men of sense and virtue are capable

capable of the other. How comes it then to pass, that you, who have sense, though you have wit, and virtue, though you have kept bad company in your time, should be so surprised that I continue to write to you, and expect to hear from you, after seven years absence ?

Anni prædantur euntes, say you ; and time will lop off my luxuriant branches : perhaps it will be so. But I have put the pruninghook into a hand, which works hard to leave the other as little to do of that kind as may be. Some superfluous twigs are every day cut ; and as they lessen in number, the bough, which bears the golden fruit of friendship, shoots, swells, and spreads.

Our friend told you what he heard, and what was commonly said, when he told you that I had taken the fancy of growing rich. If I could have resolved to think two minutes a day about stocks, to flatter Law* half an hour a week, or to have any obligation to people I neither loved nor valued, certain it is that I might have gained immensely. But not caring to follow the many bright examples of these kinds, which France furnished, and which England sent us over, I turned the little money I had of my own, without being let into any secret, very negligently : and if I have secured enough to content me, it is because I was soon contented. I am sorry to hear you confess, that the love of money has got into your head. Take care, or it will, ere

* The projector of the Mississippi scheme in France, which produced the South Sea scheme here, and of whose very interesting history a good account may be seen in the History of Leicestershire, vol. III, p. 487.

long, sink into your heart, the proper seat of passions. Plato, whom you cite, looked upon riches, and the other advantages of fortune, to be desirable; but he declared, as you have read in *Diogenes Laertius*; *Ea etsi non affluerint, nihilominus tamen beatum fore sapientem*. You may think it, perhaps, hard to reconcile his two journies into Sicily with this maxim, especially since he got fourscore talents of the tyrant. But I can assure you, that he went to the elder Dionysius only to buy books, and to the younger only to borrow a piece of ground, and a number of men, women, and children, to try his Utopia. Aristippus was in Sicily at the same time; and there passed some billingsgate between these reverend persons. This philosopher had a much stronger fancy to grow rich than Plato: he flattered, he cracked jests and danced over a stick to get some of the Sicilian gold; but still even he took care, *sibi res, non se rebus submittere*. And I remember, with great edification, how he reprov'd one of his catechumens, who blushed, and shrunk back, when his master showed him the way to the bawdyhouse. *Non ingredi turpe est, sed egredi non posse turpe est*. The conclusion of all this is; *un honnête homme* ought to have *cent mille livres de rente*, if you please; but a wise man will be happy with the hundredth part. Let us not refuse riches, when they offer themselves; but let us give them no room in our heads or our hearts. Let us enjoy wealth, without suffering it to become necessary to us. And, to finish with one of Seneca's quaint sentences; "Let us place it so, that fortune may take it without tearing it from us." The passage you mention does follow that, which I quoted

to you, and the advice is good. Solon thought so ; nay, he went farther : and you remember the reason he gave for sitting in the council of Pisistratus, whom he had done his utmost to oppose ; and who, by the way, proved a very good prince. But the epistle is not writ by Cicero, as you seem to think. It is, if I mistake not, an epistle of Dolabella to him. Cato, you say, would not be of the same mind. Cato is a most venerable name, and Dolabella was but a scoundrel with wit and valour ; and yet there is better sense, nay, there is more virtue, in what Dolabella advises, than in the conduct of Cato. I must own my weakness to you. This Cato, so sung by Lucan in every page, and so much better sung by Virgil in half a line, strikes me with no great respect. When I see him painted in all the glorious colours which eloquence furnishes, I call to mind that image of him, which Tully gives in one of his letters to Atticus, or to somebody else ; where he says, that having a mind to keep a debate from coming on in the senate, they made Cato rise to speak, and that he talked till the hour of proposing matters was over. Tully insinuates, that they often made this use of him. Does not the moving picture shift ? Do you not behold Clarke of Taunton Dean, in the gown of a Roman senator, sending out the members to piss ? The censor used sharp medicines ; but, in his time, the patient had strength to bear them. The second Cato inherited this receipt without his skill ; and like a true quack, he gave the remedy, because it was his only one, though it was too late. He hastened the patient's death : he not only hastened it, he made it more convulsive and painful.

The condition of your wretched country is worse than you represent it to be. The healthful Indian follows his master, who died of sickness, to the grave; but I much doubt, whether those charitable legislators exact the same, when the master is a lunatick, and cuts his own throat. I mourn over Ireland with all my heart, but I pity you more. In reading your letter, I feel your pulse; and I judge of your distemper as surely by the figures into which you cast your ink, as the learned doctor, at the hand and urinal*, could do, if he pored over your water. You are really in a very bad way. You say your memory declines: I believe it does, since you forget your friends, and since repeated importunity can hardly draw a token of remembrance from you. There are bad airs for the mind, as well as the body: and what do you imagine, that Plato, since you have set me upon quoting him (who thanked Heaven, that he was not a Bœotian) would have said of the *ultima Thule*? Shake off your laziness, ramble over hither, and spend some months in a kinder climate. You will be in danger of meeting but one plague here, and you will leave many behind you. Here you will come among people, who lead a life singular enough to hit your humour; so near the world, as to have all its conveniencies; so far from the world, as to be strangers to all its inconveniencies; wanting nothing which goes to the ease and happiness of life; embarrassed by nothing which is cumbersome. I dare almost venture to say, that you will like us better than the persons you live with, and that we shall be able to make you retrograde (that I may

* The sign of a noted quack in those days.

use a canonical simile) as the sun did on the dial of Hezekiah, and begin anew the twelve years which you complain are gone. We will restore to you the *nigros angusto fronte capillos*; and with them, the *dulce loqui*, the *ridere decorum*, et *inter vina fugam Cynaræ mærerere protervæ*. *Hæc est vita solutorum miserâ ambitione gravique*, and not yours.

I was going to finish with my sheet of paper; but having bethought myself, that you deserve some more punishment, and calling all my anger against you to my aid, I resolve, since I am this morning in the humour of scribbling, to make my letter at least as long as one of your sermons; and, if you do not mend, my next shall be as long as one of Dr. Manton's*, who taught my youth to yawn, and prepared me to be a high churchman, that I might never hear him read, nor read him more.

You must know, that I am as busy about my hermitage, which is between the Chateau and the Maison Bourgeoise, as if I was to pass my life in it: and if I could see you now and then, I should be willing enough to do so. I have in my wood the biggest and the clearest spring perhaps in Europe, which forms, before it leaves the park, a more beautiful river than any which flows in Greek or Latin verse. I have a thousand projects about this spring, and among others, one, which will employ some marble. Now marble, you know, makes one think of inscriptions: and if you will correct this, which I have not yet committed to paper, it shall

* Thomas Manton, D. D., who had been ejected from the rectory of Covent Garden, for nonconformity, after the restoration. He was a voluminous writer in divinity, and published a large folio volume of sermons on the 119th psalm.

be graved, and help to fill the tablebooks of Spon and Missons* yet to come.

Propter fidem adversus Reginam, et Partes,
 Intemeratè servatam,
 Propter operam in pace generali conciliandâ
 Strenuè saltem navatam,
 Impotentiâ vesanæ factionis
 Solum vertere coactus,
 Hic ad aquæ lene caput sacræ
 Injuste exulat,
 Dulce vivit,
 H. De B. An. &c.

Ob were better than *propter*, but *ob operam* would never please the ear. In a proper place, before the front of the house, which I have new built, I have a mind to inscribe this piece of patchwork.

Si resipiscat patria, in patriam rediturus ;
 Si non resipiscat, ubivis melius quam inter
 Tales civis futurus,
 Hanc villam instauro et exorno :
 Hinc, velut ex portu, alienos casus
 Et fortunæ ludum insolentem
 Cernere suave est.
 Hic, mortem nec appetens nec timens
 Innocuis deliciis,
 Doctâ quiete,
 et
 Felicis animi immotâ tranquillitate,
 Fruiscor.
 Hic mihi vivam quod superest aut exilii,
 Aut ævi.

* James Spon, M. D., and Maximilian Misson, were two eminent travellers, who have published their travels ; in which are inserted many inscriptions.

If in a year's time you should find leisure to write to me, send me some mottoes for groves, and streams, and fine prospects, and retreat, and contempt of grandeur, &c. I have one for my greenhouse, and one for an alley, which leads to my apartment, which are happy enough. The first is *Hic ver assiduum, atque alienis mensibus æstas*. The other is, — *fallentis semita vitæ*.

You see I amuse myself *de la bagatelle* as much as you; but here lies the difference; your *bagatelle* leads to something better; as fiddlers flourish carelessly, before they play a fine air. But mine begins, proceeds, and ends in *bagatelle*.

Adieu: it is happy for you that my hand is tired.

I will take care that you shall have my picture, and I am simple enough to be obliged to you for asking for it. If you do not write to me soon, I hope it will fall down as soon as you have it, and break your head.

FROM THE DUCHESS OF ORMOND.

SIR,

SEPTEMBER 1, 1721.

I DO not know how to account for your long silence, unless your time has been taken up in making an interest with those in power here, for one of the two archbishopricks, that we heard were void, but I am very glad, are not so. Set your heart at rest, for they are promised; and therefore

you may as well write to a sister, when next you honour this kingdom with any dispatches, as to any greater people. It is a shame to think how you have neglected those of your own house. I had once determined to write to you no more, since no answer was to be expected; but then revenge came into my head, and I was resolved to tease you, till at last, to be quiet, you will send me some plausible excuse at least, for never inquiring after brother or sister. I wonder when you will be good natured enough to come and see how we do; but Ireland has such powerful charms, that I question whether you would leave it to be one of our archbishops. I was at your brother Arran's* a good while this summer, and have been much upon the ramble, or else you would have sooner had these just reproaches from me; whom you have no way of appeasing, but by a letter of at least four sides of paper: though I am so good a Christian, upon this occasion, as to be, notwithstanding all this ill treatment, sir,

Your most sincere friend, and humble servant,
M. ORMOND.

TO MR. WORRALL.

DEAR JACK, GALLSTOWN, SEPT. 14, 1721.

I ANSWERED your letter long ago, and have little to say at present. I shall be in town by the

* Another of the sixteen.

beginning of next month, although a fit of good weather would tempt me a week longer; for I never saw or heard of so long a continuance of bad, which has hindered me from several little rambles I intended; but I row or ride every day, in spite of the rain, in spite of a broken shin, or falling into the lakes, and several other trifling accidents. Pray what have you done with the Litchfield man? Has he mended his voice, or is he content to sit down with his Christchurch* preferment? I doubt Mrs. Brent will be at a loss about her industry book †, for want of a new leaf, with a list drawn of the debtors. I know you are such a bungler you cannot do it, and therefore I desire that you would, in a loose sheet of paper, make a survey list, in your bungling manner, as soon as she wants it, and let that serve till I come. Present my service to Mrs. Worrall. I wonder how you, and she, and your heir ‡, have spent the summer, and how often you have been at Dunleary ||, and whether you have got her another horse, and whether she hates dying in the country as much as ever. Desire Mrs. Brent, if a messenger goes from hence, to give him my fustian waistcoat, because the mornings grow cold. I have now and then some threatnings with my head; but have never been absolutely giddy above a minute, and cannot complain of my health, I thank God. Pray send them inclosed to the postoffice. I hear you have let your

* One of the cathedrals in Dublin.

† The book wherein Mrs. Brent kept the account of the money lent by Dr. Swift to poor industrious tradesmen, in small sums without interest.

‡ Mr. Fairbrother.

|| A village at the seaside near Dublin.

house to Mrs. Dopping, who will be a good tenant, if she lives. I suppose your new house is finished, and if Mrs. Worrall does not air it well, it may get you a new wife, which I would not have you tell her, because it will do the business better than a boat at Dalky*. I hope you have ordered an account of absent vicars, and that their behaviour has not been so bad as usual during my sickness in town: if so, I have but an ill subdean.

I am, sir, your's, &c.

P. S. Tell Mrs. Brent, that if Lloyd agrees, I shall be glad one of his hogsheads was left unracked.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

GALLSTOWN, NEAR KINNEGAD,

MY LORD,

SEPT. 28, 1721.

I HAD the honour of your grace's letter of the first instant; and although I thought it my duty to be the last writer in corresponding with your grace, yet I know you are so punctual, that if I should write sooner it would only be the occasion of giving you a new trouble, before it ought in conscience to be put upon you. Besides, I was in some pain that your letter of September 1, was not the first you had writ, because, about ten days after, a friend sent me word,

* A very delightful island, within six or seven miles of Dublin.

that your grace said you had writ to me six weeks before, and had no answer; whereas I can assure your grace that I received but one from you; nor had I reason to expect it, having not done myself the honour to write to you before. I will tell you the secret of dating my letter; I was in fear lest the post should be gone, and so left a blank, and wisely huddled it up without thinking of the date; but we country gentlemen are frequently guilty of greater blunders; and in that article I grow more perfect every day.

I believe you seriously that you will take care of your health, to prevent a successor: that is to say, I believe you tell truth in jest; for I know it is not the value of life that makes you desire to live, and am afraid the world is much of your mind; for it is out of regard to the publick, or some of themselves, more than upon your own account, that they wish your continuance among us.

It seems you are a greater favourite of the lieutenant's* than you care to own; for we hear that he killed but two bucks, and sent you a present of one.

I hear you are likely to be the sole opposer of the bank: and you will certainly miscarry, because it would prove a most perfidious thing. Bankrupts are always for setting up banks: how then can you think a bank will fail of a majority in both houses?

You are very perverse, my lord, in misinterpreting the ladies favour, as if you must die to obtain it; I assure you it is directly contrary; and if you die,

* Charles, duke of Grafton.

you will lose their favour for ever : I am commanded to tell you so ; and therefore at the peril of your life, and of their good graces, look to your health.

I hear the bishop of Bangor*, despairing of doing any good with you, has taken up with Hereford. I am a plain man, and would be glad at any time to see fifty such bishops hanged, if I could thereby have saved the life of his predecessor, for whom I had a great esteem and friendship. I do not much approve the compliments made you by comparisons drawn from good and bad emperors, because the inference falls short on both sides. If Julian had immediately succeeded Constantine, it would have been more to the purpose. Sir James of the Peak † said to Bouchier the gamester, “ Sirrah, I shall look better than you, when I have been a month in my grave.” A great man in England was blaming me for despising somebody or other ; I assured him I did not at all despise the man he mentioned ; that I was not so liberal of my contempt ; nor would bestow it where there was not some degree of merit. Upon this principle, I can see no proper ground of opposition between your grace, and that wretch of Bangor. I have read indeed, that a dog was once made king of Norway, but I forget who was his predecessor ; and therefore am at a loss for the other part of the comparison,

* Dr. Benjamin Hoadly.

† Sir James of the Peak is described by Mrs. Harley in the “ New Atalantis,” as a notorious gamester ; he bears the same character in Dr. King’s works, Vol. II, p. 245. and his gaming on Sundays is censured by the Examiner, see No. 46. From his skill in play, he was called “ monsieur le chevalier,” by the fools he had cheated of their estates.

I am afraid the clatter of ladies tongues is no very good cure for a giddiness in the head. When your grace, (as you say) was young, as I am not, the ladies were better company, or you more easily pleased. I am perpetually reproaching them for their ignorance, affectation, impertinence, (but my paper will not hold all) except lady Betty Rochfort, your old acquaintance.

I own, my head, and your grace's feet, would be ill joined; but give me your head and take my feet, and match us in the kingdom if you can.

My lord, I row after health like a waterman, and ride after it like a postboy, and find some little success; but *subeunt morbi tristisque senectus*. I have a receipt to which you are a stranger; my lord Oxford and Mr. Prior used to join with me in taking it; to whom I often said, when we were two hours diverting ourselves with trifles, *vive la bagatelle*. I am so deep among the workmen at Rochfort's canals and lakes, so dextrous at the oar, such an alderman after the hare ———

I am just now told from some newspapers, that one of the king's enemies, and my excellent friend, Mr. Prior, is dead; I pray God deliver me from many such trials. I am neither old nor philosopher enough to be indifferent at so great a loss; and therefore I abruptly conclude, but with the greatest respect, my lord,

Your grace's most dutiful,
and obedient servant,

J. SWIFT.

TO THE REV. MR. WALLIS.

SIR,

DUBLIN, NOV. 3, 1721.

YOU stole in and out of town without seeing either the ladies or me; which was very ungratefully done, considering the obligations you have to us, for lodging and dieting with you so long. Why did you not call in the morning at the deanery? Besides, we reckoned for certain that you came to stay a month or two, as you told us you intended. I hear you were so kind as to be at Laracor, where I hope you planted something; and I intend to be down after Christmas, when you must continue a week. As for your plan, it is very pretty, too pretty for the use I intend to make of Laracor. All I would desire is, what I mention in the paper I left you, except a walk down to the canal. I suppose your project would cost me ten pounds and a constant gardener. Pray come to town, and stay some time, and repay yourself some of your dinners. I wonder how a mischief you came to miss us. Why did you not set out a Monday, like a true country parson? Besides, you lay a load on us, in saying one chief end of your journey was to see us; but I suppose there might be another motive, and you are like the man that died of love and the colick. Let us know whether you are more or less monkish, how long you found yourself better by our company, and how long before you recovered the charges we put you to?

to? The ladies assure you of their hearty services; and I am, with great truth and sincerity,

Your most faithful humble servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

JAN. 1, 1721-2.

I RECEIVED your letter of the twenty-ninth of September, above a fortnight ago; and should have set you an example, by answering it immediately, (which I do not remember you ever set me) if I had not been obliged to abandon the silence and quiet of this beloved retreat, and to thrust myself into the hurry and babble of an impertinent town. In less than ten days which I spent at Paris, I was more than ten times on the point of leaving my business there undone; and yet this business was to save four-fifths of four hundred thousand livres, which I have on the townhouse; *restes misérables du naufrage de ma fortune*. Luckily I had the fear of you before my eyes; and though I cannot hope to deserve your esteem by growing rich, I have endeavoured to avoid your contempt by growing poor. The expression is equivocal; a fault, which our language often betrays those, who scribble hastily, into; but your own conscience will serve for a comment, and fix the sense. Let me thank you for remembering me in your prayers, and for using your credit above, so
 4 generously

generously in my behalf. To despise riches with Seneca's purse, is to have at once all the advantages of fortune and philosophy.

Quid voveat dulci nutricula majus alumno ?

You are not like H. Guy *, who, among other excellent pieces of advice gave me this, when I first came to court ; to be very moderate and modest in my applications for my friends, and very greedy and importunate when I asked for myself. You call Tully names, to revenge Cato's quarrel ; and to revenge Tully's, I am ready to fall foul of Seneca. You churchmen have cried him up for a great saint ; and as if you imagined, that to have it believed that he had a month's mind to be a christian, would reflect some honour on christianity, you employed one of those pious frauds, so frequently practised in the days of primitive simplicity, to impose on the world, a pretended correspondence between him and the great apostle of the gentiles †. Your partiality in his favour, shall bias me no more, than the pique which Dion Cassius and others show against him. Like

* Henry Guy, who had been secretary to the treasury during three successive reigns, died February 23, 1710, and left to William Pulteney, esq., late earl of Bath, near forty thousand pounds, with an estate of about five hundred pounds a year ; as the latter owns, in his Answer to one Part of a late infamous Libel, &c. published in 1731, p. 39.

† It consists of thirteen letters, which seemed to St Jerom and St. Augustin to have been genuine. But du Pin (*Nouvelle Bibliothèque des Auteurs Ecclésiastiques*, tom. i, p. 24, edit. 1690, 4to.) acknowledges, that they contain nothing worthy of the apostle or philosopher, and have not the least resemblance to the style of either. This is likewise the judgment of the most learned among the modern critics.

an equitable judge, I shall only tax him with avarice in his prosperity, adulation in his adversity, and affectation in every state of life. Were I considerable enough to be banished from my country, methinks I would not purchase my restoration, at the expense of writing such a letter to the prince himself, as your christian stoick wrote to the emperor's slave, Polybius*. Thus I think of the man, and yet I read the author with pleasure; though I join in condemning those points, which he introduced into the Latin style; those eternal witticisms, strung like beads together, and that impudent manner of talking to the passions, before he has gone about to convince the judgment; which Erasmus, if I remember right, objects to him. He is seldom instructive, but he is perpetually entertaining; and when he gives you no new idea, he reflects your own back upon you with new lustre. I have lately writ an excellent treatise in praise of exile†. Many of the hints are taken from *Consolatio ad Helviam*, and other parts of his works. The whole is turned in his style and manner; and there is as much of the spirit of the *portique*, as I could infuse without running too far into the *mirabilia, inopinata, et paradoxa*; which Tully, and I think Seneca himself, ridicules the school of Zeno for. That you may laugh at me in your turn, I own ingenuously, that I began in jest, grew serious at the third or fourth page, and convinced myself, before I had done, of what perhaps I shall never convince any other, that a man of sense and virtue may be unfortunate, but can never

* Seneca de Consolatione ad Polybium.

† It is printed in his works, under the title of "Reflections upon Exile."

be unhappy. Do not imagine, however, that I have a mind to quarrel with Aristippus : he is still my favourite among the philosophers ; and if I find some faults in him, they are few and venial.

You do me much honour, in saying, that I put you in mind of lord Digby ; but say it to no one else, for fear of passing for partial in your parallels, which has done Plutarch more hurt than it has done good to his Grecian heroes. I had forgot, or I never knew, the remarkable passage which you mention. Great virtue, unjustly persecuted, may hold such language, and will be heard with applause ; with general applause I mean, not universal. There was at Athens a wretch, who spit in the face of Aristides, as he marched firm, calm, and almost gay, to execution. Perhaps there was not another man among the Athenians, capable of the same vile action. And for the honour of my country, I will believe, that there are few men in England, beside lord Oxford, capable of hearing that strain of eloquence, without admiration. There is a sort of kindred in souls, and they are divided into more families than we are apt to imagine. Digby's and Harley's are absolute strangers to one another. Touch a unison, and all the unisons will give the same sound ; but you may thrum a lute till your fingers are sore, and you will draw no sound out of a jew's harp.

I thank you for correcting my inscriptions, and I thank you still more for promising to gather up mottoes for me, and to write often to me. I am as little given to beg correspondents, as you are to beg pictures ; but since I cannot live with you, I would fain hear from you. To grow old with good sense, and a good friend, was the wish of Thales ; I add, with

good health : to enjoy but one and a half of these three, is hard. I have heard of Prior's death *, and of his epitaph † ; and have seen a strange book, writ by a grave and eloquent doctor ‡, about the duke of Buckinghamshire. People, who talk much in that moment, can have, as I believe, but one of these two principles, fear, or vanity. It is therefore much better to hold one's tongue. I am sorry, that the first of these persons, our old acquaintance Matt. lived so poor as you represent him. I thought that a certain lord §, whose marriage with a certain heiress was the ultimate end of a certain administration, had put him above want. Prior might justly enough have addressed himself to his young patron, as our

* He died Sept. 18, 1721.

† In the following triplet, written by himself.

“ To me 'tis given to die ; to you 'tis given
 “ To live. Alas ! one moment sets us even ;
 “ Mark how impartial is the will of Heaven !” }
 }
 }

Bishop Atterbury, in a letter to Mr. Pope, dated Sept. 27, 1721, says, “ I had not strength enough to attend Mr. Prior to his grave, else I would have done it, to have showed his friends, that I had forgot and forgiven what he wrote on me. He was buried as he desired, at the feet of Spenser. I will take care to make good, in every respect, what I said to him when living, particularly as to the triplet he wrote for his own epitaph ; which, while we were on good terms, I promised him should never appear on his tomb while I was dean of Westminster.” See Bp. Atterbury's Epistolary Correspondence, 1799, vol. II, p. 117.

‡ Richard Fiddes, D. D., published in 1721, in octavo, A Letter in Answer to one from a Freethinker ; occasioned by the late Duke of Buckinghamshire's Epitaph ; wherein certain Passages in it, that have been thought exceptionable, are vindicated ; and the Doctrine of the Soul's Immortality asserted, &c. This was followed by A Second Letter, published the same year.

§ Edward, Lord Harley, who married in October 1713, the lady Henrietta Cavendish Holles, only daughter and heir of John, duke of Newcastle.

friend Aristippus did to Dionysius ; “ you have money, which I want ; I have wit and knowledge, “ which you want.” I long to see your travels* ; for, take it as you will, I do not retract what I said. I will undertake to find, in two pages of your *bagatelles*, more good sense, useful knowledge, and true religion, than you can show me in the works of nineteen in twenty of the profound divines and philosophers of the age.

I am obliged to return to Paris in a month or six weeks time, and from thence will send you my picture. Would to Heaven I could send you as like a picture of my mind : you would find yourself, in that draught, the object of the truest esteem, and the sincerest friendship.

FROM DR. SNAPE.

REVEREND SIR,

WINDSOR, APRIL 23, 1722.

I TAKE the opportunity of two of our choir going over to try their fortune in your country, at once to return my thanks for a very obliging letter you favoured me with some years ago, and your kind interpretation of my endeavours at that time to assert the cause of our establishment against a prelate† who was undermining it : and also to recommend to your favour the bearer, Mr. Elford ; who upon the encouragement of your worthy primate, is going to

* Gulliver's.

† Bishop Hoadly.

settle at Armagh. I cannot pretend to say, he has the same compass of voice with his late brother, whom the good queen so much admired ; but I will venture to say, he has a greater compass of understanding ; and upon the whole, that he is a good choirman. The other, that bears him company, was a very useful chorister to us. His voice, since its breaking, is somewhat harsh, but I believe will grow mellow. If you find either of them for your purpose, especially the bearer, when you have a vacancy in your church, I shall be much obliged to you for any favour you are pleased to show him, and be ready to approve myself, on any occasion, reverend sir, your most obliged and affectionate servant,

A. SNAPE.

TO VANESSA.

CLOGHER, JUNE 1, 1722.

THE weather has been so constantly bad that I have wanted all the healthy advantages of the country, and it seems likely to continue so. It would have been infinitely better once a week to have met at Kendal, and so forth, where one might pass three or four hours in drinking coffee in the morning, or dining *tête-à-tête*, drinking coffee again till seven. God send you through your lawsuit, and your reference. And remember that riches are nine parts in ten of all that is good in life, and health is the tenth ;

tenth ; drinking coffee comes long after, and yet it is the eleventh ; but without the two former you cannot drink it right : and remember the china in the old house, and Rider street, and the colonel's journey to France, and the London wedding, and the sick lady at Kensington, and the indisposition at Windsor, and the strain by the box of books at London. Last year I writ you civilities, and you were angry. This year I will write you none, and you will be angry ; yet my thoughts were still the same—*Croyez que je serai toujours tout ce que vous désirez. Adieu.*

TO THE SAME.

LOUGHGALL, COUNTY OF ARMAGH,

JULY 13, 1722.

I AM well pleased with the account of your visit, and the behaviour of the ladies. I see every day as silly things among both sexes, yet endure them for the sake of amusement. The worst thing in you and me is, that we are too hard to please ; and whether we have made ourselves so, is the question ; at least I believe we have the same reason. One thing that I differ from you in is, that I do not quarrel with my best friends. I believe you have ten angry passages in your letter, and every one of them enough to spoil two days apiece of riding and walking. We differ prodigiously in one point : I fly from the spleen to the world's end ; you run out
of

of your way to meet it. I doubt the bad weather has hindered you much from the diversions of your country house, and put you upon thinking in your chamber. The use I have made of it, was to read, I know not how many, diverting books of history and travels. I wish you would get yourself a horse, and have always two servants to attend you, and visit your neighbours; the worse the better: there is a pleasure in being revered; and that is always in your power, by your superiority of sense, and an easy fortune. The best maxim I know in this life is, to drink your coffee when you can; and when you cannot, to be easy without it: while you continue to be splenetick, count upon it, I will always preach. Thus much I sympathise with you, that I am not cheerful enough to write; for I believe coffee, once a week, is necessary to that. I can sincerely answer all your questions as I used to do; but then I give all possible way to amusements, because they preserve my temper, as exercise does my health; and without health and good humour I would rather be a dog. I have shifted scenes oftener than ever I did in my life, and I believe have lain in thirty beds since I left town, and always drew up the clothes with my left hand; which is a superstition I have learned these ten years. I long to see you in figure and equipage. Pray do not lose that taste. Farewel.

TO THE SAME.

AUGUST 7, 1722.

I AM this hour leaving my present residence ; and if I fix any where shall let you know it.

A long vacation.—Law lies asleep, and bad weather. How do you wear away the time ? Is it among the groves and fields of your country seat, or among your cousins in town ; or thinking in a train that will be sure to vex you ; and then reaping, and forming teasing conclusions from mistaken thoughts. The best companion for you is a philosopher ; whom you would regard as much as a sermon. I have read more trash since I left you, than would fill all your shelves, and am abundantly the better for it, though I scarce remember a syllable. What a foolish thing is time ; and how foolish is man, who would be as angry if time stopped, as if it passed. But I will not proceed at this rate ; for I am writing, and thinking myself fast into the spleen, which is the only thing I would not compliment you by imitating. So adieu till the next place I fix in.

TO ROBERT COPE, ESQ.

DUBLIN, OCTOBER 9, 1722.

I AM but just come to town, and therefore look upon myself to have just left Loughall, and that this is the first opportunity I have of writing to you.

Strange revolutions since I left you : a bishop* of my old acquaintance in the Tower for treason, and a doctor of my new acquaintance made a bishop. I hope you are returned with success from your Connaught journey, and that you tired yourself more than you expected in taking the compass of your new land ; the consequence of which must be, that you will continue needy some years longer than you intended.—Your new bishop Bolton was born to be my tormentor ; he ever opposed me as my subject †, and now has left me embroiled for want of him. The government, in consideration of the many favours they have shown me, would fain have me give St. Bride's to some one of their hangdogs, that Dr. Howard may come in to St. Werburgh's. So that I must either disoblige whig and tory in my chapter, or be ungrateful to my patrons in power.—When you come to town, you must be ready, at what time you hear the sound of tabret, harp, &c. to worship the brazen image set up, or else be cast into a cold watery furnace ; I have not yet seen it, for it does not lie in my walks, and I want curiosity.—The

* Dr. Atterbury, bishop of Rochester.

† Dr. Bolton had been chancellor of St. Patrick's.

wicked Tories themselves begin now to believe there was something of a plot; and every plot costs Ireland more than any plot can be worth. The court has sent a demand here for more money by three times than is now in the hands of the treasury, and all the collectors of this kingdom put together. I escaped hanging very narrowly a month ago; for a letter from Preston, directed to me, was opened in the postoffice, and sealed again in a very slovenly manner, when Manley found it only contained a request from a poor curate. This hath determined me against writing treason: however, I am not certain that this letter may not be interpreted as comforting his most excellent majesty's enemies, since you have been a state prisoner. Pray God keep all honest men out of the hands of lions and bears, and uncircumcised Philistines!—I hoped my brother Orrery* had loved

* Charles Boyle, born in August 1676, was entered, when only fifteen, of Christ's Church, Oxford; and early distinguished himself by publishing the life of Lysander, from the Greek of Plutarch; and still more, by his edition of Phalaris in 1695, and the consequent controversy with Dr. Bentley. He succeeded to the title of earl of Orrery, Aug. 23, 1703, on the death of his elder brother Lionel, and had a regiment given him; was elected a knight of the Thistle, Oct. 13, 1705; raised to the rank of major general in 1709, and sworn of the privy council. At the time the peace of Utrecht was settling, he was appointed envoy extraordinary to the states of Flanders and Brabant, Jan. 11, 1710-11; and, for his services, was created baron Boyle, of Marston, in Somersetshire, Sept. 10, 1711. He resided at Brussels, as envoy, till June 1713; and, on the accession of king George I, was continued in his command in the army, made a lord of the bedchamber; and lord lieutenant of the county of Somerset, Dec. 3, 1714. He resigned his post in the bedchamber in 1716, his regiment having before been taken from him; was committed to the Tower, Sept. 23, 1722, on suspicion of being concerned in Laver's plot; whence

loved his land too much to hazard it on revolution principles. I am told that a lady of my acquaintance was the discoverer of this plot, having a lover among the true whigs, whom she preferred before an old battered husband.

You never saw any thing so fine as my new Dublin plantations of elms; I wish you would come and visit them; and I am very strong in wine, though not so liberal of it as you.—It is said that Kelly the parson* is admitted to Kelly the squire†, and that they are cooking up a discovery between them, for the improvement of the hempen manufacture. It is reckoned that the best trade in London this winter will be that of an evidence. As much as I hate the tories, I cannot but pity them as fools. Some think likewise, that the pretender ought to have his choice of two caps, a red cap or a fool's cap. It is a wonderful thing to see the tories provoking his present majesty, whose clemency, mercy, and forgiving temper, have been so signal, so extraordinary, so more than humane, during the whole

he was at last discharged, after suffering severely in his health; and died Aug. 28, 1731, aged 57. His lordship's taste as a fine writer is well established; and the noble instrument invented by him, which bears his name, is a proof of his mechanical genius; he had also a peculiar turn to medicine; and bought and read whatever was published on that subject.

* George Kelly, taken up on suspicion of treasonable correspondence, was tried by the house of lords, and found guilty, and sentenced to be confined in the Tower for life; but he made his escape in the year 1736.

† Captain Dennis Kelly, who had a very good estate in Ireland, was committed to the Tower in 1722, on suspicion of corresponding with the pretender; but nothing could be proved against him. Mr. Kelly's daughter was honoured with the friendship of Dr. Swift; and several of her letters are in the collection of his works.

course of his reign ; which plainly appears, not only from his own speeches and declarations, but also from a most ingenious pamphlet just come over, relating to the wicked bishop of Rochester.—But enough of politicks. I have no town news : I have seen nobody : I have heard nothing. Old Rochfort* has got a dead palsy. Lady Betty † has been long ill. Dean Per—— ‡ has answered the other dean's journal § in Grub street, justly taxing him for avarice and want of hospitality. Madam Per—— absolutely denies all the facts : insists that she never made candles of dripping ; that Charly never had the chin cough, &c.

My most humble service to Mrs. Cope, who entertained that covetous lampooning dean much better than he deserved. Remember me to honest Nanty, and boy Barclay.

Ever yours, &c.

* Robert Rochfort, esq. He was made attorney general to king William, June 6, 1695 : chosen speaker of the house of commons the same year ; and appointed chief baron of the exchequer in 1707, in which post he continued till the death of the queen.

† Wife to Mr. George Rochfort (the chief baron's son); and daughter to the earl of Drogheda.

‡ Dr. William Percivale, archdeacon of Cashel in 1713, appears, by Boulter's Letters, to have been promoted in the year 1725 to the rectory of St. Michan's in Dublin. He was then a dean, and evidently the person here meant. Dr. Percivale died suddenly at Gaulstown, Oct. 10, 1727.

§ See The Country Life, by Dean Swift, in Vol VII, of this collection, p. 20.

TO THE EARL OF OXFORD.

MY LORD,

OCTOBER 11th, 1722.

I OFTEN receive letters franked from 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 compliments, 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

countenanced in too publick 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 publick) 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 expense. 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.

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 only promise, 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 me.

I entreat 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*, 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.

FROM MR. GAY.

DEAR SIR,

LONDON, DEC. 22, 1722.

AFTER every postday, for these eight or nine years, I have been troubled with an uneasiness of spirit, and at last, I have resolved to get rid of it, and write to you. I do not deserve you should think so well of me as I really deserve; for I have not professed to you, that I love you as much as ever I did: but you are the only person of my acquaintance almost that does not know it. Whomever I see that comes from Ireland, the first question I ask

* The members of the club of sixteen all called one another brothers, and consequently their wives were sisters to the several members.

is after your health ; of which I had the pleasure to hear very lately from Mr. Berkeley. I think of you very often : nobody wishes you better, or longs more to see you. Duke Disney, who knows more news than any man alive, told me I should certainly meet you at the Bath this season : but I had one comfort in being disappointed, that you did not want it for your health. I was there for near eleven weeks for a colick, that I have been often troubled with of late ; but have not found all the benefit I expected.

I lodge, at present, in Burlington house, and have received many civilities from many great men, but very few real benefits. They wonder at each other for not providing for me ; and I wonder at them all. Experience has given me some knowledge of them ; so that I can say, that it is not in their power to disappoint me. You find I talk to you of myself ; I wish you would reply in the same manner. I hope, though you have not heard of me so long, I have not lost my credit with you ; but that you will think of me in the same manner, as when you espoused my cause so warmly, which my gratitude never can forget. I am, dear sir, your most obliged, and sincere humble servant,

J. GAY.

P. S. Mr. Pope, upon reading over this letter, desired me to tell you, that he has been just in the same sentiments with me, in regard to you ; and shall never forget his obligations to you.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

DUBLIN, DEC. 22, 1722.

WHAT care we, whether you swim or sink? Is this a time to talk of boats, or a time to sail in them, when I am shuddering? or a time to build boat houses, or pay for carriage? No; but toward summer, I promise hereby under my hand to subscribe a (guinea*) shilling for one; or, if you please me, what is blotted out, or something thereabouts, and the ladies shall subscribe three thirteens between them, and Mrs. Brent a penny, and Robert and Archy halfpence a piece, and the old man and woman a farthing each; in short, I will be your collector, and we will send it down full of wine, a fortnight before we go at Whitsuntide. You will make eight thousand blunders in your planting; and who can help it? for I cannot be with you. My horses eat hay, and I hold my visitation on January 7, just in the midst of Christmas. Mrs. Brent is angry, and swears as much as a fanatick can do, that she will subscribe sixpence to your boat.—Well, I shall be a countryman when you are not; we are now at Mr. Fad's†, with Dan and Sam; and I steal out while they are at cards, like a lover writing to his mistress.—We have no news in our town. The ladies have left us to day, and I promised them that you would carry your club to Arsellagh, when you are weary of one another. You express your happi-

* The word *guinea* is struck through with a pen in the copy.

† Faden.

ness with grief in one hand, and sorrow in the other, What fowl have you but the weep? what hairs, but Mrs. Macfaden's gray hairs? what pease but your own? Your mutton and your wether are both very bad, and so is your wedder mutton. Wild fowl is what we like.—How will this letter get to you?—A fortnight good from this morning, you will find Quilca not the thing it was last August; nobody to relish the lake; nobody to ride over the downs; no trout to be caught; no dining over a well; no night heroicks, no morning epicks; no stolen hour when the wife is gone; no creature to call you names. Poor miserable master Sheridan! No blind harpers! no journies to Rantavan!—Answer all this, and be my *magnus Apollo*. We have new plays and new libels, and nothing valuable is old but Stella, whose bones she recommends to you. Dan desires to know whether you saw the advertisement of your being robbed—and so I conclude,

Yours, &c.

T.

TO MR. GAY.

DUBLIN, JAN. 8, 1722-3.

COMING home after a short Christmas ramble, I found a letter upon my table, and little expected when I opened it to read your name at the bottom. The best and greatest part of my life, until these last eight years, I spent in England; there I made my friendships, and there I left my desires. I am condemned for ever to another country; what is in prudence

dence to be done? I think, to be *oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus & illis*. What can be the design of your letter but malice, to wake me out of a scurvy sleep, which however is better than none? I am toward nine years older since I left you, yet that is the least of my alterations; my business, my diversions, my conversations, are all entirely changed for the worse, and so are my studies and my amusements in writing; yet, after all, this humdrum way of life might be passable enough, if you would let me alone. I shall not be able to relish my wine, my parsons, my horses, nor my garden for three months, until the spirit you have raised shall be dispossessed. I have sometimes wondered that I have not visited you, but I have been stopped by too many reasons, beside years and laziness, and yet these are very good ones. Upon my return after half a year among you, there would be to me *desiderio nec pudor nec modus*. I was three years reconciling myself to the scene, and the business, to which fortune had condemned me, and stupidity was what I had recourse to. Besides, what a figure should I make in London, while my friends are in poverty, exile, distress, or imprisonment, and my enemies with rods of iron? Yet I often threatened myself with the journey, and am every summer practising to get health to bear it: the only inconvenience is, that I grow old in the experiment. Although I care not to talk to you as a divine, yet I hope you have not been author of your colick: do you drink bad wine, or keep bad company? Are you not as many years older as I? It will not be always *et tibi quos mihi dempserit apponet annos*. I am heartily sorry you have any dealings with that ugly distemper, and I believe our
friend

friend Arbuthnot will recommend you to temperance and exercise. I wish they could have as good an effect upon the giddiness I am subject to, and which this moment I am not free from. I should have been glad if you had lengthened your letter by telling me the present condition of many of my old acquaintance, Congreve, Arbuthnot, Lewis, &c. but you mention only Mr. Pope, who I believe is lazy, or else he might have added three lines of his own. I am extremely glad he is not in your case of needing great men's favour, and could heartily wish that you were in his. I have been considering why poets have such ill success in making their court, since they are allowed to be the greatest and best of all flatterers: the defect is that they flatter only in print or in writing, but not by word of mouth: they will give things under their hand which they make a conscience of speaking. Besides, they are too libertine to haunt antichambers, too poor to bribe porters and footmen, and too proud to cringe to secondhand favourites in a great family. Tell me, are you not under original sin by the dedication of your eclogues to lord Bolingbroke? I am an ill judge at this distance; and besides, am, for my ease, utterly ignorant of the commonest things that pass in the world; but if all courts have a sameness in them (as the parsons phrase it) things may be as they were in my time*, when all employments went to parliament-men's friends, who had been useful in elections, and there was always a huge list of names in arrears at the treasury, which would at least take up your seven years expedient to discharge even one half. I am of

* At what period of time, in the English history, was not this the case, and the true state of things?

opinion, if you will not be offended, that the surest course would be to get your friend who lodged in your house, to recommend you to the next chief governor who comes over here, for a good civil employment, or to be one of his secretaries, which your parliamentmen are fond enough of, when there is no room at home. The wine is good and reasonable; you may dine twice a week at the deanery house; there is a set of company in this town sufficient for one man; folks will admire you, because they have read you, and read of you; and a good employment will make you live tolerably in London, or sumptuously here; or if you divide between both places, it will be for your health.

I wish I could do more than say I love you. I left you in a good way both for the late court, and the successors; and by the force of too much honesty or too little sublunary wisdom, you fell between two stools. Take care of your health and money; be less modest and more active; or else turn parson and get a bishoprick here: would to God they would send us as good ones from your side!

I am ever, &c.

TO THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.

MY LORD,

DUBLIN, JAN. 24, 1722-3.

I RECEIVED lately from the dean of Downe a favourable message from your grace, relating to a clergyman,

gyman, who married my near relation, and whose estate is much encumbered by a long suit at law. I return my most humble acknowledgments for your grace's favourable answer. I can assure your grace, that in those times, when I was thought to have some credit with persons in power, I never used it to my own interest, and very rarely for that of others, unless where it was for the publick advantage; neither shall I ever be a troublesome or common petitioner to your grace. I am sorry the archbishop of Dublin* should interpose in petty matters, when he has justly so much weight in things of greater moment. How shall we, the humblest of your addressers, make our way to the smallest mark of your favour? I desired your secretary, Mr. Hopkins, (whom I have long known) to deal plainly with me, as with a man forgotten, and out of the world, and if he thought my request unreasonable, I would drop it. This he failed to do; and therefore I here complain of him to your grace, and will do so to himself, because I have long done with court answers.

I heartily wish your grace full success in all your great and good endeavours for the service of your country, and particularly of this kingdom; and am, with the greatest respect, my lord, your grace's most obedient, and most humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

* Dr. King.

FROM MR. GAY.

LONDON, FEB. 3, 1722-3.

YOU made me happy in answering my last letter in so kind a manner, which, to common appearance, I did not deserve; but I believe you guessed my thoughts, and knew, that I had not forgot you, and that I always loved you. When I found, that my book was not sent to you by Tooke, Jervas undertook it, and gave it to Mr. Maxwell, who married a niece of Mr. Meredith's. I am surprised you have heard nothing of it; but Jervas has promised me to write about it, so that I hope you will have it delivered to you soon. Mr. Congreve I see often: he always mentions you with the strongest expressions of esteem and friendship. He labours still under the same afflictions, as to his sight and gout; but, in his intervals of health, he has not lost any thing of his cheerful temper. I passed all the last season with him at the Bath, and I have great reason to value myself upon his friendship; for I am sure he sincerely wishes me well. We pleased ourselves with the thoughts of seeing you there; but duke Disney, who knows more intelligence than any body besides, chanced to give us a wrong information. If you had been there, the duke promised, upon my giving him notice, to make you a visit. He often talks of you, and wishes to see you.

I was two or three days ago at Dr. Arbuthnot's, who told me, he had written you three letters, but had received no answer. He charged me to send you

you his advice, which is, to come to England and see your friends. This, he affirms (abstracted from the desire he has to see you) to be very good for your health. He thinks, that your going to Spa, and drinking the waters there, would be of great service to you, if you have resolution enough to take the journey. But he would have you try England first. I like the prescription very much, but I own, I have a self interest in it; for your taking this journey would certainly do me a great deal of good. Pope has just now embarked himself in another great undertaking as an author; for, of late, he has talked only as a gardener. He has engaged to translate the *Odyssey* in three years, I believe rather out of a prospect of gain than inclination; for I am persuaded he bore his part in the loss of the South-sea. He lives mostly at Twickenham, and amuses himself in his house and garden. I supped about a fortnight ago with lord Bathurst and Lewis, at Dr. Arbuthnot's. Whenever your old acquaintance meet, they never fail of expressing their want of you. I wish you would come, and be convinced, that all I tell you is true.

As for the reigning amusement of the town, it is entirely musick; real fiddles, base-viols, and haut-boys; not poetical harps, lyres, and reeds. There's nobody allowed to say, I sing, but an eunuch, or an Italian woman. Every body is grown now as great a judge of musick, as they were, in your time, of poetry; and folks, that could not distinguish one tune from another, now daily dispute about the different styles of Handel, Bononcini, and Attilio. People have now forgot Homer, and Virgil, and Cæsar; or, at least, they have lost their ranks. For,

in London and Westminster, in all polite conversations, Senesino is daily voted to be the greatest man that ever lived.

I am obliged to you for your advice, as I have been formerly for your assistance, in introducing me into business. I shall this year be a commissioner of the state lottery, which will be worth to me a hundred and fifty pounds. And I am not without hopes, that I have friends, that will think of some better and more certain provision for me. You see I talk to you of myself, as a thing of consequence to you. I judge by myself; for to hear of your health and happiness, will always be one of my greatest satisfactions. Every one that I have named in the letter, give their service to you. I beg you to give mine, Mr. Pope's, and Mr. Kent's*, to Mr. Ford. I am, dear sir, your most faithful and most humble servant,

J. GAY.

P. S. My paper was so thin, that I was forced to make use of a cover. I do not require the like civility in return.

* A celebrated gardener, to whom Pope, speaking of Esher, a seat of the late Mr. Pelham's, pays a most elegant compliment;

“Where Kent and nature vie for Pelham's love.”

TO THE REV. MR. WALLIS.

SIR,

DUBLIN, FEB. 12, 1722-3.

I WOULD have been at Laracor and Athboy before now, if an ugly depending chapter business had not tied me here. There is a long difficulty, that concerns the government, the archbishop, the chapter, the dean, Dr. Howard, and Robin Grattan, and I know not whether it will be determined in a month. All my design is, to do a job for Robert Grattan; but the rest have their different schemes and politicks, too deep and too contemptible for me to trouble myself about them. Mean time you grow negligent, and the improvements at Laracor are forgotten. I beg you will stop there for a day or two, and do what is necessary now, before the season is too late; and I will come when this affair is over, and bring down wine (which will not be ready till then, for it is but just bottled); and we will be merry at your house and my cottage.

I sent your memorial, drawn up by myself, with my opinion upon it, and a letter to Dr. Kearney, to recommend it to the primate. I likewise desired Mr. Morgan to second it. I have in vain hitherto sought Dr. Kearney, but shall find him soon; and I intend to engage Dr. Worth and Mr. Cross, and probably all may come to nothing——*Sed quid tentare nocebit?* The ladies are as usually—Mrs. Johnson eats an ounce a week, which frights

me from dining with her. My crew has drunk near three hogsheads since I came to town, and we must take up with new when I come down. I suppose you are in the midst of spleen and justice. I have often an ill head, and am so unfortunate as to pick out rainy days to ride in. What is it to you that old Proby the painter is dead?

I am ever your's,

J. SWIFT.

TO ROBERT COPE, ESQ.

DUBLIN, MAY 11, 1723.

I PUT up your letter so very safe, that I was half an hour looking for it. I did not receive it till a few days before I came to town; for I often changed stages, and my last as well as my first was at Woodpark with Mr. Ford. This is the first minute of leisure I have had to answer you, which I did not intend to do, till I heard you were come and gone from hence like a spright. I will tell you that for some years I have intended a southern journey; and this summer is fixed for it, and I hope to set out in ten days. I never was in those parts, nor am acquainted with one Christian among them, so that I shall be little more than a passenger; from thence I go to the bishop of Clonfert*, who expects me, and pretends to be prepared for me. You need not take so much pains to invite me to Loughgall. I am

* Dr. Theophilus Bolton.

grown so peevish, that I can bear no other country place in this kingdom; I quarrel every where else, and sour the people I go to as well as myself. I will put the greatest compliment on you that ever I made; which is, to profess sincerely that I never found any thing wrong in your house, and that you alone of all my Irish acquaintance have found out the secret of loving your lady and children, with some reserve of love for your friends, and, which is more, without being troublesome; and Mrs. Cope, I think, excels even you, at least you have made me think so, and I beg you will deceive me as long as I live. The worst of it is, that if you grow weary of me (and I wonder why you do not) I have no other retreat. The neighbours you mention may be valuable, but I never want them at your house; and I love the very spleen of you and Mrs. Cope, better than the mirth of any others you can help me to; it is indeed one additional good circumstance that T——* will be absent. I am sorry to say so of an old acquaintance; I would pity all infirmities that years bring on, except envy and loss of good nature; the loss of the latter I cannot pardon in any one but myself. My most humble service to Mrs. Cope; and pray God bless your fireside! It will spare Dr. Jinny † the trouble of a letter, if he knows from you in a few days that I intend in a week from your receiving this to begin my journey; for he promised to be my companion. It is probable I may be at Clonfert by the beginning of July.—It is abominable that you will get me none of Prior's guineas.—If you want news, seek other correspond-

* Q. Tisdell.

† A clergyman in the neighbourhood.

ents. Mr. Ford is heartily weary of us, for want of company. He is a tavern man, and few here go to taverns, except such as will not pass with him; and, what is worse, as much as he has travelled, he cannot ride. He will be undone when I am gone away; yet he does not think it convenient to be in London during these hopeful times. I have been four hours at a commission to hear the passing of accompts, and thought I should not have spirits left to begin a letter; but I find myself refreshed with writing to you. Adieu, and do me the justice to believe that no man loves and esteems you more than yours, &c.

TO THE SAME.

JUNE 1, 1723.

I WROTE to you three weeks ago; perhaps my letter miscarried: I desired you would let Dr. Jinny know that I intended my journey in ten days after my letter would reach you; and I staid five or six more, and do now leave this town on Monday, and take a long southern journey, and in five or six weeks hope to get to the bishop of Clonfert's. My letter to you was very long, and full of civilities to you and Mrs. Cope, and it is a pity it should be lost. I go where I was never before, without one companion, and among people where I know no creature; and all this to get a little exercise, for curing an ill head. Pray reproach Dr. Jinny soundly, if you received my letter, and sent my message; for
I know

I know not where to direct to him, but thought you might hear of him once a week. Your friend Ford keeps still in Ireland, and passes the summer at his country house with two sober ladies of his and my acquaintance. If there be time after my being at Clonfert, I will call at Loughgall; though I wish you would come to the bishop's, if Mrs. Cope will give you leave. It seems they are resolved to find out plots here when the parliament meets, in imitation of England; and the chief justice and post-master are gone on purpose to bring them over, and they will raise fifty thousand pounds on the papists here. The bishop of Meath* says, "The bishop of Rochester was always a silly fellow."

I wish you many merry meetings with Tisdell. The graziers will be ruined this year. Praised be God for all things! Bermudas† goes low. The walk

* Dr. John Evans; whose urbanity may be estimated from his conduct to Dr. Swift in 1721.

† Alluding to Dr. Berkeley's project of founding a university at Bermudas. This excellent divine, by Dr. Swift's recommendation, went to Sicily with lord Peterborow, as secretary and chaplain.—His letters to Mr. Pope from Leghorn and Naples (see that poet's works) make us regret that there are only three of them. One letter to him from Mr. Pope is in Mr. Duncombe's collection.—During Dr. Berkeley's absence, Trinity College, Dublin, of which he was then one of the senior fellows, created him, in 1717, D. D. by diploma. He returned to Ireland in 1718, and in 1721 was advanced to the deanery of Derry; where he was no sooner settled than he formed the benevolent plan which he published, in 1725, under the title of, "A Proposal for the better supplying of Churches in our Foreign Plantations, and for converting the Savage Americans to Christianity, by a College to be erected in the Summer Islands, otherwise called the Isles of Bermuda." Having obtained a royal charter, dean Berkeley set sail for Rhode Island in September 1728. But, not finding himself supported in
 this

walk toward the bishop of Clonfert's is full of grass. The college and I are fallen out about a guinea. We have some hangings, but few weddings. The next packet will bring us word of the king and bishop of Rochester's* leaving England; a good journey and speedy return to one, and the other, is an honest whig wish. And so I remain, ever entirely yours,
Es.c.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

MY LORD,

DUBLIN, JULY 14, 1724.

YOUR grace will have received, before this comes to your hands, an account of the primate's death †, who

this laudable design, by those who alone could render it effectual, he returned to England in 1731; and, in a sermon preached at Bow church, Feb. 18, 1731-2, before the society for propagating the Gospel, gave a full account of his pious labours. He was promoted to the bishoprick of Cloyne, March 5, 1733; in which high station he steadily persevered in his truly patriotick endeavours to benefit the community, as appears by some valuable tracts in the volume of his miscellanies, 1752. The earl of Chesterfield, when lord lieutenant of Ireland, offered him a richer see; which he with great modesty declined. He died at Oxford, in the 73d year of his age, Jan. 14, 1753; having settled there a few months before, to superintend the education of his son.

* Dr. Atterbury embarked at Dover, June 18, 1723. See the epistolary correspondence of that learned prelate, vol. II, p. 274.

† When our author was chaplain to lord Berkeley, he was set aside from the deanery of Derry on account of youth; but, as if his stars had destined to him a parallel revenge, he lived to see the bishop of Derry afterward set aside on account of age. That prelate had been archbishop of Dublin many years, and had been long celebrated for his wit and learning, when Dr. Lindsay died.

Upon

who died yesterday at twelve o'clock at noon. He had left off spitting for about ten days before; and the want of that is thought to have been the immediate cause of his death, although he eat heartily until the two last days. He has left the bishop of Kildare, and his steward Mr. Morgan, his executors, who were both out of town; but I suppose are sent for. Some who formerly belonged to him think he has left 40000*l.* others report he died poor.

The vogue is, that your grace will succeed him, if you please: but I am too great a stranger to your present situation at court to know what to judge. But if there were virtue enough, I could wish your grace would accept the offer, if it should be made you; because I would have your name left to posterity among the primates; and because entering into a new station is entering, after a sort, on a new lease of life; and because it might be hoped, that your grace would be advised with about a successor; and because that diocese would require your grace's ability and spirit to reform it; and because—but I should never be at an end if I were to number up

Upon his death, archbishop King immediately laid claim to the primacy, as a preferment to which he had a right from his station in the see of Dublin, and from his acknowledged character in the church. Neither of these pretensions were prevalent: he was looked upon as too far advanced in years to be removed. The reason alleged was as mortifying as the refusal itself: but the archbishop had no opportunity of showing his resentment, except to the new primate Dr. Boulter, whom he received at his own house, and in his dining parlour, without rising from his chair; and to whom he made an apology, by saying, in his usual strain of wit, and with his usual sneering countenance, "My lord, I am certain your grace will forgive me, because, you know I am too old to rise." See Orrery's Remarks, Lett. 3.

the reasons why I would have your grace in the highest stations the crown can give you.

I found all the papers in the cabinet relating to Dr. Stephen's hospital, and therefore I brought them home to the deanery. I opened the cabinet in the presence of Mr. Bouhereau, and saw one paper, which proved a bank note for 500l. The greatness of the sum startled me, but I found it belonged to the same hospital; I was in pain, because workmen were in the room, and about the house. I therefore went this morning to St. Sepulchre's; and, in the presence of Mrs. Green*, I took away the note, and have secured it in my cabinet, leaving her my receipt for it, and am very proud to find that a scrip under my hand will pass for 500l. I wish your grace a good journey to the establishment of your health; and am, with the greatest respect,

My lord,

Your grace's most dutiful
and most humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

CLONFERT, AUGUST 3, 1723.

NO, I cannot possibly be with you so soon, there are too many rivers, bogs, and mountains between; besides, when I leave this, I shall make one or two short visits in my way to Dublin, and hope to be in

* The archbishop's housekeeper.

town by the end of this month ; though it will be a bad time, in the hurry of your lousy p——t. Your dream is wrong, for this bishop is not able to lift a cat upon my shoulders ; but if you are for a curacy of twenty-five pounds a year, and ride five miles every Sunday to preach to six beggars, have at you : and yet this is no ill country, and the bishop has made, in four months, twelve miles of ditches from his house to the Shannon, if you talk of improving. How are you this moment ? Do you love or hate Quilca the most of all places ? Are you in or out of humour with the world, your friends, your wife, and your school ? Are the ladies in town or in the country ? If I knew, I would write to them, and how are they in health ? Quilca (let me see) (you see I can (if I please) make parentheses as well as others) is about a hundred miles from Clonfert ; and I am half weary with the four hundred I have rid. With love, and service, and so, adieu.

Yours, &c.

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT*.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE as good a right to invade your solitude as lord Bathurst, Gay, or Pope, and you see I make use of it. I know you wish us all at the devil for robbing a moment from your vapours and vertigo. It is no matter for that ; you shall have a sheet of paper every post till you come to yourself. By a paragraph in yours to Mr. Pope, I find you are in the

* Endorsed, " Received Nov. 17, 1723."

the case of the man, who held the whole night by a broom bush, and found when daylight appeared, he was within two inches of the ground. You do not seem to know how well you stand with our great folks. I myself have been at a great man's table, and have heard, out of the mouths of violent Irish whigs, the whole table turn all upon your commendation. If it had not been upon the general topick of your good qualities, and the good you did, I should have grown jealous of you. My intention in this is not to expostulate, but to do you good. I know how unhappy a vertigo makes any body, that has the misfortune to be troubled with it. I might have been deep in it myself, if I had had a mind, and I will propose a cure for you, that I will pawn my reputation upon. I have of late sent several patients in that case to the Spa, to drink there of the Geronstere water, which will not carry from the spot. It has succeeded marvelously with them all. There was indeed one, who relapsed a little this last summer, because he would not take my advice, and return to his course, that had been too short the year before. But, because the instances of eminent men are most conspicuous, lord Whitworth, our plenipotentiary, had this disease, (which, by the way, is a little disqualifying for that employment); he was so bad, that he was often forced to catch hold of any thing to keep him from falling. I know he has recovered by the use of that water, to so great a degree, that he can ride, walk, or do any thing as formerly. I leave this to your consideration. Your friends here wish to see you, and none more than myself; but I really do not advise you to such a journey to gratify them or myself;

but I am almost confident, it would do you a great deal of good. The dragon is just the old man, when he is roused. He is a little deaf, but has all his other good and bad qualities just as of old. Lord B—— is much improved in knowledge, manner, and every thing else. The shaver* is an honest friendly man as before : he has a good deal to do to smother his Welsh fire, which, you know, he has in a greater degree than some would imagine. He posts himself a good part of the year in some warm house, wins the ladies money at ombre, and convinces them, that they are highly obliged to him. Lord and lady Masham, Mr. Hill, and Mrs. Hill, often remember you with affection.

As for your humble servant, with a great stone in his right kidney, and a family of men and women to provide for, he is as cheerful as ever. In publick affairs, he has kept, as Tacitus says, *Medium iter inter vile servitium, et abruptam contumaciam*.—He never rails at a great man, but to his face ; which, I can assure you, he has had both the opportunity and license to do. He has some few weak friends, and fewer enemies : if any, he is low enough to be rather despised than pushed at by them. I am faithfully, dear sir, your affectionate humble servant,

J. ARBUTHNOT.

* Erasmus Lewis, esq., who in Dr. Swift's imitation of Horace, ep. vii, b. 1, is so called :

“ This Lewis is an errant shaver.”

FROM THE DUCHESS OF ORMOND.

SIR,

DEC. 9, 1723.

I FIND by yours of the 6th of November, which I did not receive till last night, that you have been so good as to remember your poor relation here. But as your three last never came to hand, I think it very happy, that you have kept your liberty thus long; for I cannot account for my not receiving them any other way, than that they were stopped in the postoffice, and interpreted, as most innocent things are, to mean something very distant from the intention of the writer or actor.

I am surprised at the account you give me of that part of Ireland you have been in: for the best I expect from that grateful country is to be forgotten by the inhabitants. For, to remember with any kindness one under the frowns of the court, is not a gift the Irish are endowed with. I am very sorry to hear you have got the spleen, where a man of your sense must every day meet with things ridiculous enough to make you laugh; but I am afraid, the jests are too low to do so. Change of air is the best thing in the world for your distemper. And if not to cure yourself, at least, have so much goodness for your friends here, as to come and cure us; for it is a distemper we are overrun with. I am sure your company would go a great way toward my recovery; for I assure you, nobody has a greater value for you than I have, and hope I shall have the good fortune to see you before I die.

I have no sort of correspondence with the person you have not seen, and wonder at nothing they do, or do not do.

I will let your brother* and mine know, that you remembered him in my letter. He is as good a man as lives.

I am afraid you will wish you had not encouraged my scribbling to you, when you find I am still such an insipid correspondent; but with that, which I hope will make some amends, am with great sincerity and respect, your most faithful friend and humble servant,

M. ORMOND.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE†.

DEC. 25, 1723.

NEVER letter came more opportunely than your last. The gout had made me a second visit, and several persons were congratulating with me on the good effect of the waters, which had determined my former illness to a distemper so desirable. My toe pained me; these compliments tired me; and I would have taken my fever again to give the gout to all the company. At that instant your letter was

* In the society of sixteen, Charles, lord Butler of Weston, and earl of Arran, brother to the duke of Ormond, on whose attainder he was elected chancellor of the university of Oxford.

† This letter appears to have been written from France, though lord Bolingbroke had come over to England in the latter end of June this year, in order to plead his pardon, which had passed the seals on the 28th of May.

delivered

delivered to me, it cleared my brow, diverted my ill humour, and at least made me forget my pain. I told the persons, who were sitting round my bed, and who testified some surprise at so sudden a change, that this powerful epistle came from Ireland; at which, to say the truth, I did not observe that their surprise diminished. But the dullest fellow among them, who was a priest (for that happens to be the case sometimes in this country), told the others, that Ireland formerly had been called *insula sanctorum*: that by the acquaintance he had at the Irish college, he made no doubt of her deserving still the same appellation: and that they might be sure the three pages were filled with *matière d'édification, et matière de consolation*, which he hoped I would be so good as to communicate to them. A learned rosicrusian of my acquaintance, who is a fool of as much knowledge and as much wit as ever I knew in my life, smiled at the doctor's simplicity; observed, that the effect was too sudden for a cause so heavy in its operations; said a great many extravagant things about natural and theurgick magick; and informed us, that though the sages who deal in occult sciences have been laughed out of some countries, and driven out of others; yet there are, to his knowledge, many of them in Ireland. I stopped these guessers, and others who were perhaps ready, by assuring them, that my correspondent was neither a saint nor a conjurer. They asked me, what he was then? I answered, that they should know it from yourself; and opening your letter, I read to them in French the character which you draw of yourself. Particular parts of it were approved or condemned by every one, as every one's own habits induced

induced him to judge ; but they all agreed, that my correspondent stood in need of more sleep, more victuals, less ale, and better company. I defended you the best I could ; and, bad as the cause was, I found means to have the last word, which in disputes you know is the capital point. The truth is, however, that I convinced no body, not even the weakest of the company, that is, myself.

I flatter my friendship for you with the hopes, that you are really in the case, in which you say, that our friend Pope seems to be ; and that you do not know your own character. Or did you mean to amuse yourself, like that famous painter, who, instead of copying nature, tried in one of his designs, how far it was possible to depart from his original ? Whatever your intention was, I will not be brought in among those friends, whose misfortunes have given you an habitual sourness. I declare to you once for all, that I am not unhappy, and that I never shall be so, unless I sink under some physical evil. Retrench therefore the proportion of peevishness, which you set to my account. You might for several other reasons retrench the proportions, which you set to the account of others, and so leave yourself without peevishness, or without excuse. I lament, and have always lamented, your being placed in Ireland ; but you are worse than peevish, you are unjust, when you say, that it was either not in the power or will of a ministry to place you in England. Write minister, friend Jonathan, and scrape out the words, either power or ; after which the passage will run as well, and be conformable to the truth of things. I know but one

man * who had power at that time, and that wretched man had neither the will nor the skill to make a good use of it. We talk of characters ; match me that, if you can, among all the odd phenomena which have appeared in the moral world. I have not a Tacitus by me ; but I believe, that I remember your quotation, and as a mark that I hit right, I make no comment upon it. As you describe your publick spirit, it seems to me to be a disease, as well as your peevishness. Your proposals for reforming the state are admirable ; and your schemes concise. With respect to your humble servant, you judge better than you did in a letter I received from you about four years ago. You seemed at that time not so afraid of the nightingale's falling into the serpent's mouth. This reflection made me recollect, that I writ you at that time a long epistle in metre. After rummaging among my papers, I found it, and send it with my letter : it will serve to entertain you the first fast-day. I depend on the fidelity of your friendship, that it shall fall under no eye but your own. Adieu.

I read in English, (for she understands it) to a certain lady, the passage of your letter, which relates to her. The Latin I most generously concealed. She desires you to receive the compliments of one, who is so far from being equal to fifty others of her sex, that she never found herself equal to any one of them. She says, that she has neither youth nor beauty, but that she hopes on the long and intimate acquaintance she has had with you,

* Lord Oxford.

when you meet, if that ever happen, to cast such a mist before your eyes, that you shall not perceive she wants either of them.

FROM LADY MASHAM*.

DEAR SIR,

IT is impossible for you to imagine with what satisfaction I received your kind letter ; and though I had been so long without hearing from you, I could never impute it to want of friendship in one, whose goodness to me has always been abundantly more than I could deserve. I had writ often to you ; but having no safe conveyance, chose rather to inquire after your health and welfare of some people that could give me an account of it. And I do assure you, from the bottom of my heart, there is not a person living I have a greater friendship for than yourself, and shall have to the end of my life. Indeed now I can show it only in expressions ; but I flatter myself you believe them sincere. I long to see you at my retired habitation, where you will meet with a most hearty welcome and faithful friends, and none more so, than her who is

Your most affectionate humble servant,

H. MASHAM.

My lord, children, brother, and sister are your humble servants.

* Endorsed, " Received Feb. 20, 1723-4."

TO HIS EXCELLENCY LORD CARTERET,
LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND.

MY LORD,

APRIL 28, 1724.

MANY 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 halfpence to pass in Ireland. Your excellency knows the unanimous sentiments of the parliament here upon that matter: and upon inquiry, 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 enclosed two small tracts on this subject, one written (as it is supposed) by the earl of Abercorn; the other is entitled to a weaver, and suited to the vulgar, but thought to be the work of a better hand.

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

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.

TO THE SAME.

MY LORD,

JUNE 9, 1724.

IT is above a month since I took the boldness of writing to your excellency, upon a subject wherein 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 havock 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 trouble you no more; but remain, with great respect, my lord,

Your excellency's

most obedient and

most humble servant.

FROM

FROM LORD CARTERET.

SIR, ARLINGTON-STREET, JUNE 20, 1724.

TO begin by confessing myself in the wrong, will, I hope, be some proof to you, that none of the stations which I have gone through have hitherto had the effects upon me which you apprehend. If a month's silence has been turned to my disadvantage in your esteem, it has at least had this good effect, that I am convinced by the kindness of your reproaches, as well as by the goodness of your advice, that you still retain some part of your former friendship for me, of which I am the more confident from the agreeable freedom with which you express yourself: and I shall not forfeit my pretensions to the continuance of it, by doing any thing, that shall give you occasion to think that I am insensible of it.

But to come to the point: your first letter is dated the 28th May, your second the 9th of June. By the date of this you will see, that the interval of silence may be accounted for by a few excursions which I have made into the country: therefore I desire you will put the most favourable sense.

The principal affair you mention is under examination*; and till that is over, I am not informed sufficiently to make any other judgment of the matter,

* That of Mr. Wood's patent for coining halfpence and farthings for Ireland, which was referred to the lords of the privy council of England, who, on the 24th of July, 1724, drew up a report, justifying the patentee.

than that, which I am naturally led to make, by the general aversion, which appears to it in the whole nation.

I hope the nation will not suffer by my being in this great station; and if I can contribute to its prosperity, I shall think it the honour and happiness of my life. I desire you to believe what I say, and particularly when I profess myself to be with great truth, sir, your most faithful and affectionate humble servant,

CARTERET.

TO LORD CARTERET.

MY LORD,

JULY 9, 1724.

I HUMBLY claim the privilege of an inferiour, 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 cured of our forwardness; at least I am afraid there will be an
end

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 réverence you. I am, with the greatest respect,

My lord, &c.

FROM LORD CARTERET.

SIR, ARLINGTON-STREET, AUG. 4, 1724.

YOUR claim to be the last writer is what I can never allow : that is the privilege of ill writers. And I am resolved to give you complete satisfaction by leaving it with you, whether I shall be that last writer or not. Methinks I see you throw this letter upon your table in the height of spleen, because it may have interrupted some of your more agreeable thoughts. But then, in return, you may have the comfort of not answering it, and so convince my lord lieutenant, that you value him less now than you did ten years ago. I do not know but this might become a free speaker and a philosopher. Whatever you may think of it, I shall not be testy, but endeavour to show, that I am not altogether insensible of the force of that genius, which has outshone most of this age, and, when you will display it again, can convince us that its lustre and strength are still the same.

Once

Once more I commit myself to your censure, and am, sir, with great respect, your most affectionate humble servant,

CARTERET.

TO THE EARL OF OXFORD.

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 condole 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 has 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 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

please to discharge what I almost look upon as a legacy.

I would entreat 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 toward 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.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY LORD CARTERET,
LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND.

MY LORD,

SEPT. 3, 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 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 eleven hundred pounds a year. He takes the Bath
in

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 choose 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 of 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. Smalridge, 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 chiefly 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, has been struck with a notion of founding a university at Bermudas, by a charter from the crown. He has seduced several of the hopefulest 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 showed me a little tract, which he designs to publish; and and there your excellency will see his whole scheme

of a life academico-philosophical (I shall make you remember what you were) of a college founded for Indian scholars and missionaries ; where he most exorbitantly proposes a whole hundred pounds a year for himself, forty pounds for a fellow, and ten for a student. His heart will break if his deanery 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 entreat 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 romantick 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, entreat 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 inquiry, has 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 entreat that you will please to hear the opinion of others, who may speak in his favour, and perhaps

haps, 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 in-
 " clining toward lenity to Mr. Proby and his fa-
 " mily;" although I have reason to be confident,
 that they neither need nor desire more than justice.
 I beg your excellence 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 re-
 spect, but that of taking up your time.

My lord, we are here preparing for your recep-
 tion, 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 ex-
 cellency will find and leave us under dispositions
 very different, toward your person and high station,
 from what have appeared toward others.

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.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

SEPTEMBER 12, 1724.

IT is neither sickness, nor journies, nor ill humours,
 nor age, nor vexation, nor stupidity, which has
 hindered me from answering sooner your letter of
 the

the month of June ; but a very prudent consideration, and one of the greatest strains of policy I ever exercised in my life. Should I answer you in a month, you might think yourself obliged to answer me in six ; and scared at the sore fatigue of writing twice a year to an absent friend, you might (for aught either you or I can tell) stop short, and not write at all. Now this would disappoint all my projects ; for, to confess the truth, I have been drawing you in these several years, and, by my past success, I begin to hope, that in about ten more, I may establish a right of hearing from you once a quarter. The gout neither clears my head, nor warms my imagination, and I am ashamed to own to you, how near the truth I kept in the description of what passed by my bedside in the reading of your letter. The scene was really such as I painted it ; and the company was much better than you seem to think it. When I, who pass a great part, very much the greatest of my life alone, sally forth into the world, I am very far from expecting to improve myself by the conversation I find there ; and still farther from caring one jot of what passes there. In short, I am no longer the bubble you knew me : and therefore, when I mingle in society, it is purely for my amusement. If mankind divert me (and I defy them to give me your distemper, the spleen) it is all I expect or ask of them. By this sincere confession you may perceive, that your great masters of reason are not for my turn ; their thorough bass benumbs my faculties. I seek the fiddle or the flute, something to raise, or something to calm my spirits agreeably ; gay flights, or soothing images. I do not dislike a fellow, whose imagination runs away
with

with him, and who has wit enough to be half mad ; nor him, who atones for a scanty imagination by an ample fund of oddnesses and singularity. If good sense and real knowledge prevail a little too much in any character, I desire there may be at least some latent ridicule, which may be called forth upon occasion, and render the person a tolerable companion. By this sketch you may judge of my acquaintance. The dead friends with whom I pass my time you know. The living ones are of the same sort, and therefore few.

I pass over that paragraph of your letter, which is a kind of an elegy on a departed minister *; and I promise you solemnly neither to mention him, nor think of him more, till I come to do him justice in a history of the first twenty years of this century, which I believe I shall write if I live three or four years longer. But I must take a little more notice of the paragraph which follows. The verses I sent you are very bad, because they are not very good : *mediocribus esse poëtis, non di, non homines, &c.* I did not send them to be admired ; and you would do them too much honour, if you criticised them. Pope took the best party ; for he said not one word to me about them. All I desire of you is to consider them as a proof, that you have never been out of my thoughts, though you have been so long out of my sight ; and, if I remember you upon paper for the future, it shall be in prose.

I must on this occasion set you right, as to an opinion, which I should be very sorry to have you entertain concerning me. The term *esprit fort*, in

* The earl of Oxford, who died in June 1724.

English freethinker, is, according to my observation, usually applied to them, whom I look upon to be the pests of society; because their endeavours are directed to loosen the bands of it; and to take at least one curb out of the mouth of that wild beast man, when it would be well if he was checked by half a score others. Nay, they go farther. Revealed Religion is a lofty and pompous structure, erected close to the humble and plain building of Natural Religion. Some have objected to you, who are the architects *et les concierges* (we want that word in English) of the former, to you who built, or at least repair the house, and who show the rooms, that to strengthen some parts of your own building, you shake and even sap the foundations of the other. And between you and me, Mr. dean, this charge may be justified in several instances. But still your intention is not to demolish. Whereas the *esprit fort*, or the freethinker, is so set upon pulling down your house about your ears, that if he was let alone, he would destroy the other for being so near it, and mingle both in one common ruin. I therefore not only disown, but detest this character. If indeed by *esprit fort*, or freethinker, you only mean a man who makes a free use of his reason, who searches after truth without passion or prejudice, and adheres inviolably to it; you mean a wise and honest man, and such a one as I labour to be. The faculty of distinguishing between right and wrong, true and false, which we call reason, or common sense, which is given to every man by our bountiful Creator, and which most men lose by neglect, is the light of the mind, and ought to guide all operations of it. To abandon this rule, and to guide our thoughts by any
other,

other, is full as absurd, as it would be, if you should put out your eyes, and borrow even the best staff, that ever was in the family of the *Staffs* *, when you set out upon one of your dirty journies. Such freethinkers as these I am sure you cannot, even in your apostolical capacity, disapprove: for since the truth of the divine revelation of christianity is as evident, as matters of fact, on the belief of which so much depends, ought to be, and agreeable to all our ideas of justice, these freethinkers must needs be christians on the best foundation; on that which St. Paul himself established, I think it was St. Paul, *omnia probate, quod bonum est, tenete*.

But you have a farther security from these freethinkers, I do not say a better, and it is this: the persons I am describing think for themselves, and to themselves. Should they unhappily not be convinced by your arguments, yet they will certainly think it their duty not to disturb the peace of the world by opposing you †. The peace and happiness

* An allusion to Bickerstaff.

† Notwithstanding the declarations made by lord Bolingbroke in this letter, he left his writings against religion to Mr. Mallet, with a view to their being published, as appears by his will; and with a positive and direct injunction to publish them, as appears by a letter from Mr. Mallet to lord Hyde, viscount Cornbury, now in the British Museum. We have therefore his lordship's own authority to say, that he was one of the pests of society, even if the opinions, which he has advanced against religion, are true; for his endeavour is certainly directed to loosen the bands of it, and to take at least one curb out of the mouth of that wild beast man. Expressly to direct the publication of writings, which, he believed, would subvert the morals and the happiness of society, at a time when he could derive no private advantage from the mischief, was perhaps an act of wickedness more purely diabolical, than any hitherto

ness of mankind is the great aim of these free-thinkers; and therefore, as those among them who remain incredulous, will not oppose you, so those whom reason enlightened by grace has made believers, may be sorry, and may express their sorrow, as I have done, to see Religion perverted to purposes so contrary to her true intention, and first design. Can a good christian behold the ministers of the meek and humble Jesus, exercising an insolent and cruel usurpation over their brethren? or the messengers of peace and good news setting all mankind together by the ears? or that religion, which breathes charity and universal benevolence, spilling more blood, upon reflection and by system, than the most barbarous heathen ever did in the heat of action, and fury of conquest? Can he behold all this without a holy indignation, and not be criminal? Nay, when he turns his eyes from those tragical scenes, and considers the ordinary tenour of

therto upon record in the history of any age or nation. Mallet had a pecuniary temptation to assassinate the morals and happiness of his country at Bolingbroke's instigation: his crime therefore is not equally a proof of natural depravity, though it is impossible to suppose he had less conviction of the mischief he was doing; and it is also impossible to suppose, that he could seriously think any obligation to print Bolingbroke's infidelity, in consequence of his injunction, equivalent to the obligation he was under to suppress it, arising from the duty, which, as a man, he owed to human nature.

The paragraph in lord Bolingbroke's will, by which his writings are bequeathed to Mallet; the letter, which lord Cornbury wrote to Mallet, upon hearing he was about to publish the letters, including those on sacred history, and Mallet's answer; are, for the reader's satisfaction, printed at the end of this collection. Lord Cornbury's letter is a monument, that will do more honour to his memory, than all that mere wit or valour has achieved since the world began.

things,

things, do you not think he will be shocked to observe metaphysics substituted to the theory, and ceremony to the practice of morality?

I make no doubt but you are by this time abundantly convinced of my orthodoxy, and that you will name me no more in the same breath with Spinoza, whose system of one infinite substance I despise and abhor, as I have a right to do, because I am able to show why I despise and abhor it.

You desire me to return home, and you promise me, in that case, to come to London, loaden with your travels. I am sorry to tell you, that London is in my apprehension, as little likely as Dublin to be our place of rendezvous. The reasons for this apprehension I pass over; but I cannot agree to what you advance with the air of a maxim, that exile is the greatest punishment to men of virtue, because virtue consists in loving our country. Examine the nature of this love, from whence it arises, how it is nourished, what the bounds and measures of it are; and after that you will discover, how far it is virtue, and where it becomes simplicity, prejudice, folly, and even enthusiasm. A virtuous man in exile may properly enough be styled unfortunate; but he cannot be called unhappy. You remember the reason, which Brutus gave, "because wherever he goes, he carries his virtue with him." There is a certain bulky volume, which grows daily, and the title of which must, I think, be *Noctes Gallicæ*. There you may perhaps one day or other see a dissertation upon this subject: and to return you threatening for threatening, you shall be forced to read it out, though you yawn from the first to the last page.

The word Ireland was struck out of the paper you mention ; that is to satisfy your curiosity : and to kindle it anew, I will tell you, that this anecdote, which I know not how you came by, is neither the only one, nor the most considerable one of the same kind. The person you are so inquisitive about*, returns into England the latter end of October. She has so great a mind to see you, that I am not sure she will not undertake a journey to Dublin. It is not so far from London to Dublin, as from Spain to Padua ; and you are as well worth seeing as Livy. But I would much rather you would leave the humid climate, and the dull company, in which, according to your account, a man might grow old between twenty and thirty. Set your foot on the continent ; I dare promise, that you will, in a fortnight, have gone back the ten years you lament so much, and be returned to that age, at which I left you. With what pleasure should I hear you *inter vina fugam Stellæ mærerere protervæ* ? Adieu.

FROM EDWARD, EARL OF OXFORD.

GOOD MR. DEAN,

WIMPOLE, NOV. 2, 1724.

THERE has nothing of late given me so much real trouble and uneasiness, as my having so long deferred writing to you, to make my acknowledgments for your most kind letter, and to assure you

* His lordship's second wife, a French lady.

that I took every part of your obliging letter in the manner you would wish me to do : I must say, that amid my grief and concern, it gave me a secret pleasure to find that I was thought of by you ; and what was a greater addition, that you still retained the same thoughts and sentiments of my dear father, and that you had not laid aside the design you once entertained of transmitting his name and story to posterity. I did delay writing some time, because I was in great hopes I should have been able to have given you a much more satisfactory account than I am now able to give, notwithstanding the search I have made in answer to your question, " If he had left any memoirs behind him ;" I suppose you mean in relation to himself. I have not been able to find any among his papers in town. This, with some other affairs, drew the time into the length it is ; but I assure you, if I have the satisfaction to hear from you again (as I hope I shall) I will be more punctual in my returns ; for I will allow no body to value and esteem you more than I do.

There is certainly a very great number of materials for a history, a vast collection of letters and other papers, a great deal may be supplied elsewhere ; but give me leave to say, that if you do not come into England, nothing can be done ; it will not be possible to do any thing to purpose. Without this view, there would be no body more welcome to me than yourself, you should live in your own way, and do just what was most agreeable to you : I have houses enough, you shall take your choice : I must with earnestness repeat it to you again, That I beg you will think of this matter seriously.

As to what you mention of the picture, I have often heard my father say, That he did design to sit for you, but did not : I shall certainly take care that you shall have a picture, and a good one : pray let me know what size you would have it of : if you design it should fit any particular place, you must send me the exact measure of the place.

Your sister*, as you used to call her, is much your servant ; she has been at the Bath for some time ; she is better than when she went. I suppose you hear sometimes from our friend Mr. Pope : he has taken another voyage into Homer-land †, as Gay calls it ; I wish he may make an advantageous voyage of it.

I doubt you will say, That since I was so long before I began to write, that now I have begun, I do not know when to end ; I will therefore tell you what I am with great truth, sir, your most obedient humble servant,

OXFORD.

I desire your acceptance of a ring, a small remembrance of my father. How shall I send it you?

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

JUNE 25, 1725.

I HAVE a packet of letters, which I intended to send by Molly, who has been stopped three days by the bad weather ; but now I will send them by the

* Lady Oxford.

† Translation of the Odyssey.

post to morrow to Kells, and enclosed to Mr. Tickell there is one to you, and one to James Stopford.

I can do no work this terrible weather; which has put us all seventy times out of patience.—I have been deaf nine days, and am now pretty well recovered again.

Pray desire Mr. Stanton and Worrall to continue giving themselves some trouble with Mr. Pratt; but let it succeed or not, I hope I shall be easy.

Mrs. Johnson swears it will rain till Michaelmas. She is so pleased with her pickaxe, that she wears it fastened to her girdle on her left side, in balance with her watch. The lake is strangely overflown *, and we are desperate about turf, being forced to buy it three miles off: and Mrs. Johnson (God help her) gives you many a curse. Your mason is come, but cannot yet work upon your garden. Neither can I agree with him about the great wall. For the rest, *vide* the letter you will have on Monday, if Mr. Tickell uses you well.

The news of this country is, that the maid you sent down, John Farelly's sister, is married; but the portion and settlement are yet a secret. The cows here never give milk on Midsummer eve.

You would wonder, what carking and caring there is among us for small beer and lean mutton, and starved lamb, and stopping gaps, and driving cattle from the corn. In that we are all-to-be-Dingleyed.

The ladies room smokes; the rain drops from the skies into the kitchen; our servants eat and drink like the devil, and pray for rain, which entertains

* This should be '*overflowed*,' as overflown is the participle of the verb to overfly.

them at cards and sleep; which are much lighter than spades, sledges and crows. Their maxim is,

Eat like a Turk,
Sleep like a dormouse;
Be last at work,
At victuals foremost.

Which is all at present, hoping you and your good family are well, as we are all at this present writing, &c.

Robin has just carried out a load of bread and cold meat for breakfast; this is their way; but now a cloud hangs over them, for fear it should hold up, and the clouds blow off.

I write on till Molly comes in for the letter. O, what a draggletail will she be before she gets to Dublin! I wish she may not happen to fall upon her back by the way.

I affirm against Aristotle, that cold and rain congregate homogenes, for they gather together you and your crew, at whist, punch, and claret. Happy weather for Mrs. Maul, Betty, and Stopford, and all true lovers of cards and laziness.

The Blessings of a Country Life.

Far from our debtors,
No Dublin letters,
Not seen by our betters.

The Plagues of a Country Life.

A companion with news,
A great want of shoes;
Eat lean meat, or choose;
A church without pews.

Our horses astray,
 No straw, oats or hay ;
 December in May,
 Our boys run away,
 All servants at play.
 Molly sends for the letter.

TO MRS. PRATT,

ON HER PRESENT OF A FIRE SCREEN, ADORNED WITH
 PAINTED MAPS.

MADAM,

MARCH 18, 1724-5.

MRS. Fitzmaurice 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), desiring that the dean of St. Patrick's should inquire for one Howard, master of a ship, who had brought over a screen to him, the said dean, from Mrs. Pratt. Away I ran to the customhouse, where they told me the ship was expected every day : but the God of winds, in confederacy with Mrs. Fitzmaurice 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 is in pain that her clothes will not be ready against the birth day. I will not move your good nature, by representing how many restless nights and days I have passed, with what dreams my sleep hath been disturbed, where I sometimes saw the ship sinking, my screen
 floating

floating in the sea, and the mermaids struggling which of them should get it for her own apartment. At last Mr. Medlycott, whose heart inclines him to pity the distressed, gave me notice of its safe arrival: he interposed his authority, and, overruling the tedious forms of the customhouse, sent my screen to the deanery, where it was immediately opened, on Tuesday, the 16th instant, three minutes seven seconds after four o'clock in the afternoon, the day being fair, but somewhat windy, the sun in Aries, and the moon within thirty-nine hours eight seconds and a half of being full; all which I had, by consulting Ptolemy, found to be fortunate incidents, prognosticating, that, with due care, my screen will escape the mops of the housemaid, and the greasy hands of the footmen.

At the opening 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 remained very affectedly calm. But all agreed, that nothing showed 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. However, one of the ladies affirmed, "That your gift was an open reflection upon my age; that she had made the same present some time ago to her grandfather; and that she could not imagine how any of her sex would send a screen to a gentleman, without a design to insinuate, that he was absolutely *un homme sans consequence*." For my own part, I confess, I never expected to be sheltered by the world,
when

when I have been so long endeavouring to shelter myself from it,

See how ill you bestow your favour, where you meet with nothing but complaints and reproaches instead of acknowledgments, for thinking, in the midst of courts and diversions, upon an absent and insignificant man, buried in obscurity : but I know it is as hard to give thanks as 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. Though I cannot sit under my own vine, or my own fig-tree, yet I will sit under my own screen, and bless the giver ; but I cannot promise 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, and shall ever continue, Madam,

Your most obedient and obliged servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

I just observe, that the two celestial maps are placed at the bottom, within two inches of the ground ; which is the most fashionable circumstance in the whole work.

I sometimes dine in a third place with your stoick Mr. Pratt ; and find he continues in health, but of late very busy, and a courtier.

I desire to present my most humble service to my lady Savile.

Mr. Fitzmaurice dines temperately at a tavern : and sometimes with clergymen, for want of better company.

Mr. Medlycott dines with me every Sunday, and goes to church like any thing.

Mrs. Fitzmaurice is left desolate ; I reckoned but

fifteen ladies and five gentlemen the other night in her play room, and I condoled with her upon it. It is thought she will fall out with my lady Carteret, for drawing away her company; but at present they are very great, as I find by consulting them both.

I think you are acquainted with lady Worseley; if so, tell her how angry I am, at her not coming to Ireland as I expected, and was told she was actually landed; wherupon, being at that time confined by a deafness, I writ her a most cavalier letter, which, being brought back, I tore in a rage.

Miss Carteret is every day getting new magazines of arms, to destroy all England upon her return.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY LORD CARTERET,
LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND.

MY LORD, DEANERY-HOUSE, APRIL 17, 1725.

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 hasting into the country, to try what exercise and better air will do toward my recovery. Not knowing how long I may be absent, or 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 acknowledgments for your great civilities toward 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 a hundred and fifty pounds *per annum*. He is agreed on all hands to have done more publick 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 schoolmaster. 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 has 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 dependant nor relation of mine.

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

My lord, &c.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

QUILCA, JUNE 28, 1725.

YOU run out of your time so merrily, that you are forced to anticipate it like a young heir, that spends his fortune faster than it comes in ; for your letter is dated to morrow, June 29, and God knows when it was writ, or what Saturday you mean ; but I suppose it is the next, and therefore your own mare, and Dr. Swift's horse or mare, or some other horse or mare, with your own mare aforesaid, shall set out on Wednesday next, which will be June 30, and so they will have two nights rest, if you begin your journey on Saturday. You are an unlucky devil, to get a living* the farthest in the kingdom from Quilca. If it be worth two hundred pound a year, my lord lieutenant has but barely kept his word, for the other fifty must go in a curate and visitation charges, and poxes, proxies I mean. If you are under the bishop of Cork †, he is a capricious gentleman ; but you must flatter him monstrously upon his learning and his writings ; that you have read his book against Toland a hundred times, and his sermons (if he has printed any) have been always your model, &c. Be not disappointed, if your living does not answer the sum. Get letters of recommendation to the bishop and principal clergy, and to your neighbouring parson or parsons particularly. I often advised you to get some knowledge

* In the county of Cork.

† Dr. Peter Brown.

of tithes and church livings. You must learn the extent of your parish, the general quantity of arable land and pasture in your parish, the common rate of tithes for an acre of the several sorts of corn, and of fleeces and lambs, and to see whether you have any glebe; pray act like a man of this world. I doubt being so far off, you must not let your living as I do, to the several farmers, but to one man: but by all means do not let it for more than one year, till you are surely apprised of the real worth; and even then never let it for above three. Pray take my advice for once, and be very busy while you are there. It is one good circumstance, that you got such a living in a convenient time, and just when tithes are fit to be let; only wool and lamb are due in spring, or perhaps belong to the late incumbent. You may learn all on the spot, and your neighbouring parsons may be very useful, if they please, but do not let them be your tenants: advise with archdeacon Wall, but do not follow him in all things. Take care of the principal squire or squires, they will all tell you the worst of your living; so will the proctors and tithe jobbers; but you will pick out truth from among them. Pray show yourself a man of abilities. After all I am but a weak brother myself; perhaps some clergy in Dublin, who know that country, will farther inform you. Mr. Townsend of Cork will do you any good offices on my account, without any letter.—Take the oaths heartily, and remember that party was not made for depending puppies. I forgot one principal thing, to take care of going regularly through all the forms of oaths and inductions; for the least wrong step

will put you to the trouble of repassing your patent, or voiding your living.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

QUILCA, JUNE 29, 1725.

I WROTE to you yesterday, and said as many things as I could then think on, and gave it a boy of Kells who brought me yours. It is strange, that I, and Stella, and Mrs. Mackfadin*, should light on the same thought to advise you to make a great appearance of temperance while you are abroad. But Mrs. Johnson and I go farther, and say, you must needs observe all grave forms, for the want of which both you and I have suffered. On supposal that you are under the bishop of Cork, I send you a letter enclosed to him, which I desire you will seal. Mrs. Johnson put me in mind to caution you not to drink or pledge any health in his company, for you know his weak side in that matter†. I hope Mr. Tickell has not complimented you with what fees are due to him for your patent; I wish you would say to him (if he refuses them) that I told you it was Mr. Addison's maxim to excuse nobody; for here, says he, I may have forty friends, whose fees may be two guineas apiece then I lose eighty guineas, and my friends save but two apiece.

* Mrs. Mackfadin was mother to Dr. Sheridan's wife.

† He wrote a pamphlet against drinking to the memory of the dead.

I must tell you, Dan Jackson ruined his living by huddling over the first year, and then hoping to mend it the next: therefore pray take all the care you can to inquire into the value, and set it at the best rate to substantial people.

I know not whether you are under the bishop of Cork, or not; if not, you may burn the letter.

I must desire that you will not think of enlarging your expenses, no not for some years to come, much less at present; but rather retrench them. You might have lain destitute till Antichrist came, for any thing you could have got from those you used to treat; neither let me hear of one rag of better clothes for your wife or brats, but rather plainer than ever. This is positively Stella's advice as well as mine. She says, now you need not be ashamed to be thought poor.

We compute, you cannot be less than 30 days absent; and pray do not employ your time in lolling abed till noon to read Homer, but mind your business effectually: and we think you ought to have no breaking up this August; but affect to adhere to your school closer than ever; because you will find that your illwishers will give out, you are now going to quit your school, since you have got preferment, &c.

Pray send me a large bundle of exercises, good as well as bad, for I want something to read.

I would have you carry down three or four sermons, and preach every Sunday at your own church, and be very devout.

I sent you in my last a bill of twenty pounds on Mr. Worrall, I hope you have received it.

Pray remember to leave the pamphlet with Wor-

ral, and give him directions, unless you have settled it already some other way. You know, it must come out just when the parliament meets.

Keep these letters where I advise you about your living, till you have taken advice.

Keep very regular hours for the sake of your health and credit; and wherever you lie a night within twenty miles of your living, be sure call the family that evening to prayers.

I desire you will wet no commission with your old crew, nor with any but those who befriend you, as Mr. Tickell, &c.

TO LORD CARTERET.

MY LORD,

JULY 3, 1725.

I AM obliged to return your excellency my most humble thanks for your favour to Mr. Sheridan, because when I recommended him to you, I received a very gracious answer; and yet I am sensible, that your chief motive to make some provision for him was, what became a great and good person, your distinguishing him as a man of learning, and one who deserved encouragement on account of his great diligence and success in a most laborious and difficult employment*.

Since your excellency has had an opportunity so early in your government, of gratifying your English dependants by a bishoprick, and the best deanery in

* A schoolmaster.

the kingdom*, I cannot but hope, that the clergy of Ireland will have their share in your patronage. There is hardly a gentleman in the nation, who has not a near alliance with some of that body; and most of them who have sons, usually breed one of them to the church; although they have been of late years much discouraged, and discontented, by seeing strangers to the country almost perpetually taken into the greatest ecclesiastical preferments, and too often under governors very different from your excellency, the choice of persons was not to be accounted for either to prudence or justice.

The misfortune of having bishops perpetually from England, as it must needs quench the spirit of emulation among us to excel in learning and the study of divinity, so it produces another great discouragement, that those prelates usually draw after them colonies of sons, nephews, cousins, or old college companions, to whom they bestow the best preferments in their gift; and thus the young men sent into the church from the university here, have no better prospect than to be curates, or small country vicars, for life.

It will become so excellent a governor as you, a little to moderate this great partiality; wherein, as you will act with justice and reason, so you will gain the thanks and prayers of the whole nation, and take away one great cause of universal discontent. For, I believe your excellency will agree, that there is not another kingdom in Europe, where the natives (even those descended from the conquerors) have been treated, as if they were almost unqualified for any employment either in church or state.

* Down.

Your excellency, when I had the honour to attend you, was pleased to let me name some clergymen, who are generally understood by their brethren to be the most distinguished for their learning and piety. I remember the persons were, Dr. Delany, Dr. Ward of the north, Mr. Ecklin, Mr. Synge of Dublin, and Mr. Corbet* ; they were named by me without any regard to friendship, having little commerce with most of them, but only the universal character they bear : this was the method I always took with my lord Oxford at his own command, who was pleased to believe that I would not be swayed by any private affections, and confessed I never deceived him ; for I always dealt openly when I offered any thing in behalf of a friend, which was but seldom : because, in that case, I generally made use of the common method at court, to solicit by another.

I shall say nothing of the young men among the clergy, of whom the three hopefulest are said to be Mr. Stopford, Mr. King, and Mr. Dobbs, all fellows of the college, of whom I am only acquainted with the first. But these are not likely to be great expecters under your excellency's administration, according to the usual period of governors here.

If I have dealt honestly in representing such persons among the clergy, as are generally allowed to have the most merit, I think I have done you a service, and am sure I have made you a great compliment, by distinguishing you from most great men I have known these thirty years past ; whom I have always observed to act as if they never received a true character, nor had any value for the best ; and

* Dr. Francis Corbet succeeded Dr. Swift in the deanery of St. Patrick's ; and died in August 1775, at the age of 92.

consequently

consequently dispensed their favours without the least regard to abilities or virtue. And this defect I have often found among those, from whom I least expected it.

That your excellency may long live a blessing and ornament to your country by pursuing, as you have hitherto done, the steps of honour and virtue, is the most earnest wish and prayer of

My lord,

Your excellency's most obedient
and most humble servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

DE M. L'ABBÉ DES FONTAINES.

À PARIS, LE 4 JUILLET, 1726.

J'AI l'honneur, monsieur, de vous envoyer la 2de édition de votre ouvrage, que j'ai traduit en François. Je vous aurois envoyé la première, si je n'avois pas été obligé, pour des raisons que je ne puis vous dire, d'insérer dans la préface un endroit, dont vous n'auriez pas eu lieu d'être content, ce que j'ai mis assurément malgré moi. Comme le livre s'est débité sans contradiction, ces raisons ne subsistent plus, et j'ai aussitôt supprimé cet endroit dans la 2de édition, comme vous verrez. J'ai aussi corrigé l'endroit de monsieur Carteret, sur lequel j'avois eu de faux mémoires. Vous trouverez, monsieur, en beaucoup d'endroits une traduction peu fidelle; mais tout ce qui plaît en Angleterre, n'a pas ici le même agrément;

ment ; soit parce que les moeurs sont différentes, soit parce que les allusions et les allégories, qui sont sensibles dans un pays, ne le sont pas dans un autre ; soit enfin parce que le goût des deux nations n'est pas le même. J'ai voulu donner aux François un livre, qui fut à leur usage : voilà ce qui m'a rendu traducteur libre et peu fidelle. J'ai même pris la liberté d'ajouter, selon que votre imagination échauffoit la mienne. C'est à vous seul, monsieur, que je suis redevable de l'honneur, que me fait cette traduction, qui a été débitée ici avec une rapidité étonnante, et dont il y a déjà trois éditions. Je suis pénétré d'une si grande estime pour vous, et je vous suis si obligé, que si la suppression, que j'ai faite, ne vous satisfaisoit pas entièrement, je ferai volontiers encore d'avantage pour effacer jusqu'au souvenir de cet endroit de la préface : au surplus, je vous supplie, monsieur, de vouloir bien faire attention à la justice, que je vous ai rendue dans la même préface.

On se flatte, monsieur, qu'on aura bientôt l'honneur de vous posséder ici. Tous vos amis vous attendent avec impatience.

On ne parle ici que de votre arrivée, et tout Paris souhaite de vous voir. Ne différez pas notre satisfaction : vous verrez un peuple, qui vous estime infiniment. En attendant je vous demande, monsieur, l'honneur de votre amitié, et vous prie d'être persuadé, que personne ne vous honore plus que moi, et n'est avec plus de considération et d'estime, votre très humble, et très obeissant serviteur,

L'ABBÉ DES FONTAINES.

Mr. Arbuthnot a bien voulu se charger de vous faire tenir cette lettre avec l'exemplaire que j'ai l'honneur de vous envoyer.

À M.

À M. L'ABBÉ DES FONTAINES.

IL y a plus d'un mois que j'aye reçu votre lettre du 4^e Juillet, monsieur ; mais l'exemplaire de la 2^e édition de votre ouvrage ne m'a pas été encore remis. J'ai lû la préface de la première ; et vous me permettrez de vous dire, que j'aye été fort surpris d'y voir, qu'en me donnant pour patrie un pais, dans lequel je suis né, vous avez trouvé à propos de m'attribuer un livre, qui porte le nom de son auteur, qui a eu le malheur de déplaire à quelques uns de nos ministres, et que je n'ai jamais avoué. Cette plainte, que je fais de votre conduite à mon égard, ne m'empêche pas de vous rendre justice. Les traducteurs donnent pour la plupart des louanges excessives aux ouvrages qu'ils traduisent, et s'imaginent peut-être, que leur réputation dépend en quelque façon de celles des auteurs, qu'ils ont choisis. Mais vous avez senti vos forces, qui vous mettent au dessus de pareilles précautions. Capable de corriger un mauvais livre, entreprise plus difficile, que celle d'en composer un bon, vous n'avez pas craint, de donner au public la traduction d'un ouvrage, que vous assurez être plein de polissoneries, de sottises, de puérilités, &c. Nous convenons ici, que le goût des nations n'est pas toujours le même. Mais nous sommes portés à croire, que le bon goût est le même par tout, où il y a des gens d'esprit, de jugement & de sçavoir. Si donc les livres du sieur Gulliver ne sont calculés que pour les isles Britanniques, ce voyageur doit passer pour un très pitoyable écrivain. Les mêmes vices & les mêmes folies regnent par tout ; du moins, dans tous les pays civilisés de l'Europe : & l'auteur, qui n'écrit que pour une ville,
une

une province, un royaume, ou même un siècle, mérite si peu d'être traduit, qu'il ne mérite pas d'être lu.

Les partisans de ce Gulliver, qui ne laissent pas d'être en fort grand nombre chez nous, soutiennent, que son livre durera autant que notre langage, parce qu'il ne tire pas son mérite de certaines modes ou manières de penser et de parler, mais d'une suite d'observations sur les imperfections, les folies, et les vices de l'homme.

Vous jugez bien, que les gens, dont je viens de vous parler, n'approuvent pas fort votre critique ; et vous serez sans doute surpris de sçavoir, qu'ils regardent ce chirurgien de vaisseau, comme un auteur grave, qui ne sort jamais de son sérieux, qui n'emprunte aucun fard, qui ne se pique point d'avoir de l'esprit, et qui se contente de communiquer au public, dans une narration simple et naïve, les aventures, qui lui sont arrivées, et les choses qu'il a vues, ou entendues dire pendant ses voyages.

Quant à l'article qui regarde milord Carteret, sans m'informer d'où voustirez vos mémoires, je vous dirai, que vous n'avez écrit que la moitié de la vérité ; et que ce Drapier, ou réel ou supposé, a sauvé l'Irlande, en menant toute la nation contre un projet, qui devoit enrichir au dépens du public un certain nombre de particuliers.

Plusieurs accidens, qui sont arrivés, m'empêcheront de faire le voyage de France présentement, et je ne suis plus assez jeune pour me flatter de retrouver un autre occasion. Je sçais, que j'aye perdu beaucoup, et je suis très sensible à cette perte. L'unique consolation, qui me reste, c'est de songer, que j'en supporterai mieux le pays, auquel la fortune m'a condamne.

TO THE REV. MR. WORRAL.

QUILCA, JULY 12, 1725.

I HAVE received your letter, and thank you heartily for it. I know not any body, except yourself, who would have been at so much trouble to assist me, and who could have so good success, which I take as kindly as if you had saved me from utter ruin. Although I have witnesses that I acted with indifferency enough, when I was sure I was not worth a groat, beside my goods. There appears to be only one hundred pounds remaining, according to my account (except this last quarter) and if I lose it, it is a trifle in comparison of what you have recovered for me. I think Mr. Pratt * has acted very generously, and like a true friend, as I always took him to be; and I have likewise good witnesses to swear, that I was more concerned at his misfortunes than my own. And so repeating my thanks to you, but not able to express them as I ought, I shall say no more on this subject, only that you may inquire where the money may be safely put out at six pounds *per cent.* I beg pardon that I did not compute the interest of sir William Fownes's money, which reduces what is due to me about fifty-nine pounds.—All of consequence is my note to him for one hundred pounds.

I gave over all hopes of my hay, as much as I did of my money; for I reckoned the weather had

* Deputy vice-treasurer of Ireland.

ruined it ; but your good management can conquer the weather. But Charles Grattan* the critick, says, the cocks are too large, considering the bad weather, and that there is danger they may heat. You know best.

Mrs. Johnson says you are an ill manager ; for you have lost me above three hundred apples, and only saved me twelve hundred pounds.

Do not tell me of difficulties how to keep the — from the wallfruit†. You have got so ill a reputation by getting my money, that I can take no excuse ; and I will have the thing effectually done, though it should cost me ten groats. Pray let the ground be levelled as you please, as it must likewise be new dunged, as good husbandry requires ; friend Ellis will assist you.

I am quite undone by the knavery of Sheriff and White, and all you have done for me with Mr. Pratt signifies nothing, if I must lose ten pounds.

I had your letter about Mrs. Johnson's money, and she thanks you for your care ; and says, considering her poverty, you have done as much for her as for me. But I thought my letter to you was enough, without a letter of attorney ; for all money matters I am the greatest cully alive.

Little good may do you with your favourable weather ; we have had but five good days these twelve weeks.

The ladies are pretty well ; but Mrs. Johnson, after a fortnight's great amendment, had yesterday a very bad day ; she is now much better. They both

* Master of the freeschool at Enniskillen.

† In Naboth's vineyard.

present their humble service to Mrs. Worrall, and so do I, and am ever yours, &c.

Jo*. who brings you this, desired me to lend him twenty pounds, which I very prudently refused; but said, if he would leave the worth of it in soap and candles in the deanery house, Mrs. Brent viewing them, I would empower you, as I do hereby, to pay him twenty pounds, and place it to my account.

JONATH. SWIFT.

Pray desire Mrs. Brent to have ready a hogshead of bottles packed up as usual, of the same wine with the last she sent, and the next carrier shall have orders to call for it.

Let Mrs. Brent take out what candles or soap are necessary for the ladies, and only as much as will empty two of the boxes, that Jo. may have them; I mean out of those boxes which he is to leave at the deanery for my security for the twenty pounds, which he is to receive from you.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

LONDON, JULY 24, 1725.

MR. Ford will tell you how I do, and what I do. Tired with suspense, the only insupportable misfortune of life, I desired, after nine years of autumnal promises, and vernal excuses, a decision; and very little cared what that decision was, provided it left

* Mr. Beaumont, an eminent tallowchandler at Trim, in the county of Meath.

me at liberty to settle abroad, or put me on a foot of living agreeably at home. The wisdom of the nation has thought fit, instead of granting so reasonable a request, to pass an act, which, fixing my fortune unalterably to this country, fixes my person here also: and those who had the least mind to see me in England have made it impossible for me to live any where else. Here I am then, two thirds restored, my person safe (unless I meet hereafter with harder treatment than even that of sir Walter Raleigh); and my estate, with all the other property I have acquired, or may acquire, secured to me. But the attainder is kept carefully and prudently in force, lest so corrupt a member should come again into the house of lords, and his bad leaven should sour that sweet, untainted mass. Thus much I thought I might say about my private affairs to an old friend, without diverting him too long from his labours to promote the advantage of the church and state of Ireland; or, from his travels into those countries of giants and pigmies, from whence he imports a cargo I value at a higher rate than that of the richest galleon. Ford brought the dean of Derry* to see me. Unfortunately for me, I was then out of town; and the journey of the former into Ireland will perhaps defer for some time my making acquaintance with the other; which I am sorry for. I would not by any means lose the opportunity of knowing a man, who can espouse in good earnest the system of father Malebranche, and who is fond of going a missionary into the West Indies. My zeal for the propagation of the Gospel will hardly carry me so far; but my

* Dr. Berkeley.

spleen against Europe has, more than once, made me think of buying the dominion of Bermudas, and spending the remainder of my days as far as possible from those people with whom I have past the first and greatest part of my life. Health and every other natural comfort of life is to be had there, better than here. As to imaginary and artificial pleasures, we are philosophers enough to despise them. What say you? Will you leave your Hibernian flock to some other shepherd, and transplant yourself with me into the middle of the Atlantick Ocean? We will form a society more reasonable, and more useful, than that of Dr. Berkeley's college: and I promise you solemnly, as supreme magistrate, not to suffer the currency of Wood's halfpence: nay, the coiner of them shall be hanged, if he presumes to set his foot on our island.

Let me hear how you are, and what you do, and if you really have any latent kindness still at the bottom of your heart for me, say something very kind to me, for I do not dislike being cajoled. If your heart tells you nothing, say nothing, that I may take the hint, and wean myself from you by degrees. Whether I shall compass it or not, God knows: but surely this is the properest place in the world to renounce friendship in, or to forget obligations. Mr. Ford says, he will be with us again by the beginning of the winter. Your star* will probably hinder you from taking the same journey. Adieu, dear Dan. I had something more to say to you, almost as important as what I have said al-

* Mrs. Johnson, the lady whom he celebrated by the name of Stella.

ready, but company comes in upon me, and relieves you.

FROM THE EARL OF OXFORD.

REVEREND SIR, DOVER-STREET, JULY 26, 1725.

MR. Clayton going to Ireland, I take the opportunity of writing to you, in the first place to tell you, that I am ready to make good my promise which I made of sending you a picture of my father. The painter has done his part, so that the picture is now ready, but I do not know how to send it to you safe: you did tell me a gentleman should call, but where he lives, or who he is, I know not. I am very desirous you should have it, because it has been so long coming; and I am very ambitious of doing any thing that may in the least be agreeable to you. You had heard of this sooner, but I have been for three months out of town; I made a long progress, even beyond Edinburgh fifty miles.

I inquire of you sometimes of dean Berkeley*: I was sorry to hear that you were troubled with that melancholy distemper the want of hearing, although in some cases it is good; but one would have it in one's power to hear or not hear, as it suited best with one's inclinations.

I am also sorry that there is no mention made of any design of your coming into England. I long

* Dr. Berkeley was then dean of Derry.

much for it, and do flatter myself with the thoughts of seeing you under my roof, where you shall exert more authority than I will allow to belong to any bishops made since ——. Do not lay aside all thoughts of coming over; change of air may do you good as well as the voyage. I thank God your sister is very well, considering the way she is in; I hope in two months, or thereabouts, she will be much better: she presents her humble service to you. Peggy is very well.

Pope is well I suppose; he is rambling about the country. I have the pleasure of seeing a picture which is very like you every day, and is as good a picture as ever Jarvis painted. I am, sir, your most obedient humble servant and brother,

OXFORD.

TO MR. WORRALL.

QUILCA, AUG. 27, 1725.

I WAS heartily sorry to hear you had got the gout, being a disease you have so little pretence to; for you have been all your life a great walker, and a little drinker. Although it be no matter how you got your disease, since it was not by your vices; yet I do not love to think I was an instrument, by leading you a walk of eight or nine miles, where your pride to show your activity in leaping down a ditch, hurt your foot in such a manner, as to end in your present disease.

I have not yet heard of Mr. Webb, and if he
 VOL. XII. M should

should come here, I can do nothing with him; for I shall not take my own judgment, but leave it to some able lawyer to judge and recommend the security; for now it is time for me to learn some worldly wisdom.

I thank you for the purchase you have made of Bristol beer; it will soon pay for itself, by saving me many a bottle of wine; but I am afraid it is not good for your gout.

My deafness has left me above three weeks, and therefore I expect a visit from it soon; and it is somewhat less vexatious here in the country, because none are about me but those who are used to it.

Mrs. Worrall's observation is like herself; she is an absolute corrupted city lady, and does not know the pleasures of the country, even of this place, with all its millions of inconveniences. But Mrs. Dingley is of her opinion, and would rather live in a Dublin cellar, than a country palace.

I would fain have a shed thrown up in the farthest corner of Naboth's vineyard, toward the lower end of Shebbs's garden, till I can find leisure and courage to build a better in the centre of the field. Can it be done?

The weather continues as foul as if there had not been a day of rain in the summer, and it will have some very ill effect on the kingdom.

I gave Jack Grattan* the papers corrected, and I think half spoiled, by the cowardly caution of him and others. He promised to transcribe them time enough, and my desire is they may be ready to be

* A very worthy clergyman.

published upon the first day the parliament meets. I hope you will contrive it among you, that it may be sent unknown (as usual) to some printer, with proper directions. I had lately a letter without a name, telling me, that I have got a sop to hold my tongue, and that it is determined we must have that grievance, &c. forced on us.

My intention is to return about the beginning of October, if my occasions do not hinder me. Before that time it will be seen how the parliament will act. They who talk with me, think they will be slaves as usual, and led where the government pleases.

My humble service to Mrs. Worrall. The ladies present theirs to you both.

J. SWIFT.

FROM EDWARD, EARL OF OXFORD.

REVEREND SIR, DOVER STREET, AUG. 30, 1725.

I RECEIVED the favour of your letter; I am vexed that the trifle of the ring should not have reached you; I found where the fault lay; I hope you will soon receive both the picture and the ring safe: I have ordered them to the care of Erasmus Lewis, esq., our old friend, and he is a punctual man, and is well acquainted with Mrs. Ford, and my lord Arran's chaplain, Mr Charleton; so I hope this method will not fail that I have now taken. I would not be wanting in the least trifle, by which I

M 2

might

might show the value and esteem I have, and always must and will have for you.

The picture I have of you is the same which Mr. Jarvis drew of you in Ireland, and it is very like you, and is a very good picture; and though Mr. Jarvis is honoured with the place of his majesty's painter, he cannot paint a picture I shall so much value as I do that of the dean of St. Patrick's.

My old fellow collegiate has done so right a thing as to prefer one of your recommendation.—I am, sir, your most obedient humble servant,

OXFORD.

My wife sends her compliments to you; she is as well as can be expected.

TO THE REV. MR. WORRALL.

QUILCA, AUG. 31, 1725.

I HAVE yours of the 28th. I am still to acknowledge and thank you for the care of my little affairs. I hope I shall not want the silver; for I hope to be in town by the beginning of October, unless extreme good weather shall invite me to continue.

Since Wood's patent is cancelled, it will by no means be convenient to have the paper printed, as I suppose you, and Jack Grattan, and Sheridan will agree; therefore, if it be with the printer*, I would

* Mrs. Harding.

have

have it taken back, and the press broke, and let her be satisfied.

The work is done, and there is no more need of the Drapier.

Mrs. Johnson does not understand what you mean by her stamped linen, and remembers nothing of it; but supposes it is some jest.

The ladies are well; all our services to Mrs. Worrall. Mrs. Dingley at last discovered the meaning of the stamped linen, which makes that part of my letter needless.

Pray pay Jo. Beaumont four pounds for a horse I bought from him, and place it to my account.

J. S.

When Jo. brings you a piece of linen of twenty-four yards, pray put my name upon it, and pay him six pounds, eight shillings.

FROM GEORGE ROCHFORD, ESQ.

WEDNESDAY MORNING,

DEAR SIR,

SEPT. 9, 1725.

I FIND myself stand in need of the advice I bestowed on you the other night, and therefore if you have not got rid of your cold, I would prescribe a small jaunt to Belcamp* this morning. If you find yourself thus disposed, I will wait for you here in my boots: the weather may perhaps look gloomy

* Dr. Grattan's, about five miles from Dublin.

at the deanery ; but I can assure you it is a fine day in the parish*, where we set up for as good tastes as our neighbours : to convince you of mine, I send you this invitation. I am, dear sir, your much obliged and obedient servant,

GEORGE ROCHFORT.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

QUILCA, SEPT. 11, 1725.

IF you are indeed a discarded courtier, you have reason to complain, but none at all to wonder ; you are too young for many experiences to fall in your way, yet you have read enough to make you know the nature of man. It is safer for a man's interest to blaspheme God, than to be of a party out of power, or even to be thought so. And since the last was the case, how could you imagine that all mouths would not be open when you were received, and in some manner preferred by the government, though in a poor way ? I tell you, there is hardly a whig in Ireland, who would allow a potatoe and butter milk to a reputed tory. Neither is there any thing in your countrymen upon this article, more than what is common in all other nations, only *quoad magis et minus*. Too much advertency is not your talent, or else you had fled from that text, as from a rock †.

* St. Mary's parish, about a mile from the deanery.

† "Sufficient to the day is the evil thereof ;" on which Dr. Sheridan preached on the first of August.

For as Don Quixote said to Sancho, what business had you to speak of a halter in a family, where one of it was hanged? And your innocence is a protection, that wise men are ashamed to rely on, farther than with God. It is indeed against common sense to think, that you should choose such a time, when you had received a favour from the lord lieutenant, and had reason to expect more, to discover your disloyalty in the pulpit. But what will that avail? Therefore sit down and be quiet, and mind your business as you should do, and contract your friendships, and expect no more from man than such an animal is capable of, and you will every day find my description of Yahoos more resembling. You should think and deal with every man as a villain, without calling him so, or flying from him, or valuing him less. This is an old true lesson. You believe, every one will acquit you of any regard to temporal interest; and how came you to claim an exception from all mankind? I believe you value your temporal interest as much as any body, but you have not the arts of pursuing it. You are mistaken. Domestick evils are no more within a man than others; and he who cannot bear up against the first, will sink under the second, and in my conscience I believe this is your case; for being of a weak constitution, in an employment precarious and tiresome, loaden with children, a man of intent and abstracted thinking, enslaved by mathematicks, and complaint of the world, this new weight of party malice hath struck you down, like a feather on a horse's back already loaden as far as he is able to bear. You ought to change the apostle's expres-

sion, and say, I will strive to learn in whatever state, &c.

I will hear none of your visions; you shall live at Quilca but three fortnights and a month in the year; perhaps not so much. You shall make no entertainments but what are necessary to your interests; for your true friends would rather see you over a piece of mutton and a bottle once a quarter; you shall be merry at the expense of others; you shall take care of your health, and go early to bed, and not read late at night; and laugh with all men, without trusting any; and then a fig for the contrivers of your ruin, who now have no farther thoughts than to stop your progress, which perhaps they may not compass, unless I am deceived more than is usual. All this you will do, *si mihi credis*, and not dream of printing your sermon, which is a project abounding with objections unanswerable, and with which I could fill this letter. You say nothing of having preached before the lord lieutenant, nor whether he is altered toward you; for you speak nothing but generals. You think all the world has now nothing to do but to pull Mr. Sheridan down, whereas it is nothing but a slap in your turn, and away. Lord Oxford said once to me on an occasion, these fools, because they hear a noise about their ears of their own making, think the whole world is full of it. When I come to town, we will change all this scene, and act like men of the world. Grow rich and you will have no enemies; go sometimes to the castle, keep fast Mr. Tickell and Balaguer*; frequent those on the right side, friends

* He was private secretary to lord Carteret.

to the present powers ; drop those, who are loud on the wrong party, because they know they can suffer nothing by it.

FROM THE SAME.

QUILCA, SEPT. 19, 1725.

WE have prevailed with Neal, in spite of his harvest, to carry up miss, with your directions ; and it is high time, for she was run almost wild, though we have something civilised her since she came among us. You are too short in circumstances. I did not hear you was forbid preaching. Have you seen my lord ? Who forbid you to preach ? Are you no longer chaplain ? Do you never go to the castle ? Are you certain of the accuser, that it is Tighe* ? Do you think my lord acts thus, because he fears it would breed ill humour, if he should openly favour one who is looked on as of a different party ? I think, that is too mean for him. I do not much disapprove your letter, but I think it a wrong method ; pray read over the enclosed twice, and if you do not dislike it, let it be sent (not by a servant of yours, nor from you) to Mr. Tickell. There the case is stated as well as I could do it in generals, for want of knowing particulars. When I come to

* Richard Tighe, esq., a privy counsellor, and member of the Irish parliament. This gentleman, of whom the dean seems to have had an unfavourable opinion, "hitches in a rhyme," in a poem addressed to Mr. Lindsay in 1728. See vol. VII.

town, I shall see the lord lieutenant, and be as free with him as possible. In the mean time I believe it may keep cold; however advise with Mr. Tickell, and Mr. Balaguer. I should fancy that the bishop of Limerick* could easily satisfy his excellency, and that my lord lieutenant believes no more of your guilt than I, and therefore it can be nothing but to satisfy the noise of party at this juncture, that he acts as he does; and if so (as I am confident it is) the effect will cease with the cause. But without doubt, Tighe and others have dinned the words tory and jacobite into his excellency's ears, and therefore your text, &c. was only made use of as an opportunity.

Upon the whole matter you are no loser, but at least have got something. Therefore be not like him who hanged himself, because going into a gaminghouse and winning ten thousand pounds, he lost five thousand of it, and came away with only half his winnings. When my lord is in London, we may clear a way to him to do you another job, and you are young enough to wait.

We set out to Dublin on Monday the 5th of October, and hope to sup at the deanery the next night, where you will come to us if you are not already engaged.

I am grown a bad bailiff toward the end of my service. Your hay is well brought in, and better stacked than usual. All here are well.

I know not what you mean by my having some sport soon; I hope it is no sport that will vex me.

Pray do not forget to seal the enclosed before you send it.

* Dr. William Burscow.

I send you back your letter to the lord lieutenant.

TO THE SAME.

QUILCA, SEPT, 25, 1725.

YOUR confusion hindered you from giving any rational account of your distress, till this last letter, and therein you are imperfect enough. However, with much ado we have now a tolerable understanding how things stand. We had a paper sent enclosed, subscribed by Mr. Ford, as we suppose; it is in print, and we all approve it, and this I suppose is the sport I was to expect. I do think it is agreed, that all animals fight with the weapons natural to them (which is a new and wise remark out of my own head) and the devil take that animal, who will not offend his enemy, when he is provoked, with his proper weapon; and though your old dull horse little values the blows I give him with the butt end of my stick, yet I strike on and make him wince in spite of his dullness; and he shall not fail of them while I am here; and I hope you will do so too to the beast who has kicked against you, and try how far his insensibility will protect him, and you shall have help, and he will be vexed, for so I found your horse this day, though he would not move the faster. I will kill that flea or louse, which bites me, though I get no honour by it.

Laudari ab iss, quos omnes laudant, is a maxim; and the contrary is equally true. Thank you for the

offer of your mare ; and how a pox could we come without her ? They pulled off her and your horses shoes for fear of being rid, and then they rode them without shoes, and so I was forced to shoe them again. All the fellows here would be Tighes, if they were but privy counsellors. You will never be at ease for your friend's horses or your own, till you have walled in a park of twenty acres, which I would have done next spring.

You say not a word of the letter I sent you for Mr. Tickell, whether you sent it him or not ; and yet it was very material that I should know it. The two devils of inadvertency and forgetfulness have got fast hold on you. I think you need not quit his and Balaguer's company for the reason I mentioned in that letter, because they are above suspicions, as *whiggissimi* and *unsuspectissimi*. When the lord lieutenant goes for England, I have a method to set you right with him, I hope, as I will tell you when I come to town, if I do not Sheridan it, I mean forget it.

I did a Sheridanism ; I told you I had lost your letter enclosed, which you intended to lord Carteret, and yet I have it safe here.

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT.

DEAR SIR,

LONDON, OCT. 17, 1725.

I HAVE the vanity to think, that a few friends have a real concern for me, and are uneasy when I am in distress ; in consequence of which, I ought to communicate

communicate with them the joy of my recovery. I did not want a most kind paragraph in your letter to Mr. Pope, to convince me, that you are of the number; and I know, that I give you a sensible pleasure in telling you, that I think myself at this time almost perfectly recovered of a most unusual and dangerous distemper, an imposthume in the bowels; such a one, that had it been in the hands of a chirurgeon, in an outward and fleshy part, I should not have been well these three months. Duke Disney, our old friend, is in a fair way to recover of such another. There have been several of them, occasioned, as I reckon, by the cold and wet season. People have told me of new impostures (as they called them) every day. Poor Sir William Wyndham has an imposthume: I hope the Bath, where he is going, will do him good. The hopes of seeing once more the dean of St. Patrick's, revives my spirits. I cannot help imagining some of our old club met together like mariners after a storm. For God's sake do not tantalize your friends any more. I can prove by twenty unanswerable arguments, that it is absolutely necessary, that you should come over to England; that it would be committing the greatest absurdity that ever was, not to do it the next approaching winter. I believe, indeed, it is just possible to save your soul without it, and that is all. As for your book* (of which I have framed to myself such an idea, that I am persuaded there is no doing any good upon mankind without it) I will set the letters myself, rather than that it should not be published. But before you put the finishing

* Gulliver's Travels.

hand to it, it is really necessary to be acquainted with some new improvements of mankind, that have appeared of late, and are daily appearing. Mankind has an inexhaustible source of invention in the way of folly and madness. I have only one fear, that when you come over, you will be so much coveted and taken up by the ministry, that unless your friends meet you at their tables, they will have none of your company. This is really no joke; I am quite in earnest. Your deafness is so necessary a thing, that I almost begin to think it an affectation. I remember you used to reckon dinners. I know of near half a year's dinners, where you are already bespoke. It is worth your while to come to see your old friend Lewis, who is wiser than ever he was, the best of husbands. I am sure I can say from my own experience, that he is the best of friends. He was so to me, when he had little hope I should ever live to thank him.

You must acquaint me before you take your journey, that we may provide a convenient lodging for you among your friends. I am called away this moment, and have only time to add, that I long to see you, and am most sincerely, dear sir, your most faithful humble servant,

JO. ARBUTHNOT.

FROM THE EARL OF OXFORD.

REVEREND SIR, DOVER STREET, OCT. 19, 1725.

I HOPE you will excuse these few lines for once, when I tell you that yesterday morning, I thank God

God, my wife was safely delivered of a son, and both mother and child are as well as can be expected. I fancy this will not be disagreeable news to the dean of St. Patrick's, except he be very much altered, which I believe not. I will not trouble you with any more, but to tell you that I am with great respect, sir, your most obedient servant,

OXFORD.

AN ANSWER TO LORD PALMERSTON'S*
CIVIL POLITE LETTER. [So endorsed.]

MY LORD,

JAN. 31, 1725-6.

I DESIRE you will give yourself the last trouble I shall ever put you to. I do entirely acquit you of any injury or injustice done to Mr. Curtis †; and if you had read that passage in my letter a second time, you could not possibly have so ill understood me. The injury and injustice the young man received were from those, who, claiming a title to his chambers, took away his key; and reviled, and threatened to beat him; with a great deal of the like monstrous conduct: whereupon at his request I laid the case before you ‡, as it appeared to me. And it would

* Henry, son of sir John Temple (sir William's brother) was created baron Palmerston March 12, 1722, and was chief remembrancer of his majesty's court of exchequer in Ireland. He died Jan. 10, 1757.

† A resident master in Trinity college, whom the dean made one of the four minor canons of St. Patrick's cathedral.

‡ Lord viscount Palmerston hath a right to bestow two handsome chambers in the university of Dublin upon such students as he and his heirs shall think proper, on account of the benefactions of this family toward the college buildings.

have

have been very strange, if on account of a trifle, and of a person for whom I have no concern farther than as he was once employed by me, on the character he bears of piety and learning, I should charge you with injury and injustice to him, when I know from himself and Mr. Reading, that you were not answerable for either.

As you state the case of tenant at will; I fully agree, that no law can compel you; but law was not at all in my thoughts.

Now, my lord, if what I writ of injury and injustice, were wholly applied in plain terms to one or two of the college here, whose names were below my remembrance; you will consider how I could deserve an answer in every line full of foul insinuations, open reproaches, jesting flirts, and contumelious terms; and what title you claim to give me such treatment. I own my obligation to sir William Temple for recommending me to the late king, although without success; and for his choice of me to take care of his posthumous writings. But I hope you will not charge my being in his family as an obligation; for I was educated to little purpose, if I had chosen his house on any other motives, than the benefit of his conversation and advice, and the opportunity of pursuing my studies. For, being born to no fortune, I was at his death as much to seek it as ever: and perhaps you will allow, that I was of some use to him. This I will venture to say, that in the time when I had some little credit, I did fifty times more for fifty people, from whom I never received the least service or assistance; yet I should not be pleased to hear a relation of mine reproaching them with ingratitude, although many of them well
deserve

deserve it. For, thanks to party, I have met in both kingdoms with ingratitude enough.

If I have been ill informed, you have not been much better, that I declared no great regard to your family ; for so you express yourself: I never had occasion or opportunity to make use of any such words. The last time I saw you in London, was the last intercourse that I remember to have had with your family. But having always trusted to my own innocence, I was never inquisitive to know my accusers. When I mentioned my loss of interest with you, I did it with concern, and I had no resentment ; because I supposed it to arise only from different sentiments in publick matters.

My lord, if my letter were polite, it was against my intention, and I entreat your pardon for it. If I have wit, I will keep it to show when I am angry ; which at present I am not: because, although nothing can excuse those intemperate words your pen hath let fall, yet I shall give allowance to a hasty person hurried on by a mistake beyond all rules of decency. If a first minister of state had used me as you have done, he should have heard from me in another style ; because in that case retaliating would be thought a mark of courage. But as your lordship is not in a situation to do me good, nor, I am sure, of a disposition to do me mischief ; so I should lose the merit of being bold, because I incurred no danger.

In this point alone we are exactly equal ; but in wit and politeness I am as ready to yield to you, as in titles and estate.

I have found out one secret ; that although you call me a great wit, you do not think me so ; other-

wise you would have been cautious to have writ me such a letter.

You conclude with saying, you are ready to ask pardon, where you have offended. Of this I acquit you, because I have not taken the offence; but whether you will acquit yourself, must be left to your conscience and honour.

I have formerly upon occasions been your humble servant in Ireland, and should not refuse to be so still, but you have so useful and excellent a friend in Mr. Reading, that you need no other; and, I hope, my good opinion of him will not lessen yours. I am, my lord,

Your most humble servant,

JON. SWIFT

TO MR. WORRALL.

LONDON, APRIL 16, 1726.

THE ladies have told you all my adventures, and I hear you are ruining me with dung. I have writ several times to the ladies, and shall soon do so again. I send you enclosed the bill of lading for a picture that has lain long at sea; you will be so kind to get it out of the customhouse. Mr. Medicot* will make it easy, if there should be any difficulties. My humble service to Mrs. Worrall, and the ladies, and all my friends. I thank God I am in pretty

* Representative in parliament for Westminster, and a commissioner of the revenue in Ireland.

good health. I have now company with me ; I can say no more. I hope you are all well.

I got no voice at Oxford ; but am endeavouring for one here.

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT.

TUESDAY, THREE O'CLOCK,

DEAR SIR,

APRIL 5, 1726.

I HAVE been at your lodgings this morning, but you was out early. Her royal highness begs the honour of a visit from you on Thursday night at seven o'clock. You are to be attended by, dear sir, your most faithful humble servant,

JO. ARBUTHNOT.

I hope you will not engage yourself at that hour ; but I shall see you before that time.

TO THE EARL OF PETERBOROW.

MY LORD,

APRIL 28, 1726.

YOUR lordship having, at my request, obtained for me an hour from sir Robert Walpole*, I accordingly

* When Dr. Swift was in England in 1726, he went to see sir Robert Walpole at Chelsea ; which drew the notice of all the company : but no one knew him till sir Robert entered, who went up to him very obligingly. Swift, without rising up, or any other

cordingly attended him yesterday at eight o'clock in the morning, and had somewhat more than an hour's conversation with him. Your lordship was this day pleased to inquire what passed between that great minister and me, to which I gave you some general answers, from whence you said you could comprehend little or nothing.

I had no other design in desiring to see sir Robert Walpole, than to represent the affairs of Ireland to him in a true light, not only without any view to myself, but to any party whatsoever: and, because I understood the affairs of that kingdom tolerably well, and observed the representations he had received were such as I could not agree to; my principal design was to set him right, not only for the service of Ireland, but likewise of England, and of his own administration.

I failed very much in my design; for, I saw, he had conceived opinions from the examples and practices of the present and some former governors, which I could not reconcile to the notions I had of liberty, a possession always understood by the British nation to be the inheritance of a human creature.

address, said, "For God's sake, sir Robert, take me out of that Ireland, and place me somewhere in England."—"Mr. dean" said sir Robert, "I should be glad to oblige you; but I fear removing you will spoil your wit. Look on that tree (pointing to one under the window): I transplanted it from the hungry soil of Houghton to the Thames side; but it is good for nothing here." This happened some years before the dean's Rhapsody appeared, where sir Robert has an ample share of his pointed ridicule. In a letter to Mr. Pope, Oct. 30, 1727, the dean says, "I forgave sir Robert Walpole a thousand pounds, *multa gemens*," alluding to an order which he had, upon the exchequer, for that sum, a short time before the death of queen Annæ, which was never paid.

Sir

Sir Robert Walpole was pleased to enlarge very much upon the subject of Ireland, in a manner so alien from what I conceived to be the rights and privileges of a subject of England, that I did not think proper to debate the matter with him so much as I otherwise might, because I found it would be in vain. I shall therefore, without entering into dispute, make bold to mention to your lordship some few grievances of that kingdom, as it consists of a people, who, beside a natural right of enjoying the privileges of subjects, have also a claim of merit from their extraordinary loyalty to the present king* and his family.

First, That all persons born in Ireland, are called and treated as Irishmen, although their fathers and grandfathers were born in England; and their predecessors having been conquerors of Ireland, it is humbly conceived they ought to be on as good a foot as any subjects of Britain, according to the practice of all other nations, and particularly of the Greeks and Romans.

Secondly, That they are denied the natural liberty of exporting their manufactures to any country which is not engaged in a war with England.

Thirdly, That whereas there is a university in Ireland, founded by queen Elizabeth, where youth are instructed with a much stricter discipline than either in Oxford or Cambridge; it lies under the greatest discouragements, by filling all the principal employments, civil and ecclesiastical, with persons from England, who have neither interest, property, acquaintance, nor alliance, in that kingdom; con-

* K. George I.

trary to the practice of all other states in Europe which are governed by viceroys, at least what hath never been used without the utmost discontents of the people.

Fourthly, That several of the bishops sent over to Ireland, having been clergymen of obscure condition, and without other distinction than that of chaplains to the governors, do frequently invite over their old acquaintance or kindred, to whom they bestow the best preferments in their gift. The like may be said of the judges, who take with them one or two dependents, to whom they give their countenance, and who consequently, without other merit, grow immediately into the chief business of their courts. The same practice is followed by all others in civil employments, if they have a cousin, a valet, or footman, in their family, born in England.

Fifthly, That all civil employments, grantable in reversion, are given to persons who reside in England.

The people of Ireland, who are certainly the most loyal subjects in the world, cannot but conceive that most of these hardships have been the consequence of some unfortunate representations (at least) in former times; and the whole body of the gentry feel the effects in a very sensible part, being utterly destitute of all means to make provision for their younger sons, either in the church, the law, the revenue, or (of late) in the army: and, in the desperate condition of trade, it is equally vain to think of making them merchants. All they have left is, at the expiration of leases, to rack their tenants, which they have done to such a degree, that there is not one farmer in a hundred through the kingdom who
can

can afford shoes or stockings to his children, or to eat flesh, or drink any thing better than sour milk or water, twice in a year; so that the whole country, except the Scotch plantation in the north, is a scene of misery and desolation, hardly to be matched on this side Lapland.

The rents of Ireland are computed to about a million and a half, whereof one half million at least is spent by lords and gentlemen residing in England, and by some other articles too long to mention.

About three hundred thousand pounds more are returned thither on other accounts: and, upon the whole, those who are the best versed in that kind of knowledge, agree, that England gains annually by Ireland a million at least, which even I could make appear beyond all doubt.

But, as this mighty profit would probably increase, with tolerable treatment, to half a million more; so it must of necessity sink, under the hardships that kingdom lies at present.

And whereas sir Robert Walpole was pleased to take notice, how little the king gets by Ireland; it ought, perhaps, to be considered, that the revenues and taxes, I think, amount to above four hundred thousand pounds a year; and reckoning the riches of Ireland, compared with England, to be as one to twelve, the king's revenues there would be equal to more than five millions here; which, considering the bad payment of rents, from such miserable creatures as most of the tenants in Ireland are, will be allowed to be as much as such a kingdom can bear.

The current coin of Ireland is reckoned, at most, but five hundred thousand pounds; so that above four fifths are paid every year into the exchequer.

I think it manifest, that whatever circumstances can possibly contribute to make a country poor and despicable, are all united with respect to Ireland. The nation controlled by laws to which they do not consent, disowned by their brethren and countrymen, refused the liberty not only of trading with their own manufactures, but even their native commodities, forced to seek for justice many hundred miles by sea and land, rendered in a manner incapable of serving their king and country in any employment of honour, trust, or profit; and all this without the least demerit: while the governors sent over thither can possibly have no affection to the people, farther than what is instilled into them by their own justice and love of mankind, which do not always operate; and whatever they please to represent hither is never called in question.

Whether the representatives of such a people, thus distressed and laid in the dust, when they meet in a parliament, can do the publick business with that cheerfulness which might be expected from freeborn subjects, would be a question in any other country, except that unfortunate island; the English inhabitants whereof, have given more and greater examples of their loyalty and dutifulness, than can be shown in any other part of the world.

What part of these grievances may be thought proper to be redressed by so wise and great a minister as sir Robert Walpole, he perhaps will please to consider; especially because they have been all brought

brought upon that kingdom since the revolution; which, however, is a blessing annually celebrated there with the greatest zeal and sincerity.

I most humbly entreat your lordship to give this paper to sir Robert Walpole, and desire him to read it, which he may do in a few minutes. I am, with the greatest respect, my lord,

Your lordship's

most obedient humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.



TO DR. SHERIDAN.

GOOD DOCTOR,

LONDON, JULY 8, 1726.

I HAVE had two months of great uneasiness at the ill account of Mrs. Johnson's health, and as it is usual, feared the worst that was possible, and doubted all the good accounts that were sent me. I pray God her danger may warn her to be less wilful, and more ready to fall into those measures, that her friends and physician advise her to. I had a letter two days ago from archdeacon Wall, dated six days before yours, wherein he gives me a better account than you do, and therefore I apprehend she hath not mended since; and yet he says he can honestly tell me she is now much better. Pray thank the archdeacon, and tell him he is to have a share in this letter; and therefore I will save him the trouble of another. Tell him also, that I never asked for my 1000l. which he hears I have got, though I mentioned

tioned it to the princess the last time I saw her; but I bid her tell Walpole*, I scorned to ask him for it, but blot out this passage, and mention it to no one except the ladies; because I know Mrs. Johnson would be pleased with it, and I will not write to them till I hear from them; therefore this letter is theirs as well as yours. The archdeacon farther says, that Mrs. Johnson has not tasted claret for several months, but once at his house. This I dislike. I cannot tell who is the fourth of your friends, unless it be yourself: I am sorry for your new laborious studies, but the best of it is, they will not be your own another day. I thank you for your new style, and most useful quotations. I am only concerned, that although you get the grace of the house, you will never get the grace of the town, but die plain Sheridan, or Tom at most, because it is a syllable shorter than doctor. However, I will give it you at length in the superscription, and people will so wonder how the news could come and return so quick to and from England, especially if the wind be fair when the packet goes over; and let me warn you to be very careful in sending for your letters two days after the commencement. You lost one post by my being out of town; for I came hither to day, and shall stay three or four upon some business, and then go back to Mr. Pope's, and there continue till August, and then come to town till I begin my journey to Ireland, which I propose the middle of August. My old servant Archy is here ruined and starving, and has pursued me and wrote me a letter, but I have refused to see him. Our friend at the

* Sir Robert Walpole, afterward earl of Orford.

castle writ to me two months ago to have a sight of those papers, &c. of which I brought away a copy. I have answered him, that whatever papers I have, are conveyed from one place to another through nine or ten hands, and that I have the key. If he should mention any thing of papers in general either to you or the ladies, and that you can bring it in, I would have you and them to confirm the same story, and laugh at my humour in it, &c. My service to Dr. Delany, Dr. Helsham, the Grattans, and Jacksons. There is not so despised a creature here as your friend* with the soft verses on children. I heartily pity him. This is the first time I was ever weary of England, and longed to be in Ireland; but it is because go I must; for I do not love Ireland better, nor England, as England, worse; in short, you all live in a wretched, dirty doghole and prison, but it is a place good enough to die in. I can tell you one thing, that I have had the fairest offer made me of a settlement here that one can imagine, which if I were ten years younger I would gladly accept, within twelve miles of London, and in the midst of my friends. But I am too old for new schemes, and especially such as would bridle me in my freedoms and liberalities. But so it is, that I must be forced to get home, partly by stealth, and partly by force. I have indeed one temptation for this winter, much stronger, which is of a fine house and garden, and park, and wine cellar in France, to pass away winter in*, and if Mrs. Johnson were not so out of order I would certainly accept of it; and I wish she could

* Ambrose Philips.

† Lord Bolingbroke invited the dean to spend a winter with him at his house in France, on the banks of the Loire.

go to Montpellier at the same time. You see I am grown visionary, and therefore it is time to have done. Adieu.

FROM LORD PETERBOROW.

SATURDAY EVENING*.

ONE of your Irish heroes, that from the extremity of our English land, came to destroy the wicked brazen project, desires to meet you on Monday next at Parson's green. If you are not engaged, I will send my coach for you.

Sir Robert Walpole, any morning, except Tuesday and Thursday, which are his publick days, about nine in the morning will be glad to see you at his London house. On Monday, if I see you, I will give you a farther account. Your affectionate servant,

PETERBOROW.

TO MR. WORRALL.

TWICKENHAM, JULY 15, 1726.

I WISH you would send me a common bill in form upon any banker for one hundred pounds, and I will wait for it, and in the mean time borrow where I can.

* Endorsed '1726, in summer.'

What you tell me of Mrs. Johnson, I have long expected, with great oppression and heaviness of heart. We have been perfect friends these thirty-five years. Upon my advice they both came to Ireland, and have been ever since my constant companions; and the remainder of my life will be a very melancholy scene, when one of them is gone, whom I most esteemed upon the score of every good quality that can possibly recommend a human creature. I have these two months seen through Mrs. Dingley's disguisè's*. And indeed, ever since I left you, my heart has been so sunk, that I have not been the same man, nor ever shall be again; but drag on a wretched life, till it shall please God to call me away. I must tell you, as a friend, that if you have reason to believe Mrs. Johnson cannot hold out till my return, I would not think of coming to Ireland; and in that case, I would expect of you, in the beginning of September, to renew my license for another half year; which time I will spend in some retirement far from London, till I can be in a disposition of appearing after an accident, that must be so fatal to my quiet. I wish it could be brought about that she might make her will. Her intentions are to leave the interest of all her fortune to her mother and sister, during their lives, and afterward to Dr. Stephens's hospital, to purchase lands for such uses there as she designs. Think how I am disposed while I write this, and forgive the inconsistencies. I would not for the universe be present at such a

* Probably endeavouring to conceal Mrs. Johnson's danger, in tenderness to the dean.

trial of seeing her depart. She will be among friends, that upon her own account and great worth, will tend her with all possible care, where I should be a trouble to her, and the greatest torment to myself. In case the matter should be desperate, I would have you advise, if they come to town, that they should be lodged in some airy healthy part, and not in the deanery; which besides, you know, cannot but be a very improper thing for that house to breathe her last in. This I leave to your discretion, and I conjure you to burn this letter immediately, without telling the contents of it to any person alive. Pray write to me every week, that I may know what steps to take; for I am determined not to go to Ireland, to find her just dead, or dying. Nothing but extremity could make me so familiar with those terrible words, applied to such a dear friend. Let her know, I have bought her a repeating gold watch, for her ease in winter nights. I designed to have surprised her with it; but now I would have her know it, that she may see how my thoughts are always to make her easy.

I am of opinion, that there is not a greater folly than to contract too great and intimate a friendship, which must always leave the survivor miserable.

On the back of Burton's note there was written the account of Mrs. Johnson's sickness. Pray, in your next, avoid that mistake, and leave the back-side blank.

When you have read this letter twice, and retain what I desire, pray burn it; and let all I have said lie only in your breast.

Pray write every week. I have (till I know farther)

ther) fixed on August the fifteenth to set out for Ireland. I shall continue or alter my measures according to your letters. Adieu.

Direct your letter still to Mrs. Rice, &c.

Pray tell Mr. Dobbs of the college, that I received his letter; but cannot possibly answer it, which I certainly would, if I had materials.

As to what you say about promotion, you will find it was given immediately to Maule*, as I am told; and I assure you I had no offers, nor would accept them. My behaviour to those in power has been directly contrary, since I came here. I would rather have good news from you than Canterbury, though it were given me upon my own terms.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE TO THE THREE YAHOO'S OF TWICKENHAM.

JONATHAN, Alexander, John†, most excellent triumvirs of Parnassus, though you are probably very indifferent where I am, or what I am doing; yet I resolve to believe the contrary. I persuade myself, that you have sent at least fifteen times

* Dr. Henry Maule, promoted to the bishoprick of Cloyne, Sept. 6, 1726; translated to Dromore, March 20, 1731; and to Meath, May 24, 1744. This most worthy man was one of the first promoters of the protestant charter schools in Ireland for the reception and education of children of papists, which have met with great success.

† John Gay.

within this fortnight to Dawley farm*, and that you are extremely mortified at my long silence. To relieve you therefore from this great anxiety of mind, I can do no less than write a few lines to you; and I please myself beforehand with the vast pleasure which this epistle must needs give you. That I may add to this pleasure, and give you farther proofs of my beneficent temper, I will likewise inform you, that I shall be in your neighbourhood again by the end of next week; by which time I hope that Jonathan's imagination of business, will be succeeded by some imagination more becoming a professor of that divine science, *la bagatelle*. Adieu, Jonathan, Alexander, John! Mirth be with you.

From the banks of the Severn, July 23, 1726.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

JULY 27, 1726†.

I HAVE yours just now of the 19th, and the account you give me, is nothing but what I have some time expected with the utmost agonies; and there is one aggravation of constraint, that where I am, I am forced to put on an easy countenance. It was at this time the best office your friendship could do, not to deceive me. I was violently bent all last year, as I believe you remember, that she should go to Montpellier, or Bath, or Tunbridge. I entreated,

* The country residence of lord Bolingbroke, near Cranford in Middlesex.

† This was written from Mr. Pope's at Twickenham.

if there was no amendment, they might both come to London. But there was a fatality, although I indeed think her stamina could not last much longer, when I saw she could take no nourishment. I look upon this to be the greatest event that can ever happen to me; but all my preparations will not suffice to make me bear it like a philosopher, nor altogether like a christian. There hath been the most intimate friendship between us from her childhood, and the greatest merit on her side, that ever was in one human creature toward another. Nay if I were now near her, I would not see her; I could not behave myself tolerably, and should redouble her sorrow.—Judge in what a temper of mind I write this.—The very time I am writing, I conclude the fairest soul in the world hath left its body.—Confusion! that I am this moment called down to a visitor, when I am in the country, and not in my power to deny myself.—I have passed a very constrained hour, and now return to say I know not what. I have been long weary of the world, and shall for my small remainder of years be weary of life, having for ever lost that conversation, which could only make it tolerable.—I fear while you are reading this, you will be shedding tears at her funeral: she loved you well, and a great share of the little merit I have with you, is owing to her solicitations.

I writ to you about a week ago*.

* Soon after the date of this letter the dean went back to Ireland, but Mrs. Johnson recovering a moderate state of health, he returned again to England the beginning of the year 1727.

TO MR. WORRALL.

LONDON, AUG. 6, 1726.

AT the same time that I had your letter, with the bill, (for which I thank you) I received another from Dr. Sheridan, both full of the melancholy account of our friend. The doctor advises me to go over at the time I intended, which I now design to do, and to set out on Monday the fifteenth from hence. However, if any accident should happen to me, that you do not find me come over on the first of September, I would have you renew my license of absence from the second of September, which will be the day that my half year will be out; and since it is not likely that you can answer this, so as to reach me before I leave London, I desire you will write to me, directed to Mrs. Kenah, in Chester, where I design to set up, and shall hardly be there in less than a fortnight from this time; and if I should then hear our friend was no more, I might probably be absent a month or two in some parts of Derbyshire, or Wales. However, you need not renew the license till the first of September; and, if I come not, I will write to you from Chester. This unhappy affair is the greatest trial I ever had; and I think you are unhappy in having conversed so much with that person under such circumstances. Tell Dr. Sheridan, I had his letter; but care not to answer it. I wish you would give me your opinion, at Chester, whether I shall come over or not. I shall

shall be there, God willing, on Thursday, the eighteenth instant. This is enough to say, in my present situation. I am, &c.

My humble service and thanks to Mrs. Worrall for the care of our friend, which I shall never forget.

TO THE SAME.

AUG. 15, 1726.

THIS is Saturday, and on Monday I set out for Ireland. I desired you would send me a letter to Chester. I suppose I shall be in Dublin, with moderate fortune, in ten or eleven days hence; for I will go by Holyhead. I shall stay two days at Chester, unless I can contrive to have my box sent after me. I hope I shall be with you by the end of August; but however, if I am not with you by the second of September, which is the time that my license is out, I desire you will get me a new one; for I would not lie at their mercy, though I know it signifies nothing. I expect to be very miserable when I come; but I shall be prepared for it. I desired you would write to me to Chester, which I hope you will do; and pray hinder Dr. Sheridan from writing to me any more.

This is all I have to say to you at present.

I am, &c.

J. SWIFT.

FROM WILLIAM PULTENEY, ESQ.

DEAR SIR,

LONDON, SEPTEMBER 3, 1726.

I RECEIVED the favour of your kind letter at my lord Chetwynd's; and though you had so much goodness as to forbid my answering it at that time; yet I should be inexcusable, now I have perfectly recovered my health and strength, if I did not return you my very hearty thanks for your concern for me during my illness. Though our acquaintance has not been of long date, yet I think I may venture to assure you, that even among your old friends, you have not many, who have a juster regard for your merit than I have. I could wish that those who are more able to serve you than I am, had the same desire of doing it. And yet methinks, now I consider it, and reflect who they are, I should be sorry they had the merit of doing so right a thing. As well as I wish you, I would rather not have you provided for yet, than provided for by those that I do not like. Mr. Pope tells me, that we shall see you in spring. When we meet again, I flatter myself we shall not part so soon; and I am in hopes you will allow me a larger share of your company than you did. All I can say to engage you to come a little oftener to my house, is, to promise, that you shall not have one dish of meat at my table so disguised, but you shall easily know what it is. You shall have a cup of your own for small beer and wine mixed together; you shall have no women at
table,

table, if you do not like them, and no men, but such as like you. I wished mightily to be in London before you left it, having something which I would willingly have communicated to you, that I do not think so discreet to trust to a letter. Do not let your expectation be raised, as if it was a matter of any great consequence : it is not that, though I should be mighty glad you knew it, and perhaps I may soon find a way of letting you do so.

Our parliament, they now say, is not to meet till after Christmas. The chief business of it being to give money, it may be proper the ministers should know, a little before it meets, how much farther they have run the nation in debt, that they may prudently conceal or provide what they think fit. I am told, that many among us begin to grumble, that England should be obliged to support the charge of a very expensive war, while all the other powers of Europe are in peace. But I will enter no farther into publick matters, taking it for granted, that a letter directed to you, and franked by me, cannot fail of raising the curiosity of some of our vigilant ministers, and that they will open it; though we know it is not customary for them so to do. Mrs. Pulteney is very much your humble servant, and I am, with great truth, sir, your most obedient humble servant,

W. PULTENEY.

FROM MR. GAY.

DEAR SIR,

LONDON, SEPT. 16, 1726.

SINCE I wrote last, I have been always upon the ramble. I have been in Oxfordshire with the duke and duchess of Queensberry, and at Petersham, and wheresoever they would carry me; but as they will go to Wiltshire without me, on Tuesday next, for two or three months, I believe I shall then have finished my travels for this year, and shall not go farther from London, than now and then to Twickenham. I saw Mr. Pope on Sunday, who has lately escaped a very great danger; but is very much wounded across his right hand. Coming home in the dark, about a week ago, alone in my lord Bolingbroke's coach from Dawley, he was overturned, where a bridge has been broke down, near Whitton, about a mile from his own house. He was thrown into the river, with the glasses of the coach up, and was up to the knots of his periwig in water. The footman broke the glass to draw him out; by which, he thinks, he received the cut across his hand. He was afraid he should have lost the use of his little finger and the next to it; but the surgeon, whom he sent for last Sunday from London to examine it, told him that his fingers were safe, that there were two nerves cut, but no tendon. He was in very good health, and very good spirits, and the wound in a fair way of being soon healed. The instructions you sent me to communicate to the doctor about the
singer,

singer, I transcribed from your own letter, and sent to him; for, at that time, he was going every other day to Windsor park to visit Mr. Congreve, who has been extremely ill, but is now recovered, so that I was prevented from seeing of him by going out of town. I dined and supped on Monday last with lord and lady Bolingbroke, at lord Berkeley's, at Cranford, and returned to London, with the duke and duchess of Queensberry, on Tuesday by two o'clock in the morning. You are remembered always with great respect by all your acquaintance, and every one of them wishes for your return. The lottery begins to be drawn on Monday next, but my week of attendance will be the first in October. I am obliged to follow the engravers to make them dispatch my plates for the fables; for without it, I find they proceed but very slowly. I take your advice in this, as I wish to do in all things, and frequently revise my work, in order to finish it as well as I can. Mr. Pulteney takes the letter you sent him in the kindest manner; and I believe he is, except a few excursions, fixed in town for the winter. As for the particular affair, that you want to be informed in, we are as yet wholly in the dark; but Mr. Pope will follow your instructions. Mr. Lancelot sent for the spectacles you left behind you, which were delivered to him. Mr. Jervas's sheets are sent home to him, mended, finely washed, and neatly folded up. I intend to see Mr. Pope to morrow or on Sunday. I have not seen Mrs. Howard a great while, which you know must be a great mortification and self-denial; but in my case, it is particularly unhappy, that a man cannot contrive to be in two places at the same time: if I could, while you are

there, one of them should be always Dublin. But, after all, it is a silly thing to be with a friend by halves, so that I will give up all thoughts of bringing this project to perfection, if you will contrive that we shall meet again soon. I am, dear sir, your most obliged and affectionate friend, and servant,

J. GAY.

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT.

LONDON, SEPT. 26, 1726.

I HAVE been balancing, dear sir, these three days, whether I should write to you first. Laying aside the superiority of your dignity, I thought a notification was due to me, as well as to two others of my friends: then, I considered, that this was done in the publick news, with all the formalities of reception of a lord lieutenant. I reflected on the dependency of Ireland; but, said I, what if my friend should dispute this? Then I considered, that letters were always introduced at first from the civilized to the barbarous kingdom. In short, my affection and the pleasure of corresponding with my dear friend, prevailed; and, since you most disdainfully, and barbarously confined me to two lines a month, I was resolved to plague you with twenty times that number, though I think it was a sort of a compliment, to be supposed capable of saying any thing in two lines. The Gascon asked only to speak one word to the French king, which the king confining him to, he brought
a paper,

a paper, and said, *signez*, and not a word more. Your negotiation with the singing man is in the hands of my daughter Nancy, who, I can assure you, will neglect nothing that concerns you: she has written about it. Mr Pope has been in hazard of his life by drowning; coming late, two weeks ago, from lord Bolingbroke's in his coach and six, a bridge on a little river being broke down, they were obliged to go through the water, which was not too high, but the coach was overturned in it; and the glass being up, which he could not break nor get down, he was very near drowned; for, the footman was stuck in the mud, and could hardly come in time to help him. He had that in common with Horace, that it was occasioned by the trunk of a tree; but it was *trunco rheda illapsa, neque Faunus ictum dextra levabat*; for he was wounded in the left hand, but, thank God, without any danger; but by the cutting of a large vessel, lost a great deal of blood. I have been with Mrs. Howard, who has a most intolerable pain in one side of her head. I had a great deal of discourse with your friend, her royal highness. She insisted upon your wit, and good conversation. I told her royal highness, that was not what I valued you for, but for being a sincere, honest man, and speaking truth when others were afraid to speak it. I have been for near three weeks together every day at the duchess of Marlborough's, with Mr. Congreve, who has been likely to die with a fever, and the gout in his stomach; but he is now better, and likely to do well. My brother was near being cast away going to France: there was a ship lost just by him. I write this in a dull humour, but with most sincere affection to an ungrateful man as
you

you are, that minds every body more than me, except what concerns my interest. My dear friend, farewell.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

LONDON, SEPT. 22, 1726.

A BOOKSELLER *, who says he is in a few days going to Dublin, calls here, and offers to carry a letter to you. I cannot resist the temptation of writing to you, though I have nothing to say more by this conveyance, than I should have by that of the post; though I have lately clubbed with Pope to make up a most elegant epistle to you in prose and verse; and though I wrote the other day the first paragraph of that Chedder † letter which is preparing for you. The only excuse then, which I can plead for writing now, is, that the letter will cost you nothing. Have you heard of the accident which befel poor Pope in going lately from me? A bridge was down, the coach forced to go through the water, the bank steep, a hole on one side, a

* George Faulkner.

† A Chedder letter, is a letter written by the contribution of several friends, each furnishing a paragraph. The name is borrowed from that of a large and excellent cheese made at Chedder in Somersetshire, where all the dairies contribute to make the cheese, which is thus made of new milk, or fresh cream; of which, one dairy not furnishing a sufficient quantity, the common practice is to make cheese of milk or cream that has been set by, till a proper quantity is procured, and then part of it at least is stale.

block of timber on the other, the night as dark as pitch. In short, he overturned, the fall was broke by the water ; but the glasses were up, and he might have been drowned, if one of my men had not broke a glass, and pulled him out through the window. His right hand * was severely cut ; but the surgeon thinks him in no danger of losing the use of his fingers : however, he has lately had very great pains in that arm from the shoulder downward, which might create a suspicion that some of the glass remains still in the flesh. St. André says, there is none. If so, these pains are owing to a cold he took in a fit of gallantry, which carried him across the water to see Mrs. Howard, who has been extremely ill, but is much better. Just as I am writing, I hear, that Dr. Arbuthnot says, that Mr. Pope's pains are rheumatick, and have no relation to his wound. He suffers very much ; I will endeavour to see him to morrow. Let me hear from you as often as you can afford to write. I would say something to you of myself, if I had any good to say ; but I am much in the same way in which you left me, eternally busy about trifles, disagreeable in themselves, but rendered supportable by their end ; which is, to enable me to bury myself from the world (who cannot be more tired of me than I am of it) in an agreeable sepulchre. I hope to bring this about by next spring, and shall be glad to see you at my funeral. Adieu.

* Dr. Arbuthnot (p. 201) says he was hurt in the left hand. The doctor probably knew best.

FROM MR. GAY.

DEAR SIR,

WHITEHALL, OCT. 22, 1726.

BEFORE I say one word to you, give me leave to say something of the other gentleman's affair. The letter was sent ; and the answer was, that every thing was finished and concluded according to orders, and that it would be publickly known to be so in a very few days ; so that, I think, there can be no occasion for his writing any more about this affair.

The letter you wrote to Mr. Pope, was not received till eleven or twelve days after date ; and the post office, we suppose, have very vigilant officers ; for they had taken care to make him pay for a double letter. I wish I could tell you, that the cutting of the tendons of two of his fingers was a joke ; but it is really so : the wound is quite healed ; his hand is still weak, and the two fingers drop downward, as I told you before ; but, I hope it will be very little troublesome or detrimental to him.

In answer to our letter of maps, pictures, and receipts, you call it a tripartite letter. If you will examine it once again, you will find some lines of Mrs. Howard, and some of Mr. Pulteney, which you have not taken the least notice of. The receipt of the veal is of monsieur Devaux, Mr. Pulteney's cook ; and it has been approved of at one of our Twickenham entertainments. The difficulty of the saucepan, I believe you will find is owing to a negligence in perusing the manuscript ; for, if I remember right, it is there called a stewpan. Your
earthen

earthen vessel, provided it is close stopped, I allow to be a good *succedaneum*. As to the boiling chickens in a wooden bowl, I shall be quite ashamed to consult Mrs. Howard upon your account, who thinks herself entirely neglected by you, in not writing to her, as you promised; however, let her take it as she will, to serve a friend, I will venture to ask it of her. The prince and his family come to settle in town to morrow. That Mr. Pulteney expected an answer to his letter, and would be extremely pleased to hear from you, is very certain; for I have heard him talk of it with expectation for above a fortnight.

I have of late been very much out of order with a slight fever, which I am not yet quite free from. It was occasioned by a cold, which my attendance at the Guildhall improved. I have not a friend who has got any thing under my administration, but the duchess of Queensberry, who has had a benefit of a thousand pounds. Your mentioning Mr. Rollinson* so kindly, will, I know, give him much pleasure; for he always talks of you with great regard, and the strongest terms of friendship. He has been of late ill of a fever, but is recovered so as to go abroad and take the air.

If the engravers keep their word with me, I shall be able to publish my fables soon after Christmas. The doctor's book † is entirely printed off, and will be very soon published. I believe you will expect that I should give you some account how I have spent my time since you left me. I have attended my distressed friend at Twickenham, and been his

* A great friend of lord Bolingbroke, Dr. Swift, and Mr. Pope. He married the widow of John, earl of Winchelsea.

† Arbuthnot's Tables of ancient Coins, &c.

amanuensis, which you know is no idle charge. I have read about half Virgil, and half Spenser's Fairy Queen. I still despise court preferments, so that I lose no time upon attendance on great men; and still can find amusement enough without quadrille, which here is the universal employment of life.

I thought you would be glad to hear from me, so that I determined not to stir out of my lodgings till I had answered your letter: and I think I shall very probably hear more of the matter which I mention in the first paragraph of this letter as soon as I go abroad; for I expect it every day. We have no news as yet of Mr. Stopford*: Mr. Rollinson told me he shall know of his arrival, and will send me word. Lord Bolingbroke has been to make a visit to sir William Wyndham. I hear he is returned, but I have not seen him. If I had been in a better state of health, and Mrs. Howard† were not to come to town to morrow, I would have gone to Mr. Pope's to day, to have dined with him there on Monday.

You ask me how to address to lord B———, when you are disposed to write to him. If you mean lord Burlington, he is not yet returned from France, but is expected every day. If you mean lord Bathurst, he is in Gloucestershire, and makes but a very short stay; so that if you direct to one of them in St. James's Square, or to the other at Burlington-house in Piccadilly, your letter will find

* Dr. James Stopford, fellow of Trinity college, Dublin; and advanced to the bishoprick of Cloyne, in February, 1753.

† Afterward countess of Suffolk, from whom Gay at this time had expectations.

them. I will make your compliments to lord Chesterfield and Mr. Pulteney; and I beg you, in return, to make mine to Mr. Ford. Next week I shall have a new coat and new buttons, for the birthday, though I do not know but a turn coat might have been more for my advantage. Yours most sincerely and affectionately.

P. S. I hear that lord Bolingbroke will be in town, at his own house in Pall mall, next week.

As we cannot enjoy any good things without your partaking of it, accept of the following receipt for stewing veal :

“ Take a knuckle of veal ;
 You may buy it, or steal.
 In a few pieces cut it :
 In a stewing pan put it.
 Salt, pepper, and mace
 Must season this knuckle ;
 Then * what’s join’d to a place,
 With other herbs muckle ;
 That, which kill’d king Will † :
 And what never stands still ‡.
 Some sprigs of that bed §
 Where children are bred,
 Which much you will mend, if
 Both spinnage and endive,
 And lettuce, and beet,
 With marygold meet.

* “ Vulgo, salary.”

† “ Supposed sorrel.”

‡ “ This is by Dr. Bentley thought to be time, or thyme.”

§ “ Parsley. Vide Chamberlayne.”

Put no water at all ;
 For it maketh things small,
 Which, lest it should happen,
 A close cover clap on.
 Put this pot of Wood's metal*
 In a hot boiling kettle,
 And there let it be
 (Mark the doctrine I teach)
 About—let me see,—
 Thrice as long as you preach † :
 So skimming the fat off,
 Say grace with your hat off.
 O, then ! with what rapture
 Will it fill dean and chapter !”

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT.

LONDON, NOV. 8, 1726.

I TAKE it mighty kindly, that a man of your high post, dear sir, was pleased to write me so long a letter. I look upon the captain Tom of a great nation to be a much greater man than the governor of it.

I am sorry your commission about your singer has not been executed sooner. It is not Nanny's fault, who has spoke several times to Dr. Pepusch about it, and writ three or four letters, and received for an-

* “ Of this composition see the works of the copper-farthing dean.”

† “ Which we suppose to be near two hours.”

swer, that he would write for the young fellow; but still, nothing is done. I will endeavour to get his name and direction, and write to him myself.

Your books shall be sent as directed: they have been printed above a month; but I cannot get my subscribers' names*. I will make over all my profits to you for the property of Gulliver's Travels; which, I believe, will have as great a run as John Bunyan. Gulliver is a happy man, that at his age, can write such a merry work.

I made my lord archbishop's† compliments to her royal highness, who returns his grace her thanks; at the same time, Mrs. Howard read your letter to herself. The princess immediately seized on your plaid‡ for her own use, and has ordered the young princesses to be clad in the same. When I had the honour to see her, she was reading Gulliver, and was just come to the passage of the hobbling prince; which she laughed at. I tell you freely, the part of the projectors is the least brilliant. Lewis grumbles a little at it, and says, he wants the key to it, and is daily refining. I suppose he will be able to publish like Barnevelt§ in time. I gave your ser-

* To a work, in 4to. entitled, "Tables of ancient Coins, Weights, and Measures, explained and exemplified in several Dissertations."

† Probably archbishop King of Dublin.

‡ The dean sent a present of some silk plaids from Ireland, for the princess of Wales, and the young princesses.

§ This refers to a pamphlet, entitled, "A Key to the Lock: or a Treatise proving beyond all Contradiction the dangerous Tendency of a late Poem, entitled, The Rape of the Lock, to Government and Religion. By Esdras Barnevelt, apothecary."

vice to lady Harvey. She is in a little sort of a miff about a ballad, that was writ on her, to the tune of Molly Mogg, and sent to her in the name of a begging poet. She was bit, and wrote a letter to the begging poet, and desired him to change two double entendres; which the authors, Mr. Pulteney and lord Chesterfield, changed to single entendres. I was against that, though I had a hand in the first. She is not displeas'd, I believe, with the ballad, but only with being bit.

There has been a comical paper* about quadrille describing it in the terms of a lewd debauch among four ladies, meeting four gallants, two of a ruddy and two of a swarthy complexion, talking of their a—es, &c. The riddle is carried on in pretty strong terms: it was not found out a long time. The ladies, imagining it to be a real thing, began to guess who were of the party. A great minister was for hanging the author. In short, it has made very good sport.

Gay has had a little fever, but is pretty well recovered: so is Mr. Pope. We shall meet at lord Bolingbroke's on Thursday, in town, at dinner, and remember you. Gulliver is in every body's hands. Lord Scarborough, who is no inventor of stories, told me, that he fell in company with a master of a ship, who told him, that he was very well acquainted with Gulliver; but that the printer had mistaken, that he lived in Wapping, and not at Rotherhithe. I lent the book to an old gentleman, who went immediately to his map to search for Lilliput.

* Written by Mr. Congreve; and printed in Almon's Founding Hospital, No. 93.

We expect war here. The city of London are all crying out for it, and they shall be undone without it, there being now a total stoppage of all trade. I think one of the best courses will be, to rig out a privateer for the West Indies. Will you be concerned? We will build her at Bermudas, and get Mr. dean Berkeley* to be our manager.

I had the honour to see lord Oxford, who asked kindly for you, and said he would write to you. If the project goes on of printing some papers, he has promised to give copies of some things, which I believe cannot be found elsewhere. My family, thank God, are pretty well, as far as I know, and give their service. My brother Robert has been very ill of a rheumatism. Wishing you all health and happiness, and not daring to write my paper on the other side, I must remain, dear sir, your most faithful humble servant,

JO. ARBUTHNOT.

FROM MRS. HOWARD.

NOV. 1726†.

I DID not expect, that the sight of my ring would produce the effects it has. I was in such a hurry to show your plaid to the princess, that I

* He formed a design of fixing a university in the Bermudas. See note on Bolingbroke's letter dated July 24, 1725.

† Endorsed, "Nov. 1726. Answered 17th."

could not stay to put it into the shape you desired. It pleased extremely, and I have orders to fit it up according to the first design; but as this is not proper for the publick, you are desired to send over, for the same princess's use, the height of the Brobdingnag dwarf multiplied by $2\frac{1}{2}$. The young princesses must be taken care of; theirs must be in three shares: for a short method, you may draw a line of 20 feet, and upon that, by two circles, form an equilateral triangle; then measuring each side, you will find the proper quantity and proper division. If you want a more particular or better rule, I refer you to the academy of Lagado*. I am of opinion many in this kingdom will soon appear in your plaid. To this end it will be highly necessary, that care be taken of disposing of the purple, the yellow and the white silks; and though the gowns are for princesses, the officers are very vigilant; so take care they are not seized. Do not forget to be observant how you dispose the colours. I shall take all particular precautions to have the money ready, and to return it the way you judge safest. I think it would be worth your reflecting in what manner the checker might be best managed.

The princess will take care, that you shall have pumps sufficient to serve you till you return to England; but thinks you cannot, in common decency, appear in heels †, and therefore advises your keeping close till they arrive. Here are several Lilliputian mathematicians, so that the length of your

* See Gulliver's Travels.

† See Gulliver's Travels, where high and low heels are made the distinction of political parties.

head, or of your foot, is a sufficient measure. Send it by the first opportunity. Do not forget our good friends the 500 weavers. You may omit the gold thread. Many disputes have arisen here, whether the big-endians, and lesser-endians, ever differed in opinion about the breaking of eggs, when they were to be either buttered or poached? or whether this part of cookery was ever known in Lilliput?

I cannot conclude without telling you, that our island is in great joy; one of our yahoos having been delivered of a creature, half ram and half yahoo; and another has brought forth four perfect black rabbits*. May we not hope, and with some probability expect, that in time, our female yahoos will produce a race of Houyhnhnms? I am, sir, your most humble servant,

SIEVE YAHOO†.

FROM MR. GAY.

NOV. 17, 1726.

ABOUT ten days ago a book was published here of the travels of one Gulliver, which has been the

* This alludes to a famous impostor, Mary Toft, of Godalmin, in Surry, called the rabbit woman, who, in Nov. 1726, pretended to be delivered of living rabbits, and imposed, among others, upon St. André, a surgeon who was her advocate in print.

† Sieve Yahoo is a name given by Swift, in his Gulliver's Travels, to a court lady.

conversation of the whole town ever since: the whole impression sold in a week; and nothing is more diverting than to hear the different opinions people give of it, though all agree in liking it extremely. It is generally said that you are the author; but I am told, the bookseller declares, he knows not from what hand it came. From the highest to the lowest it is universally read, from the cabinet council to the nursery. The politicians to a man agree, that it is free from particular reflections, but that the satire on general societies of men is too severe. Not but we now and then meet with people of greater perspicuity, who are in search for particular applications in every leaf; and it is highly probable we shall have keys published to give light into Gulliver's design. Lord —— is the person who least approves it, blaming it as a design of evil consequence to depreciate human nature, at which it cannot be wondered that he takes most offence, being himself the most accomplished of his species, and so losing more than any other of that praise which is due both to the dignity and virtue of a man*. Your friend, my lord Harcourt, commends it very much, though he thinks in some places the matter too far carried. The duchess dowager of Marlborough is in raptures at it; she says she can dream of nothing else since she read it: she declares, that she has now found out, that her whole life has been lost in caressing the worst part of mankind, and treating the best as her foes: and that if

* It is no wonder a man of real merit should *condemn* a satire on his species; as it injures virtue, and violates truth: and as little, that a corrupt and worthless man should *approve* such a satire, because it justifies his principles and tends to excuse his practice.

she knew Gulliver, though he had been the worst enemy she ever had, she should give up her present acquaintance for his friendship. You may see by this, that you are not much injured by being supposed the author of this piece. If you are, you have disoblged us, and two or three of your best friends, in not giving us the least hint of it while you were with us ; and in particular Dr. Arbuthnot, who says it is ten thousand pities he had not known it, he could have added such abundance of things upon every subject. Among lady criticks, some have found out that Mr. Gulliver had a particular malice to maids of honour. Those of them who frequent the church, say, his design is impious, and that it is depreciating the works of the Creator. Notwithstanding, I am told the princess has read it with great pleasure. As to other criticks, they think the flying island is the least entertaining ; and so great an opinion the town have of the impossibility of Gulliver's writing at all below himself, it is agreed that part was not writ by the same hand, though this has its defenders too. It has passed lords and commons, *nemine contradicente* ; and the whole town, men, women, and children are quite full of it.

Perhaps I may all this time be talking to you of a book you have never seen, and which has not yet reached Ireland ; if it has not, I believe what we have said will be sufficient to recommend it to your reading, and that you will order me to send it to you.

But it will be much better to come over yourself, and read it here, where you will have the pleasure of

variety of commentators, to explain the difficult passages to you.

We all rejoice that you have fixed the precise time of your coming to be *cum hirundine prima*; which we modern naturalists pronounce, ought to be reckoned, contrary to Pliny, in this northern latitude of fifty-two degrees, from the end of February, Styl. Greg. at farthest. But to us your friends, the coming of such a black swallow as you, will make a summer in the worst of seasons. We are no less glad at your mention of Twickenham, and Dawley; and in town you know you have a lodging at court.

The princess is clothed in Irish silk; pray give our service to the weavers. We are strangely surprised to hear that the bells in Ireland ring without your money. I hope you do not write the thing that is not. We are afraid that B— hath been guilty of that crime, that you (like a Houyhnhnm) have treated him as a yahoo*, and discarded him your service. I fear you do not understand these modish terms, which every creature now understands but yourself.

You tell us your wine is bad, and that the clergy do not frequent your house, which we look upon to be tautology. The best advice we can give you is, to make them a present of your wine, and come away to better.

You fancy we envy you, but you are mistaken; we envy those you are with, for we cannot envy the man we love. Adieu.

* By this circumstance it is clear that Gay knew Swift to be the author of Gulliver; though the whole letter pleasantly goes on the idea of Swift's being a stranger to the work.

FROM THE EARL OF PETERBOROW.

SIR,

NOV. 29, 1726.

I WAS endeavouring to give an answer to yours in a new dialect, which most of us are very fond of. I depended much upon a lady, who had a good ear, and a pliant tongue, in hopes she might have taught me to draw sounds out of consonants. But she, being a professed friend to the Italian speech and vowels, would give me no assistance, and so I am forced to write to you in the yahoo language.

The new one in fashion is much studied, and great pains taken about the pronunciation. Every body (since a new turn) approves of it; but the women seem most satisfied, who declare for few words and horse performance. It suffices to let you know, that there is a neighing duetto appointed for the next opera.

Strange distempers rage in the nation, which your friend the * doctor takes no care of. In some, the imagination is struck with the apprehension of swelling to a giant, or dwindling to a pigmy. Others expect an oration equal to any of Cicero's from an eloquent bard, and some take the braying of an ass for the emperor's speech in favour of the Vienna alliance. The knowledge of the ancient world is of no use; men have lost their titles; continents and islands have got new names, just upon the appearance of a certain book †. Women bring forth rabbits ‡;

* Probably Arbuthnot.

† Gulliver's Travels.

‡ Mary Tofts pretended to do this, see p. 213; but being brought up to town, and well watched, the imposture was detected.

and every man, whose wife has conceived, expects an heir with four legs. It was concluded not long ago, that such confusion could be only brought about by the black art, and by the spells of a notorious scribbling magician *, who was generally suspected, and was to be recommended to the mercy of the inquisition. Indictments were upon the anvil, a charge of sorcery preparing, and Merlin's friends were afraid, that the exasperated pettifoggers would persuade the jury to bring in *billa vera*. For they pretended to bring in certain proofs of his appearance in several shapes : at one time a drapier † ; at another a Wapping surgeon ‡ ; sometimes a nardack, sometimes a reverend divine. Nay more, that he could raise the dead ; that he had brought philosophers, heroes, and poets, in the same caravan from the other world ; and after a few questions, had sent them all to play at quadrille in a flying island of his own.

This was the scene not many days ago, and burning was too good for the wizard. But what mutations among the Lilliputians ! The greatest lady in the nation resolves to send a pair of shoes without heels to captain Gulliver : she takes *vi et armis* the plaid from the lady it was sent to, which is soon to appear upon her royal person ; and now, who but captain Gulliver ? The captain indeed has nothing more to do but to chalk his pumps, learn to dance upon the rope, and I may yet live to see him a bishop. Verily, verily, I believe he never was in such imminent danger of preferment. Sir, your affectionate tar.

* The dean.

† In the drapier's letters against Wood's halfpence.

‡ Lemuel Gulliver.

FROM LADY BOLINGBROKE*.

DE DAWLEY, CE PREMIER FEVRIER, 1726-7.

ON m'a dit, monsieur, que vous vous plaignez de n'avoir point recû de mes lettres. Vous avez tort : je vous traite comme les divinités, qui tiennent conte aux hommes de leurs intentions. Il y a dix ans, que j'ai celle de vous écrire ; avant que d'avoir l'honneur de vous connoître, l'idée que je me faisois de votre gravité, me retenoit : depuis que j'ai eu celui de voir votre révérence, je ne me suis pas trouvée assez d'imagination pour l'hazarder. Un certain M. de Gulliver avoit un peu remis en mouvement cette pauvre imagination ci éteint par l'air de Londres, & par des conversations dont je n'entend que le bruit. Je voulus me saisir de ce moment pour vous écrire mais je tombai malade, & je l'ai toujours été depuis trois mois. Je profite donc, monsieur, du premier retour de ma santé pour vous remercier de vos reproches, dont je suis très flattée, & pour vous dire un mot de mon ami M. Gulliver. J'apprends avec une grand satisfaction, qu'il vient d'être traduit en François, & comme mon séjour en Angleterre a beaucoup redoublé mon amitié pour mon pays & pour mes compatriotes, je suis ravi qu'ils puissent

* A French lady of great fortune, learning, and politeness, second wife to lord viscount Bolingbroke, who married her whilst in exile. She had been second wife of the marquis de Villette, chef d'escadre nephew or cousin to madame de Maintenon. See Voltaire, Siecle de Lewis XIV, tom. II. She died March 18, 1749. Lord Bolingbroke survived her, dying December 15, 1751, aged 78.

participer au plaisir que m'a fait ce bon monsieur, & profiter de ses découvertes. Je ne désespère pas même que 12 vaisseaux que la France vient d'armer ne puissent être destinés à une ambassade chez messieurs les Houyhnhnms. En ce cas je vous proposerai, que nous fassions ce voyage. En attendant je sai bon gré à un ouvrier de votre nation, qui pour instruire les dames (lesquelles comme vous savez, monsieur, font ici un grand usage de leurs éventails) en a fait faire, ou toutes les aventures de notre véridique voyageur sont dépeintes. Vous jugez bien quelle part il va avoir dans leur conversation. Cela fera à la vérité beaucoup de tort à la pluie & au beautems, qui en remplissoient une partie, & en mon particulier je sera privée des *very cold* et *very warm*, qui sont les seuls mots que j'entends. Je conte de vous envoyer de ces éventails par un de vos amis. Vous vous en ferez un mérite avec les dames d'Irlande, si tant est que vous en ayez besoin ; ce que je ne crois pas, du moins si elles pensent comme les Françaises. Le seigneur de Dawley, Mr. Pope, & moi sommes ici occupés à boire, manger, dormir, ou ne rien faire, priant Dieu qu'ainsi soit de vous. Revenez ce printems nous revoir, monsieur ; j'attend votre retour avec impatience pour tuer le boeuf le plus pesant, & le cochon le plus gras, qui soit dans ma ferme : l'un & l'autre seront servis en entier sur la table de votre révérence, crainte que mon cuisinier n'use aucun déguisement. Vous brillerez parmi nous du moins autant que parmi vos chanoines, & nous ne serons pas moins empressés à vous plaire. Je le disputerai à tout autre, étant plus que personne du monde votre très humble & très obeissante servante.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

FEB. 17, 1726-7.

THIS opportunity of writing to you I cannot neglect, though I shall have less to say to you than I should have by another conveyance. Mr. Stopford being fully informed of all that passes in this boisterous climate of ours, and carrying with him a cargo of our weekly productions. You will find anger on one side, and rage on the other; satire on one side, and defamation on the other. *Ah! où est Grillon?* You suffer much where you are, as you tell me in an old letter of yours which I have before me; but you suffer with the hopes of passing next summer between Dawley and Twickenham; and these hopes, you flatter us enough to intimate, support your spirits. Remember this solemn renewal of your engagements. Remember, that though you are a dean, you are not great enough to despise the reproach of breaking your word. Your deafness must not be a hackney excuse to you, as it was to Oxford. What matter if you are deaf? what matter if you cannot hear what we say? You are not dumb, and we shall hear you, and that is enough. My wife writes to you herself, and sends you some fans just arrived from Lilliput, which you will dispose of to the present Stella *, whoever she be. Adieu, dear friend, I

* Mrs. Johnson died the month preceding the date of this letter. But, considering the tenderness with which the dean was known to regret her loss, this is a strange expression.

cannot in conscience keep you any longer from enjoying Mr. Stopford's conversation. I am hurrying myself here, that I may get a day or two for Dawley, where I hope that you will find me established at your return. There I propose to finish my days in ease, without sloth ; and believe I shall seldom visit London, unless it be to divert myself now and then with annoying fools and knaves for a month or two. Once more adieu ; no man loves you better than your faithful B——.

TO MRS. HOWARD*.

MADAM,

FEB. 1, 1726-7.

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, has 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 mid-

* Afterward countess of Suffolk.

dle 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. I do not approve of your advice to bring over pumps for myself, but will rather provide another shoe for his royal highness*, 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 †, 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 ecclésiastique*. 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 excels all other ladies at least a dozen times ; then, multiply one dozen by the other, you

* Gulliver's Travels, Voyage to Lilliput, chap. IV.

† See Mrs. Howard's letter, p. 213.

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.

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 entire respect,

Madam, &c.

FROM MR. GAY.

DEAR SIR,

WHITEHALL, FEB. 18, 1726-7.

I BELIEVE it is now my turn to write to you, though Mr. Pope has taken all I have to say, and put it into a long letter, which is sent too by Mr. Stopford: but however, I could not omit this occasion of thanking you for his acquaintance. I do not know whether I ought to thank you or not, considering I have lost him so soon, though he has given me some hopes of seeing him again in the summer. He will give you an account of our negotiations together; and I may now glory in my success, since I could contribute to his. We dined together to day at the doctor's, who, with me, was in high delight upon an information Mr. Stopford gave us, that we are likely to see you soon. My
fables

fables are printed ; but I cannot get my plates finished, which hinders the publication. I expect nothing, and am like to get nothing. It is needless to write, for Mr. Stopford can acquaint you of my affairs more fully than I can in a letter. Mrs. Howard desires me to make her compliments : she has been in an ill state as to her health all this winter, but I hope is somewhat better. I have been very much out of order myself for the most part of the winter : upon my being let blood last week, my cough and my headach are much better. Mrs. Blount always asks after you. I refused supping at Burlington house to night, in regard to my health ; and this morning I walked two hours in the park. Bowrie told me this morning, that Pope had a cold, and that Mrs. Pope is pretty well. The contempt of the world grows upon me, and I now begin to be richer and richer ; for I find I could, every morning I awake, be content with less than I aimed at the day before. I fancy, in time, I shall bring myself into that state which no man ever knew before me. In thinking I have enough, I really am afraid to be content with so little, lest my good friends should censure me for indolence, and the want of laudable ambition, so that it will be absolutely necessary for me to improve my fortune to content them. How solicitous is mankind to please others ! Pray give my sincere service to Mr. Ford. Dear sir, yours most affectionately,

J. GAY.

TO THE REV. MR. WALLIS.

SIR,

DUBLIN, APRIL 8, 1727.

I AM just going for England, and must desire you to be my proxy at the bishop's visitation. I find there is likewise a triennial visitation, and think the enclosed may serve for both, with your wise management. The ladies are with me, being now come to live at the deanery for this summer. You have their service, and so has Mrs. Wallis, as well as mine. I reckon you are now deep in mire and mortar, and are preparing to live seven years hence. I have been plagued with the roguery of my deanery proctor, whom I have discharged. I believe I am worse for him six hundred pounds, and his brother is not much better. I wish you had been at my elbow to advise one, for you are fitter for the world than I am. I hope to come safe back, and then to have done with England.

I am ever yours, &c.

J. S.

 TO DR. SHERIDAN.

LONDON, MAY 13, 1727.

THIS goes by a private hand, for my writing is too much known, and my letters often stopped and opened.

I had yours of the 4th instant, and it is the only one I have received out of Ireland, since I left you. I hardly thought our friend would be in danger by a cold ; I am of opinion she should be generally in the country, and only now and then visit the town.— We are here in a strange situation; a firm settled resolution to assault the present administration, and break it if possible. It is certain that Walpole is peevish and disconcerted, stoops to the vilest offices of hireling scoundrels to write Billingsgate of the lowest and most prostitute kind, and has none but beasts and blockheads for his penmen, whom he pays in ready guineas very liberally. I am in high displeasure with him and his partisans : a great man, who was very kind to me last year, doth not take the least notice of me at the prince's court, and there hath not been one of them to see me. I am advised by all my friends, not to go to France (as I intended for two months) for fear of their vengeance in a manner which they cannot execute here.—I reckon there will be a warm winter, wherein my comfort is, I shall have no concern. I desire you will read this letter to none but our two friends, and Mr. P——; his cousin with the red ribbon inquired very kindly after him.—I hear no news about your bishops, farther than that the lord lieutenant stickles to have them of Ireland, which Walpole always is averse from, but does not think it worth his trouble to exert his credit on such trifles. The dispute about a war or no war still continues, and the major part inclines to the latter, although ten thousand men are ordered for Holland. But this will bring such an addition to our debts, that it will give great advantages against those in power, in the next sessions.

Walpole laughs at all this, but not so heartily as he used. I have at last seen the princess* twice this week by her own commands; she retains her old civility, and I my old freedom; she charges me without ceremony to be author of a bad book†, though I told her how angry the ministry were; but she assures me, that both she and the prince were very well pleased with every particular; but I disown the whole affair, as you know I very well might, only gave her leave, since she liked the book, to suppose what author she pleased.—You will wonder to find me say so much of politicks, but I keep very bad company, who are full of nothing else. Pray be very careful of your charge, or I shall order my lodgers the bulk of their glasses, and the number of their bottles.—I stole this time to write to you, having very little to spare. I go as soon as possible to the country, and shall rarely see this town.

My service to all friends.

I desire you will send me six sets of the edition of the Drapiers, by the first convenience of any friend or acquaintance that comes hither.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

MAY 18, 1727.

I LIVED on Tuesday with you and Pope. Yesterday another of my friends found his way to this

* Caroline, princess of Wales, afterward queen, consort of George II.

† Gulliver's Travels.

retreat*, and I shall pass this day alone. Would to God my whole life could be divided in the same manner; two thirds to friendship, one third to myself, and not a moment of it to the world.

In the epistle, a part of which you showed me, mention is made of the author of *Three Occasional Letters*†, a person entirely unknown. I would have you insinuate there, that the only reason Walpole can have had to ascribe them to a particular person, is the authority of one of his spies, who wriggles himself into the company of those, who neither love, esteem, nor fear the minister, that he may report, not what he hears, (since no man speaks with any freedom before him) but what he guesses.

FRIDAY MORNING.

I was interrupted yesterday when I least expected it; and I am going to day to London, where I hear that my wife is not very well. Let me know how Mrs. Pope does.

I had a hint or two more for you; but they have slipped out of my memory. Do not forget the sixty nor the twenty guineas, nor the min—— character transferred into the administration. Adieu, I am ever faithfully yours, my dear and reverend dean. I embrace Pope.

* Dawley.

† Printed in his lordship's works. They were first published in Feb. 1726.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

MY LORD,

MAY 18, 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, if I want any: it is only through them that you visit me, and my subdean is to answer for me. I am neither civilian nor canonist: your grace may probably be both, with the addition of a dexterous 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 has 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 has something in it the more extraordinary,

traordinary, because, during some years, when I was thought to have credit with those in power, I employed it to 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 has 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 license 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.

FROM THE PRINCE OF LILLIPUT.

†***†.*

In European characters and English thus :

The high and mighty prince EGROEGO, born to the most puissant empire of the East,

Unto STELLA, the most resplendent glory of the Western hemisphere, sendeth health and happiness.

BRIGHTEST PRINCESS,

1727.

THAT invincible hero, the MAN MOUNTAIN, fortunately arriving at our coasts some years ago, delivered us from ruin by conquering the fleets and armies of our enemies, and gave us hopes of a durable peace and happiness. But now the martial people of Blefuscu, encouraged from his absence, have renewed the war, to revenge upon us the loss and disgrace they suffered by our valiant champion.

The fame of your superexcellent person and virtue, and the huge esteem which that great general has for you, urged us in this our second distress to sue for your favour. In order to which, we have

* Here we have a parcel of characters formed at random, by way of the address in the Lilliputian tongue.

set our able and trusty nardac KOORBNIOB, requesting, That if our general does yet tread upon the terrestrial globe, you, in compassion to us, would prevail upon him to take another voyage for our deliverance.

And lest any apprehensions of famine among us, should render nardac MOUNTAIN averse to the undertaking, we signify to you, that we have stored our folds, our coops, our granaries and cellars with plenty of provision for a long supply of the wastes to be made by his capacious stomach.

And farthermore, because as we hear you are not so well as we could wish, we beg you would complete our happiness by venturing your most valuable person along with him into our country ; where, by the salubrity of our finer air and diet, you will soon recover your health and stomach.

In full assurance of your complying goodness, we have sent you some provision for your voyage, and we shall with impatience wait for your safe arrival to our kingdom. Most illustrious lady, farewell.

PRINCE EGROEGO.

Dated the 11th day of the 6th moon, in the
2001 year of the Lilliputian era.

FROM

FROM MONSIEUR VOLTAIRE.

SIR,

FRIDAY 1.

I SEND you here enclosed two letters, one for Mr. de Morville, our secretary of state, and the other for Mr. de Maisons, both desirous and worthy of your acquaintance. Be so kind as to let me know if you intend to go by Calais, or by the way of Rouen. In case you resolve to go by Rouen, I will give you some letters for a good lady, who lives in her country castle just by Rouen. She will receive you as well as you deserve. There you will find two or three of my intimate friends, who are your admirers, and who have learned English since I am in England. All will pay you all the respects, and procure all the pleasures they are capable of. They will give you a hundred directions for Paris, and provide you with all the requisite conveniencies. Vouchsafe to acquaint me with your resolution, I shall certainly do my best endeavours to serve you, and to let my country know, that I have the inestimable honour to be one of your friends. I am, with the highest respect and esteem,

Your most humble obedient faithful servant,
VOLTAIRE.

MONSIEUR

MONSIEUR VOLTAIRE,

AU COMPTE DE MORVILLE, MINISTRE ET SECRÉ-
TAIRE D'ÉTAT À VERSAILLES.

MONSEIGNEUR,

JE me suis contenté jusqu'ici d'admirer en silence votre conduite dans les affaires de l'Europe ; mais il n'est pas permis à un homme qui aime votre gloire, et qui vous est aussi tendrement attaché que je le suis, de demeurer plus long temps sans vous faire ses sincères compliments.

Je ne puis d'ailleurs me refuser l'honneur que me fait le célèbre monsieur Swift, de vouloir bien vous présenter une de mes lettres. Je sai que sa réputation est parvenue jusqu' à vous, et que vous avez envie de le connoître. Il fait l'honneur d'une nation que vous estimez. Vous avez lu les traductions de plusieurs ouvrages qui lui sont attribués. Eh qui est plus capable que vous, monseigneur, de discerner les beautés d'un original à travers la foiblesse des plus mauvaises copies. Je crois que vous ne serez pas fâché de diner avec monsieur Swift, et monsieur le président Henaut. Et je me flatte que vous regarderez comme une preuve de mon sincère attachement à votre personne, la liberté que je prens de vous présenter un des hommes les plus extraordinaires que l'Angleterre ait produit, et le plus capable de sentir toute l'étendue de vos grandes qualités.

Je suis pour toute ma vie, avec un profond respect,

spect, et un attachement rempli de la plus haute estime,

Monseigneur, votre très humble et très obéissant serviteur,

VOLTAIRE.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

LONDON, JUNE 24, 1727.

I HAVE received your last, with the enclosed print. I desire you will let Dr. Delany know, that I transcribed the substance of his letter, and the translation of what was registered, and added a whole state of the case, and gave it Mrs. Howard to give to the prince from me, and to desire, that as chancellor, he would do what he thought most fit*. I forgot to ask Mrs. Howard† what was done in it, the next time I saw her, and the day I came to town came the news of the king's death, of which I sent particulars the very same day to our friend; since then we have been all in a hurry, with millions of schemes. I deferred kissing the king's and queen's hands till the third day, when my friends at court chid me for deferring it so long. I have been and am so extremely busy, that though I begin this letter, I cannot finish it till next post; for now it is the last moment it can go, and I have much

* His royal highness George prince of Wales, chancellor of the university of Dublin.

† Afterward countess of Suffolk.

more to say. I was just ready to go to France, when the news of the king's* death arrived, and I came to town in order to begin my journey. But I was desired to delay it, and I then determined it a second time: when, upon some new incidents, I was with great vehemence dissuaded from it by certain persons, whom I could not disobey. Thus things stand with me. My stomach is pretty good, but for some days my head has not been right, yet it is what I have been formerly used to. Here is a strange world, and our friend will reproach me for my share in it; but it shall be short, for I design soon to return into the country. I am thinking of a chancellor for the university, and have pitched upon one; but whether he will like it, or my word be of any use, I know not. The talk is now for a moderating scheme, wherein nobody shall be used the worse or better for being called whig or tory, and the king hath received both with great equality, showing civilities to several who are openly known to be the latter. I prevailed with a dozen, that we should go in a line to kiss the king's and queen's hands. We have now done with repining, if we shall be used well, and not baited as formerly; we all agree in it, and if things do not mend it is not our faults: we have made our offers: if otherwise, we are as we were. It is agreed the ministry will be changed, but the others will have a soft fall; although the king must be excessive generous, if he forgives the treatment of some people. I writ long ago my thoughts to my viceroy, and he may proceed as he shall be advised. But if the archbishop† goes on to proceed

* King George I.

† Dr. William King.

to *sub poena contemptus*, etc. I would have an appeal at proper time, which I suppose must be to delegates, or the crown, I know not which. However I will spend a hundred or two pounds, rather than be enslaved, or betray a right which I do not value three pence, but my successors may. My service to all friends; and so thinking I have said enough, I bid you farewell heartily, and long to eat of your fruit, for I dare eat none here. It hath cost me five shillings in victuals since I came here, and ten pounds to servants where I have dined. I suppose my agent* in Ship street takes care and inquires about my new agent.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

SATURDAY, AT POPE'S, JUNE 24, 1727.

I AM going to London, and intend to carry this letter, which I will give you if I see you, and leave for you if I do not see you.

There would not be common sense in your going into France at this juncture, even if you intended to stay there long enough to draw the sole pleasure and profit, which I propose you should have in the acquaintance I am ready to give you there. Much less ought you to think of such an unmeaning journey, when the opportunity for quitting Ireland for England is, I believe, fairly before you. To hanker

* Rev. Mr. John Worrall.

after a court is fit for men with blue ribbands, pompous titles, and overgrown estates. It is below either you or me; one of whom never made his fortune, and the other's turned rotten at the very moment it grew ripe. But, without hankering, without assuming a suppliant dependant's air, you may spend in England all the time you can be absent from Ireland, & *faire la guerre à l'oeil*. There has not been so much inactivity as you imagine; but I cannot answer for consequences. Adieu.

If you can call on me to morrow morning in your way to church, about ten o'clock, you will find me just returning to Cranford from the Pall mall.

I shall be returned again to London on Monday evening

FROM THE SAME.

CRANFORD, TUESDAY.

I HAVE so severe a defluxion of rheum on both my eyes, that I dare hardly stir abroad. You will be ready to say, Physician, cure thyself; and that is what I am about. I took away, by cupping, yesterday, fourteen ounces of blood; and such an operation would, I believe, have done you more good than steel and bitters, waters and drops. I wish John Gay success in his pursuit; but I think he has some qualities which will keep him down in the world. Good God! what is man? polished, civilized, learned man! A liberal education fits him for slavery; and the pains he has taken give him the noble

noble pretension of dangling away life in an anti-chamber, or of employing real talents to serve those who have none; or, which is worse than all the rest, of making his reason and his knowledge serve all the purposes of other men's follies and vices. You say not a word to me about the publick, of whom I think as seldom as possible. I consider myself as a man with some little satisfaction, and with some use; but I have no pleasure in thinking I am an Englishman; nor is it, I doubt, to much purpose, to act like one. *Serpit enim res, quæ proclivis ad perniciem, cum semel cæpit, labitur. Plures enim discunt quemadmodum hæc fiant, quam quemadmodum his resistatur.* Adieu.

Let me know how you do. If your landlord * is returned, my kindest services to him.

FROM THE SAME*.

SUNDAY.

YOU may be sure of Letters from me to people, who will receive you with all the honours due to so great a traveller, and so exact an author. I am obliged to stay in the country to morrow, by some business relating to my poor farm, which I would willingly make a rich one; and for which purpose a person is with me, who comes from Suffolk on my summons.

* Mr. Pope, the dean being at Twickenham.

† Endorsed "Lord Bolingbroke On going to France about June 1727."

On Tuesday, by seven in the evening, I will certainly be in the Pall Mall, and there you shall have, if you meet me, and not otherwise, both my letters and instructions, which will be of use to you.

Raillery apart: since you do go into France, I shall be glad to talk with you before your departure; and I fancy you would not leave England without embracing the man in England who loves you best. Adieu. My best services attend all with you.

FROM THE SAME.

[AUGUST 1727.] TUESDAY.

I RETURN you the papers, which I have read twice over since you was here. They are extremely well; but the Craftsman has not only advertised the publick, that he intended to turn newswriter, he has begun, and for some weeks continued to appear under that new character. This consideration inclines me to think, that another turn might be given to the introduction; and perhaps this would naturally call for a fourth letter from the Occasional Writer, to account for his silence, to prosecute your argument, to state the present disputes about political affairs; and in short, to revive and animate the paper war. When we meet next, I will explain myself better than I can do by a letter writ in haste, with mowers and haymakers about me. Adieu. Let Pope share my embraces with you.

TO DR. SWIFT*.

LORD B. is so ill, and so much alone, the common fate of those who are out of power, that I have not left him one day since my return from London. Let me know how you are. Say something kind from me to Pope. Toss John Gay over the water to Richmond, if he is with you. Adieu.

MR. PULTENEY TO MR. POPE.

ELEVEN O'CLOCK, TUESDAY MORNING.

I AM obliged to you all for your compliments, and when the dean is well enough,* I hope to see you in town. You will probably find me a much happier man than when you saw me last; for I flatter myself, that in an hour or two I shall be once more blessed with a son. Mrs. Pulteney is now in labour: if she does well, and brings me a boy, I shall not care one sixpence how much longer sir Robert governs England, or Horace governs France. I am ever yours,

W. P.

* It does not appear who was the writer of this short letter. Perhaps Mr. Pulteney.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

TWICKENHAM, JULY 1, 1727.

I HAD yours of June 22. You complain of not hearing from me; I never was so constant a writer. I have writ six times to our friends, and as many to you. Mr. Pope is reading your Persius; he is frequently sick, and so at this time; he has read it, but you must wait till next letter for his judgment. He would know whether it is designed for an elegant translation, or only to show the meaning; I reckon it an explanation of a difficult author, not only for learners, but for those also who are not expert in Latin, because he is a very dark author: I would not have your book printed entire, till I treat with my bookseller here for your advantage. There is a word (*concacuus*) which you have not explained, nor the reason of it. Where you are ignorant, you should confess you are ignorant. I writ to Stella the day we heard the king was dead, and the circumstances of it. I hold you a guinea, I shall forget something. Worrall writ to me lately. In answer, I desire that when the archbishop comes to a determination, that an appeal be properly lodged, by which I will elude him till my return, which will be at Michaelmas. I have left London, and stay here a week, and then I shall go thither again; just to see the queen, and so come back hither. Here are a thousand schemes wherein they would have me engaged, which I embraced but coldly, because I like none of them. I have been this ten days in-

clined to my old disease of giddiness, a little tottering; our friend understands it, but I grow cautious, am something better; cider and champaign and fruit have been the cause. But now I am very regular, and I eat enough. I took Dr. Delany's paper to the king when he was prince; he and his secretary* are discontented with the provost †, but they find he has law on his side. The king's death hath broke that measure. I proposed the prince of Wales to be chancellor, and I believe so it will go. Pray copy out the verses I writ to Stella on her collecting my verses, and send them to me, for we want some to make our poetical miscellany large enough, and I am not there to pick what should be added. Direct them, and all other double papers, to lord Bathurst, in St. James's square, London. I was in a fright about your verses on Stella's sickness, but glad when they were a month old.

Desire our friends to let me know what I should buy for them here of any kind. I had just now a long letter from Mrs. Dingley, and another from Mr. Syнге. Pray tell the latter, that I return him great thanks, and will leave the visiting affair to his discretion. But all the lawyers in Europe shall never persuade me, that it is in the archbishop's power to take or refuse my proxy, when I have the king's leave of absence. If he be violent, I will appeal, and die two or three hundred pounds poorer to defend the rights of the dean. Pray ask Mr. Syнге whether his fenocchio be grown; it is now fit to eat here, and we eat it like celery, either with or without oil, &c. I design to pass my time wholly in the

* Samuel Molyneux, esq.

† Rev. Mr. Baldwin.

country, having some business to do, and settle, before I leave England for the last time. I will send you Mr. Pope's criticisms, and my own, on your work. Pray forget nothing of what I desire you. Pray God bless you all. If the king had lived but ten days longer, I should be now at Paris. Simpleton! the Drapiers should have been sent unbound, but it is no great matter; two or three would have been enough. I see Mrs. Fad but seldom; I never trouble them but when I am sent for: she expects me soon, and after that perhaps no more while I am here. I desire it may be told that I never go to court, which I mention because of a passage in Mrs. Dingley's letter; she speaks mighty good things of your kindness. I do not want that poem to Stella to print it entire, but some passages out of it, if they deserve it, to lengthen the volume. Read all this letter without hesitation, and I will give you a pot of ale. I intend to be with you at Michaelmas, bar impossibilities.

FROM CHEVALIER RAMSAY *.

REVEREND SIR,

PARIS, AUG. 1, 1727.

MR. Hook having acquainted me with what goodness and patience you have been pleased to examine a performance of mine †, I take this occasion to make my acknowledgments. Nothing could flatter

* Endorsed by the dean, "Scotch author in France."

† The Travels of Cyrus.

me more sensibly than your approbation. To acquire the esteem of persons of your merit, is the principal advantage I could wish for by becoming an author, and more than I could flatter myself with. I should be proud of receiving your commands, if I could be any way useful to you in this part of the world; where, I assure you, your reputation is as well established as in your own country. I am with the utmost regard and esteem, reverend sir, your most humble, and most obliged, obedient servant,

A. RAMSAY.

FROM MRS. HOWARD.

AUGUST, 1727.

I WRITE to you to please myself. I hear you are melancholy because you have a bad head, and deaf ears. These are two misfortunes I have laboured under these many years, and yet was never peevish with myself or the world. Have I more philosophy and resolution than you? Or am I so stupid that I do not feel the evil? Is this meant in a good natured view? or do I mean, that I please myself, when I insult over you? Answer these queries in writing, if *poison* or other methods do not enable you soon to appear in person. Though I make use of your own word *poison*, give me leave to tell you, it is nonsense; and I desire you will take more care, for the time to come, how you endeavour to impose upon my understanding, by making no use of your own.

TO

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

TWICKENHAM, AUG. 12, 1727.

I AM cleverly caught, if ever gentleman was cleverly caught; for three days after I came to town with lord Oxford* from Cambridgeshire, which was ten days ago, my old deafness seized me, and hath continued ever since with great increase; so that I am now deafer than ever you knew me, and yet a little less I think than I was yesterday; but which is worse, about four days ago my giddiness seized me, and I was so very ill, that yesterday I took a hearty vomit, and though I now totter, yet I think I am a thought better; but what will be the event, I know not; one thing I know, that these deaf fits use to continue five or six weeks, and I am resolved if it continues, or my giddiness, some days longer, I will leave this place, and remove to Greenwich, or somewhere near London, and take my cousin Lancelot to be my nurse. Our friends know her; it is the same with Pat Rolt. If my disorder should keep me longer than my license of absence lasts, I would have you get Mr. Worrall to renew it; it will not expire till the sixth or seventh of October, and I resolved to begin my journey September 15th. Mr. Worrall will see by the date of my license what time the new one should commence; but he has seven weeks yet to consider: I only speak in

* Son of the late right honourable Robert Harley, lord high treasurer of England, created earl of Oxford and Mortimer by queen Anne.

time. I am very uneasy here, because so many of our acquaintance come to see us, and I cannot be seen; besides, Mr. Pope is too sickly and complaisant; therefore I resolve to go somewhere else. This is a little unlucky, my head will not bear writing long: I want to be at home, where I can turn you out, or let you in, as I think best. The king and queen come in two days to our neighbourhood*; and there I shall be expected, and cannot go; which however is none of my grievances, for I would rather be absent, and have now too good an excuse. I believe this giddiness is the disorder, that will at last get the better of me; but I would rather it should not be now; and I hope and believe it will not, for I am now better than yesterday.—Since my dinner my giddiness is much better, and my deafness a hair's breadth not so bad. It is just as usual, worst in the morning and at evening. I will be very temperate; and in the midst of peaches, figs, nectarines, and mulberries, I touch not a bit. I hope I shall however set out in the midst of September, as I designed.—This is a long letter for an ill head: so adieu. My service to our two friends and all others.

TO MRS. HOWARD.

MADAM,

TWICKENHAM, AUG. 15, 1727.

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 deafer than ever you were

* Richmond.

in your life ; and instead of a poor pain in my face, I have a good substantial giddiness and headach. 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 not 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 show 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.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

TWICKENHAM, AUG. 29, 1727.

I HAVE had your letter of the 19th, and expect, before you read this, to receive another from you with the most fatal news that can ever come to me, unless I should be put to death for some ignominious crime. I continue very ill with my giddiness and deafness, of which I had two days intermission, but since worse, and I shall be perfectly content if God shall please to call me away at this time. Here is a triple cord of friendship broke, which hath lasted thirty years, twenty-four of which in Ireland. I beg, if you have not writ to me before you get this, to tell me no particulars, but the event in general: my weakness, my age, my friendship will bear no more. I have mentioned the case as well as I knew it to a physician, who is my friend; and I find his methods were the same, air and exercise, and at last ass's milk. I will tell you sincerely, that if I were younger, and in health, or in hopes of it, I would endeavour to divert my mind by all methods in order to pass my life in quiet; but I now want only three months of sixty. I am strongly visted with a disease, that will at last cut me off, if I should this time escape; if not, I have but a poor remainder, and that is below any wise man's valuing. I do not intend to return to Ireland so soon as I purposed; I would not be there in the very midst of grief. I desire you will speak to Mr. Worrall to get a new license about the beginning of October, when my old

old one (as he will see by the date) shall expire; but if that fatal accident were not to happen, I am not able to travel in my present condition. What I intend is, immediately to leave this place, and go with my cousin for a nurse about five miles from London on the other side toward the sea, and if I recover, I will either pass this winter near Salisbury plain, or in France; and therefore I desire Mr. Worrall may make this license run like the former [To Great Britain, or elsewhere, for the recovery of his health].

Neither my health, nor grief will permit me to say more: your directions to Mr. Lancelot at his house in New Bond street, over against the Crown and Cushion, will reach me. Farewell.

This stroke was unexpected, and my fears last year were ten times greater.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

LONDON, SEPT. 2, 1727.

I HAD yours of the 19th of August, which I answered the 29th from Twickenham. I came to town on the last day of August, being impatient of staying there longer, where so much company came to us while I was so giddy and deaf. I am now got to my cousin Lancelot's house, where I desire all letters may be directed to me; I am still in the same condition, or rather worse, for I walk like a drunken man, and am deafer than ever you knew me. If I had any tolerable health, I would go this moment to
Ireland;

Ireland ; yet I think I would not, considering the news I daily expect to hear from you. I have just received yours of August 24 ; I kept it an hour in my pocket with all the suspense of a man who expected to hear the worst news that fortune could give him ; and at the same time was not able to hold up my head. These are the perquisites of living long : the last act of life is always a tragedy at best ; but it is a bitter aggravation to have one's best friend go before one. I desired in my last, that you would not enlarge upon that event : but tell me the bare fact. I long knew that our dear friend had not the *stamina vitæ* ; but my friendship could not arm me against this accident, although I foresaw it. I have said enough in my last letter, which now I suppose is with you. I know not whether it be an addition to my grief or not, that I am now extremely ill ; for it would have been a reproach to me to be in perfect health, when such a friend is desperate. I do profess upon my salvation, that the distressed and desperate condition of our friend, makes life so indifferent to me, who by course of nature have so little left, that I do not think it worth the time to struggle ; yet I should think, according to what hath been formerly, that I may happen to overcome this present disorder ; and to what advantage ? Why, to see the loss of that person for whose sake only life was worth preserving. I brought both those friends over *, that we might be happy together as long as God should please ; the knot is broken, and the remaining person, you know, has ill answered the end ; and the other, who is now to be lost, is all that was

* Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Dingley.

valuable. You agreed with me, or you are a great hypocrite. What have I to do in the world? I never was in such agonies as when I received your letter, and had it in my pocket. I am able to hold up my sorry head no longer.

MR. POPE TO DR. SHERIDAN.

SIR,

TWICKENHAM, SEPT. 6, 1727.

I AM both obliged and alarmed by your letter. What you mention of a particular friend of the dean's being upon the brink of another world, gives me great pain; for it makes me, in tenderness to him, wish him with you, and at the same time I fear he is not in a condition to make the journey. Though (to ease you as far as I can) his physician and friend Dr. Arbuthnot assures me, he will soon be well. At present he is very deaf, and more uneasy than I hoped that complaint alone would have made him. I apprehend he has written to you in a melancholy way, which has put you into a greater fright, than (with God's will) we may have any reason for. He talks of returning to Ireland in three weeks, if he recovers sufficiently; if not, he will stay here this winter. Upon pretence of some very unavoidable occasions he went to London four days since, where I see him as often as he will let me. I was extremely concerned at his *opiniâtreté* in leaving me; but he shall not get rid of the friend, though he may of his house. I have suggested to him the remedy you mention: and I will not leave him

him a day till I see him better. I wish you could see us in England without manifest inconvenience to yourself; though I heartily hope and believe that our friend will do well. I sincerely honour you for your warmth of affection, where it is so justly merited: and am, both for his sake and your own, with great esteem, sir, your truly affectionate and obedient servant,

A. POPE.

P. S. I have often desired the dean to make known to you my sense of the good opinion you have expressed of me in your letters. I am pleased to have an opportunity of thanking you under my hand, and I desire you to continue it to one, who is no way ungrateful.

FROM MRS. HOWARD.

SEPTEMBER, 1727.

I DID desire you to write me a love letter; but I never did desire you to talk of marrying me. I would rather you and I were dumb, as well as deaf, for ever, than that should happen. I would take your giddiness, your headach, or any other complaint you have, to resemble you in one circumstance of life. So that I insist upon your thinking yourself a very happy man, at least whenever you make a comparison between yourself and me. I likewise insist upon your taking no resolution to leave Eng-

land till I see you; which must be here, for the most disagreeable reason in the world, and the most shocking; I dare not go to you. Believe no body, that talks to you of the queen, without you are sure the person likes both the queen and you. I have been a slave twenty years, without ever receiving a reason for any one thing I ever was obliged to do; and I have now a mind to take the pleasure, once in my life, of absolute power; which I expect you to give me, in obeying all my orders, without one question why I have given them.

TO MR. WORRALL.

LONDON, SEPT. 12, 1727.

I HAVE not writ to you this long time, nor would I now, if it were not necessary. By Dr. Sheridan's frequent letters, I am every post expecting the death of a friend, with whose loss I shall have very little regard for the few years that nature may leave me. I desire to know where my two friends lodge. I gave a caution to Mrs. Brent that it might not be *in domo decani, quoniam hoc minimè decet, uti manifestum est: habeo enim malignos, qui sinistrè hoc interpretabuntur, si eveniet (quod Deus avertat) ut illic moriatur.* I am in such a condition of health, that I cannot possibly travel. Dr. Sheridan, to whom I write this post, will be more particular, and spare my weak disordered head. Pray answer all call of money in your power to Mrs. Dingley, and desire her to ask it. I cannot
come

come back at the time of my license, I am afraid. Therefore two or three days before it expires, which will be the beginning of October, (you will find by the date of the last) take out a new one for another half year; and let the same clause be in (of leave to go to Great Britain, or elsewhere, for the recovery of his health) for very probably, if this unfortunate event should happen of the loss of our friend (and I have no probability or hopes to expect better) I will go to France, if my health will permit me, to forget myself*. I leave my whole little affairs with you; I hate to think of them. If Mr. Deacon, or alderman Pearson, come to pay rent, take it on account, unless they bring you their last acquittance to direct you. But Deacon owes me seventy-five pounds, and interest, upon his bond; so that you are to take care of giving him any receipt in full of all accounts. I hope you and Mrs. Worrall have your health. I can hold up my head no longer. I am sincerely yours, &c.

You need not trouble yourself to write, till you have business; for it is uncertain where I shall be.

TO MRS. HOWARD.

MADAM,

SEPT. 1727.

THIS cruel disorder of deafness, attended with giddiness, still confines me. I have been debating

* Soon after the date of this letter the dean went to Ireland; and Mrs. Johnson, after languishing about two months, died on the 28th of January, 1727-8, in the 4th year of her age.

with

with myself, that having a home in Dublin not inconvenient, it would be prudent for me to return thither, while my sickness will allow me to travel. I am therefore setting out for Ireland; and it is one comfort to me, that I am ridding you of a troublesome companion. I am infinitely obliged to you for all your civilities, and shall retain the remembrance of them during my life.

I hope you will favour me so far, as to present my most humble duty to the queen, and to describe to her majesty my sorrow, that my disorder was of such a nature, as to make me incapable of attending her, as she was pleased to permit me. I shall pass the remainder of my life with the utmost gratitude for her majesty's favours.

FROM MR. GAY, AND MR. POPE, TO DR.
SWIFT.

OCT. 22, 1727.

THOUGH you went away from us so unexpectedly, and in so clandestine a manner; yet, by several inquiries, we have informed ourselves of every thing that hath happened to you.

To our great joy, you have told us, your deafness left you at the inn in Aldersgate street: no doubt, your ears knew there was nothing worth hearing in England.

Our advices from Chester tell us, that you met captain Lawson*; the captain was a man of vera-

* Commander of the king's Dublin yacht.

city, and set sail at the time he told you; I really wished you had laid hold of that opportunity, for you had then been in Ireland the next day; besides, as it is credibly reported, the captain had a bottle or two of excellent claret in his cabin. You would not then have had the plague of that little smoky room at Holyhead*; but, considering it was there you lost your giddiness, we have great reason to praise smoky rooms for the future, and prescribe them in like cases to our friends. The maid of the house writes us word, that, while you were there, you were busy for ten days together writing continually; and that, as Wat drew nearer and nearer to Ireland, he blundered more and more. By a scrap of paper left in this smoky room, it seemed as if the book you were writing was a most lamentable account of your travels; and really, had there been any wine in the house, the place would not have been so irksome. We were farther told, that you set out, were driven back again by a storm, and lay in the ship all night. After the next setting sail, we were in great concern about you, because the weather grew very tempestuous: when, to my great

* When the dean was there, waiting for a wind, one Weldon, an old seafaring man, sent him a letter, that he had found out the longitude, and would convince him of it; to which the dean answered in writing, that, if he had found it out, he must apply to the lords of the admiralty, of whom perhaps one might be found who knew something of navigation, of which he was totally ignorant; and that he never knew but two projectors, one of whom (meaning his own uncle Godwin) ruined himself and family, and the other hanged himself; and desired him to desist, lest one or other might happen to him. In vol. VII, p. 361, are some verses by the dean, written on the window of the inn whilst he was detained at Holyhead.

joy and surprise, I received a letter from Carlingford in Ireland, which informed us, that, after many perils, you were safely landed there. Had the oysters been good, it would have been a comfortable refreshment after your fatigue. We compassionated you in your travels through that country of desolation and poverty in your way to Dublin; for it is a most dreadful circumstance, to have lazy dull horses on a road where there are very bad or no inns. When you carry a sample of English apples next to Ireland, I beg you would get them either from Goodrich or Devonshire. Pray who was the clergyman that met you at some distance from Dublin? because we could not learn his name. These are all the hints we could get of your long and dangerous journey, every step of which we shared your anxieties—and all that we have now left to comfort us, is to hear that you are in good health.

But why should we tell you what you know already? The queen's* family is at last settled, and in the list I was appointed gentleman usher to the princess Louisa, the youngest princess; which, upon account that I am so far advanced in life, I have declined accepting†; and I have endeavoured, in the best manner I could, to make my excuses by a letter to her majesty. So now all my expectations are vanished; and I have no prospect, but in depending wholly upon myself, and my own conduct. As I am used to disappointments, I can bear them; but as I can have no more hopes, I can no more be dis-

* Queen Caroline, consort of king George II.

† This appointment was treated by all the friends of Gay, as a great indignity; and he is said to have felt the disappointment very severely and was too much dejected on the occasion.

appointed, so that I am in a blessed condition. You remember you were advising me to go into Newgate to finish my scenes the more correctly. I now think I shall, for I have no attendance to hinder me; but my opera* is already finished. I leave the rest of this paper to Mr. Pope.

Gay is a free man, and I wrote him a long congratulatory letter upon it. Do you the same: it will mend him, and make him a better man than a court could do. Horace might keep his coach in Augustus's time, if he pleased; but I will not in the time of our Augustus. My poem † (which it grieves me that I dare not send you a copy of, for fear of the Curlls and Dennises of Ireland, and still more for fear of the worst of traitors, our friends and admirers) my poem, I say, will show you what a distinguished age we lived in? Your name is in it, with some others, under a mark of such ignominy as you will not much grieve to wear in that company. Adieu, and God bless you, and give you health and spirits.

Whether thou choose Cervantes' serious air;
Or laugh and shake in Rab'lais' easy chair,
Or in the graver gown instruct mankind,
Or, silent, let thy morals tell thy mind.

These two verses are over and above what I have said of you in the poem ‡. Adieu.

* The Beggar's Opera.

† The Dunciad.

‡ We see by this, with what judgment Pope corrected and erased.

TO MR. GAY.

DUBLIN, NOV. 23, 1727.

I ENTIRELY approve your refusal of that employment, and your writing to the queen. I am perfectly confident you have a keen enemy in the ministry. God forgive him, but not till he puts himself in a state to be forgiven. Upon reasoning with myself, I should hope they are gone too far to discard you quite, and that they will give you something; which, although much less than they ought, will be (as far as it is worth) better circumstantiated: and since you already just live, a middling help will make you just tolerable. Your lateness in life (as you so soon call it) might be improper to begin the world with, but almost the eldest men may hope to see changes in a court. A minister is always seventy: you are thirty years younger; and consider, Cromwell himself did not begin to appear till he was older than you. I beg you will be thrifty, and learn to value a shilling, which Dr. Birch said was a serious thing. Get a stronger fence about your 1000*l.* and throw the inner fence into the heap, and be advised by your Twickenham landlord and me about an annuity. You are the most refractory, honest, good natured man I ever have known; I could argue out this paper—I am very glad your opera is finished, and hope your friends will join the readier to make it succeed, because you are ill used by others.

I have known courts these thirty-six years, and know they differ; but in some things they are extremely constant: First, in the trite old maxim of

a minister's never forgiving those he hath injured : Secondly, in the insincerity of those who would be thought the best friends : Thirdly, in the love of fawning, cringing, and talebearing : Fourthly, in sacrificing those whom we really wish well, to a point of interest, or intrigue : Fifthly, in keeping every thing worth taking, for those who can do service or disservice*.

Now why does not Pope publish his dulness ? the rogues he marks will die of themselves in peace, and so will his friends, and so there will be neither punishment nor reward. Pray inquire how my lord St. John does ; there is no man's health in England I am more concerned about than his. I wonder whether you begin to taste the pleasure of independency ? or whether you do not sometimes leer upon the court, *oculo retorto* ? Will you not think of an annuity, when you are two years older, and have doubled your purchase money ? Have you dedicated your opera, and got the usual dedication fee of twenty guineas ? How is the doctor ? does he not chide that you never called upon him for hints ? Is my lord Bolingbroke, at the moment I am writing, a planter, a philosopher, or a writer ? Is Mr. Pulteney in expectation of a son, or my lord Oxford of a new old manuscript !

I bought your opera to day for sixpence, a cursed print. I find there is neither dedication nor preface, both which wants I approve ; it is in the *grand goût*.

We are as full of it, *pro modulo nostro*, as London

* Let every expectant of preferment in church and state carefully attend to, and remember the *five* reflections of a man well versed in courts.

can be ; continually acting, and houses crammed, and the lord lieutenant several times there laughing his heart out. I did not understand that the scene of Locket and Peachum's quarrel was an imitation of one between Brutus and Cassius, till I was told it. I wish Macheath, when he was going to be hanged, had imitated Alexander the Great when he was dying : I would have had his fellow-rogues desire his commands about a successor, and he to answer, Let it be the most worthy, &c. We hear a million of stories about the opera, of the applause at the song, "That was levelled at me," when two great ministers were in a box together, and all the world staring at them*. I am heartily glad your opera hath mended your purse, though perhaps it may spoil your court.

Will you desire my lord Bolingbroke, Mr. Pulteney, and Mr. Pope, to command you to buy an annuity with two thousand pounds ? that you may laugh at courts, and bid ministers —

Ever preserve some spice of the alderman, and prepare against age and dulness, and sickness, and coldness or death of friends. A whore has a resource left, that she can turn bawd ; but an old decayed poet is a creature abandoned, and at mercy, when he can find none. Get me likewise Polly's mezzotinto †. Lord, how the schoolboys at Westminster,

* Some of these songs that contained the severest satire against the court were written by Pope ; particularly,

“ Thro' all the Employments of Life,”

and also,

“ Since Laws were made,” &c.

† This was miss Lavinia Fenton. She afterward became duchess of Bolton. She was very accomplished ; was a most agreeable

minster, and university lads adore you at this juncture ! Have you made as many men laugh, as ministers can make weep ?

I will excuse sir — the trouble of a letter : when ambassadors came from Troy to condole with Tiberius upon the death of his nephew, after two years ; the emperor answered, That he likewise condoled with them for the untimely death of Hector. I always loved and respected him very much, and do still as much as ever ; and it is a return sufficient, if he pleases to accept the offers of my most humble service.

The Beggar's Opera hath knocked down Gulliver ; I hope to see Pope's Dulness knock down the Beggar's Opera, but not till it hath fully done its job.

To expose vice, and make people laugh with innocence, does more publick service than all the ministers of state from Adam to Walpole, and so adieu.

companion ; had much wit, and strong sense, and a just taste in polite literature. Her person was agreeable, and well made ; though she could not be called a beauty. I have had the pleasure of being at table with her, when her conversation was much admired by the first characters of the age, particularly the old lord Bathurst, and lord Granville. Quin thought the success of this opera so doubtful, that he would not undertake to play the part of Macheath, but gave it up to Walker. And indeed it had like to have miscarried and been damned, till Polly sung in a most tender and affecting manner, the words,

“ From the rope that hangs my dear

“ Depends poor Polly's life.”

This is the air that is said irresistibly to have conquered the lover who afterward married her. Dr. WARTON.

FROM THE EARL OF OXFORD.

REVEREND SIR,

DOVER-STREET,
OCTOBER 12, 1727.

I WAS very much concerned to hear you were so much out of order when I went to the North; and upon my return, which was but lately, I was in hopes to have found you here, and that you would not have gone to your deanery till the Spring. I should be glad to hear that you are well, and have got rid of that troublesome distemper, your deafness.

I have seen Pope but once, and that was but for a few minutes; he was very much out of order, but I hope it only proceeded from being two days in town, and staying out a whole opera. He would not see the coronation, although he might have seen it with little trouble.

I came last night well home, after attending and paying my duty in my rank at the coronation. I hope there will not be another till I can have the laudable excuse of old age not to attend; which is no ill wish to their present majesties, since Nottingham at fourscore could bear the fatigue very well. I will not trouble you with an account of the ceremony; I do not doubt but you will have a full and true account from much better hands.

I have been put in hopes that we shall see you again early in the Spring, which will be a very great pleasure to me.

There

There is a gentleman that is now upon putting out a new edition of the Oxford Marmora: I should take it for a great favour if you would be so kind to lend me your copy of that book. I think there are some corrections: if you think fit to do this, Mr. Clayton, who is in Ireland, will take care to bring it safe to me, and I will with great care return it to you again.

I must not conclude this without making my wife's compliments to you. I am, with true respect, sir, your most humble servant,

OXFORD.

You forgot to send me the ballad.

Mr. Clayton will call upon you before he comes to England; I have written to him to that purpose.

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT.

LONDON, NOV. 30, 1727.

I HAVE heard, dear sir, with great pleasure, of your safe arrival; and, which is more, of the recovery of your health. I think it will be the best expedient for me to take a journey. You will know who the enclosed comes from; and I hope will value mine for what it contains. I think every one of your friends have heard from you, except myself. Either you have not done me justice, or your friends have not done you; for I have not heard from them of my name being mentioned in any of your letters.

If

If my curiosity wanted only to be gratified, I do not stand in need of a letter from yourself, to inform me what you are doing; for there are people about court, who can tell me every thing that you do or say; so that you had best take care of your conduct. You see of what importance you are. However, all quarrels aside, I must ask you, if you have any interest (or do you think that I could have, or procure any) with my lord lieutenant, to advance a relation of mine, one captain Innes, I think in colonel Wilson's regiment, and now in Limerick? He is an exceeding worthy man, but has stuck long in a low post, for want of friends. Pray tell me which way I shall proceed in this matter.

I was yesterday with all your friends at St. James's. There is certainly a fatality upon poor Gay. As for hopes of preferment there by favour, he has laid it aside. He had made a pretty good bargain (that is, a Smithfield one) for a little place in the custom-house, which was to bring him in about a hundred a year. It was done as a favour to an old man, and not at all to Gay. When every thing was concluded, the man repented, and said, he would not part with his place. I have begged Gay not to buy an annuity upon my life; I am sure I should not live a week. I long to hear of the safe arrival of Dr. Delany. Pray, give my humble service to him.

As for news, it was writ from Spain, to me, from my brother in France, that the preliminaries were ratified, and yet the ministry know nothing of it. Nay, some of them told me, that the answer was rather surly. Lord Townshend is very ill; but I think, by the description of his case, it is not mortal. I was with our friend at the back stairs yesterday,

day, and had the honour to be called in, and prettily chid for leaving off, &c. The first part of the discourse was about you, Mr. Pope, Curll, and myself. My family are well: they, and my brother in France, and one that is here, all give their service to you. If you had been so lucky as to have gone to Paris last summer, you would have had health, honour, and diversion in abundance; for I will promise, you would have recovered of the spleen. I shall add no more, but my kindest wishes, and that I am, with the greatest affection and respect, yours, &c.

FROM MONSIEUR VOLTAIRE.

In London, Maiden Lane, at the White Peruke,
Covent Garden, Dec. 14, 1727.

SIR,

YOU will be surprised in receiving an English essay* from a French traveller. Pray, forgive an admirer of you, who owes to your writings the love he bears to your language, which has betrayed him into the rash attempt of writing in English.

You will see by the advertisement, that I have some designs upon you, and that I must mention you, for the honour of your country, and for the improvement of mine. Do not forbid me to grace

* An essay on the civil wars of France, which he made the foundation of his *Henriade*, an heroick poem, since well known. He had been imprisoned in the Bastille, in Paris, but being released about the year 1725, he came to England, and solicited subscriptions for his poem.

my relation with your name. Let me indulge the satisfaction of talking of you, as posterity will do.

In the mean time, can I make bold to entreat you to make some use of your interest in Ireland, about some subscriptions for the *Henriade*; which is almost ready, and does not come out yet for want of a little help? The subscriptions will be but one guinea in hand. I am, with the highest esteem, and the utmost gratitude, sir, your most humble and most obedient servant,

VOLTAIRE.

FROM THE SAME.

SIR,

I SENT the other day a cargo of French dulness to my lord lieutenant. My lady Bolingbroke has taken upon herself to send you one copy of the *Henriade*. She is desirous to do that honour to my book; and I hope the merit of being presented to you by her hands, will be a commendation to it. However, if she has not done it already, I desire you to take one of the cargo, which is now at my lord lieutenant's. I wish you a good hearing; if you have got it, you want nothing. I have not seen Mr. Pope this winter; but I have seen the third volume of the *Miscellanea*; and the more I read your works, the more I am ashamed of mine. I am, with respect, esteem, and gratitude, sir, your most humble and most obedient servant,

VOLTAIRE.

TO

TO MRS. MOORE.

DEAR MADAM,

DEANERY-HOUSE,

DEC. 7, 1727.

THOUGH I see you seldomer than is agreeable to my inclinations, yet you have no friend in the world, that is more concerned for any thing that can affect your mind, your health, or your fortune; I have always had the highest esteem for your virtue, the greatest value for your conversation, and the truest affection for your person; and therefore cannot but heartily condole with you for the loss of so amiable, and (what is more) so favourite a child. These are the necessary consequences of too strong attachments, by which we are grieving ourselves with the death of those we love, as we must one day grieve those, who love us, with the death of ourselves. For life is a tragedy, wherein we sit as spectators awhile, and then act our own part in it. Self love, as it is the motive to all our actions, so it is the sole cause of our grief. The dear person you lament is by no means an object of pity, either in a moral or religious sense. Philosophy always taught men to despise life, as a most contemptible thing in itself; and religion regards it only as a preparation for a better, which you are taught to be certain that so innocent a person is now in possession of; so that she is an immense gainer, and you and her friends the only losers. Now, under misfortunes of this kind, I know no consolation more effectual to
a reasonable

a reasonable person, than to reflect rather upon what is left, than what is lost. She was neither an only child, nor an only daughter. You have three children left, one * of them of an age to be useful to his family, and the two others as promising as can be expected from their age ; so that according to the general dispensations of God Almighty you have small reason to repine upon that article of life. And religion will tell you, that the true way to preserve them is, not to fix any of them too deep in your heart, which is a weakness that God seldom leaves long unpunished : common observation showing us, that such favourite children are either spoiled by their parents indulgence, or soon taken out of the world ; which last is, generally speaking, the lighter punishment of the two.

God, in his wisdom, hath been pleased to load our declining years with many sufferings, with diseases, and decays of nature, with the death of many friends, and the ingratitude of more ; sometimes with the loss or diminution of our fortunes, when our infirmities most need them ; often with contempt from the world, and always with neglect from it ; with the death of our most hopeful or useful children ; with a want of relish for all worldly enjoyments ; with a general dislike of persons and things : and though all these are very natural effects of increasing years, yet they were intended by the author of our being to wean us gradually from our fondness of life, the nearer we approach toward the end of it. And this is the use you are to make in prudence, as well as in conscience, of all the afflictions you have

* Charles Devenish, esq.

hitherto undergone, as well as of those which in the course of nature and providence you have reason to expect. May God, who hath endowed you with so many virtues, add strength of mind and reliance upon his mercy in proportion to your present sufferings, as well as those he may think fit to try you with through the remainder of your life ?

I fear my present ill disposition both of health and mind has made me but a sorry comforter * : however, it will show that no circumstance of life can put you out of my mind, and that I am, with the truest respect, esteem, and friendship,

Dear madam,

your most obedient,

and humble servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

TO LORD CARTERET.

MY LORD,

JAN. 18, 1727-8.

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

* It was written little more than a month before Mrs. Johnson's death, an event which was then almost daily expected.

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 in some art or science for which they were renowned; and that the like rule has been followed in Oxford and Cambridge. I hope your excellency will show no regard to so narrow and partial an opinion, which can only tend to mend fellowships, 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 has 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 my 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.

Your friend Walpole has 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 its cunning!

FROM MR. GAY.

DEAR SIR,

WHITEHALL, FEB. 15, 1727-8.

I HAVE deferred writing to you from time to time, till I could give you an account of the Beggar's Opera. It is acted at the playhouse in Lincoln's Inn Fields with such success, that the playhouse has been crowded every night. To night is the fifteenth time of acting; and it is thought it will run a fortnight longer. I have ordered Motte to send the play to you the first opportunity. I made no interest, either for approbation, or money: nor has any body been pressed to take tickets for my benefit: notwithstanding which, I think I shall make an addition to my fortune of between six and seven hundred pounds. I know this account will give you pleasure, as I have pushed through this precarious affair without servility or flattery.

As to any favours from great men, I am in the same state you left me; but I am a great deal happier, as I have expectations. The duchess of Queensberry has signalized her friendship to me upon this occasion, in such a conspicuous manner, that I hope (for her sake) you will take care to put your fork to all its proper uses,

uses, and suffer nobody for the future to put their knives in their mouths. Lord Cobham says, that I should have printed it in Italian over against the English, that the ladies might have understood what they read. The outlandish (as they now call it) opera has been so thin of late, that some have called that the Beggar's Opera; and if the run continues, I fear I shall have remonstrances drawn up against me by the royal academy of musick. As none of us have heard from you of late, every one of us are in concern about your health: I beg we may hear from you soon. By my constant attendance on this affair, I have almost worried myself into an ill state of health; but I intend in five or six days to go to our country seat, at Twickenham, for a little air. Mr. Pope is very seldom in town. Mrs. Howard frequently asks after you, and desires her compliments to you. Mr. George Arbuthnot, the doctor's brother, is married to Mrs. Peggy Robinson.

I would write more, but as to night is for my benefit I am in a hurry to go out about business. I am, dear sir, your most affectionate and obedient servant,

J. GAY.

FROM THE SAME.

DEAR SIR,

MARCH 20, 1727-8.

I AM extremely sorry that your disorder is returned: but as you have a medicine which has twice removed it, I hope by this time you have again found

the good effects of it. I have seen Dr. Delany at my lodgings ; but, as I have been for a few days with Mr. Pulteney at Cashioberry, I have not yet returned his visit. I went with him to wait upon lord Bathurst and lord Bolingbroke ; both of whom desire me to make you their compliments. Lady Bolingbroke was very much out of order ; and with my lord is now at Dawley ; she expects a letter from you. Mrs. Howard would gladly have the receipt you have found so much benefit by : she is happier than I have seen her ever since you left us, for she is free as to her conjugal affairs, by articles of agreement. The Beggar's Opera has been acted now thirty-six times, and was as full the last night as the first ; and as yet, there is not the least probability of a thin audience : though there is a discourse about the town, that the directors of the royal academy of musick design to solicit against its being played on the outlandish opera days, as it is now called. On the benefit day of one of the actresses last week, one of the players falling sick, they were obliged to give out another play, or dismiss the audience. A play was given out, but the audience called out for the Beggar's Opera ; and they were forced to play it, or the audience would not have staid.

I have got by all this success, between seven and eight hundred pounds ; and Rich (deducting the whole charge of the house) has cleared already near four thousand pounds. In about a month I am going to the Bath with the duchess of Marlborough and Mr. Congreve ; for I have no expectations of receiving any favours from the court. The duchess of Queensberry is in Wiltshire, where she has had the smallpox in so favourable a way, that she had
not

not above seven or eight on her face : she is now perfectly recovered. There is a mezzotinto print published to day of Polly, the heroine of the Beggar's Opera * ; who was before unknown, and is now in so high vogue, that I am in doubt, whether her fame does not surpass that of the opera itself. I would not have talked so much upon this subject, or upon any thing that regards myself, but to you : but as I know you interest yourself so sincerely in every thing that concerns me, I believe you would have blamed me if I had said less.

Your singer owes Dr. Arbuthnot some money, I have forgot the sum ; I think it is two guineas : the doctor desired me to let you know it. I saw him last night with Mr. Lewis, at sir William Wyndham's, who, if he had not the gout, would have answered your letter you sent him a year and a half ago. He said this to me a week since, but he is now pretty well again, and so may forget to write ; for which reason, I ought to do him justice, and tell you, that I think him a sincere well wisher of yours. I have not seen Mr. Pope lately, but have heard that both he and Mrs. Pope † are very well. I intend to see him at Twickenham on Sunday next. I have not drunk out the Gutheridge cider yet ; but I have not so much as a single pint of port in my cellar. I have bought two pair of sheets against your coming to town, so that we need not send any more to Jervas upon that account. I really miss you every day ; and I would be content, that you should have a whole window to yourself, and half another, to

* Miss Fenton.

† Mr. Pope's mother.

have you again. I am, dear sir, yours most affectionately.

You have a half year's interest due at Ladyday, and now it is March the 20th, 1727-8.

FROM MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.

SIR,

MAY 7, 1728.

I AM very much pleased with your letter, but I should have thought myself much more obliged, had you been less sincere, and not told me, I did not owe the favour entirely to your inclinations, but to an information that I had a mind to hear from you: and I mistrust you think even that as much as I deserve. If so, you really are not deserving of my repeated inquiries after you, and my constant good wishes and concern for your welfare; which merits some remembrance without the help of another. I cannot say I have a great inclination to write to you, for I have no great vanity that way, at least not enough to support me above the fear of writing ill: but I would fain have you know how truly well I wish you.

I am sorry to hear no good account of your health; mine has been, since Christmas (at which time I had my fever and rash) neither well, nor ill enough to be taken notice of: but within these three weeks I have been sick in form, and kept my bed for a week, and my chamber to this day.

This confinement, together with the mourning, has enabled me to be very easy in my chair hire:

for a dyed black gown, and a scoured white one, have done my business very well ; and they are now just fit for Petersham, where we talk of going in three weeks ; and I am not without hopes I shall have the same squire * I had last year. I am very unwilling to change ; and moreover I begin to fear I have no great prospect of getting any new danglers ; and therefore, in order to make a tolerable figure, I shall endeavour to behave myself mighty well, that I may keep my old ones.

As a proof that I continue to be well received at court, I will tell you where the royal family design to pass their summer : two months at Richmond lodge, the same time at Hampton court, and six weeks at Windsor. Mrs. Howard is well, and happier than ever you saw her ; for her whole affair with her husband is ended to her satisfaction.

Dr. Arbuthnot, I am very angry with : he neglects me for those he thinks finer ladies. Mr. Gay's fame continues, but his riches are in a fair way of diminishing, he is gone to the Bath : I wish you were ordered there, for I believe that would carry Mr. Pope, who is always inclined to do more for his friends than himself. He is much out of order, and is told nothing is so likely to do him good.

My illness has prevented my writing to you sooner. If I was a favourite at court, I would soon convince you that I am very sincerely your faithful friend and very humble servant,

M. B.

* Dr. Swift.

TO LORD CARTERET.

MY LORD,

MAY 10, 1728.

I TOLD your excellency, that you were to run on my errands. My lord Burlington has a very fine monument of his ancestor the earl of Corke, in my cathedral, which your excellency has 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 four thousand pounds a year among them, would hardly divide 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 has 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

the

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 he will let sir Conyers D'Arcy 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 Grattan; and give him such a recommendation,

tion, 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 schoolboy, 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.

FROM MR. GAY.

DEAR SIR,

BATH, MAY 16, 1728.

I HAVE been at the Bath about ten days, and I have played at no game but once, and that at backgammon with Mr. Lewis, who is very much your humble servant. He is here upon account of the ill state of health of his wife, who has as yet found very little benefit from the waters. Lord and lady Bolingbroke are here; I think she is better than when I came here: they stay, as I guess, only about a fortnight longer. They both desired me to make their compliments; as does Mr. Congreve*, who is in a very ill state of health, but somewhat better since he came here. Mr. Lewis tells me, that he is promised to receive a hundred pounds upon your account at his return to London; he having (upon request) complied to stay for the payment till that time. The two hundred pounds you left with me

* He died 19th January, 172^o-9.

are in the hands of lord Bathurst, together with some money of mine, all which he will repay at Midsummer, so that we must think of some other way of employing it; and I cannot resolve what to do. I do not know how long I shall stay here, because I am now, as I have been all my life, at the disposal of others. I drink the waters, and am in hopes to lay in a stock of health; some of which I wish to communicate to you. Dr. Delany told me you had been upon a journey, and I really fancy, taking horse is as good as taking the waters: I hope you have found benefit by it. The Beggar's Opera is acted here; but our Polly has got no fame, though the actors have got money. I have sent by Dr. Delany the opera, Polly Peachum and captain Macheath. I would have sent you my own head (which is now engraving to make up the gang,) but it is not yet finished. I suppose you must have heard that I have had the honour to have had a sermon preached against my works by a court chaplain*, which I look upon as no small addition to my fame. Direct to me here when you write; and the sooner that is, the sooner you will make me happy.

† Dr. Thomas Herring, then preacher to the society in Lincoln's Inn, and afterward archbishop of Canterbury. Dr. Swift, in the *Intelligencer*, No. III, published in Ireland, speaks with great asperity of Dr. Herring, on account of his sermon against the Beggar's Opera.

FROM THE SAME.

DEAR SIR,

BATH, JULY 6, 1728.

THE last news I have heard of you, was from Mr. Lancelot, who was at this place with lord Sussex, who gave me hopes of seeing you the latter end of this summer. I wish you may keep that resolution, and take the Bath in your way to town. You, in all probability, will find here some, or most of those you like to see. Dr. Arbuthnot wrote to me to day from Tunbridge, where he is now for the recovery of his health, having had several relapses of a fever: he tells me that he is much better, and that in August he intends to come hither. Mr. Congreve and I often talk of you, and wish you health and every good thing; but often, out of self-interest, we wish you with us. In five or six days, I set out upon an excursion to Herefordshire, to lady Scudamore's, but shall return here the beginning of August. I wish you could meet me at Gutheridge. The Bath did not agree with lady Bolingbroke, and she went from here much worse than she came. Since she went to Dawley, by her own inclination, without the advice of physicians, she has taken to a milk diet, and she hath writ me an account of prodigious good effects both in the recovery of her appetite and spirits. The weather is extremely hot, the place is very empty, I have an inclination to study, but the heat makes it impossible. The duke of Bolton* I hear has run away with Polly

* Who afterward married miss Fenton.

Peachum, having settled 400*l.* a year upon her during pleasure; and upon disagreement, 200*l.* a year. Mr. Pope is in a state of persecution for the *Dunciad*: I wish to be witness of his fortitude, but he writes but seldom. It would be a consolation to me to hear from you. I have heard but once from Mrs. Howard these three months, and I think but once from Pope. My portrait mezzotinto is published from Mr. Howard's painting; I wish I could contrive to send you one, but I fancy I could get a better impression at London. I have ten thousand things to talk to you, but few to write; yet defer writing to you no longer, knowing you interest yourself in every thing that concerns me so much, that I make you happy, as you will me, if you can tell me you are in good health; which I wish to hear every morning as soon as I awake. I am, dear sir, yours most affectionately.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

MARKET HILL*, AUG. 2, 1728.

OUR friends here, as well as myself, were sadly disappointed upon hearing the account of your journey. Nobody in town or country, as we were informed, knew where you were; but I persuaded our family, that you were certainly in a way of making yourself easy, and had got that living you mentioned, and accordingly we were grieved, and

* The seat of sir Arthur Acheson.

rejoiced

rejoiced at the loss and settlement of a friend; but it never entered into our heads, that you were bestowing forty days in several stages between constable and constable, without any real benefit to yourself, farther than of exercise; and we wished that nobody should have had the benefit of your long absence from your school, but yourself by a good living, or we by your good company: much less that the pleasure of spiting T—— had been your great motive. I heartily wish you were settled at Hamilton's Bawn, and I would be apt to advise you not to quit your thoughts that way, if the matter may be brought to bear; for by a letter I just received from the bishop of Cork, which was short and dry, with the stale excuse of preengagements, I doubt you can hope nothing from him.—As to what you call my exercise, I have long quitted it; it gave me too much constraint, and the world does not deserve it. We may keep it cold till the middle of winter.

As to my return, there are many speculations. I am well here, and hate removals; my scheme was, that you should come hither as you say, and I return with you in your chaise. Sir Arthur, on hearing your letter, pressed me to stay longer. I am a very busy man, such as at Quilca, which you will know when you come; yet I would contrive to be pressed more to stay till Christmas, and that you may contrive to be here again, and take me back with you time enough for my own visitation: and my reason of staying is, to be here the planting and pruning time, &c. I hate Dublin, and love the retirement here, and the civility of my hosts. This is my state and humour upon it, and accordingly you are to manage my scheme.

scheme. However, I would have you keep your vacation of September here; and let Mrs. Brent send me a dozen guineas (half of them half guineas) by you, and a periwig, and a new riding gown and cassock, and whatever else I may want by a longer absence, provided you will resolve and swear that I shall stay.

I had all Mrs. Brent's packets by Mr. Little. My service to Mrs. Dingley. I cannot say, that I have more to say, than to say that I am, &c.

DR. SWIFT TO DR. SHERIDAN.

SEPT. 18, 1728*.

MY continuance here is owing partly to indolence, and partly to my hatred to Dublin. I am in a middling way, between healthy and sick, hardly ever without a little giddiness or deafness, and sometimes both: so much for that. As to what you call my lesson, I told you I would think no more of it, neither do I conceive the world deserves so much trouble from you or me. I think the sufferings of the country for want of silver deserves a paper †, since the remedy is so easy, and those in power so negligent. I had some other subjects in my thoughts; but truly I am taken up so much with long lampoons on a person, who owns you for a

* This should also be dated from Market-hill.

† In the Intelligencer, the sixth number of which is on this subject.

back, that I have no time for any thing else; and if I do not produce one every now and then of about two hundred lines, I am chid for my idleness, and threatened with you. I desire you will step to the deanery, speak to Mrs. Brent*, bid her open the middle great drawer of Ridgeway's scrutoire in my closet; and then do you take out from thence the history † in folio, marble cover; and two thin folios fairly writ. I forget the titles, but you have read them; one is an account of the proceedings of lord Oxford's ministry, and the other ‡ to the same purpose. There are foul copies of both in the same drawer, but do you take out the fair ones, not in my hand. Let them be packed up, and brought hither by the bearer. My lady is perpetually quarrelling with sir Arthur and me, and shows every creature the libels I have writ against her §.

Mr. Worrall sent me the particulars of the havock made in Naboth's vineyard ||.—The d—burst, &c.

I think lady Dun's burning would be an admirable subject to show, how hateful an animal a human creature is, that is known to have never done any good. The rabble all rejoicing, &c. which they would not have done at any misfortune to a man known to be charitable.

I wish you could get in with the primate, on the

* The dean's housekeeper.

† History of the Peace of Utrecht.

‡ The State of Affairs in 1714.

§ See Hamilton's Bawn, or the Grand Question Debated.

|| A field not far from the deanery house, which doctor Swift enclosed at a great expense with a fine stone wall lined with brick, against which he planted vines and the best chosen fruit trees, for the benefit of the dean of St. Patrick's for the time being.

account of some discourse about you here to day with Whaley and Walmsley. Whaley goes to Dublin on Monday next in order for England. I would have you see him. I fancy you may do some good with the primate as to the first good vacant school, if you wheedle him, and talk a little whiggishly.

MR. POPE TO DR. SHERIDAN.

SIR,

I THANK you kindly for your news of the dean of St. Patrick's, for your Persius, for every thing in your letter. I will use my warmest endeavours to serve Dr. Whaley. Beside his own merit, the demerit of his antagonist goes into the scale, and the dean tells me he is a coadjutant of that fool Smedley. You must have seen, but you cannot have read, what he has lately published against our friend and me. The only pleasure a bad writer can give me, he has given, that of being abused with my betters and my friends. I am much pleased with most of the Intelligencers, but I am a little piqued at the author of them for not once doing me the honour of a mention upon so honourable an occasion as being slandered by the dunces, together with my friend the dean, who is properly the author of the Dunciad: it had never been writ but at his request, and for his deafness: for had he been able to converse with me, do you think I had amused my time so

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ill? I will not trouble you with amendments to so imperfect an edition as is now published; you will soon see a better, with a full and true commentary, setting all mistakes right, and branding none but our own cattle. Some very good epigrams on the gentlemen of the *Dunciad* have been sent me from Oxford, and others of the London authors: if I had an amanuensis (which is a thing neither I nor my common trifles are worth) you should have them with this. If your university or town have produced any on this subject, pray send them me, or keep them at least together, for another day they may all meet.

I have writ to the dean just now by Mr. Elrington, who charges himself with this, and have inserted a hint or two of his libelling the lady of the family; in as innocent a manner as he does it, he will hardly suspect I had any information of it.

Though I am a very ill correspondent, I shall at all times be glad to have the favour of a line from you. My eyesight is bad, my head often in pain, my time strangely taken up. Were I my own master (which, I thank God, I yet am, in all points but one, where humanity only constrains me) I would infallibly see Ireland before I die. But whether that, or many other of my little, though warm designs, will ever take effect,

Caliginosa nocte premit Deus!

I am (wherever I am) the dean's, and the dean's friends, and consequently faithfully, sir,

Your affectionate servant,

A. POPE.

TO MR. WORRALL.

SEPT. 28, 1728.

I HAD all the letters given me by my servants : so tell Mrs. Brent * and Dr. Sheridan ; and I thank you for the great care you had in the commissions I troubled you with.

I imagine Mrs. Brent is gone into the country, but that you know where to send to her. I desire you will pay her four pounds, and sixteen pounds to Mrs. Dingley, and take their receipts. I beg Mrs. Dingley's pardon for not remembering her debt sooner ; and my humble service to her. I desire Mrs. Brent to send me the best receipt she has for making meath ; she may send me her receipt for making the strong meath, and that for making the next strong, and the third strong. Hers was always too strong ; and on that account she was so wilful I would suffer her to make no more. There is a vexatious thing happened about the usquebaugh for my lord Bolingbroke. It seems, you only directed it for the earl of Berkeley ; but I thought I had desired you to add, " for lord Bolingbroke : " but there is nothing in that ; for I wrote to the earl of Berkeley, to give him notice. But Mr. Gavan, who married a daughter of Mrs. Kenna, who keeps the inn at Chester, hath just sent me a letter, informing me that the usquebaugh came to Park Gate, within

* His housekeeper.

seven miles of Chester ; and that Mr. Whittle, the owner of the ship, was to deliver it himself ; but he sent it by a man of a noted bad character, who, as Mrs. Kenna supposes, kept it some time, and opened it before he delivered it ; for, immediately upon the delivery of it, Mrs. Kenna sent to Park Gate, to have the usquebaugh brought up to Chester ; but was told that the fellow had brought it away ; that he said, he sent it as directed ; but that no doubt he must have some view of paying himself for the trouble, which made him so busy ; but whether it was by changing the usquebaugh, or overrating the charges of it, Mr. Gavan could not tell ; but adds, that, if I should hear of any thing amiss, I should write to Mrs. Kenna, his mother, who will endeavour to make the fellow do me justice. All this I have transcribed from Mr. Gavan's letter ; and I desire you will call upon her father, Mr. Luke Gavan, (who is a known man in Dublin,) and desire him, when he writes to his son, to give my service to him and Mrs. Kenna, and let them know I will do as they direct. I am very unfortunate in this affair ; but have no remedy : however, I will write to lord Bolingbroke ; though I fear I am cheated of it all ; for I do not find that the fellow demanded any thing from Mrs. Kenna, or came to her at all. Your new fancies of making my riding gown and cassock (I mean Mrs. Brent's fancies) do not please me at all, because they differ so much from my old one. You are a bad packer of bad grapes. Mrs. Dingley says, she cannot persuade Mrs. Brent to take a vomit. Is she not (do not tell her) an old fool ? She has made me take many a one without mercy. Pray give Mrs. Worrall a thousand thanks from me, for her kind
present

present and workmanship of her fairest hands in making me two nightcaps.

We have a design upon Sheridan. He sent us in print a ballad upon Ballyspellin, in which he has employed all the rhymes he could find to that word; but we have found fifteen more, and employed them in abusing his ballad, and Ballyspellin too. I here send you a copy, and desire you will get it printed privately, and published.

Your periwig maker is a cursed rogue. The wig he gave you is an old one with a new cawl, and so big that I cannot wear it, and the curls all fallen: I just tried it on my head; but I cannot wear it.

I am ever yours, &c.

FROM MR. GAY.

DEAR SIR,

LONDON, DEC. 2, 1728.

I THINK this is my fourth letter, I am sure it is the third, without any answer. If I had any assurance of your health, I should have been more easy. I should have writ to you upon this subject above a month ago, had it not been for a report that you were upon the road in your way to England: which I fear now was without foundation. Your money, with part of my own, is still in the hands of lord Bathurst, which I believe he will keep no longer, but repay upon his coming to town; when I will endeavour to dispose of it as I do of my own, unless I receive your orders to the contrary.

Lord and lady Bolingbroke are in town: she has been lately very ill, but is now somewhat better. I have had a very severe attack of a fever, which, by the care of our friend Dr. Arbuthnot, has, I hope, almost left me. I have been confined about ten days, but never to my bed, so that I hope soon to get abroad about my business; that is, the care of the second part of the Beggar's Opera, which was almost ready for rehearsal; but Rich received the duke of Grafton's commands (upon an information, that he was rehearsing a play improper to be represented) not to rehearse any new play whatever, till his grace has seen it. What will become of it I know not; but I am sure I have written nothing, that can be legally suppressed, unless the setting vices in general in an odious light, and virtue in an amiable one, may give offence. I passed five or six months this year at the Bath with the duchess of Marlborough; and then, in the view of taking care of myself, writ this piece. If it goes on, in case of success, I have taken care to make better bargains for myself: I tell you this, because I know you are so good as to interest yourself so warmly in my affairs, that it is what you would want to know. I saw Mr. Pope on Friday, who, as to his health, is just as you left him. His mother, by his account, is much the same. Mr. Lewis, who is very much your servant (as are all I have mentioned) tells me, farther time is still desired of him about the hundred pounds. Dr. Arbuthnot particularly desires his compliments; and Mrs. Howard often asks after you. Prince Frederick is expected over this week. I hope to go abroad in two or three days. I wish I could meet with you either abroad, or at home.

TO

TO MR. WÖRRALL.

MARKET HILL, JAN. 4, 1728.

I HAD your long letter, and thank you heartily for your concern about my health. I continue very deaf and giddy; but however, I would certainly come to town, not only for my visitation, but because in these circumstances, and in winter, I would rather be at home. But it is now Saturday night, and that beast Sheridan is not yet come, although it has been thawing since Monday. If I do not come, you know what to do.

My humble service to our friends, as usual.

 TO THE SAME.

MARKET HILL, JAN. 13, 1728-9.

I JUST received your letter, and should never have done, if I returned you thanks so often as I ought for your care and kindness; both my disorders still continue; however, I desire that Mrs. Brent may make things ready, for my raggedness will soon force me away. I have been now ill about a month, but the family are so kind as to speak loud enough for me to hear them; and my deafness is not so extreme as you have known when I have fretted at your mannerly voice, and was only relieved by Mrs. Worrall.

I send you enclosed the fruit of my illness, to make an *Intelligencer**; I desire you will enclose it in a letter to Mrs. Harding, and let your letter be in an unknown hand, and desire her to show it to the author of the *Intelligencer*, and to print it if he thinks fit. There is a letter, you will find, that is to be prefixed before the verses, which letter is grounded on a report, and if that report be false, the former part of the letter will be unseasonable, but the latter will not: and therefore the *Intelligencer* must be desired to alter it accordingly.

It should be sent soon, to come time enough for the next *Intelligencer*.

Pray, in your letter to Mrs. Harding, desire her to make her people be more correct, and that the *Intelligencer* himself may look over it, for that every body who reads those papers, are very much offended with the continual nonsense made by her printers.

I am yours,

J. SWIFT.

TO THE SAME.

MARKET HILL, JAN. 18, 1728-9.

I HAVE yours of the 14th instant, but you had not then received my last, in which was enclosed a paper for the *Intelligencer*, which I hope you have disposed of as desired. My disorder still continues

* A weekly paper, by Drs. Swift, Sheridan, Helsham, &c. which were afterward reprinted in one volume 8vo.

the same for this fortnight past, and am neither better nor worse. However, I resolve to return on the first mending of the weather; these three last days there being as violent a storm as I have known, which still continues. We have been told my lord Mountcashell* is dead at Drogheda, but believe it to be a lie. However, he is so tender, and affects so much vigour and fatigue, that we have been in pain about him.

I had a letter two days ago, which cost me six shillings and four pence; it consisted of the probate of a will in Leicestershire, and of two enclosed letters, and was beyond the weight of letters franked. When I went a lad to my mother, after the revolution, she brought me acquainted with a family where there was a daughter with whom I was acquainted. My prudent mother was afraid I should be in love with her; but when I went to London, she married an innkeeper in Loughborow, in that county, by whom she had several children. The old mother died, and left all that she had to her daughter aforesaid, separate from her husband. This woman (my mistress with a pox) left several children, who are all dead but one daughter, Anne by name. This Anne, for it must be she, about seven years ago writ to me from London, to tell me she was daughter of Betty Jones, for that was my mistress's name, till she was married to one Perkins, innkeeper, at the George in Loughborow, as I said before. The subject of the girl's letter was, that a young lady of good fortune

* Edward Davis, lord viscount Mountcashell, dying a bachelor in July 1736, the title became extinct; but it was revived in 1766 in the person of James More, esq.

was courted by an Irishman, who pretended to be barrack master general of Ireland, and desired me, as an old acquaintance of her mother Betty Jones, alias Perkins, to inquire about this Irishman. I answered, that I knew him not, but supposed he was a cheat ; I heard no more. But now comes a letter to me from this Betty Jones, alias Perkins, to let me know, that her daughter Anne Giles, married an Irishman, one Giles, and was now come over to Ireland to pick up some debts due to her husband, which she could not get ; that the young widow (for her husband Giles is dead) has a mind to settle in Ireland, and to desire I would lend her daughter Giles three guineas, which her mother will pay me when I draw upon her in England, and Mrs. Giles writes me a letter to that purpose. She intends to take a shop, and will borrow the money from Mrs. Brent, (whose name she has learned) and pay me as others do. I was at first determined to desire you would, from me, make her a present of five pounds, on account of her mother and grandmother, whom my mother used to call cousin. She has sent me an attested copy of her mother's will, which, as I told you, cost me six shillings and four pence. But I am in much doubt ; for by her mother's letters, she is her heiress, and the grandmother left Betty Jones, alias Perkins, the mother of this woman in Dublin, all she had, as a separate maintenance from her husband (who proved a rogue) to the value of five hundred pounds. Now, I cannot conceive why she would let her only daughter and heiress come to Ireland, without giving her money to bear her charges here, and put her in some way. The woman's name is Anne Giles, she lodges at one Mrs. Wilmot's, the first house in Molesworth court,

court, on the right hand, in Fishamble street. I have told you this long story, to desire you will send for the woman, this Anne Giles, and examine her strictly, to find if she be the real daughter of Elizabeth Jones, alias Perkins, or not; and how her mother, who is so well able, came to send her in so miserable a condition to Ireland. The errand is so romantick, that I know not what to say to it. I would be ready to sacrifice five pounds, on old acquaintance, to help the woman; I suspect her mother's letters to be counterfeit, for I remember she spells like a kitchenmaid. And so I end this worthy business.

My bookseller, Mr. Motte, by my recommendation, dealt with Mr. Hyde*; there are some accounts between them, and Hyde is in his debt. He has desired me to speak to Mr. Hyde's executors to state the account, that Mr. Motte may be in a way to recover the balance. I wish you would step to Mr. Hyde's house, and inquire how that matter stands, and how Mr. Motte is to be paid. I suppose Mr. Hyde died in good circumstances, and that there will be no danger of his creditors suffering by his death.

I enclose a letter to Mr. Motte, which you will be so kind to send to the postoffice.

I desire, likewise, that you will make Mrs. Brent buy a bottle of usquebaugh, and leave it with the woman who keeps sir Arthur Acheson's house in Capel street, and desire her to deliver it to captain Creighton †, who lodges at the Pied Horse, in

* Mr. John Hyde, an eminent bookseller of Dublin, of fair good character.

† Whose Memoirs are printed in volume x, p. 318.

Capel street, and is to bring down other things to my lady Acheson.

My most humble service to Mrs. Worrall, Mrs. Dingley, and love to Mrs. Brent.

I wish you all a happy new year.

FROM FRANCIS GEOGEGHAN, ESQ.

SIR,

MARCH 10, 1728-9.

YOUR time is precious, your curiosity not very small, my esteem of you very great; therefore come not within the walls of the four courts in hopes of hearing a matrimonial decree in this reign; for on Monday, (*viz.*) that is to say, the 10th of this instant March, 1728, his excellency Thomas Wyndham, esq., lord high chancellor of Ireland, pronounced, after your back was turned, and not with the assistance of the two chiefs, his decree in the case of Stewart v. Stewart, on A. Powel to this effect:—He said there was a full consent till such time as the draught of the settlement was sent down to Mrs. Stewart, to be considered by her and her friends; and after she had considered it, she shall not be at liberty to make any objections; for all restrictions of marriage are odious in the civil law, and not favoured by the common law, especially after the age of one and twenty; therefore marry they may, and let Mr. Nutley* be a lawyer for Mrs. Rebecca Stewart, the plaintiff, to take care of the settlement

* Mr. Nutley had been a judge in queen Anne's time.

for her advantage, and let Powel choose another lawyer for himself ; though by the by, Mr. Nutley would serve for both ; and it is not necessary to inquire what Powel makes by his practice, although he assured the mother it amounted to one thousand four hundred pounds *per annum*.

Ovid, 'tis true, successfully imparts
 The rules to steal deluded virgins hearts ;
 But O ! ye fair ones, pious Nutley's skill
 Instructs you to elude, by magick bill,
 The laws of God, and gratify your will. }

You will, I hope, excuse this liberty in one, who, to resent the indignity offered to you by Ram's coachman *, made him drunk soon after at Gory ; which so incensed the aforesaid Ram, that he discharged him his service, and he is now so reduced, that he has no other way of getting his bread but by crying in this city, " Ha' you any dirt to carry out ? " I am, sir, your sincere friend and humble servant.

FRANCIS GEOGEGHAN.

FROM WILLIAM FLOWER, ESQ †.

SIR,

ASHBROOK, MARCH 18, 1728-9.

AS I have been honoured with some of your letters, and as you are my old acquaintance, though to my sorrow not intimately so, I trust you will pardon

* Vid. *Intelligencer*, No. 2.

† Created lord Castledurrow, Oct. 27, 1733.

this presumption: Perhaps you may be at a loss to guess what title I have to an old acquaintance with you ; but as several little accidents make indelible impressions upon the minds of schoolboys, near thirty years ago, when I was one, I remember I was committed to your care from Sheene to London : we took water at Mortlake, the commander of the little skiff was very drunk and insolent, put us ashore at Hammersmith, yet insisted, with very abusive language, on his fare, which you courageously refused ; the mob gathered ; I expected to see your gown stripped off, and for want of a blanket to take a flight with you in it, but

Tum pietate gravem ac meritis si forte virum quem
 Conspexêre, silent, arrectisque auribus astant :
 Ille regit dictis animos, et pectora mulcet.

Virg. *Æn.* I. 155.

By your powerful eloquence you saved your bacon and money, and we happily proceeded on our journey. But it is not an inclination purely to tell you this old story, which persuades me to write. A friend from Dublin lately obliged me with a very entertaining paper, entitled, "The Intelligencer," it is number 20, a posthumous work of Nestor Ironside ; a correspondent mentioning these papers in a letter, raising my curiosity, with the specimen I had of them, to read the rest. For my part, I have buried myself in the country, and know little of the world, but what I learn from newspapers ; you, who live so much in it, and from other more convincing proofs, I am satisfied are acquainted with the Intelligencer. I wish his zeal could promote the welfare of his poor country, but I fear his labour is in vain.

The miseries of the north, as represented, demand the utmost compassion, and must soften the malice of the most bitter enemy. I hope they, whose interest it is, if they rightly considered it, to relieve those miserable wretches, will redress so publick a calamity; to which, if, as I have heard, some of the clergy, by exacting of tithes, have contributed, they deserve as great censure, as a certain dean, who lends several sums without interest to his poor parishioners, has gained credit and honour by his charitable beneficence. Bad men, to be sure, have crept in, and are of that sacred and learned order; the blackest of crimes, forgery, treason, and blasphemy, recently prove this: such should be spewed out of it with utmost contempt, and punished according to their demerit with severe justice. If this allegation be true, I hope to see them censured by the Intelligencer, and recommend to him the words of Jeremiah to expatiate upon chap. x, ver. 21, chap. xii, ver. 10, 11. I imagine the poor widow, his printer*, is in danger of punishment; she suffered very cruelly for the Drapier's works; I hope several contributed to ease her misfortunes on that occasion; I confess I am sorry I did not, but if you will give her a piece of gold, not in my name I beg, being unwilling to vaunt of charity, but as from a friend of yours, I shall by the first safe hand send one; in return I expect the Drapier's works entire.

I am sorry that for the benefit of the ladies, the author has not given us the English of

Motus doceri gaudet Ionicos

Matura virgo.

* Mrs. Harding.

Not having Creech's Horace, a gentleman prevailed on me to attempt translating it in a couple of distichs; the science, which the compound English and Greek word signifies, little concerns a widower; but I should be glad to see it improved by good proficient in the Ionick jig. I own, in my little reading, I never met with this word, which puts me in mind of a passage on the Thames. My younger uncle, the grave Mr. Flower, his wife and mine, and parson Dingle, one day made the tour of the city: we saw Bedlam, the lions, and what not; and finished with a view of that noble engine under London Bridge: then we took water for Whitehall; rowed very silently to opposite the glasshouse, where a dyer, his boat at anchor, was angling; poor Jack unfortunately asked, addressing himself to our waterman, What that man was fishing for? The wag answered very brisk, For ——, master, will you buy any? You are a man of too much humour not to be pleased with the reply. I never can think of it without a laugh; and am sure need not describe the scene to you. He is since called in our family by the name of Jack Fisher.

FROM MR. GAY*.

From the Duke of Queensberry's, in Burlington
Gardens, March 18, 1728-9.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE writ to you several times; and having heard nothing from you, makes me fear my letters

* Endorsed, see the Duchess's Answer to the Royal Message.

are miscarried. Mr. Pope's letter has taken off my concern in some degree ; but I hope good weather will entirely reestablissh you in your health. I am but just recovered from the severest fit of sickness that ever any body had who escaped death. I was several times given up by the physicans, and every body that attended me ; and upon my recovery, was judged to be in so ill a condition, that I should be miserable for the remainder of my life ; but contrary to all expectation, I am perfectly recovered, and have no remainder of the distempers that attacked me, which were, at the same time, fever, asthma, and pleurisy. I am now in the duke of Queensberry's house, and have been so ever since I left Hampstead ; where I was carried at a time that it was thought I could not live a day. Since my coming to town, I have been very little abroad, the weather has been so severe.

I must acquaint you, (because I know it will please you) that during my sickness I had many of the kindest proofs of friendship, particularly from the duke and duchess of Queensberry ; who, if I had been their nearest relation and nearest friend, could not have treated me with more constant attendance then ; and they continue the same to me now.

You must undoubtedly have heard, that the duchess took up my defence with the king and queen, in the cause of my play, and that she has been forbid the court for interesting herself to increase my fortune, by the publication of it without being acted. The duke too has given up his employment (which he would have done, if the duchess had not met with this treatment) upon account of ill usage from the ministers ; but this hastened him in what he had

determined. The play is now almost printed, with the musick, words, and basses, engraved on thirty-one copper plates, which, by my friends assistance, has a probability to turn greatly to my advantage. The duchess of Marlborough has given me a hundred pounds for one copy; and others have contributed very handsomely; but, as my account is not yet settled, I cannot tell you particulars.

For writing in the cause of virtue, and against the fashionable vices, I am looked upon at present as the most obnoxious person almost in England. Mr. Pulteney tells me, I have got the start of him. Mr. Pope tells me, that I am dead, and that this obnoxiousness is the reward for my inoffensiveness in my former life. I wish I had a book ready to send you: but, I believe I shall not be able to complete the work till the latter end of the next week. Your money is still in lord Bathurst's hands; but, I believe, I shall receive it soon: I wish to receive your orders how to dispose of it. I am impatient to finish my work, for I want the country air; not that I am ill, but to recover my strength; and I cannot leave my work till it is finished. While I am writing this, I am in the room next to our dining room, with sheets all round it, and two people from the binder folding sheets. I print the book at my own expense, in quarto, which is to be sold for six shillings, with the musick. You see I do not want industry; and I hope you will allow, that I have not the worst economy. Mrs. Howard has declared herself strongly, both to the king and queen, as my advocate. The duchess of Queensberry is allowed to have shown more spirit, more honour, and more goodness, than was thought possible in our times; I should have
1 added

added too, more understanding and good sense. You see my fortune (as I hope my virtue will) increases by oppression. I go to no courts; I drink no wine; and am calumniated even by ministers of state, and yet am in good spirits. Most of the courtiers, though otherwise my friends, refused to contribute to my undertaking. But the city and the people of England take my part very warmly; and, I am told, the best of the citizens will give me proofs of it by their contributions.

I could talk to you a great deal more, but I am afraid I should write too much for you, and for myself. I have not writ so much together since my sickness. I cannot omit telling you, that Dr. Arbuthnot's attendance and care of me showed him the best of friends. Dr. Hollings, though entirely a stranger to me, was joined with him, and used me in the kindest and most handsome manner. Mr. and Mrs. Pulteney were greatly concerned for me, visited me, and showed me the strongest proofs of friendship. When I see you I will tell you of others, as of Mr. Pope, Mrs. Blount, Mr. and Mrs. Rollinson, lord and lady Bolingbroke, &c. I think they are all your friends and wellwishers. I hope you will love them the better upon my account; but do not forget Mr. Lewis, nor lord Bathurst, sir William Wyndham, and lord Gower, and lord Oxford among the number.

FROM DR. SWIFT TO MR. GAY*.

DUBLIN, MARCH 19, 1728-9.

I DENY it. I do write to you according to the old stipulation, for, when you kept your old company, when I writ to one, I writ to all. But I am ready to enter into a new bargain since you are got into a new world, and will answer all your letters. You are first to present my most humble respects to the duchess of Queensberry, and let her know that I never dine without thinking of her, although it be with some difficulty that I can obey her when I dine with forks that have but two prongs, and when the sauce is not very consistent. You must likewise tell her grace that she is a general toast among all honest folks here, and particularly at the deanery, even in the face of my whig subjects.—I will leave my money in lord Bathurst's hands, and the management of it (for want of better) in yours : and pray keep the interest money in a bag wrapped up by itself, for fear of your own fingers under your carelessness. Mr. Pope talks of you as a perfect stranger ; but the different pursuits and manners and interests of life, as fortune has pleased to dispose them, will never suffer those to live together, who, by their inclinations ought never to part. I hope when you are rich enough, you will have some little economy of your own in town

* Found among Mr. Gay's papers, and returned to Dr. Swift by the duke of Queensberry and Mr. Pope.

and country, and be able to give your friend a pint of port; for the domestick season of life will come on. I had never much hopes of your vamped play, although Mr. Pope seemed to have, and although it were ever so good: but you should have done like the parsons, and changed your text, I mean your title, and the names of the persons. After all, it was an effect of idleness, for you are in the prime of life, when invention and judgment go together. I wish you had 100l. a year more for horses—I ride and walk whenever good weather invites, and am reputed the best walker in this town and five miles round. I writ lately to Mr. Pope. I wish you had a little village in his neighbourhood; but you are yet too volatile, and any lady with a coach and six horses would carry you to Japan.

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT.

LONDON, MARCH 19, 1728-9.

THIS is the second or third time, dear sir, that I have writ to you without hearing a word of you, or from you; only, in general, that you are very much out of order; sometimes of your two old complaints, the vertigo and deafness, which I am very sorry for. The gentleman who carries this has come better off than I did imagine: I used my little interest as far as it would go, in his affair. He will be able to give you some account of your friends, many of whom have been in great distress this winter.

ter. For John Gay, I may say without vanity, owes his life, under God, to the unwearied endeavours and care of your humble servant: for a physician, who had not been passionately his friend, could not have saved him. I had beside my personal concern for him, other motives of my care. He is now become a publick person, a little Sacheverell; and I took the same pleasure in saving him as Radcliffe did in preserving my lord chief justice Holt's wife, whom he attended out of spite to the husband who wished her dead.

The inoffensive John Gay is now become one of the obstructions to the peace of Europe, the terrour of ministers, the chief author of the *Craftsman*, and all the seditious pamphlets which have been published against the government. He has got several turned out of their places; the greatest ornament of the court banished from it for his sake; another great lady in danger of being *chassée* likewise; about seven or eight duchesses pushing forward, like the ancient circumcelliones in the church, who shall suffer martyrdom upon his account first. He is the darling of the city. If he should travel about the country, he would have hecatombs of roasted oxen sacrificed to him: since he became so conspicuous Will Pulteney hangs his head, to see himself so much outdone in the career of glory. I hope he will get a good deal of money by printing his play; but, I really believe, he would get more by showing his person: and I can assure you, this is the very identical John Gay, whom you formerly knew, and lodged with in Whitehall two years ago. I have been diverting myself with making an extract out of a history, which will be printed in the year 1948. I wish

wish I had your assistance to go through with it; for I can assure you, it rises to a very solemn piece of burlesque.

As to the condition of your little club, it is not quite so desperate as you might imagine; for Mr. Pope is as high in favour, as I am afraid the rest are out of it. The king, upon the perusal of the last edition of his *Dunciad*, declared he was a very honest man. I did not know till this moment that I had so good an opportunity to send you a letter; and now I know it, I am called away, and am obliged to end with my best wishes and respects, being most sincerely yours, &c.

FROM LADY JOHNSON*.

[MARCH 30, 1729.]

TO THE REV^d. THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICKS.

HON^d SR

I AM a Huckster and Lives in Strand Street & has Dealings with Several familys, a saterday Night a Case of Instruments † was sent me in pawn by a Certain person in Marys Street, for two Rowls a print of Butter four Herrings and three Nagins of strong Watters, My foster brother who ply's about that End of the town tells Me, he wanst saw it in your hand, fearing Hawkins's ‡ whip I send it to

* Thus endorsed by Dr. Swift; "The best letter I ever read."

† It is not unlikely this was a present of a case of instruments from lady Johnson to the doctor.

‡ Hawkins was keeper of Newgate.

you, and will take an Other Course to gett My Mo-
ney, so I Remain your Hon^{rs}

Humble Sarv^t to Command

y^e 30

MARTHA SHARP.

FROM CHEVALIER RAMSAY.

SIR,

LONDON, APRIL 10, 1729.

ONE of the greatest pleasures I proposed to my self in a journey to England, was that of seeing you at London; and it is a very sensible mortification to me to find myself disappointed in so agreeable an expectation. It is now many years since I had the highest esteem of your genius and writings; and when I was very young, I found in some of them certain ideas, that prepared me for relishing those principles of universal religion, which I have since endeavoured to unfold in Cyrus. I could not let our common friend Mr. Lesley* go back to Ireland, without seizing the opportunity of acknowledging the obliging zeal you have shown to make my work esteemed. Such marks of friendship do me a great deal of honour as well as pleasure, and I hope I have a thorough sense of them. As I have much enlarged my book, I am going to publish a new edition by subscription. I have given a hundred copies of the proposals to our friend, and flatter myself, that I may count upon the continuation of

* Son of the reverend Mr. Charles Lesley, the famous nonjuror.

your

your friendship. I am, with great respect, sir,
 your most obliged and most obedient humble servant,
 A. RAMSAY.

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT.

DEAR SIR,

LONDON, MAY 8, 1729.

I HAVE writ three times to Mr. dean of St. Patrick's, without receiving so much as an acknowledgment of the receipt of my letters. At the same time, I hear of other letters, which his acquaintances receive from him. I believe I should hardly have brought myself to have written this, were it not to serve you and a friend at the same time.

I recommended one Mr. Mason, son of Mason gentleman of the queen's chapel, a barytone voice, for the vacancy of a singer in your cathedral. This letter was writ from Bath last September. The same Mason* informs me, that there is another vacancy: therefore I renew my request. I believe you will hardly get a better: he has a pleasant mellow voice, and has sung several times in the king's chapel this winter, to the satisfaction of the audience. I beg at least your answer to this. Your friends in town, such as I know, are well. Mr. Pope is happy again, in having his mother recovered. Mr. Gay is gone to Scotland with the duke of Queensberry. He has about twenty lawsuits with booksellers for

* This gentleman was provided for by Dr. Swift.

pirating his book. The king goes soon to Hanover. These are all the news I know. I hope you do not imagine I am so little concerned about your health, as not to desire to be informed of the state of it from yourself. I have been tolerably well this winter, I thank God. My brother Robin is here, and longs, as well as I, to know how you do. This with my best wishes and respects, from, dear sir, your most faithful humble servant,

JO. ARBUTHNOT.

FROM THE SAME.

DEAR SIR,

LONDON, JUNE, 9, 1729.

THIS is given you by Mr. Mason, whom I believe you will find answer the character I gave of him, which really was not partial; for I am not so much as acquainted with his father or himself. I explained every thing to him according to the tenour of the letter which I received from you some time ago, and for which I most heartily thank you. Let him now speak for himself. I have been inquiring about a counter tenor; but have, as yet, no intelligence of any.

I am really sensibly touched with the account you give of Ireland. It is not quite so bad here, but really bad enough: at the same time, we are told, that we are in great plenty and happiness.

Your friends, whom you mention in yours, are well. Mr. Gay is returned from Scotland, and has recovered his strength by his journey. Mr. Pope is well;

well; he had got an injunction in chancery against the printers, who had pirated his *Dunciad*: it was dissolved again, because the printer could not prove any property, nor did the author appear. That is not Mr. Gay's case; for he has owned his book. Mr. Pulteney gives you his service. They are all better than myself; for I am now so bad of a constant convulsion in my heart, that I am likely to expire sometimes. We have no news, that I know of. I am apt to believe, that in a little time, this matter of the provisional treaty will be on or off. The young man waits for my letter. I shall trouble you no more at present, but remain with my best wishes, and most sincere affection, dear sir, your most faithful humble servant,

JO. ARBUTHNOT.

My family all send you their love and service.

FROM LADY CATHERINE JONES*.

SIR,

CHELSEA, JUNE 11, 1729.

I RECEIVED the favour of your letter the 22d of May, and own my obligation to Mr. dean for the information of the decay of my grandfather's monument † in the cathedral church of St. Patrick.

* Daughter of Richard, earl of Ranelagh.

† A monument erected to the memory of archbishop Jones, and his son, lord viscount Ranelagh. It was then in a ruinous condition; but repaired by the order of this lady. See another letter June 15, 1732.

Mr.

Mr. French, the present receiver of my father's estate, will be, some time next month, in that kingdom, whom I have ordered to wait upon you for your direction in that affair; in which, when he has informed me of the expense, I shall immediately give directions to have it done, agreeably to the desire of the dean and chapter, as well as the duty due to the memory of my grandfather, without adding farther trouble to Mr. dean, from his most humble and obedient servant,

CATHERINE JONES.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE, AUG. 30, 1729, N. S.

I TOOK a letter of yours from Pope, and brought it to this place, that I might answer at least a part of it. I begin to day: when I shall finish I know not; perhaps when I get back to my farm. The waters I have been persuaded to drink, and those which my friends drink, keep me fuddled or employed all the morning. The afternoons are spent in airings or visits, and we go to bed with the chicken.

BRUSSELS, SEPT. 27, N. S.

I have brought your French acquaintance* thus far on her way into her own country, and considerably better in health than she was when she went to Aix. I begin to entertain hopes that she will re-

* Lady Bolingbroke.

cover such a degree of health as may render old age supportable. Both of us have closed the tenth lustre, and it is high time to determine how we shall play the last act of the farce. Might not my life be entitled much more properly a what-d'ye-call-it than a farce*? Some comedy, a great deal of tragedy, and the whole interspersed with scenes of Harlequin, Scaramouch, and Dr. Baloardo; the prototype of your hero Oxford. I used to think sometimes formerly of old age and of death; enough to prepare my mind; not enough to anticipate sorrow, to dash the joys of youth, and to be all my life a dying. I find the benefit of this practice now, and shall find it more as I proceed on my journey; little regret when I look backward, little apprehension when I look forward. You complain grievously of your situation in Ireland. I could complain of mine too in England: but I will not, nay, I ought not; for I find, by long experience, that I can be unfortunate, without being unhappy. I do not approve your joining together the figure of living, and the pleasure of giving, though your old prating friend Montaigne †, does something like it in one of

* Bolingbroke is reported in a letter to Pouilly to have said, "You, and I, and Pope, are the only three men fit to reign." Voltaire, in the XIIth volume of his letters, denies this anecdote; and adds, "J'aime mieux ce que disait à ses compagnons la plus fameuse catin de Londres: mes sœurs, Bolingbroke est déclaré aujourd'hui secrétaire d'état; sept mille guinées de rente, mes sœurs; et tout pour nous!" It appears by Voltaire's Letters, vol. I, p. 13, that in the year 1722, he was at la Source near Orleans, with lord Bolingbroke; to whom he communicated the first sketches of the *Henriade*, and received from him the highest commendations.

† Yet there are few writers that give us such an insight into human nature as this old prater.

his rhapsodies : to tell you my reasons would be to write an essay, and I shall hardly have time to write a letter ; but, if you will come over and live with Pope and me, I will show you in an instant why those two things should not *aller de pair*, and that forced retrenchments on both may be made, without making us uneasy. You know that I am too expensive, and all mankind knows that I have been cruelly plundered ; and yet I feel in my mind the power of descending, without anxiety, two or three stages more. In short, Mr. dean, if you will come to a certain farm in Middlesex*, you shall find that I can live frugally without growling at the world, or being peevish with those whom fortune has appointed to eat my bread, instead of appointing me to eat theirs ; and yet I have naturally as little disposition to frugality as any man alive. You say you are no philosopher, and I think you are in the right to dislike a word which is so often abused ; but I am sure you like to follow reason, not custom (which is sometimes the reason, and oftener the caprice of others, of the mob of the world). Now, to be sure of doing this, you must wear your philosophical spectacles as constantly as the Spaniards used to wear theirs. You must make them part of your dress, and sooner part with your broad brimmed beaver, your gown, scarf, or even that emblematical vestment your surplice. Through this medium you will see few things to be vexed at, few persons to be angry at.

OSTEND, OCT. 5.

And yet there will frequently be things which we ought to wish altered, and persons whom we

* Dawley, near Hounslow heath.

ought to wish hanged. Since I am likely to wait here for a wind, I shall have leisure to talk with you more than you will like perhaps. If that should be so, you will never tell it me grossly; and my vanity will secure me against taking a hint.

In your letter to Pope, you agree that a regard for fame becomes a man more toward his *exit*, than at his entrance into life; and yet you confess that the longer you live, the more you grow indifferent about it. Your sentiment is true and natural; your reasoning, I am afraid, is not so upon this occasion. Prudence will make us desire fame, because it gives us many real and great advantages in all the affairs of life. Fame is the wise man's means; his ends are his own good, and the good of society. You poets and orators have inverted this order; you propose fame as the end; and good, or at least great actions as the means. You go farther: you teach our self love to anticipate the applause which we suppose will be paid by posterity to our names; and with idle notions of immortality you turn other heads beside your own: I am afraid this may have done some harm in the world.

CALAIS, OCT. 9.

I go on from this place, whither I am come in hopes of getting to sea, which I could not do from the port of Ostend.

Fame is an object which men pursue successfully by various and even contrary courses. Your doctrine leads them to look on this end as essential, and on the means as indifferent; so that Fabricius and Crassus, Cato and Cæsar, pressed forward to the same goal. After all, perhaps, it may appear, from
a consideration

a consideration of the depravity of mankind, that you could do no better, nor keep up virtue in the world without calling this passion, or this direction of self love, into your aid. Tacitus has crowded this excuse for you, according to his manner, into a maxim, *Contemptu famæ contemni virtutes**. But now, whether we consider fame as a useful instrument in all the occurrences of private and publick life, or whether we consider it as the cause of that pleasure which our self love is so fond of, methinks our entrance into life, or, to speak more properly, our youth, not our old age, is the season when we ought to desire it most, and therefore when it is most becoming to desire it with ardour. If it is useful it is to be desired most when we have, or may hope to have, a long scene of action open before us, toward our exit, this scene of action is, or should be, closed; and then methinks it is unbecoming to grow fonder of a thing, which we have no longer occasion for. If it is pleasant, the sooner we are in possession of fame, the longer we shall enjoy this pleasure; when it is acquired early in life, it may tickle us on till old age; but when it is acquired late, the sensation of pleasure will be more faint, and mingled with the regret of our not having tasted it sooner.

FROM MY FARM, OCT. 5, O. S.

I am here; I have seen Pope, and one of my first inquiries was after you. He tells me a thing I am sorry to hear: you are building, it seems, on a piece of land you have acquired for that purpose,

* From slighting the opinion of the world, we proceed to a disregard of virtue.

in some county of Ireland*. Though I have built in a part of the world † which I prefer very little to that where you have been thrown and confined by our ill fortune and yours, yet I am sorry you do the same thing. I have repented a thousand times of my resolution ; and I hope you will repent of yours before it is executed. Pope tells me he has a letter of yours, which I have not seen yet. I shall have that satisfaction shortly, and shall be tempted to scribble to you again, which is another good reason for making this epistle no longer than it is already. Adieu, therefore, my old and worthy friend. May the physical evils of life fall as easily upon you as ever they did on any man who lived to be old ! and may the moral evils which surround us make as little impression on you, as they ought to make on one who has such superiour sense to estimate things by, and so much virtue to wrap himself up in !

My wife desires not to be forgotten by you ; she is faithfully your servant, and zealously your admirer. She will be concerned, and disappointed, not to find you in this island at her return ; which hope both she and I had been made to entertain before I went abroad.

† In the county of Armagh, the celebrated spot called Drapier's Hill.

‡ Dawley, in the county of Middlesex.

TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

DUBLIN, OCT. 31, 1729.

I RECEIVED your lordship's travelling letter of several dates, at several stages, and from different nations, languages, and religions. Neither could any thing be more obliging than your kind remembrance of me in so many places. As to your ten lustres, I remember, when I complained in a letter to Prior, that I was fifty years old, he was half angry in jest, and answered me out of Terence, *ista commemoratio est quasi exprobratio*. How then ought I to rattle you, when I have a dozen years more to answer for, all monastically passed in this country of liberty and delight, and money, and good company ! I go on answering your letter ; it is you were my hero, but the other * never was ; yet if he were, it was your own fault, who taught me to love him, and often vindicated him, in the beginning of your ministry, from my accusations †. But I granted he had the greatest inequalities of any man alive, and his whole scene was fifty times more a what-d'ye-call-it, than yours: for, I declare, yours was *unie*, and I wish you would so order it, that the world may be as wise as I upon that article. Mr. Pope wishes it too, and I believe there is not a more honest man in England, even without wit. But you regard us not.—I was forty-seven years old when I began to think of death ‡ ;

* Lord Oxford.

† This is a remarkable sentence ; and conveys a depreciating idea of lord Oxford, whom we had imagined Swift preferred to Bolingbroke.

‡ The year of queen Anne's death.

and the reflections upon it now begin when I wake in the morning, and end when I am going to sleep. I writ to Mr. Pope and not to you. My birth, although from a family not undistinguished in its time, is many degrees inferiour to yours; all my pretensions from person and parts infinitely so; I a younger son of younger sons; you born to a great fortune: yet I see you with all your advantages, sunk to a degree that you could never have been without them:— But yet I see you as much esteemed, as much beloved, as much dreaded, and perhaps more (though it be almost impossible) than ever you were in your highest exaltation—only I grieve like an alderman that you are not so rich. And yet, my lord, I pretend to value money as little as you, and I will call five hundred witnesses (if you will take Irish witnesses) to prove it. I renounce your whole philosophy, because it is not your practice. By the figure of living, (if I used that expression to Mr. Pope) I do not mean the parade, but the suitableness to your mind; and as for the pleasure of giving, I know your soul suffers when you are debarred of it. Could you, when your own generosity and contempt of outward things (be not offended, it is no ecclesiastical but an Epictetian phrase) could you, when these have brought you to it, come over and live with Mr. Pope and me at the deanery? I could almost wish the experiment were tried—No, God forbid, that ever such a scoundrel as Want should dare to approach you. But, in the mean time, do not brag, retrenchments are not your talent. But as old Weymouth said to me in his lordly latin, *Philosophia verba, ignava opera*; I wish you could learn arithmetick, that three and two make five, and will never make more. My philoso-

phical spectacles which you advise me to, will tell me that I can live on fifty pounds a year (wine excluded, which my bad health forces me to) but I cannot endure that *otium* should be *sine dignitate*.—My lord, what I would have said of fame, is meant of fame which a man enjoys in his life ; because I cannot be a great lord, I would acquire what is a kind of *subsidium*, I would endeavour that my betters should seek me by the merit of something distinguishable, instead of my seeking them. The desire of enjoying it in aftertimes is owing to the spirit and folly of youth : but with age we learn to know the house is so full, that there is no room for above one or two at most in an age, through the whole world. My lord, I hate and love to write to you, it gives me pleasure, and kills me with melancholy. The d—take stupidity, that it will not come to supply the want of philosophy.

TO LORD ARRAN.

MY LORD,

1729.

I AM earnestly desired by some worthy friends of mine, to write to your lordship in favour of the bearer, Mr. Moore, minister of Clonmel, who will have the honour to present this letter to your lordship. Those rectorial tithes of Clonmel were granted to the church by letters patents from king Charles the second, with the perfect knowledge and full approbation of your great ancestor, the first duke of Ormond, then lord lieutenant

lieutenant of Ireland. Notwithstanding which, some of the former agents to your lordship's family have greatly distressed the incumbent ministers of Clonmel, which is generally believed to be without the knowledge of his present grace the duke your brother, whom God long preserve. But your lordship's present agent being extremely vigilant of all your lordship's interests, has lately renewed the claim of the Ormond family to those tithes, and was at the last assizes, after a long hearing of six hours, nonsuited. The living of Clonmel is one of the largest, and yet poorest parishes, in this kingdom; being upon the whole (including the valuation of the houses) scarce worth one hundred pounds a year; out of which, a curate assistant being absolutely necessary on account of its extent, a salary of forty pounds must be paid.

My lord, your lordship's family has been always distinguished for their favour and protection to the established church, under her greatest persecutions; nor have you, in the universal opinion, ever degenerated from them. Those tithes in and about Clonmel are very inconsiderable, having never been let for above twenty-four pounds a year, made up of very small pittances collected from a great number of the poorest people; so that the recovery of them by an expensive lawsuit, if it could be effected, would not be worth attempting.

Mr. Moore is recommended to me by several persons of great worth (as I have already observed) and I hope I have not hitherto forfeited the credit I had with you.

My humble request therefore to your lordship is, that the minister of Clonmel may, without disturb-

ance, enjoy that small addition to his support, which the king and your grandfather intended for him.

I have always understood and believed, that the duke your brother's retiring has not lessened your fortune, but increased it: and as to his grace, unless all our intelligence be false, he is as easy as he desires to be. I heard of several persons who have ventured to wait on him abroad, and it is agreed that his grace is perfectly easy in his mind and fortune.

Upon the whole, I do earnestly desire your lordship to resign those poor scraps of tithes in and about Clonmel to Mr. Moore and his successors, in a legal form, for ever. Your loss will be at most but twenty-four pounds a year, and that with a thousand difficulties infinitely below your generosity and quality.

I am, &c.

FROM MR. GAY.

MIDDLETON STONEY, NOV. 9, 1729.

I HAVE long known you to be my friend upon several occasions, and particularly by your reproofs and admonitions. There is one thing, which you have often put me in mind of, the overrunning you with an answer before you had spoken. You find I am not a bit the better for it; for I still write and write on, without having a word of an answer. I have heard of you once by Mr. Pope: let Mr. Pope hear of you the next time by me. By this way of treating me, I mean, by your not letting me know that
you

you remember me, you are very partial to me, I should have said, very just to me. You seem to think, that I do not want to be put in mind of you, which is very true; for I think of you very often, and as often wish to be with you. I have been in Oxfordshire with the duke of Queensberry for these three months, and have had very little correspondence with any of our friends. I have employed my time in new writing a damned play, which I wrote several years ago, called *The Wife of Bath* *. As it is approved or disapproved of by my friends, when I come to town, I shall either have it acted, or let it alone, if weak brethren do not take offence at it. The ridicule turns upon superstition, and I have avoided the very words bribery and corruption. Folly indeed is a word, that I have ventured to make use of; but that is a term, that never gave fools offence. It is a common saying, that he is wise, that knows himself. What has happened of late, I think, is a proof, that it is not limited to the wise.

My lord Bathurst is still our cashier: when I see him, I intend to settle our accounts, and repay myself the five pounds out of the two hundred I owe you. Next week I believe I shall be in town; not at Whitehall, for those lodgings were judged not convenient for me, and were disposed of. Direct to me at the duke of Queensberry's, in Burlington gardens, near Piccadilly. You have often twitted

* This comedy was the first he wrote, and was unsuccessfully performed at the theatre in Drury lane, in the year 1713. It was altered by the author, and revived several years after [1729.30] at the theatre in Lincoln's inn fields, and damned a second time, although the author's reputation was then at its height, from the uncommon success of his *Beggar's Opera*.

me in the teeth for hankering after the court. In that you mistook me ; for I know by experience that there is no dependance that can be sure, but a dependance upon one's self. I will take care of the little fortune I have got. I know you will take this resolution kindly, and you see my inclinations will make me write to you, whether you will write to me or not. I am, dear sir, yours most sincerely and most affectionately,

J. GAY.

P. S. To the lady I live with, I owe my life and fortune : think of her with respect ; value and esteem her as I do ; and never more despise a fork with three prongs. I wish too you would not eat from the point of your knife. She has so much goodness, virtue, and generosity, that if you knew her, you would have a pleasure in obeying her as I do. She often wishes she had known you.

TO A CERTAIN ESQUIRE.

SIR,

JAN. 3, 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 terrour of squireship, frighting my agent to take what you graciously thought fit to give, you wronged me

of

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 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 show 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 pre- “ tend 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

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 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.

FROM LORD BATHURST.

DEAR DEAN,

FEB. 12, 1729-30.

I HAVE this moment received a letter from you ; but it is the first I can call a letter : the other scraps were only to direct me to convey your correspondence
to

to others, and I thought I answered them best by obeying your demands. But now you have deigned to send me one in form, with a proper beginning and ending, I will not wait even for a postday; but I have taken pen and ink immediately to tell you, how much I think myself obliged to you, and how sincerely I am —

Well, I might end here, if I would; but I cannot part with you so soon; and I must let you know, that as to your money affairs, though I have paid off John Gay, I still keep your two hundred pounds for which I have given him a note. I have paid him interest to this time for it, which he must account to you for. Now you must imagine, that a man who has nine children to feed, can not long afford *alienos pascere nummos*; but I have four or five, that are very fit for the table*. I only wait for the lord mayor's day to dispose of the largest; and I shall be sure of getting off the youngest, whenever a certain great man † makes another entertainment at Chelsea. Now you see, though I am your debtor, I am not without my proper ways and means to raise a supply answerable to your demand. I must own to you, that I should not have thought of this method of raising money, but that you seemed to point it out to me. For, just at the time that scheme came out, which

* This alludes to a tract of the dean's, entitled, "A modest Proposal for preventing the Children of poor People in Ireland from being a Burden to their Parents or Country, and for making them beneficial to the Publick." The dean had proposed many useful schemes, which having been neglected, he satirically and humourously proposed to fatten and eat the children of the poor, as the only remaining expedient to prevent misery to themselves, and render them of some benefit to the publick.

† Sir Robert Walpole.

pretended to be calculated only for Ireland, you gave me a hint in one of the envelopes [*Anglicè covers*] that you wished I might provide for my numerous family ; and in this last you harp upon the same string. I did immediately propose it to lady Bathurst, as your advice, particularly for her last boy, which was born the plumpest, finest thing, that could be seen ; but she fell in a passion, and bid me send you word, that she would not follow your direction, but that she would breed him up to be a parson, and he should live upon the fat of the land ; or a lawyer, and then, instead of being eat himself, he should devour others. You know women in passion never mind what they say ; but, as she is a very reasonable woman, I have almost brought her over now to your opinion ; and having convinced her, that as matters stood, we could not possibly maintain all the nine, she does begin to think it reasonable the youngest should raise fortunes for the eldest : and upon that foot a man may perform family duty with more courage and zeal ; for, if he should happen to get twins, the selling of one might provide for the other. Or if, by any accident, while his wife lies in with one child, he should get a second upon the body of another woman, he might dispose of the fattest of the two, and that would help to breed up the other. The more I think upon this scheme, the more reasonable it appears to me ; and it ought by no means to be confined to Ireland ; for, in all probability we shall, in a very little time, be altogether as poor here as you are there. I believe indeed we shall carry it farther, and not confine our luxury only to the eating of children ; for I happened to peep the other day
into

into a large assembly* not far from Westminster-hall, and I found them roasting a great fat fellow †. For my own part, I had not the least inclination to a slice of him ; but, if I guessed right, four in five of the company had a devilish mind to be at him. You begin now to wish I had ended, when I might have done it so conveniently. Well, adieu.

FROM MR. GAY.

DEAR SIR,

LONDON, MARCH 3, 1729-30.

I FIND you are determined not to write to me, according to our old stipulation. Had I not been every post for some time in expectation to have heard from you, I should have writ to you before, to have let you know the present state of your affairs, for I would not have you think me capable of neglecting yours, whatever you think of me as to my own. I have received 21l. 13s. 4d. interest from lord Bathurst for your 200l. from Oct. 1727 to Christmas 1729, being two years and two months, at 5 per cent. Lord Bathurst gave me a note for your 200l. again, and to allow interest for the same, dated Jan. 15, 1729-30. If you would have me dispose of your money any other way, I shall obey your orders. Let me know what I shall do with the interest money I have received. What I have done for you, I did for myself, which will be always the

* The parliament.

† Sir Robert Walpole.

way of my transacting any thing for you. My old vamped play got me no money ; for it had no success. I am going very soon into Wiltshire with the duke of Queensberry, with intention to stay there till the winter. Since I had that severe fit of sickness, I find my health requires it ; for I cannot bear the town as I could formerly. I hope another summer's air, and exercise, will reinstate me. I continue to drink nothing but water, so that you cannot require any poetry from me. I have been very seldom abroad since I came to town, and not once at court. This is no restraint upon me, for I am grown old enough to wish for retirement. I saw Mr. Pope, a day or two ago, in good spirits, and with good wishes for you ; for we always talk of you ; the doctor does the same. I have left off all great folk but our own family, perhaps you will think all great folks little enough to leave off us, in our present situation. I do not hate the world, but I laugh at it ; for none but fools can be in earnest about a trifle. I am, dear sir, yours most affectionately.

Direct for me at the duchess of Queensberry's, in Burlington gardens*.

* Endorsed. " Answered March 19."

FROM THE EARL OF OXFORD.

GOOD MR. DEAN,

DOVER-STREET,
MARCH 4, 1729-30.

IT is now above a whole year and six months since I have had the favour and pleasure of a line from your own self, and I have not troubled you with one from myself; the answer that you would naturally make is very obvious, Why do you then trouble me now? I reply, It is to join with my friend Mr. Pope in recommending the person concerned in the enclosed proposal to your favour and protection, and to entreat that you would be so good as to promote his interest. I have not sent you any of his receipts; but will when you please to let me know what number you can dispose of: I believe that your bishops have more learning, at least would be thought to have more, than our bench here can pretend to; so I hope they will all subscribe. The person concerned is a worthy honest man; and, by this work of his, he is in hopes to get free of the load which has hung upon him some years: this debt of his is not owing to any folly or extravagance of his, but to the calamity of his house being twice burnt, which he was obliged to rebuild; and having but small preferment in the church, and a large family of children, he has not been able to extricate himself out of the difficulties these accidents have brought upon him. Three sons he has bred up well at Westminster, and they are excellent scholars: the

eldest has been one of the ushers in Westminster school since the year 1714.

He is a man in years, yet hearty and able to study many hours in a day. This, in short, is the case of an honest, poor, worthy clergyman; and I hope you will take him under your protection. I cannot pretend that my recommendation should have any weight with you, but as it is joined to and under the wing of Mr. Pope.

I took hold of this opportunity to write to you, to let you know you had such an humble servant in being that often remembers you, and wishes to see you in this island. My family, I thank God, is well: my daughter had, last summer, the small-pox really, and in the natural way, and she is not marked at all. My wife and daughter desire that you will accept of their humble services, and say that they want much to see you.

I obeyed your commands, and did Mr. Whalley all the little service I was capable of: it was little enough that was in my power, God knows. He comes again before us soon after Easter: he seems to be in great hopes, I wish they may be well founded.

I think it is now time to release you, which I will not do until I have told you, I may say repeat to you, that I have a house for you, or houseroom, come when you please, provided you come soon. I am, with true respect and esteem, your most obliged and most humble servant,

OXFORD.

Your lord lieutenant would do well to encourage this poor man; he deserves it better than Bulkeley.

FROM MR. GAY.

DEAR SIR,

MARCH 31, 1730.

I EXPECT, in about a fortnight, to set out for Wiltshire, and am as impatient as you seem to be to have me to get on horseback. I thought proper to give you this intelligence, because Mr. Lewis told me last Sunday, that he was in a day or two, to set out for the Bath; so that very soon you are likely to have neither of your cashiers in town. Continue to direct for me at this house: the letters will be sent to me, wherever I am. My ambition, at present, is levelled to the same point that you direct me to; for I am every day building villakins, and have given over that of castles. If I were to undertake it in my present circumstance, I should, in the most thrifty scheme, soon be straitened; and I hate to be in debt; for I cannot bear to pawn five pounds worth of my liberty to a tailor or a butcher. I grant you, this is not having the true spirit of modern nobility; but it is hard to cure the prejudice of education. I have made your compliments to Mr. Pulteney, who is very much your humble servant. I have not seen the doctor, and am not likely to see his Rouen brother very soon; for he is gone to China. Mr. Pope told me, he had acquainted the doctor with the misfortune of the sour hermitage. My lord Oxford told me, he at present could match yours, and from the same person. The doctor was touched with your disappointment, and has promised

to

to represent this affair to his brother, at his return from China. I assure you too, for all your gibes, that I wish you heartily good wine, though I can drink none myself. When lord Bolingbroke is in town, he lodges at Mr. Chetwynd's, in Dover street. I do not know how to direct to him in the country. I have been extremely taken up of late in settling a steward's account. I am endeavouring to do all the justice and service I can for a friend ; so I am sure you will think I am well employed. Upon this occasion, I now and then have seen Jo. Taylor, who says he has a demand upon you for rent, you having taken his house in the country, and he being determined not to let it to any body else : and he thinks it but reasonable, that you should either come and live in it, or pay your rent. I neither ride nor walk ; but I design to do both this month and to become a laudable practitioner.

The duchess wishes she had seen you, and thinks you were in the wrong to hide yourself, and peep through the window, that day she came to Mr. Pope's. The duke too is obliged to you for your good opinion, and is your humble servant. If I were to write, I am afraid I should again incur the displeasure of my superiours. I cannot for my life think so well of them as they themselves think they deserve. If you have a very great mind to please the duchess, and at the same time to please me, I wish you would write a letter to her, to send to her brother, lord Cornbury, to advise him in his travels ; for, she says, she would take your advice rather than mine ; and she remembers, that you told her in the park, that you loved and honoured her family. You always insisted upon a lady's making advances

to you ; I do not know whether you will think this declaration sufficient. Then too, when you were in England, she writ a letter to you, and I have been often blamed since for not delivering it.

The day the pension bill was thrown out of the house of lords, lord Bathurst spoke with great applause. I have not time to go to Mr. Pope's : in a day or two very probably I shall see him, and acquaint him about the usquebaugh. I will not embezzle your interest money ; though, by looking upon accounts, I see how money may be embezzled. As to my being engaged in an affair of this kind, I say nothing for myself, but that I will do all I can : for the rest I leave Jo. Taylor to speak for me. To day I dine with alderman Barber, the present sheriff, who holds his feast in the city. Does not Chartres's misfortunes* grieve you ? For that great man is likely to save his life, and lose some of his money. A very hard case !

P. S. I am just now come from the alderman's feast, who had a very fine dinner, and a very fine appearance of company.

The post is just going away.

* He was condemned at the Old Bailey, Feb. 27, 1729-30, for a rape.

TO LADY WORSLEY*.

MADAM,

APRIL 19, 1730.

MY lady Cartèret (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. I forget 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 grandmother 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 has 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

* Frances, lady Worsley, only daughter of Thomas, lord viscount Weymouth, was the lady of sir Robert Worsley, bart., and mother to Frances, lady Carteret. She is frequently mentioned with great respect by Dr. Swift,

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

My lady Carteret has 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 queen, 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,

* This lady, the widow of colonel Barton, and niece to sir Isaac Newton, was a distinguished beauty, and is celebrated in three different poems in the 5th volume of Dryden's *Miscellanies*. In her widowhood, she was entertained by lord Halifax, who was very liberal to her at his death. She afterward married Mr. Conduitt, who succeeded to sir Isaac Newton's office in the mint; and by this latter match had a daughter, who was married to lord Lempster. The dean's friendship with this lady appears throughout the *Journal to Stella*; and is acknowledged by Mrs. Conduitt, in a letter printed in vol. XIII, dated Nov. 29, 1733.

“ but it was not finished.” I afterward 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.

FROM LORD BATHURST.

DEAR DEAN,

JUNE 30, 1730.

I RECEIVED a letter from you some time ago which gave me infinite pleasure; and I was going to return you an answer immediately: but when I sat down to write, I found my thoughts rolled upon the trifles, which fill the scene of life in that busy, senseless place, where I then was*; and though I had nothing to do there, at least nothing worth doing, and time lay upon my hands, I was resolved to defer writing to you, till I could clear my head from that rubbish which every one must contract in that place. I cannot but fancy, if one of our heads were dissected after passing a winter's campaign there, it would appear just like a pamphlet shop; you would see a collection of treaties, a bundle of

London.

farces, a parcel of encomiums, another of satires, speeches, novels, sermons, bawdy songs, addresses, epigrams, proclamations, poems, divinity-lectures, quack bills, historical accounts, fables, and God knows what.

The moment I got down here, I found myself quite clear from all those affairs: but really, the hurry of business which came upon me after a state of idleness for six months, must excuse me to you. Here I am absolute monarch of a circle of above a mile round, at least one hundred acres of ground, which (to speak in the style of one of your countrymen) is very populous in cattle, fish, and fowl.

To enjoy this power, which I relish extremely, and regulate this dominion, which I prefer to any other, has taken up my time from morning to night. There are Yahoos in the neighbourhood; but having read in history, that the southern part of Britain was long defended against the Picts by a wall, I have fortified my territories all round. That wise people the Chinese, you know, did the same thing to defend themselves against the Tartars. Now, I think of it, as this letter is to be sent to you, it will certainly be opened; and I shall have some observations made upon it, because I am within three miles of a certain castle. Therefore, I do hereby declare, that nothing herein contained shall extend, or be construed to extend, so far: and farthermore, I think myself in honour bound to acknowledge, that under our present just and prudent ministry, I do not fear the least molestation from that quarter. Neither are the fortifications aforementioned in any wise designed to keep them out; for I am well satisfied they can break through much stronger fences than

than these, if they should have a mind to it. Observe how naturally power and dominion are attended with fear and precaution. When I am in the herd, I have as little of it about me as any body; but now that I am in the midst of my own dominions, I think of nothing but preserving them, and grow fearful lest a certain great man should take a fancy to them, and transport them into Norfolk*, to place them as an island in one of his new-made fish ponds. Or, if you take this for too proud a thought, I will only suppose it to be hung out under a great bow window.

In either case I must confess to you, that I do not like it. In the first place, I am not sure his new-made ground may hold good: in the latter case, I have some reason to doubt the foundations of his house are not so solid as he may imagine. Now, therefore, I am not so much in the wrong as you may conceive, to desire that my territory may remain where it is: for, though I know you could urge many arguments to show the advantages I might reap by being so near him, yet I hold it as a maxim, that he who is contented with what he has, ought not to risk that, even though he should have a chance to augment it in any proportion. I learned this from our friend Erasmus; and the corrupt notions, that money is power, and therefore every man ought to get as much as he can, in order to create more power to himself, have no weight with me.

But now, to begin my letter to you, I have re-

* To Houghton, the seat of sir Robert Walpole.

ceived four bottles of usquebaugh, and sent three of them to Mr. Pope ; so that I have detained only one for myself. I do not believe, such an instance of honesty, punctuality, disinterestedness, and self-denial, can be given in this age. The whole being in my power, I have withheld but the quarter part. I expect, if ever I come to be a great man, you will write a vindication of me, whether I am aspersed or not. Till then, I remain your most faithful and most obedient servant.

FROM MR. GAY.

DEAR SIR,

AMESBURY, JULY 4, 1730.

YOU tell me, that I have put myself out of the way of all my old acquaintance, so that unless I hear from you, I can know nothing of you. Is it not barbarous then to leave me so long without writing one word to me ? If you will not write to me for my sake, methinks you might write for your own. How do you know what is become of your money ? If you had drawn upon me when I expected it, you might have had your money, for I was then in town ; but I am now at Amesbury, at the duke of Queensberry's. The duchess sends you her services. I wish you were here : I fancy you would like her and the place. You might fancy yourself at home ; for we have a cathedral near us, where you might find a bishop of the same name

name*. You might ride upon the downs, and write conjectures upon Stonehenge. We are but five and twenty miles from the Bath; and I was told this very evening by general Dormer, (who is here) that he heard somewhere or other, that you had some intentions of coming there the latter season. I wish any thing would bring us together, but your want of health. I have left off wine and writing; for I really think, that man must be a bold writer, who trusts to wit without it. I took your advice; and some time ago took to love, and made some advances to the lady you sent me to in Soho, but I met no return; so I have given up all thoughts of it, and have now no pursuit or amusement. A state of indolence is what I do not like; it is what I would not choose. I am not thinking of a court, or preferment; for I think the lady I live with is my friend, so that I am at the height of my ambition. You have often told me, there is a time of life, that every one wishes for some settlement of his own. I have frequently that feeling about me, but I fancy it will hardly ever be my lot; so that I will endeavour to pass away life as agreeably as I can, in the way I am. I often wish to be with you, or you with me; and I believe you think I say true. I am determined to write to you, though those dirty fellows of the postoffice do read my letters: for, since I saw you, I am grown of that consequence to be obnoxious to the men I despise; so that it is very probable in their hearts they think me an honest man. I have heard from Mr. Pope but once since I

* Dr. Benjamin Hoadly, bishop of Salisbury, whose brother, Dr. John Hoadly, succeeded archbishop King in the see of Dublin, January 19, 1729-30.

left London : I was sorry I saw him so seldom, but I had business, that kept me from him. I often wish we were together again. If you will not write, come. I am, dear sir, yours most sincerely and affectionately.

FROM LORD BATHURST.

DEAR SIR,

CIRENCESTER, SEPT. 9, 1730.

YOU have taken all the precaution, which a reasonable man could possibly take, to break off an impertinent correspondence, and yet it will not do. One must be more stupid than a Dutch burgomaster, not to see through the design of the last letter. "I show all your letters to our Irish wits. One of them is going to write a treatise of English bulls and blunders." And for farther security, you add at last, "I am going to take a progress, God knows where, and shall not be back again, God knows when." I have given you a reasonable breathing time; and now, I must at you again. I receive so much pleasure in reading your letters, that, according to the usual good nature and justice of mankind, I can dispense with the trouble I give you in reading mine. But if you grow obstinate, and would not answer, I will plague and pester you, and do all I can to vex you. I will take your works to pieces, and show you, that they are all borrowed or stolen. Have not you stolen the sweetness of your numbers from Dryden and Waller? Have not you borrowed

6

thoughts

thoughts from Virgil and Horace? At least, I am sure I have seen something like them in those books. As to your prose writings, which they make such a noise about, they are only some little improvements upon the humour you have stolen from Miguel de Cervantes and Rabelais. Well, but the style—a great matter indeed, for an Englishman to value himself upon, that he can write English: why, I write English too, but it is in another style.

But I would not forget your political tracts. You may say, that you have ventured your ears at one time, and your neck at another, for the good of your country. Why, that other people have done in another manner, upon less occasion, and are not at all proud of it. You have overturned and supported ministers; you have set kingdoms in a flame by your pen. Pray, what is there in that, but having the knack of hitting the passions of mankind? With that alone, and a little knowledge of ancient and modern history, and seeing a little farther into the inside of things than the generality of men, you have made this bustle. There is no wit in any of them: I have read them all over, and do not remember any of those pretty flowers, those just antitheses, which one meets with so frequently in the French writers; none of those clever turns upon words, nor those apt quotations out of Latin authors, which the writers of the last age among us abounded in; none of those pretty similies, which some of our modern authors adorn their works with, that are not only a little like the thing they would illustrate, but are also like twenty other things. In short, as often as I have read any of your tracts, I have been so tired with them, that I have never been easy till I got to the
end

end of them. I have found my brain heated, my imagination fired, just as if I was drunk. A pretty thing indeed for one of your gown to value himself upon, that with sitting still an hour in his study, he has often made three kingdoms drunk at once.

I have twenty other points to maul you upon, if you provoke me; but if you are civil, and good natured, and will send me a long, a very long letter, in answer to this, I will let you alone a good while. Well, adieu. If I had a better pen, I can tell you, that I should not have concluded so soon.

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

LONDON, SEPT. 19, 1730.

HAD I not been retired into the country, yours should have been answered long ago. As to your poetess, I am her obliged servant, and must confess the fact is just as you state it. It is very true I was gaming; and upon the dapper youth's delivering me a paper, which I just opened, found they were verses; so slunk them into my pocket, and there truly they were kept exceeding private; for I cannot accuse myself of showing them to a mortal. But let me assure you, it was not out of modesty, but in great hopes that the author would have divulged them; which, you know, would have looked decenter than trumpeting my own fame. But it seems unhappily we were both bit, and judged wrong of each other. However since you desire it, you may be very sure
she

she should not fail of my entreaties to his grace of Dorset for her, though you have not yet let me into the secret what her request is: so till my lord Carteret does his part, or that I hear from you again, it will be but a blind sort of a petition. I have not seen his grace this great while, and he is now at Windsor, and I choose rather to speak to him on all accounts, having not so fine a talent at writing, as that lord's lady; and whether just or no, I will not attempt disputing with her ladyship. But as you are commonly esteemed by those, who pretend to know you, to have a tolerable share of honesty and brains, I do not question your doing what is right by him; nor his paying you all the civility and kindness you can desire. Nor will I hope their influence ever can make him do otherwise, though he has the unfashionable quality of esteeming his old friends; but however partial to them, yet not to be biassed against his own sense and judgment. The consequence of this, I hope, will be your coming to England, and meeting often with him, (in lady Betty's chamber*) where the happy composition † should exert her skill in ordering dinner; and I would not mistake oil of amber for the spirit of it, but continue as I ever was, your sincere friend, as well as faithful humble servant,

E. GERMAIN.

* Alluding to the first line of Francis Harris's petition.

† Mrs. Biddy Floyd. This expression alludes to the last verse of Swift's "Receipt to form a Beauty,"

"And call'd the happy composition Floyd."

This lady is mentioned in the Ballad on the Game of Traffick, as being one of the party at lord Berkeley's, and at this time lived with lady Betty.

FROM MR. GAY.

DEAR SIR,

AMESBURY, NOV. 8, 1730.

SO you are determined never to write to me again ; but, for all that, you shall not make me hold my tongue. You shall hear from me (the postoffice willing) whether you will or not. I see none of the folks you correspond with, so that I am forced to pick up intelligence concerning you as I can ; which has been so very little, that I am resolved to make my complaints to you as a friend, who I know loves to relieve the distressed : and in the circumstances I am in, where should I apply, but to my best friend ? Mr. Pope indeed, upon my frequent inquiries, has told me, that the letters which are directed to him concern me as much as himself : but what you say of yourself, or of me, or to me, I know nothing at all. Lord Carteret was here yesterday, in his return from the Isle of Wight, where he had been a shooting, and left seven pheasants with us. He went this morning to the Bath, to lady Carteret, who is perfectly recovered. He talked of you three hours last night, and told me that you talk of me : I mean, that you are prodigiously in his favour, as he says ; and I believe that I am in yours ; for I know you to be a just and equitable person, and it is but my due. He seemed to take to me, which may proceed from your recommendation ; though, indeed, there is another reason for it, for he is now out of employment, and my friends have been generally of that sort :

sort : for, I take to them, as being naturally inclined to those who can do no mischief. Pray, do you come to England this year ? He thinks you do. I wish you would ; and so does the duchess of Queensberry. What would you have more to induce you ? Your money cries, come spend me ; and your friends cry, come see me. I have been treated barbarously by you. If you knew how often I talk of you, how often I think of you, you would now and then direct a letter to me, and I would allow Mr. Pope to have his share in it. In short, I do not care to keep any man's money, that serves me so. Love or money I must have ; and if you will not let me have the comfort of the one, I think I must endeavour to get a little comfort by spending some of the other. I must beg that you will call at Amesbury, in your way to London ; for I have many things to say to you ; and I can assure you, you will be welcome to a three pronged fork. I remember your prescription, and I do ride upon the downs ; and at present I have no asthma. I have killed five brace of partridges, and four brace and a half of quails : and I do not envy either sir Robert or Stephen Duck, who is the favourite poet of the court*. I hear sometimes from Pope, and from scarce any body else. Were I to live ever so long, I believe I should never think of London ; but I cannot help thinking of you. Were you here, I could talk to you, but I would not ; for

* Stephen Duck was a poor thresher, who having written some verses, they were shown to the late queen, who made him her library-keeper at Richmond. He afterward took orders, and was preferred to a living, but growing melancholy, he at last drowned himself.

you shall have all your share of talk *, which was never allowed you at Twickenham. You know this was a grievance you often complained of ; and so, in revenge, you make me write all, and answer nothing. I beg my compliments to Dr. Delany. I am, dear sir, yours most affectionately.

J. GAY.

I ended the letter as above, to go to the duchess, and she told me, I might go down, and come a quarter of an hour hence. I had a design to have asked her to sign the invitation, that I have made you. As I do not know how much she may have to say to you, I think it will be prudent to leave off, that she may not be stinted for want of room. So much I will say, that whether she signs it, or not, both the duke and duchess would be very glad you would come to Amesbury ; and you must be persuaded, that I say this without the least private view. For, what is it to me whether you come or not ? For I can write to you, you know.

P. S. BY THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

I would fain have you come. I cannot say you will be welcome ; for I do not know you, and perhaps I shall not like you ; but if I do not, (unless you are a very vain person) you shall know my thoughts as soon as I do myself.

C. Q.

* Mr. Gay was reserved in his conversation.

TO MR. GAY.

DUBLIN, NOV. 10, 1730.

WHEN my lord Peterborow, in the queen's time, went abroad upon his embassies, the ministry told me, that he was such a vagrant, they were forced to write at him by guess, because they knew not where to write to him. This is my case with you; sometimes in Scotland, sometimes at Hamwalks, sometimes God knows where. You are a man of business, and not at leisure for insignificant correspondence. It was I got you the employment of being my lord duke's *premier ministre*: for his grace having heard how good a manager you were of my revenue, thought you fit to be entrusted with ten talents. I have had twenty times a strong inclination to spend a summer near Salisbury downs, having rid over them more than once, and with a young parson of Salisbury reckoned twice the stones of Stonehenge, which are either ninety-two or ninety-three. I desire to present my most humble acknowledgments to my lady duchess in return of her civility. I hear an ill thing, that she is *matre pulchra filia pulchrior*: I never saw her since she was a girl, and would be angry she should excel her mother, who was long my principal goddess. I desire you will tell her grace, that the ill management of forks is not to be helped when they are only bidental, which happens in all poor houses, especially those of poets; upon which account a knife was absolutely necessary at Mr. Pope's, where it was morally impossible, with a bidental fork, to convey a morsel of beef, with the incumbrance of mustard and turnips, into your mouth at

once. And her grace hath cost me thirty pounds to provide tridents for fear of offending her, which sum I desire she will please to return me.—I am sick enough to go to the Bath, but have not heard it will be good for my disorder. I have a strong mind to spend my two hundred pounds next summer in France : I am glad I have it, for there is hardly twice that sum left in this kingdom. You want no settlement (I call the family where you live, and the foot you are upon, a settlement) till you increase your fortune to what will support you with ease and plenty, a good house and a garden. The want of this I much dread for you : for I have often known a she cousin of a good family and small fortune, passing months among all her relations, living in plenty, and taking her circles, till she grew an old maid, and every body weary of her. Mr. Pope complains of seldom seeing you ; but the evil is unavoidable, for different circumstances of life have always separated those whom friendship will join : God hath taken care of this, to prevent any progress toward real happiness here, which would make life more desirable, and death too dreadful. I hope you have now one advantage that you always wanted before, and the want of which made your friends as uneasy as it did yourself ; I mean the removal of that solicitude about your own affairs, which perpetually filled your thoughts, and disturbed your conversation. For if it be true what Mr. Pope seriously tells me, you will have opportunity of saving every groat of the interest you receive ; and so by the time he and you grow weary of each other, you will be able to pass the rest of your wineless life in ease and plenty ; with the additional triumphal comfort of
never

never having received a penny from those tasteless ungrateful people from whom you deserved so much, and who deserve no better geniuses than those by whom they are celebrated.—If you see Mr. Cesar, present my humble service to him, and let him know that the scrub libel printed against me here, and reprinted in London, for which he showed a kind concern to a friend of us both, was written by myself, and sent to a whig printer: it was in the style and genius of such scoundrels, when the humour of libelling ran in this strain against a friend of mine whom you know.—But my paper is ended.

TO LORD CHESTERFIELD*.

MY LORD,

NOV. 10, 1730.

I WAS positively advised by a friend, whose opinion has much weight with me, and who has a great veneration for your lordship, to venture a letter of solicitation: and it is the first request of

* Philip Dormer Stanhope, earl of Chesterfield, baron Stanhope of Shelford, was born Sept. 22, 1694; succeeded to those titles, Jan. 27, 1725-6; was elected knight of the garter, May 18, 1730; soon after made lord steward of his majesty's household, and ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary to the States General; and in 1745 appointed lord lieutenant of Ireland. He died March 23, 1773.—His lordship had long been celebrated, not only as an elegant writer himself, but as one of the greatest encouragers of polite learning. The most eminent of his writings are the Letters to his Son, printed, after his lordship's death, from the originals in the possession of Mrs. Eugenia Stanhope, widow to the young gentleman to whom they were addressed. His lordship's miscellaneous works, a valuable collection of his letters, and memoirs of his life, have also been published by Dr. Maty.

this kind that I ever made, since the publick changes, in times, persons, measures, and opinions, drove me into distance and obscurity.

There is an honest man, whose name is Launcelot; he has been long a servant to my lord Sussex: 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*; but they all failed, after the usual fate that the bulk of court suitors 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 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

* See the note in p. 372.

your lordship's favour for Launcelot, who is a perfectly honest man, and as loyal as you could wish. His wife, my near relation, has 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 Sussex 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; because 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.

TO MR. GAY.

DUBLIN, NOV. 19, 1730.

I WRIT to you a long letter about a fortnight past concluding you were in London, from whence I understood one of your former was dated: nor did I imagine you were gone back to Amesbury so late in the year, at which season I take the country to be only a scene for those who have been ill used by a court on account of their virtues; which

is a state of happiness the more valuable, because it is not accompanied by envy, although nothing deserves it more. I would gladly sell a dukedom to lose favour in the manner their graces have done*. I believe my lord Carteret†, since he is no longer lieutenant, may not wish me ill, and I have told him often that I only hated him as lieutenant. I confess he had a genteeler manner of binding the chains of this kingdom than most of his predecessors, and I confess at the same time that he had, six times, a regard to my recommendation by preferring so many of my friends in the church; the two last acts of his favour were to add to the dignities of Dr. Delany and Mr. Stopford, the last of whom was by you and Mr. Pope put into Mr. Pulteney's hands. I told you in my last, that a continuance of giddiness (though not in a violent degree) prevented my thoughts of England at present. For in my case a domestick life is necessary, where I can with the centurion say to my servant, Go, and he goeth, and Do this, and he doth it. I now hate all people whom I cannot command, and consequently a duchess is at this time the hatefulest lady in the world to me, one only excepted, and I beg her grace's pardon for that exception, for, in the way I mean, her grace is ten thousand times more hateful. I confess I begin to apprehend you will squander my money, because I hope you never less wanted it; and if you go on

* By patronizing Gay.

† The lines which this nobleman quoted from Homer, on his death bed, to Mr. Wood, on occasion of the peace, were as happily applied, as the apology he used to Swift for some harsh measures in Ireland;

—————Regni novitas me talia cogit

Moliri.

with success for two years longer, I fear I shall not have a farthing of it left. The doctor hath ill informed me, who says that Mr. Pope is at present the chief poetical favourite, yet Mr. Pope himself talks like a philosopher and one wholly retired. But the vogue of our few honest folks here is, that Duck is absolutely to succeed Eusden in the laurel, the contention being between Concannen or Theobald, or some other hero of the Dunciad. I never charged you for not talking, but the dubious state of your affairs in those days was too much the subject, and I wish the duchess had been the voucher of your amendment. Nothing so much contributed to my ease as the turn of affairs after the queen's death; by which all my hopes being cut off, I could have no ambition left, unless I would have been a greater rascal than happened to suit with my temper. I therefore sat down quietly at my morsel, adding only thereto a principle of hatred to all succeeding measures and ministries by way of sauce to relish my meat: and I confess one point of conduct in my lady duchess's life has added much poignancy to it. There is a good Irish practical bull toward the end of your letter, where you spend a dozen lines in telling me you must leave off, that you may give my lady duchess room to write, and so you proceed to within two or three lines of the bottom; though I would have remitted you my 200*l.* to have left place for as many more.

TO THE DUCHESS.

MADAM,

MY beginning thus low is meant as a mark of respect, like receiving your grace at the bottom of the stairs.

stairs. I am glad you know your duty; for it has been a known and established rule above twenty years in England, that the first advances have been constantly made me by all ladies who aspired to my acquaintance, and the greater their quality, the greater were their advances. Yet, I know not by what weakness, I have condescended graciously to dispense with you upon this important article. Though Mr. Gay will tell you that a nameless person sent me eleven messages* before I would yield to a visit: I mean a person to whom he is infinitely obliged, for being the occasion of the happiness he now enjoys under the protection and favour of my lord duke and your grace. At the same time, I cannot forbear telling you, madam, that you are a little imperious in your manner of making your advances. You say, perhaps you shall not like me; I affirm you are mistaken, which I can plainly demonstrate; for I have certain intelligence, that another person dislikes me of late, with whose likings yours have not for some time past gone together. However, if I shall once have the honour to attend your grace, I will out of fear and prudence appear as vain as I can, that I may not know your thoughts of me. This is your own direction, but it was needless: for Diogenes himself would be vain, to have received the honour of being one moment of his life in the thoughts of your grace.

* He means queen Caroline; and her neglect of Gay, which recommended him to the duchess of Queensberry.

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 queen 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. Yours I received ; and the queen, 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 Jervas ; and if he takes it from another original, the queen 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 queen, upon the quarrel Mr. Walpole had with our friend Gay, the first time I ever had the honour to attend her.

Against

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 queen 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 had your reasons, which I shall not inquire into ; because I always believed you had some virtues, beside all the accomplishments of mind and person that can adorn a lady.

I am angry with the queen 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 among 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

said to her about Ireland, when, before a witness, she gave me leave, and commanded me, to tell here what she spoke to me upon that subject; and ordered me, 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 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 teased 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 has 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

self 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 queen 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 mechanick. I 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 queen, and it is not an exception of form : because I have really a very great veneration for her great qualities, although 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.

FROM

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT*.

DEAR SIR,

THE passage in Mr. Pope's letter about your health does not alarm me: both of us have had the distemper these thirty years. I have found that steel, the warm gums, and the bark, all do good in it. Therefore, first take the vomit A; then, every day, the quantity of a nutmeg, in the morning, of the electuary, marked B; with five spoonfuls of the tincture marked D. Take the tincture, but not the electuary, in the afternoon. You may take one of the pills marked C, at any time when you are troubled with it, or thirty of the drops marked E, in any vehicle, even water. I had a servant of my own, that was cured merely with vomiting. There is another medicine not mentioned, which you may try; the pulvis rad. valerianæ sylvestris, about a scruple of it twice a day. How came you to take it in your head, that I was queen's physician? When I am so, you shall be a bishop, or any thing you have a mind to. Pope is now the great reigning poetical favourite. Your lord lieutenant † has a mind to be well with you. Lady Betty Germain complains you have not writ to her since she wrote to you. I have showed as much civility to Mrs. Barber as I could, and she likewise to me. I have no more

* Endorsed, "Received, Nov. 13, 1730."

† The duke of Dorset.

paper, but what serves to tell you, that I am, with great sincerity, your most faithful humble servant,

J. ARBUTHNOT.

I recommended Dr. Helsham to be physician to the lord lieutenant. I know not what effect it will have. My respects to him, and Dr. Delany.

A.

℞ pulv. rad. ipecacoanæ, ℥j.

B.

℞ conserv. flavedin. aurant. absynth. Rom. ana ℥vj.
rubigin. martis in pollin. redact. ℥iij. syrup. e
succo kermes, q. s.

C.

℞ as. foetid. ℥ij. tinctur. castor. q. s. M. fiant pilulæ
xxiv.

D.

℞ cortic. peruviani elect. rubigin. martis ana ℥j.
digere tepidè in vini alb. Gallic. ℥ij per 24 horas :
postea fiat colatura.

E.

℞ sp. cor. cerv. sp. lavendul. tinctur. castor. ana
℥ij. misce †.

† As these receipts may possibly be useful to some person troubled with the dean's complaint of giddiness, Dr. Arbuthnot's receipt of bitters, for strengthening the stomach, is added.

Take of zedoary root one drachm ; galangal and Roman wormwood, of each two drachms ; orange peel, a drachm ; lesser cardamom seeds, two scruples. Infuse all in a quart of boiling spring water for six hours ; strain it off, and add to it four ounces of greater compound wormwood water.

FROM MR. GAY.

DEAR SIR,

AMESBURY, DEC. 6, 1730.

BOTH your letters, to my great satisfaction, I have received. You were mistaken as to my being in town; for I have been here ever since the beginning of May. But the best way is to direct your letters always to the duke's house in London; and they are sent hither by his porter. We shall stay here till after the holidays. You say, we deserve envy: I think, we do; for I envy no man, either in town or out of it. We have had some few visitors, and every one of them such, as one would desire to visit. The duchess is a more severe check upon my finances than ever you were; and I submit, as I did to you, to comply to my own good. I was a long time, before I could prevail with her to let me allow myself a pair of shoes with two heels; for I had lost one, and the shoes were so decayed that they were not worth mending. You see by this, that those, who are the most generous of their own, can be the most covetous for others. I hope you will be so good to me, as to use your interest with her, (for, whatever she says, you seem to have some) to indulge me with the extravagance suitable to my fortune.

The lady you mention, that dislikes you, has no discernment. I really think, you may safely venture to Amesbury, though indeed the lady here likes to have her own way as well as you; which may sometimes occasion disputes: and I tell you beforehand,

that I cannot take your part. I think her so often in the right, that you will have great difficulty to persuade me she is in the wrong. Then, there is another thing, that I ought to tell you, to deter you from this place ; which is, that the lady of the house is not given to show civility to those she does not like. She speaks her mind, and loves truth. For the uncommonness of the thing, I fancy your curiosity will prevail over your fear ; and you will like to see such a woman. But I say no more till I know whether her gace will fill up the rest of the paper.

FROM THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

WRITE I must, particularly now, as I have an opportunity to indulge my predominant passion, contradiction. I do, in the first place, contradict most things Mr. Gay says of me, to deter you from coming here ; which if you ever do, I hereby assure you, that unless I like my own way better, you shall have yours ; and in all disputes you shall convince me, if you can. But, by what I see of you, this is not a misfortune that will always happen ; for I find you are a great mistaker. For example, you take prudence for imperiousness : it is from this first, that I determined not to like one, who is too giddyheaded for me to be certain whether or not I shall ever be acquainted with. I have known people take great delight in building castles in the air ; but I should choose to build friends upon a more solid foundation. I would fain know you ; for I often hear more good likeable things than it is possible any one can deserve. Pray come, that I may find out something wrong ; for I, and I believe most women, have an inconceivable pleasure to find out any faults, except their

their own. Mr. Cibber is made poet laureat. I am, sir, as much your humble servant as I can be to any person I do not know,

C. Q.

Mr. Gay is very peevish that I spell and write ill; but I do not care: for neither the pen nor I can do better. Besides, I think you have flattered me, and such people ought to be put to trouble.

MR. GAY'S POSTSCRIPT.

Now I hope you are pleased, and that you will allow for so small a sum as two hundred pounds, you have a lumping pennyworth.

FROM LORD CHESTERFIELD.

SIR,

HAGUE, DEC. 15, 1730.

YOU need not have made any excuses to me for your solicitation: on the contrary, I am proud of being the first person, to whom you have thought it worth your while to apply, since those changes, which, you say, drove you into distance and obscurity. I very well know the person you recommend to me, having lodged at his house a whole summer at Richmond. I have always heard a very good character of him, which alone would incline me to serve him: but your recommendation, I can assure you, will make me impatient to do it. However, that he may not again meet with the common fate of court suitors, nor I lie under the imputati

of making court promises, I will exactly explain to you how far it is likely I may be able to serve him.

When first I had this office*, I took the resolution of turning out nobody; so that I shall only have the disposal of those places, that the death of the present possessors will procure me. Some old servants, that have served me long and faithfully, have obtained the promises of the first four or five vacancies; and the early solicitations of some of my particular friends, have tied me down for about as many more. But, after having satisfied these engagements, I do assure you, Mr. Launcelot shall be my first care. I confess, his prospect is more remote than I could have wished it, but as it is so remote, he will not have the uneasiness of a disappointment, if he gets nothing; and if he gets something, we shall both be pleased.

As for his political principles, I am in no manner of pain about them. Were he a tory, I would venture to serve him, in the just expectation, that should I ever be charged with having preferred a tory, the person, who was the author of my crime, would likewise be the author of my vindication. I am with real esteem, sir, your most obedient humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

* Of lord steward of the king's household, in which he succeeded the duke of Dorset, appointed lord lieutenant of Ireland.

FROM

FROM LADY ELIZABETH GERMAIN.

DEC. 24, 1730.

SINCE you, with a modest assurance, affirm you understand and practise good manners better than any other person in either kingdom, I wish you would therefore put into very handsome terms my excuse to dean Swift, that I have not answered his letter I received before the last: for even prebendary Head assured my brother Harry, that he, in all form and justice, took place of a colonel, as being a major general in the church; and therefore you need not have called a council to know, whether you or I were to write last; because, as being but a poor courtesy lady, I can pretend to no place but what other people's goodness gives me. This being settled, I certainly ought not to have writ again; but however, I fear I should have been wrong enough to have desired the correspondence to be kept up, but that I have been ill this fortnight, and of course lazy, and not in a writing mood.

First, as to Mrs. Barber; as I told you before, so I tell you the same again, that upon your recommendation, I shall be very glad to serve her, though I never did see her; and as I had not your letter till I went from Tunbridge, she passed unmarked by me in the crowd; nor have I met with her since. She writ to me to present ****'s poems to the duke and duchess of Dorset. I answered her letter, and obeyed her commands. And as to her own, I shall most willingly subscribe; though I am of the opinion, we

ladies are not apt to be good poets, especially if we cannot spell ; but that is by way of inviolable secret between you and me. So much for this letter. Now to your last epistle, for which it seems I am to give you thanks, for honouring me with your commands. Well, I do so, because this gets a proof, that after so many year's acquaintance, there is one that will take my word ; which is a certain sign, that I have not often broke it. Therefore behold the consequence is this ; I have given my word to the duke of Dorset, that you would not so positively affirm this fact concerning Mr. Fox, without knowing the certain truth, that there is no deceit in this declaration of trust. And though it has been recommended to him, as you say, he never did give any answer to it, nor designed it, till he was fully satisfied of the truth ; and even then, I believe, would not have determined to have done it, because it is an easy way of securing a place for ever to a family ; and were this to be an example, be it so many pence, or so many pounds, for the future they would be inheritances.

So now, not to show my power with his grace (in spite of his dependants, who may cast their eyes on it) for that I dare affirm there never will be need of where justice or good nature is necessary ; but to show you his dependance on your honour and integrity, he gives me leave to tell you, it shall certainly be done ; nor does this at all oblige you to give the thanks you seem so desirous to give ; for at any time, whensoever you have any business, service, or request to make to his grace of Dorset (whether my proper business or not) till you two are better acquainted with one another's merits, I shall be very glad

glad to show how sincerely I am your friend and faithful humble servant.

E. GERMAIN.

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

DEC. 28, 1730.

YOU might give a better reason for restoring my book, that it was not worth keeping. I thought by the superscription that your letter was written by a man; for you have neither the scrawl nor the spelling of your sex. You live so far off, and I believe are so seldom at home, and I am so ill a visitor, that it is no wonder we meet so seldom: but if you knew what I say of you to others, you would believe it was not want of inclination; I mean what I say of you as I knew you formerly; for as to what you are now, I know but little. I give you the good wishes of the season; and am, with true esteem and affection, yours, &c.

J. SWIFT.

TO LADY SANTRY.

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 I did not at all approve of his conduct. In two or three days after I saw you at sir Compton Domville's* house, all my acquaintance told me how full the town was of the visit I had made you; and of 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 found 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 I

* Lady Santry's brother.

† Lord Santry.

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

TO LORD CHESTERFIELD.

MY LORD,

JAN. 5, 1730-31.

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 has no more skill than a new beginner. Yet I cannot but wish, that your lordship had pleased to forgive one, who has been an utter stranger to publick life above sixteen years. Bussy Rabutin himself, the politest person of his age, when he was recalled 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 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.

tice. 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 farther excuse of my weakness, to confess, that beside 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.

FROM WILLIAM PULTENEY, ESQ.

DEAR SIR,

LONDON, FEB. 9, 1730-31.

AMONG the many compliments I have received from my friends on the birth of my son, I assure you
none

none gave me greater pleasure, than the kind letter you honoured me with on the occasion. When you were last in England, your stay was so short, that I scarce had time, and very few opportunities, to convince you how great a desire I had to bear some share of your esteem; but, should you return this summer, I hope you will continue longer among us. Lord Bolingbroke, lord Bathurst, Pope, myself, and others of your friends, are got together in a country neighbourhood, which would be much enlivened, if you would come and live among us. Mrs. Pulteney joins with me in the invitation, and is much obliged to you for remembering her. She bid me tell you, that she is determined to have no more children, unless you will promise to come over, and christen the next. You see how much my happiness, in many respects, depends upon your promise. I have always desired Pope, when he wrote to you, to remember my compliments; and I can assure you, with the greatest truth, though you have much older acquaintances, that you have not in England a friend that loves and honours you more than I do, or can be with greater sincerity than I am, your most humble and obedient servant,

W. PULTENEY.

P. S. If any of our pamphlets (with which we abound) are ever sent over to Ireland, and you think them worth reading, you will perceive how low they are reduced in point of argument on one side of the question. This has driven certain people to that last resort of calling names. Villain, traitor, seditious rascal, and such ingenious appellations, have frequently been bestowed on a couple of friends of yours. Such usage has made it necessary

necessary

cessary to return the same polite language ; and there has been more Billingsgate stuff uttered from the press within these two months, than ever was known before. Upon this, Dr. Arbuthnot has written a very humourous treatise *, which he showed me this morning ; wherein he proves, from many learned instances, that this sort of altercation is ancient, elegant, and classical ; and that what the world falsely imagines to be polite, is truly Gothick and barbarous. He shows how the gods and goddesses used one another ; dog, bitch and whore were pretty common expressions among them : kings, heroes, ambassadors, and orators, abused one another much in the same way ; and he concludes, that it is a pity this method of ob- jurgation should be lost. His quotations from Homer, Demosthenes, Æschines, and Tully, are admirable, and the whole is very humourously conducted. I take it for granted, he will send it you himself, as soon as it is printed.

FROM LADY ELIZABETH GERMAIN.

FEB. 23, 1730-31.

NOW were you in vast hopes you should hear no more from me, I being slow in my motions : but do not flatter yourself ; you began the correspond-

* Probably that published in the Miscellaneous Works of the late Dr. Arbuthnot, at Glasgow, vol. I, p. 40. The title of the piece is, " A brief Account of Mr. John Ginglycut's Treatise concerning the Altercation or Scolding of the Ancients."

dence,

ence, set my pen a going, and God knows when it will end ; for I had it by inheritance from my father, ever to please myself when I could ; and though I do not just take the turn my mother did of fasting and praying ; yet to be sure that was her pleasure too, or else she would not have been so greedy of it. I do not care to deliver your message this great while to lieutenant Head, he having been dead these two years. And though he had, as you say, a head, I loved him very well ; but, however, from my dame Wadgar's* first impression, have ever had a natural antipathy to spirits.

I have not acquaintance enough with Mr. Pope, which I am sorry for, and expect you should come to England, in order to improve it. If it was the queen, and not the duke of Grafton, that picked out such a laureat†, she deserves his poetry in her praises.

Your friend Mrs. Barber has been here. I find she has some request ; but neither you nor she has yet let it out to me what it is : for, certainly you cannot mean That by subscribing to her book ; if so, I shall be mighty happy to have you call That a favour ; for surely there is nothing so easy as what one can do one's self, nor any thing so heavy as what one must ask other people for ; though I do not mean by this, that I shall ever be unwilling, when you require it ; yet shall be much happier, when it is in my own power to show, how sincerely I am my old friend's most faithful humble servant,

E. GERMAIN.

Mrs. Lloyd is much yours ; but dumber than ever, having a violent cold.

* The deaf housekeeper at lord Berkeley's. † Colley Cibber.

FROM MR. GAY.

MARCH 20, 1730-31.

I THINK it is above three months since I wrote to you, in partnership with the duchess. About a fortnight since I wrote to you from Twickenham, for Mr. Pope and myself. He was then disabled from writing, by a severe rheumatick pain in his arm; but is pretty well again, and at present in town. Lord Oxford, lord Bathurst, he, and I, dined together yesterday at Barnes, with old Jacob Tonson, where we drank your health. I am again, by the advice of physicians, grown a moderate wine drinker, after an abstinence of above two years; and now look upon myself as qualified for society as before.

I formerly sent you a state of the accounts between us. Lord Bathurst has this day paid me your principal and interest. The interest amounted to twelve pounds, and I want your directions how to dispose of the principal, which must lie dead, till I receive your orders. I had a scheme of buying two lottery tickets for you, and keeping your principal entire. And as all my good fortune is to come, to show you that I consult your advantage, I will buy two more for myself, and you and I will go halves in the ten thousand pounds. That there will be a lottery is certain: the scheme is not yet declared, but I hear it will not be the most advantageous one; for we are to have but three pounds *per cent*.

I solicit for no court favours, so that I propose to buy

buy the tickets at the market price, when they come out, which will not be these two or three months. If you do not like to have your money thus disposed of; or if you like to trust to your own fortune rather than to share in mine, let me have your orders; and at the same time, tell me what I shall do with the principal sum.

I came to town the 7th of January last, with the duke and duchess, about business, for a fortnight. As it depended upon others, we could not get it done till now. Next week we return to Amesbury, in Wiltshire, for the rest of the year; but the best way is always to direct to me at the duke's, in Burlington gardens, near Piccadilly. I am ordered by the duchess to grow rich in the manner of sir John Cutler. I have nothing, at this present writing, but my frock that was made at Salisbury, and a bob periwig. I persuade myself that it is shilling weather as seldom as possible; and have found out, that there are few court visits that are worth a shilling. In short, I am very happy in my present independency. I envy no man; but have the due contempt of voluntary slaves of birth and fortune. I have such a spite against you, that I wish you may long for my company, as I do for yours. Though you never write to me, you cannot make me forget you; so that if it is out of friendship you write so seldom to me, it does not answer the purpose. Those who you like should remember you, do so whenever I see them. I believe they do it upon their own account; for I know few people who are solicitous to please or flatter me. The duchess sends you her compliments, and so would many more, if they knew of my writing to you.

FROM

FROM THE SAME.

DEAR SIR,

APRIL 11, 1731.

THE fortune of the person you interest yourself in amounts to at present (all debts paid) about three thousand four hundred pounds; so that, whatever other people think, I look upon him, as to fortune, to be happy; that is to say, an independent creature. I have been in expectation, post after post, to have received your directions about the disposal of your money, which lord Bathurst paid into my hands some time ago. I left that sum, with 200l. of my own, in Mr. Hoare's hands, at my coming out of town. If I hear nothing from you, I shall do with it, as I do with my own. I made you a proposal about purchasing lottery tickets, in partnership with myself; that is to say, four tickets between us. This can be done with the overplus, with the interest money I have received; but in this I will do nothing till I hear from you.

I am now got to my residence at Amesbury, getting health, and saving money. Since I have got over the impediment to a writer, of water drinking, if I can persuade myself that I have any wit, and find I have inclination, I intend to write; though, as yet, I have another impediment: for I have not provided myself with a scheme. Ten to one but I shall have a propensity to write against vice, and who can tell how far that may offend? But, an author should consult his genius, rather than his interest, if

he cannot reconcile them. Just before I left London, I made a visit to Mrs. Barber. I wish I could any wise have contributed to her subscription. I have always found myself of no consequence, and am now of less than ever; but I have found out a way, in one respect, of making myself of more consequence, which is by considering other people of less. Those who have given me up, I have given up; and in short, I seek after no friendships, but am content with what I have in the house. And they have subscribed, and I proposed it before Jo. Taylor; who, upon hearing she was a friend of yours, offered his subscription, and desired his compliments to you. I believe she has given you an account that she has some prospect of success from other recommendations to those I know; and I have not been wanting upon all occasions to put in my good word, which I fear avails but little. Two days ago I received a letter from Dr. Arbuthnot, which gave me but a bad account of Mr. Pope's health. I have writ to him; but have not heard from him since I came into the country. If you knew the pleasure you gave me, you would keep your contract of writing more punctually; and especially you would have answered my last letter, as it was about a money affair, and you have to do with a man of business.

Your letter was more to the duchess than to me; so I now leave off, to offer her the paper.

POSTSCRIPT BY THE DUCHESS.

IT was Mr. Gay's fault that I did not write sooner; which if I had, I should hope you would have been

here by this time ; for I have to tell you, all your articles are agreed to ; and that I only love my own way, when I meet not with others whose ways I like better. I am in great hopes that I shall approve of yours ; for, to tell you the truth, I am at present a little tired of my own. I have not a clear or distinct voice, except when I am angry ; but I am a very good nurse, when people do not fancy themselves sick. Mr. Gay knows this ; and he knows too how to play at backgammon. Whether the parson of the parish can, I know not ; but if he cannot hold his tongue, I can. Pray set out the first fair wind, and stay with us as long as ever you please. I cannot name my fixed time that I shall like to maintain you and your equipage ; but, if I do not happen to like you, I know I can so far govern my temper, as to endure you for about five days. So come away directly ; at all hazards, you will be allowed a good breathing time. I shall make no sort of respectful conclusions ; for till I know you, I cannot tell what I am to you.

MR. GAY'S POSTSCRIPT.

The direction is to the duke of Queensberry's, in Burlington gardens, Piccadilly. Now I have told you this, you have no excuse from writing but one, which is coming ; get over your lawsuit, and receive your money.

The duchess adds, " He shall not write a word more from Amesbury, in Wiltshire. Your groom was mistaken ; for the house is big enough, but the park is too little."

TO MR. GAY.

DUBLIN, APRIL 13, 1731.

YOUR situation is an odd one; the duchess is your treasurer, and Mr. Pope tells me you are the duke's. And I had gone a good way in some verses on that occasion, prescribing lessons to direct your conduct, in a negative way, not to do so and so, &c. like other treasurers; how to deal with servants, tenants, or neighbouring squires, which I take to be courtiers, parliaments, and princes in alliance, and so the parallel goes on, but grows too long to please me: I prove that poets are the fittest persons to be treasurers and managers to great persons, from their virtue, and contempt of money, &c.—Pray, why did you not get a new heel to your shoe? unless you would make your court at St. James's by affecting to imitate the prince of Lilliput.—But the rest of your letter being wholly taken up in a very bad character of the duchess, I shall say no more to you, but apply myself to her grace.

MADAM,

SINCE Mr. Gay affirms that you love to have your own way, and since I have the same perfection; I will settle that matter immediately, to prevent those ill consequences he apprehends. Your grace shall have your own way, in all places except your own house, and the domains about it. There and there only, I expect to have mine, so that you have

all the world to reign in, bating only two or three hundred acres, and two or three houses in town or country. I will likewise, out of my special grace, certain knowledge, and mere motion, allow you to be in the right against all humankind, except myself, and to be never in the wrong but when you differ from me. You shall have a greater privilege in the third article of speaking your mind ; which I shall graciously allow you now and then to do even to myself, and only rebuke you when it does not please me.

Madam, I am now got as far as your grace's letter, which having not read this fortnight (having been out of town, and not daring to trust myself with the carriage of it) the presumptuous manner in which you begin had slipped out of my memory. But I forgive you to the seventeenth line, where you begin to banish me for ever, by demanding me to answer all the good character some partial friends have given me. Madam, I have lived sixteen years in Ireland, with only an intermission of two summers in England ; and consequently am fifty years older than I was at the queen's death, and fifty thousand times duller, and fifty million times more peevish, perverse, and morose ; so that under these disadvantages I can only pretend to excel all your other acquaintance about some twenty bars length. Pray, madam, have you a clear voice ? and will you let me sit at your left hand at least within three of you, for of two bad ears, my right is the best ? My groom tells me that he likes your park, but your house is too little. Can the parson of the parish play at backgammon, and hold his tongue ? is any one of your women a good nurse, if I should fancy myself

myself sick for four and twenty hours? how many days will you maintain me and my equipage? When these preliminaries are settled, I must be very poor, very sick, or dead, or to the last degree unfortunate, if I do not attend you at Amesbury. For, I profess, you are the first lady that ever I desired to see, since the first of August 1714*, and I have forgot the date when that desire grew strong upon me, but I know I was not then in England, else I would have gone on foot for that happiness as far as to your house in Scotland. But I can soon recollect the time, by asking some ladies here the month, the day, and the hour when I began to endure their company? which however I think was a sign of my ill judgment, for I do not perceive they mend in anything but envying or admiring your grace. I dislike nothing in your letter but an affected apology for bad writing, bad spelling, and a bad pen, which you pretend Mr. Gay found fault with; wherein you affront Mr. Gay, you affront me, and you affront yourself. False spelling is only excusable in a chambermaid, for I would not pardon it in any of your waiting women. Pray God preserve your grace and family, and give me leave to expect that you will be so just to remember me among those who have the greatest regard for virtue, goodness, prudence, courage and generosity; after which you must conclude that I am with the greatest respect and gratitude, madam, your grace's most obedient and most humble servant, &c.

* The day on which queen Anne died, when all his hopes of more preferment were lost.

TO MR. GAY.

I have just got yours of February 24, with a post-script by Mr. Pope. I am in great concern for him; I find Mr. Pope dictated to you the first part, and with great difficulty some days after added the rest. I see his weakness by his handwriting. How much does his philosophy exceed mine? I could not bear to see him: I will write to him soon.

FROM MR. GAY.

DEAR SIR,

AMESBURY, APRIL 27, 1731.

YOURS without a date I received two days after my return to this place from London, where I stayed only four days. I saw Mr. Pope, who is much better: I dined with him at lord Oxford's, who never fails drinking your health, and is always very inquisitive after every thing that concerns you. Mr. Pulteney had received your letter, and seemed very much pleased with it; and I thought you very much too in the good graces of the lady. Sir William Wyndham, who you will by this time have heard has buried lady Catherine, was at Dawley in great affliction. Dr. Arbuthnot I found in good health and spirits. His neighbour Mr. Lewis was gone to Bath. Mrs. Patty Blount I saw two or three times, who will be very much pleased when she knows you so kindly remember her. I am afraid Mrs. Howard will not be so well satisfied with the compliments

compliments you send her. I breakfasted twice with her at Mrs. Blount's; and she told me, that her indisposition had prevented her answering your letter. This she desired me to tell you, that she would write to you soon; and she desires you will accept of her compliments in the mean time by me. You should consider circumstances before you censure. It will be too long for a letter to make her apology; but when I see you, I shall convince you, that you mistake her. This day before I left London, I gave orders for buying two South-sea or India bonds for you, which carry 4l. *per cent*, and are as easily turned into ready money as bank bills; which, by this time, I suppose is done. I shall go to London again for a few days in about a fortnight or three weeks, and then I will take care of the twelve pound affair with Mrs. Lancelot as you direct; or, if I hear of Mr. Pope's being in town, I will do it sooner, by a letter to him. When I was in town (after a bashful fit, for having writ something like a love letter, and in two years making one visit), I writ to Mrs. Drelincourt, to apologise for my behaviour, and received a civil answer, but had not time to see her; they are naturally very civil, so that I am not so sanguine to interpret this as any encouragement. I find by Mrs. Barber, that she very much interests herself in her affair; and indeed from every body who knows her she answers the character you first gave me.

Whenever you come to England, if you will put that confidence in me to give me notice, I will meet you at your landing place, and conduct you hither. You have experience of me as a traveller; and I promise you, I will not drop you on the road for any visit whatever. You tell me of thanks that I have

not given. I do not know what to say to people who will be perpetually laying one under obligations: my behaviour to you, shall convince you that I am very sensible of them, though I never once mention them. I look upon you as my best friend and counsellor. I long for the time when we shall meet and converse together. I will draw you into no great company, beside those I live with. In short, if you insist upon it, I will give up all great company for yours. These are conditions that I can hardly think you will insist upon, after your declarations to the duchess, who is more and more impatient to see you: and all my fear is, that you will give up me for her, which, after my ungallant declaration, would be very ungenerous. But we will settle this matter together, when you come to Amesbury. After all, I find I have been saying nothing; for, speaking of her, I am talking as if I were in my own power. You used to blame me for oversolicitude about myself. I am now grown so rich, that I do not think myself worth thinking on; so that I will promise you never to mention myself, or my own affairs; but you owed it all to the inquisitiveness of your friendship; and ten to one but you will every now and then draw me in to talk of myself again. I sent you a gross state of my fortune already. I have not room to draw it out in particulars. When you come over, the duchess will state it to you. I have left no room for her to write, so that I will say nothing till my letter is gone; but she would not forgive me, if I did not send her compliments.

FROM

FROM LORD BATHURST.

APRIL 9, 1731.

I NEVER designed to have written to you any more, because you bantered and abused me so grossly in your last. To flatter a man from whom you can get nothing, nor expect any thing, is doing mischief for mischief sake, and consequently highly immoral. However I will not carry my resentments so far, as to stand by and see you undone, without giving you both notice and advice. Could any man but you think of trusting John Gay with his money? None of his friends would ever trust him with his own, whenever they could avoid it. He has called in the 200l. I had of yours: I paid him both principal and interest. I suppose by this time he has lost it. I give you notice, you must look upon it as annihilated.

Now, as I have considered, your deanery brings you in little or nothing, and that you keep servants and horses, and frequently give little neat dinners, which are more expensive than a few splendid entertainments; beside which, you may be said to water your flock with French wine, which altogether must consume your substance in a little while; I have thought of putting you in a method, that you may retrieve your affairs. In the first place, you must turn off all your servants, and sell your horses, I will find exercise for you. Your whole family must consist

sist of only one sound wholesome wench. She will make your bed, and warm it; beside washing your linen, and mending it, darning your stockings, &c. But to save all expense in housekeeping, you must contrive some way or other, that she should have milk; and I can assure you, it is the opinion of some of the best physicians, that women's milk is the wholesomest food in the world.

Besides, this regimen, take it altogether, will certainly temper and cool your blood. You will not be such a *boutefeu*, as you have been, and be ready, upon every trifling occasion, to set a whole kingdom in a flame. Had the drapier been a milksop, poor Wood had not suffered so much in his reputation and fortune. It will allay that fervour of blood, and quiet that hurry of spirits, which breaks out every now and then into poetry, and seems to communicate itself to others of the chapter. You would not then encourage Delany and Stopford in their idleness, but let them be as grave as most of their order are with us. I am convinced they will sooner get preferment then, than in the way they now are. And I shall not be out of hopes of seeing you a bishop in time, when you live in that regular way, which I shall propose. In short, in a few years, you may lay up money enough¹ to buy even the bishoprick of Durham. For, if you keep cows instead of horses, in that high walled orchard, and cultivate by your own industry a few potatoes in your garden, the maid will live well, and be able to sell more butter and cheese, than will answer her wages. You may preach then upon temperance with a better grace, than now, that you are known to consume seven or eight hogsheads of wine every year
of

of your life. You will be mild and meek in your conversation, and not frighten parliamentmen, and keep even lord lieutenants in awe. You will then be qualified for that slavery, which the country you live in, and the order you profess, seem to be designed for. It will take off that giddiness in your head, which has disturbed yourself and others. The disputes between sir Arthur* and my lady, will for the future be confined to prose; and an old thorn may be cut down in peace, and warm the parlour chimney, without heating the heads of poor innocent people, and turning their brains.

You ought to remember what St. Austin says, *Poesis est vinum dæmonum*. Consider the life you now lead: you warm all that come near you with your wine and conversation; and the rest of the world, with your pen dipped deep in St. Austin's *vinum dæmonum*.

So far for your soul's health. Now, as to the health of your body: I must inform you, that part of what I prescribe to you, is the same which our great friar Bacon prescribed to the pope who lived in his days. Read his Cure of old age, and Preservation of youth, chapter the 12th. You used to say, that you found benefit from riding. The French, an ingenious people, used the word *chevaucher*, instead of *monter à cheval*, and they look upon it as the same thing in effect.

* Sir Arthur Acheson, at whose seat, in a village called Market-hill in Ireland, the dean sometimes made a long visit. The dispute between sir Arthur and my lady, here alluded to, is whether Hamilton's bawn should be turned into a barrack, or a malthouse? The Old Thorn, is that cut down at Market hill, the subject of a little poem written by Swift.

Now, if you will go on after this, in your old ways, and ruin your health, your fortune, and your reputation, it is no fault of mine. I have pointed out the road, which will lead you to riches and preferment; and that you may have no excuse from entering into this new course of life, upon pretence of doubting whether you can get a person properly qualified to feed you, and compose your new family, I will recommend you to John Gay, who is much better qualified to bring increase from a woman, than from a sum of money. But if he should be lazy, (and he is so fat, that there is some reason to doubt him) I will without fail supply you myself, that you may be under no disappointments. Bracton says, *Conjunctio maris et fœminæ est jure naturæ*. Vide Coke upon Littleton. Calvin's case, 1st vol. Reports.

This I send you from my closet at Richkings*, where I am at leisure to attend serious affairs; but when one is in town, there are so many things to laugh at, that it is very difficult to compose one's thoughts, even long enough to write a letter of advice to a friend. If I see any man serious in that crowd, I look upon him for a very dull or designing fellow. By the by, I am of opinion, that folly and cunning are nearer allied than people are aware of. If a fool runs out his fortune, and is undone, we say, the poor man has been outwitted. Is it not as reasonable to say of a cunning rascal, who has lived miserably, and died hated and despised, to leave a great fortune behind him, that he has outwitted himself? In short, to be serious about those trifles which the majority of mankind think of consequence, seems

* A seat of his lordship's, in Buckinghamshire.

to me to denote folly ; and to trifle with those things which they generally treat ludicrously, may denote knavery. I have observed that in comedy, the best actor plays the part of the droll, while some scrub rogue is made the hero, or fine gentleman. So in this farce of life, wise men pass their time in mirth, while fools only are serious. Adieu. Continue to be merry and wise ; but never turn serious, or cunning.

TO VENTOSO.

SIR,

APRIL 28th, 1731.

YOUR letter has 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 run 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

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 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 its 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 a universal opinion, among those who know or have heard of you, that you have always practised a direct contrary proceeding, has 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 confessing it to those with whom he converses. 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

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 domestick 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 coffeehouse. 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 restraint; 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 has 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.

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN

JUNE 5, 1731.

I FANCY you have comforted yourself a long time with the hopes of hearing no more from me; but you may return your thanks to a downright fit of the gout in my foot, and as painful a rheumatism that followed immediately after in my arm, which bound me to my good behaviour. So you may perceive I should make a sad nurse to Mr. Pope, who finds the effects of age and a crazy carcass already. However, if it is true what I am informed, that you are coming here soon, I expect you should bring us together; and if he will bear me with patience, I shall hear him with pleasure.

I do not know what number of chaplains the duke of Dorset intends to carry over; but as yet, I have heard of but one that he has sent, and he as worthy, honest, sensible a man as any I know, Mr. Brandreth, who, I believe, was recommended to your acquaintance. I have not been in a way of seeing Mrs. Barber this great while; but I hear (and I hope it is so) that she goes on in her subscription very well; nor has the lady she so much feared done her any harm, if she endeavoured it, which is more than I know that she did. I believe you will find by my writing, that it is not quite easy to me, so I will neither tease you, nor trouble myself longer, who am most sincerely your faithful humble servant,

E. GERMAIN.

A COUNTERFEIT LETTER 'TO THE QUEEN*.

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. And yet all 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 ma-

* Thus endorsed by Dr. Swift: "Counterfeit letter from me to the queen, sent to me by Mr. Pope, dated June 22, 1731. Received July 19, 1731. Given by the countess of Suffolk."

jesty'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 Hertford, 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. Complete 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 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.

TO MR. GAY.

DUBLIN, JUNE 29, 1731.

EVER since I received your letter, I have been upon a balance about going to England, and landing at Bristol, to pass a month at Amesbury, as the duchess has given me leave. But many difficulties have interfered : first, I thought I had done with my lawsuit, and so did all my lawyers, but my adversary, after being in appearance a protestant these twenty years, has declared he was always a papist, and consequently by the law here, cannot buy nor (I think) sell ; so that I am at sea again, for almost all I am worth. But I have still a worse evil ; for the giddiness I was subject to, instead of coming seldom and violent, now constantly attends me more or less, though in a more peaceable manner, yet such as will not qualify me to live among the young and healthy : and the duchess, in all her youth, spirit, and grandeur, will make a very ill nurse, and her women not much better. Valetudinarians must live where they can command, and scold ; I must have horses to ride, I must go to bed and rise when I please, and live where all mortals are subservient to me. I must talk nonsense when I please, and all who are present must commend it. I must ride thrice a week, and walk three or four miles beside, every day.

I always told you Mr. —— was good for nothing but to be a rank courtier. I care not whether he ever writes to me or no. He and you may tell this to the duchess, and I hate to see you so charitable, and such a cully ; and yet I love you for it, because I am one myself.

You are the silliest lover in Christendom : If you like Mrs. —, why do you not command her to take you ? if she does not, she is not worth pursuing ; you do her too much honour ; she has neither sense nor taste, if she dares to refuse you, though she had ten thousand pounds. I do not remember to have told you of thanks that you have not given, nor do I understand your meaning, and I am sure I had never the least thoughts of any myself. If I am your friend, it is for my own reputation, and from a principle of self-love, and I do sometimes reproach you for not honouring me by letting the world know we are friends.

I see very well how matters go with the duchess in regard to me. I heard her say*, “ Mr. Gay, fill your letter to the dean, that there may be no room for me, the frolick is gone far enough, I have writ thrice, I will do no more ; if the man has a mind to come, let him come ; what a clutter is here ? positively I will not write a syllable more.” She is an ungrateful duchess considering how many adorers I have procured her here, over and above the thousands she had before.—I cannot allow you rich enough till you are worth seven thousand pounds, which will bring you three hundred *per annum*, and this will maintain you, with the perquisite of spunging while you are young, and when you are old will afford you a pint of port at night, two servants, and an old maid, a little garden, and pen and ink—pro-

* There is exquisite humour and pleasantry in the affected bluntness of this letter, and the elegant compliments paid under the appearance of rudeness. Voiture has nothing more delicate. Waller's to Sacharissa on her marriage, is in the same strain, and is a masterpiece of panegyrick under the appearance of satire.

vided you live in the country.—Have you no scheme either in verse or prose? The duchess should keep you at hard meat, and by that means force you to write; and so I have done with you.

MADAM,

SINCE I began to grow old, I have found all ladies become inconstant, without any reproach from their conscience. If I wait on you, I declare that one of your women (which ever it is that has designs upon a chaplain) must be my nurse, if I happen to be sick or peevish at your house, and in that case you must suspend your domineering claim till I recover. Your omitting the usual appendix to Mr. Gay's letters has done me infinite mischief here; for while you continued them, you would wonder how civil the ladies here were to me, and how much they have altered since. I dare not confess that I have descended so low as to write to your grace, after the abominable neglect you have been guilty of; for if they but suspected it, I should lose them all. One of them, who had but an inklin of the matter (your grace will hardly believe it) refused to beg my pardon upon her knees, for once neglecting to make my ricemilk. Pray, consider this, and do your duty, or dread the consequence. I promise you shall have your will six minutes every hour at Amesbury, and seven in London, while I am in health: but if I happen to be sick, I must govern to a second. Yet properly speaking, there is no man alive with so much truth and respect your grace's most obedient and devoted servant.

FROM THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY
AND MR. GAY.

THE DUCHESS.

JULY 18, 1731.

YOU are my dear friend, I am sure, for you are hard to be found: that you are so, is certainly owing to some evil genius. For, if you say true, this is the very properest place you can repair to. There is not a head here upon any of our shoulders, that is not, at sometimes, worse than yours can possibly be at the worst; and not one to compare with yours, when at best, except your friends are your sworn liars. So in one respect at least, you will find things just as they could be wished. It is farther necessary to assure you, that the duchess is neither healthy nor young; she lives in all the spirits she can, and with as little grandeur as she can possibly. She too, as well as you, can scold, and command; but she can be silent, and obey, if she pleases; and then for a good nurse, it is out of dispute, that she must prove an excellent one, who has been so experienced in the infirmities of others, and of her own. As for talking nonsense, provided you do it on purpose, she has no objection: there is some sense in nonsense, when it does not come by chance. In short, I am very sure, that she has set her heart upon seeing you at this place. Here are women enough to attend you, if you should happen not to approve of her. She has

not one fine lady belonging to her, or her house. She is impatient to be governed, and is cheerfully determined, that you shall quietly enjoy your own will and pleasure as long as ever you please.

s^e MR. GAY.

You shall ride, you shall walk, and she will be glad to follow your example : and this will be doing good at the same time to her and yourself. I had not heard from you so long, that I was in fears about you, and in the utmost impatience for a letter. I had flattered myself, your lawsuit was at an end, and that your own money was in your own pocket ; and about a month ago, I was every day expecting a summons to Bristol. Your money is either getting or losing something ; for I have placed it in the funds. For I am grown so much a man of business, that is to say, so covetous, that I cannot bear to let a sum of money lie idle. Your friend Mrs. Howard is now countess of Suffolk. I am still so much a dupe, that I think you mistake her. Come to Amesbury, and you and I will dispute this matter ; and the duchess shall be judge. But I fancy you will object against her ; for I will be so fair to you, as to own ; that I think she is of my side : but, in short, you shall choose any impartial referee you please. I have heard from her ; Mr. Pope has seen her ; I beg you would suspend your judgment till we talk over this affair together ; for, I fancy, by your letter, you have neither heard from her, or seen her, so that you cannot at present be as good a judge as we are. I will be a dupe for you at any time, therefore I beg it of you, that you would let me be a dupe in quiet.

As you have had several attacks of the giddiness

you at present complain of, and that it has formerly left you, I will hope, that at this instant you are perfectly well ; though my fears were so very great, before I received your letter, that I may probably flatter myself, and think you better than you are. As to my being a manager for the duke, you have been misinformed. Upon the discharge of an unjust steward, he took the administration into his own hands. I own, I was called in to his assistance, when the state of affairs was in the greatest confusion. Like an ancient Roman, I came, put my helping hand to set affairs right, and as soon as it was done, I am retired again as a private man.

THE DUCHESS.

WHAT you imagined you heard her say, was a good deal in her style : it was a thousand to one she had said so, but I must do her the justice to say, that she did not, either in thought or word. I am sure she wants to be better acquainted with you, for which she has found out ten thousand reasons, that we will tell you, if you will come.

MR. GAY.

By your letter, I cannot guess whether we are likely to see you or not. Why might not the Amesbury downs make you better ?

THE DUCHESS.

DEAR SIR,

MR. GAY tells me, I must write upon his line for fear of taking up too much room. It was his fault that I omitted my duty in his last letter, for he never told me one word of writing to you, till he had sent away his letter. However, as a mark of my great humility,

humility, I shall be ready and glad to ask you pardon upon my knees, as soon as ever you come, though not in fault. I own this is a little mean spirited, which I hope will not make a bad impression, considering you are the occasion. I submit to all your conditions, so pray, come; for, I have not only promised myself, but Mr. Gay also, the satisfaction to hear you talk as much nonsense as you can possibly utter.

MR. GAY.

You will read in the Gazette of a friend of yours, who has lately had the dignity of being disgraced* : for he, and every body, except five or six, look upon it in the same light. I know, were you here, you would congratulate him upon it. I paid the twelve pounds to Mrs. Lancelot, for the uses you directed. I have no scheme at present, either to raise my fame or fortune. I daily reproach myself for my idleness. You know one cannot write when one will. I think and reject : one day or other, perhaps, I may think on something that may engage me to write. You and I are alike in one particular, I wish to be so in many ; I mean, that we hate to write upon other folks hints. I love to have my own scheme, and to treat it in my own way. This, perhaps, may be taking too much upon myself, and I may make a bad choice ; but I can always enter into a scheme of my own with more ease and pleasure, than into that of any other body. I long to see you ; I long to hear from you ; I wish you health ; I wish you happiness ; and I should be very happy myself to be witness that you enjoyed my wishes.

* William Pulteney, esq., who on the 1st of July, 1731, was, by order of king George II, struck out of the list of the privy council, and put out of all the commissions of the peace.

TO MR. POPE.

DEAR SIR,

JULY, 20, 1731.

I WRIT you a long letter not many days ago, which therefore did not arrive until after your last that I received yesterday, with the enclosed from me to the queen. 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 has been long her protector; and he, being many years my acquaintance, desired my good offices for her, and brought her several times to the deanery. I knew she was poetically given, and, for a woman, 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 woollendraper, 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 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 queen, on Mrs. Barber's account, especially the
letter

letter which bears my name ; I can only say, that the apprehensions one may be apt to have of a friend's 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 queen, who has 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 has not encouraged Mrs. Barber, a woollendraper's wife declined in the world, because she has a knack at versifying ; was to suppose, or fear, a folly so transcendent, that no man could be guilty of, who was not fit for Bedlam. You know the letter you sent enclosed 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 queen'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 king not long ago, on the representation and complaint of the Prussian envoy (with a hard name) who has 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

“ of Prussia.” 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 that electorate, which is now a kingdom. You will observe the letter 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 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 queen 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 show what I write to the queen ; 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 majesties hard thoughts, which they only take up from misrepresentations. The first time I saw the queen, I took occasion, upon the subject of Mr. Gay, to complain

of

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 queen fell entirely in with me, yet now falls into the same error. As to the letter † * of accidents, and out of perfect commiseration, &c.

TO THE COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK.

MADAM,

JULY 24, 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 has not increased your value with me; and your conduct must be very

† 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.

good

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 queen's displeasure; and as it is usual among princes, without any manner of reason. I am 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 queen 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 wrote 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 queen, "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 dis-
" oblige 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 king died, I desired your opinion (not as you were a courtier) whether I should go or not; and that you absolutely forbid me, as a thing that would look disaffected, and for other reasons, wherein I confess I was your dupe as well as somebody's else: and, for want of
that

that journey, I fell sick, and was forced to return hither to my unenvied home. I hear the queen has blamed me for putting a stone, with a latin inscription, over the duke of Schomberg's burying place in my cathedral; and that the king said publickly, "I had done it in malice, to create a quarrel between him and the king of Prussia." But the publick 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 queen, 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 afterward have the greatest demonstration of the falsehood, yet, will they never be reconciled:" And although the queen 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 king, 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 showed not the least resentment (whatever I might have in my heart) nor was ever a partaker with those who have been battling with him for some years past. I am contented that the queen should see this letter; and would please to consider how severe a
censure

censure it is to believe I should write three to her, only to find fault with her ministry, and recommend Mrs. Barber: 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 queen, 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 awed with majesty as others; having known courts more or less from my early youth. And I have more than once told the queen, "That I did not regard her station half so much, as the good understanding I heard and found to be in her:" neither did I ever once see the late king, 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, farther than as their virtues deserve; and upon that score, had a most particular respect for the queen, 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.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

AUGUST 2, 1731.

I AM indebted to you, my reverend dean, for a letter of a very old date: the expectation of seeing you from week to week, which our friend Gay made me entertain, hindered me from writing to you a good while; and I have since deferred it by waiting an opportunity of sending my letter by a safe hand. That opportunity presents itself at last, and Mr. Ecklin will put this letter into your hands. You will hear from him, and from others, of the general state of things in this country, into which I returned, and where I am confined for my sins. If I entertained the notion, which by the way I believe to be much older than popery, or even than christianity, of making up an account with Heaven, and demanding the balance in bliss, or paying it by good works and sufferings of my own, and by the merits and sufferings of others, I should imagine that I had expiated all the faults of my life, one way or other, since my return into England. One of the circumstances of my situation, which has afflicted me most, and which afflicts me still so, is the absolute inutility I am of to those whom I should

be the best pleased to serve. Success in serving my friends would make me amends for the want of it in disserving my enemies. It is intolerable to want it in both, and yet both go together generally.

I have had two or three projects on foot for making such an establishment here as might tempt you to quit Ireland. One of them would have succeeded, and would have been agreeable in every respect, if engagements to my lady's kinsman (who did not, I suppose, deserve to be your clerk) had not prevented it. Another of them cannot take place, without the consent of those, who would rather have you a dean in Ireland, than a parish priest in England; and who are glad to keep you, where your sincere friend, my late lord Oxford, sent you. A third was wholly in our power; but when I inquired exactly into the value, I found it less than I had believed; the distance from these parts was great; and beside all this, an unexpected and groundless dispute about the right of presentation (but still such a dispute as the law must determine) had arisen. You will please to believe, that I mention these things for no other reason than to show you, how much those friends deserve you should make them a visit at least, who are so desirous to settle you among them. I hope their endeavours will not be always unsuccessful.

I received, some time ago, a letter from Dr. Delany; and very lately Mr. Pope sent me some sheets, which seem to contain the substance of two sermons of that gentleman's. The *philosophia prima* is above my reach, and especially when it attempts to prove, that God has done, or does so and so, by attempting to prove, that doing so and so is essential to his attributes, or necessary to his design; and that
the

the not doing so and so, would be inconsistent with the former, or repugnant to the latter. I content myself to contemplate what I am sure he has done, and to adore him for it in humble silence. I can demonstrate, that every cavil, which has been brought against the great system of the world, physical and moral, from the days of Democritus and Epicurus to this day, is absurd; but I dare not pronounce why things are made as they are, state the ends of infinite wisdom, and show the proportion of the means.

Dr. Delany, in his letter to me, mentioned some errors in the critical parts of learning, which he hoped he had corrected, by showing the mistakes, particularly of sir John Marsham, on whose authority those errors were built. Whether I can be of use to him even in this part, I know not; for, having fixed my opinion long ago concerning all ancient history and chronology, by a careful examination into the first principles of them, I have ever since laid that study totally aside. I confess, in the letter I writ lately to the doctor, notwithstanding my great respect for sir John Marsham, that his authority is often precarious, because he leans often on other authorities, which are so. But to you I will confess a little more: I think, nay, I know, that there is no possibility of making any system of that kind, without doing the same thing; and that the defect is in the subject, not in the writer. I have read the writings of some who differ from him; and of others who undertook particularly to refute him. It seems plain to me, that this was the case. All the materials of this sort of learning are disjointed and broken. Time has contributed to render them so, and the unfaithfulness of those who have transmitted them

down to us, particularly of that vile fellow Eusebius, has done even more than time itself. By throwing these fragments into a different order, by arbitrary interpretations (and it is often impossible to make any others) in short, by a few plausible guesses for the connexion and application of them, a man may, with tolerable ingenuity, prove almost any thing by them. I tried formerly to prove, in a learned dissertation, by the same set of authorities, that there had been four Assyrian monarchies; that there had been but three; that there had been but two; that there had been but one; and that there never had been any. I puzzled myself, and a much abler man than myself, the friend to whom I lent the manuscript, and who has, I believe, kept it. In short, I am afraid that I shall not be very useful to Dr. Delany, in making remarks on the work he is about. His communication of this work may be useful, and I am sure it will be agreeable to me. If you and he are still in Ireland, pray give my best services to him; but say no more than may be proper of all I have writ to you.

I know very well the project you mean, and about which you say, that Pope and you have often teased me. I could convince you, as he is convinced, that a publication of any thing of that kind would have been wrong on many accounts, and would be so even now. Besides, call it pride if you will, I shall never make, either to the present age, or to posterity, any apology for the part I acted in the late queen's reign. But I will apply myself very seriously to the composition of just and true relations of the events of those times, in which both I, and my friends, and my enemies, must take the merit, or the blame, which

which an authentick and impartial deduction of facts will assign to us. I will endeavour to write so as no man could write who had not been a party in those transactions, and as few men would write who had been concerned in them. I believe I shall go back, in considering the political interests of the principal powers in Europe, as far as the Pyrenean treaty; but I shall not begin a thread of history till the death of Charles the second of Spain, and the accession of queen Anne to the throne of England. Nay, even from that time downward, I shall render my relations more full, or *piu magra*, the word is father Paul's, just as I have, or have not, a stock of authentick materials. These shall regulate my work, and I will neither indulge my own vanity, nor other men's curiosity, in going one step farther than they carry me. You see, my dear Swift, that I open a large field to myself: with what success I shall expatiate in it, I know as little, as I know whether I shall live to go through so great a work; but I will begin immediately, and will make it one principal business of the rest of my life. This advantage, at least, I shall reap from it, and a great advantage it will be, my attention will be diverted from the present scene, I shall grieve less at those things which I cannot mend: I shall dignify my retreat; and shall wind up the labours of my life in serving the cause of truth.

You say, that you could easily show, by comparing my letters for twenty years past, how the whole system of my philosophy changes by the several gradations of life. I doubt it. As far as I am able to recollect, my way of thinking has been uniform enough for more than twenty years. True it is, to

my shame, that my way of acting has not been always conformable to my way of thinking. My own passions, and the passions and interests of other men still more, have led me aside. I launched into the deep before I had loaded ballast enough. If the ship did not sink, the cargo was thrown overboard. The storm itself threw me into port. My own opinion, my own desires would have kept me there : the opinion, the desires of others, sent me to sea again. I did, and blamed myself for doing what others, and you, among the rest, would have blamed me, if I had not done. I have paid more than I owed to party, and as much at least as was due to friendship. If I go off the stage of publick life without paying all I owe to my enemies, and to the enemies of my country, I do assure you the bankruptcy is not fraudulent. I conceal none of my effects.

Does Pope talk to you of the noble work, which, at my instigation, he has begun in such a manner, that he must be convinced, by this time, I judged better of his talents than he did? The first epistle, which considers man, and the habitation of man, relatively to the whole system of universal being. The second, which considers him in his own habitation, in himself, and relatively to his particular system. And the third, which shows how—

————— A universal cause

Works to one end, but works by various laws.

How man, and beast, and vegetable are linked in a mutual dependency, parts necessary to each other, and necessary to the whole ; how human societies were formed ; from what spring true religion and true policy are derived ; how God has made our greatest interest and our plainest duty indivisibly the same.

same. These three epistles, I say, are finished. The fourth he is now intent upon. It is a noble subject; he pleads the cause of God, I use Seneca's expression, against that famous charge which atheists in all ages have brought, the supposed unequal dispensations of Providence; a charge which I cannot heartily forgive your divines for admitting. You admit it indeed for an extreme good purpose, and you build on this admission the necessity of a future state of rewards and punishments. But what if you should find, that this future state will not account, in opposition to the atheist, for God's justice in the present state, which you give up? Would it not have been better to defend God's justice in this world, against these daring men, by irrefragable reasons, and to have rested the proof of the other point on revelation? I do not like concessions made against demonstration, repair or supply them how you will. The epistles I have mentioned will compose a first book; the plan of the second is settled. You will not understand by what I have said, that Pope will go so deep into the argument, or carry it so far as I have hinted. You inquire so kindly after my wife, that I must tell you something of her. She has fallen upon a remedy, invented by a surgeon abroad, and which has had great success in cases similar to hers. This remedy has visibly attacked the original cause of all her complaints, and has abated, in some degree, by one gentle and uniform effect, all the grievous and various symptoms. I hope, and surely with reason, that she will receive still greater benefit from this method of cure, which she will resume as soon as the great heat is over. If she recovers, I shall not, for her sake, abstract myself from the world more than I do at

present in this place. But if she should be taken from me, I should most certainly yield to that strong desire, which I have long had, of secluding myself totally from the company and affairs of mankind; of leaving the management, even of my private affairs, to others; and of securing, by these means, for the rest of my life, an uninterrupted tenour of philosophical quiet.

I suppose you have seen some of those volumes of scurrility, which have been thrown into the world against Mr. Pulteney and myself, and the *Craftsman*, which gave occasion to them. I think, and it is the sense of all my friends, that the person who published the *Final Answer**, took a right turn, in a very nice and very provoking circumstance. To answer all the falsities, misrepresentations, and blunders, which a club of such scoundrels, as Arnall, Concanen, and other pensioners of the minister, crowd together, would have been equally tedious and ridiculous, and must have forced several things to be said, neither prudent, nor decent, nor perhaps strictly honourable to be said. To have explained some points, and to have stopped at others, would have given strength to that impertinent suggestion. Guilt alone is silent in the day of inquiry. It was therefore right to open no part of the scene of the late queen's reign, nor submit the passages of her administration, and the conduct of any of her ministers, to the examination of so vile a tribunal. This was

* This pamphlet was written by lord Bolingbroke, in his own vindication, 1731. It is entitled, *A Final Answer to the Remarks on the Craftsman's Vindication of his two honourable Patrons; and to all the Libels which have come, or may come, from the same Quarter, against the Person last mentioned in the Craftsman of 22d of May.*

still the more right, because, upon such points as relate to subsequent transactions, and as affect me singly, what the Craftsman had said, was justified unanswerably; and what the remarker had advanced, was proved to be infamously false. The effect of this paper has answered the design of it; and which is not common, all sides agree, that the things said ought to have been said. The publick writers seem to be getting back, from these personal altercations, to national affairs, much against the grain of the minister's faction. What the effect of all this writing will be, I know not; but this I know, that when all the information which can be given, is given; when all the spirit which can be raised, is raised, it is to no purpose to write any more. Even you men of this world have nothing else to do, but to let the ship drive till she is cast away, or till the storm is over. For my own part, I am neither an owner, an officer, nor a foremastman. I am but a passenger, said my lord Carbury.

It is well for you I am got to the end of my paper; for you might else have a letter as long again from me. If you answer me by the post, remember, while you are writing, that you write by the post. Adieu, my reverend friend.

TO MR. GAY AND THE DUCHESS OF
QUEENSBERRY.

AUGUST 28, 1731.

YOU and the duchess use me very ill, for I profess, I cannot distinguish the style or the hand writing
of

of either. I think her grace writes more like you than herself; and that you write more like her grace than yourself. I would swear the beginning of your letter writ by the duchess, though it is to pass for yours; because there is a cursed lie in it, that she is neither young nor healthy, and besides it perfectly resembles the part she owns. I will likewise swear, that what I must suppose is written by the duchess, is your hand; and thus I am puzzled and perplexed between you, but I will go on in the innocency of my own heart. I am got eight miles from our famous metropolis, to a country parson's, to whom I lately gave a city living, such as an English chaplain would leap at. I retired hither for the publick good, having two great works in hand: one to reduce the whole politeness, wit, humour, and style of England into a short system, for the use of all persons of quality, and particularly the maids of honour*. The other is of almost equal importance; I may call it the whole duty of servants, in about twenty several stations, from the steward and waiting woman down to the scullion and pantry boy†. I believe no mortal had ever such fair invitations, as to be happy in the best company of England. I wish I had liberty to print your letter with my own comments upon it. There was a fellow in Ireland, who from a shoeboy grew to be several times one of the chief governors, wholly illiterate, and with hardly common sense: a lord lieutenant told the first king George, that he was the greatest subject he had in both kingdoms; and truly this character was gotten and preserved by

* Wagstaff's Dialogues of Polite Conversation, published in his lifetime.

† See Swift's Directions to Servants, in vol. XVI, p. 199.

his never appearing in England, which was the only wise thing he ever did, except purchasing sixteen thousand pounds a year—why, you need not stare : it is easily applied : I must be absent, in order to preserve my credit with her grace—Lo here comes in the duchess again (I know her by her d d's ; but am a fool for discovering my art) to defend herself against my conjecture of what she said—Madam, I will imitate your grace and write to you upon the same line. I own it is a base unromantick spirit in me, to suspend the honour of waiting at your grace's feet, till I can finish a paltry lawsuit. It concerns indeed almost all my whole fortune ; it is equal to half Mr. Pope's and two thirds of Mr. Gay's, and about six weeks rent of your grace's. This cursed accident has drilled away the whole summer. But, madam, understand one thing, that I take all your ironical civilities in a literal sense, and whenever I have the honour to attend you, shall expect them to be literally performed : though perhaps I shall find it hard to prove your handwriting in a court of justice ; but that will not be much for your credit. How miserably has your grace been mistaken in thinking to avoid envy by running into exile, where it haunts you more than ever it did even at court ? *Non te civitas, non regia domus in exilium miserunt, sed tu utrasque.* So says Cicero (as your grace knows) or so he might have said.

I am told that the Craftsman, in one of his papers, is offended with the publishers of (I suppose) the last edition of the Dunciad ; and I was asked whether you and Mr. Pope were as good friends to the new disgraced person as formerly ? This I knew nothing of, but suppose it was the consequence of
some

some mistake. As to writing, I look on you just in the prime of life for it, the very season when judgment and invention draw together. But schemes are perfectly accidental* ; some will appear barren of hints and matter, but prove to be fruitful; and others the contrary : and what you say, is past doubt, that every one can best find hints for himself : though it is possible that sometimes a friend may give you a lucky one just suited to your own imagination. But all this is almost past with me : my invention and judgment are perpetually at fistycuffs, till they have quite disabled each other ; and the meerest trifles I ever wrote, are serious philosophical lucubrations, in comparison to what I now busy myself about ; as (to speak in the author's phrase) the world may one day see †.

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

DRAYTON, SEPT. 7, 1731.

TO show how strictly I obey your orders, I came from the duchess of Dorset's country house to my own, where I have rid and walked as often as the weather permitted me. Nor am I very nice in that ; for, if you remember, I was not bred up very tenderly, nor a fine lady ; for which I acknowledge myself exceedingly obliged to my parents : for had I had that sort of education, I should not have been so easy and happy, as I thank God, I now am. As

* As were the subjects of the "Lutrin," and "Rape of the Lock," and "The Dispensary."

† His ludicrous prediction was, since his death, and very much to his dishonour, seriously fulfilled. W.

to the gout, indeed, I believe I do derive it from my ancestors ; but I may forgive even that, since it waited upon me no sooner ; and especially since I see my elder and two younger brothers so terribly plagued with it ; so that I am now the only wine drinker in my family ; and upon my word, I am not increased in that since you first knew me.

I am sorry you are involved in lawsuits ; it is the thing on earth I most fear. I wish you had met with as complaisant an adversary as I did ; for my lord Peterborow plagued sir John* all his lifetime ; but declared, if ever he gave the estate to me, he would have done with it ; and accordingly has kept his word, like an honourable man. I saw Mrs. Barber the day before I came out of town, and should be mighty glad to serve her, but cannot say so much by her husband, whom, for her sake, I recommended to the duke of Dorset to buy his liveries of. The first thing he did was to ask a greater price than any body else : and when we were at Whitchurch, where I attended their graces, he was informed he had not cloth enough in his shop ; and he feared they would not be ready against he came over.

I hope in God I shall soon hear of their safe landing† ; and I do not question the people of Ireland's liking them as well as they deserve. I desire no better for them ; for, if you do not spoil him there, which I think he has too good sense to let happen, he is the most worthy, honest, good natured, great souled man that ever was born. As to my duchess, she is so reserved, that perhaps she may not be at first so much admired ; but, upon knowledge, I will defy

* Husband to lady Betty Germain.

† The duke and duchess of Dorset.

any body upon earth, with sense, judgment, and good nature, not only not to admire her, but must love and esteem her as much as I do, and every one else, that is really acquainted with her. You know him a little ; so, for his own sake, you must like him : and till you are better acquainted with them both, I hope you will like them for mine. Your friend Biddy* is just the same as she was; laughs sedately, and makes a joke sily. And I am, as I ever was, and hope I ever shall be, your most sincere friend, and faithful humble servant,

E. GERMAIN.

TO MR. GAY AND THE DUCHESS OF
QUEENSBERRY.

SEPTEMBER 10, 1731.

IF your ramble was on horseback, I am glad of it on account of your health ; but I know your arts of patching up a journey between stage coaches and friends coaches : for you are as arrant a cockney as any hosier in Cheapside. One clean shirt with two cravats, and as many handkerchiefs, make up your equipage ; and as for nightgown, it is clear from Homer, that Agamemnon rose without one. I have often had it in my head to put it into yours, that you ought to have some great work in scheme, which may take up seven years to finish, beside two or three under ones, that may add another thousand pound to your stock ; and then I shall be in less pain about

* Mrs. Biddy Floyd.

you. I know you can find dinners, but you love twelvepenny coaches too well, without considering that the interest of a whole thousand pounds brings you but half a crown a day. I find a greater longing than ever to come among you; and reason good, when I am teased with dukes and duchesses for a visit, all my demands complied with, and all excuses cut off. You remember, “O happy Don Quixote! “queens held his horse, and duchesses pulled off “his armour,” or something to that purpose. He was a mean spirited fellow; I can say ten times more; O happy, &c. such a duchess was designed to attend him, and such a duke invited him to command his palace. *Nam istos reges ceteros memorare nolo, hominum mendicabula:* go read your Plautus, and observe Strobilus vapouring after he had found the pot of gold. I will have nothing to do with that lady: I have long hated her on your account, and the more, because you are so forgiving as not to hate her: however, she has good qualities enough to make her esteemed; but not one grain of feeling. I only wish she were a fool. I have been several months writing near five hundred lines on a pleasant subject, only to tell what my friends and enemies will say on me after I am dead*. I shall finish it soon, for I add two lines every week, and blot out four, and alter eight. I have brought in you and my other friends, as well as enemies and detractors. It is a great comfort to see how corruption and ill conduct are instrumental in uniting virtuous persons and lovers of their country of all denominations: whig and tory, high and low church, as soon as they are left to think freely,

* This is found in vol. VIII, and is among the last of his poems

all joining in opinion. If this be disaffection, pray God send me always among the disaffected ! and I heartily wish you joy of your scurvy treatment at court, which has given you leisure to cultivate both publick and private virtue ; neither of them likely to be soon met within the walls of St. James's or Westminster. But I must here dismiss you, that I may pay my acknowledgments to the duke for the great honour he has done me.

MY LORD,

I could have sworn that my pride would be always able to preserve me from vanity ; of which I have been in great danger to be guilty for some months past, first by the conduct of my lady duchess, and now by that of your grace, which had like to finish the work : and I should have certainly gone about showing my letters under the charge of secrecy to every blab of my acquaintance, if I could have the least hope of prevailing on any of them to believe that a man in so obscure a corner, quite thrown out of the present world, and within a few steps of the next, should receive such condescending invitations, from two such persons, to whom he is an utter stranger, and who know no more of him than what they have heard by the partial representations of a friend. But in the mean time, I must desire your grace not to flatter yourself, that I waited for your consent to accept the invitation. I must be ignorant indeed not to know, that the duchess, ever since you met, has been most politickly employed in increasing those forces, and sharpening those arms with which she subdued you at first, and to which, the braver and the wiser you grow, you will more and more submit.

submit. Thus I knew myself on the secure side, and it was a mere piece of good manners to insert that clause, of which you have taken the advantage. But as I cannot forbear informing your grace that the duchess's great secret in her art of government, has been to reduce both your wills into one; so I am content, in due observance to the forms of the world, to return my most humble thanks to your grace for so great a favour as you are pleased to offer me, and which nothing but impossibilities shall prevent me from receiving, since I am, with the greatest reason, truth, and respect, my lord, your grace's most obedient, &c.

MADAM,

I have consulted all the learned in occult sciences of my acquaintance, and have sat up eleven nights to discover the meaning of those two hieroglyphical lines in your grace's hand at the bottom of the last Amesbury letter, but all in vain. Only it is agreed, that the language is Coptick, and a very profound Behmist assures me, the style is poetick, containing an invitation from a very great person of the female sex, to a strange kind of man whom she never saw, and this is all I can find, which after so many former invitations, will ever confirm me in that respect, wherewith I am, madam, your grace's most obedient, &c.

FROM THE COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK.

SIR, HAMPTON COURT, SEPT. 25, 1731.

YOU seem to think that you have a natural right to abuse me, because I am a woman, and a courtier. I have taken it as a woman and as a courtier ought, with great resentment, and a determined resolution of revenge. The number of letters that have been sent, and thought by many to be yours, (and thank God they were all silly ones) has been a fair field to execute it. Think of my joy to hear you suspected of folly; think of my pleasure when I entered the list for your justification! Indeed I was a little disconcerted to find Mr. Pope took the same side; for I would have had the man of wit, the dignified divine, the Irish drapier, have found no friend but the silly woman and the courtier. Could I have preserved myself alone in the list, I should not have despaired, that this monitor of princes, this Irish patriot, this excellent man at speech and pen, should have closed the scene under suspicion of having a violent passion for Mrs. Barber; and lady M— or Mrs. Haywood* have writ the progress of it. Now, to my mortification I find every body inclined to think you had no hand in writing those letters; but I every day thank Providence that there is an epitaph in St. Patrick's cathedral†, that will be a lasting

* Mrs. Haywood, a well known writer of scandal in novels.

† On the duke of Schomberg.

monument of your imprudence. I cherish this extremely; for, say what you can to justify it, I am convinced I shall as easily argue the world into the belief of a courtier's sincerity, as you (with all your wit and eloquence) will be able to convince mankind of the prudence of that action. I expect to hear if peace shall ensue, or war continue between us. If I know but little of the art of war, yet you see I do not want courage; and that has made many an ignorant soldier fight successfully. Besides, I have a numerous body of light armed troops to bring into the field, who, when single, may be as inconsiderable as a Lilliputian, yet ten thousand of them embarrassed captain Gulliver. If you send honourable articles, they shall be signed. I insist that you own that you have been unjust to me; for I have never forgot you; for, I have made others send my compliments, because I was not able to write myself. If I cannot justify the advice I gave you, from the success of it, I gave you my reasons for it: and it was your business to have judged of my capacity, by the solidity of my arguments. If the principle was false, you ought not to have acted upon it. So you have been only the dupe of your own ill judgment, and not my falsehood. Am I to send back the crown and the plaid, well packed up, in my own character? or am I to follow my own inclination, and continue very truly and very much your humble servant,

H. SUFFOLK.

TO SIR CHARLES WOGAN*.

SIR,

[1731.]

I RECEIVED your packet at least two months ago, and took all this time not only to consider it maturely

* Mr. Wogan, a gentleman of an ancient and good family in Ireland, sent a present of a cask of Spanish Cassalia wine to the dean, also a green velvet bag, with gold and silk strings, in which were enclosed, a paraphrase on the seven penitential psalms of David, and several original pieces in verse and prose, particularly the adventures of Eugenius; and an Account of the Courtship and Marriage of the Chevalier to the Princess Sobieski, wherein he represents himself to have been a principal negotiator; it was written in the novel style, but a little heavily. His letter to the dean contained also remarks on the Beggar's Opera, in which he censures the taste of the people of England and Ireland; and concluded with paying the dean the compliment of entreating him to correct his writings. The dean receiving them about the time (1732) Mr. Pilkington was coming to London as chaplain to alderman Barber; he put them into Mr. Pilkington's hands, to look over at his leisure; but quickly recalled them into his own custody. See Pilkington's Memoirs, vol. III, p. 168. They were afterward in the possession of Deane Swift, esq. This Mr. Wogan was a gentleman of great bravery and courage, and distinguished himself in several battles and sieges. He was appointed, by the chevalier de St. George, in the year 1718, to take the princess Sobieski (granddaughter of the famous James Sobieski, king of Poland, who raised the siege of Vienna), to whom he was married by proxy in Poland: who, in her journey to Rome, was, by order of the imperial court, made a prisoner in Tyrol, and closely confined in the castle of Inspruck for some time, when Mr. Wogan undertook to set her at liberty, and bring her safe to Rome, which he effectually performed, by carrying her through all the guards: for which dangerous and gallant service he was made a Roman knight,

an

turely myself, but to show it to the few judicious friends I have in this kingdom. We all agreed that the writer was a scholar, a man of genius and of honour. We guessed him to have been born in this country from some passages; but not from the style, which we were surprised to find so correct, in an exile, a soldier, and a native of Ireland. The history of yourself, although part of it be employed in your praise and importance, we did not dislike, because your intention was to be wholly unknown; which circumstance exempts you from any charge of vanity. However, although I am utterly ignorant of present persons and things, I have made a shift, by talking in general with some persons, to find out your name, your employments, and some of your actions, with the addition of such a character as would give full credit to more than you have said (I mean of yourself) in the dedicatory epistle.

You will pardon a natural curiosity on this occasion, especially when I began with so little, that I did not so much as untie the strings of the bag for five days after I received it; concluding it must come from some Irish friar in Spain, filled with monastick speculations, of which I have seen some in my life; little expecting a history, a dedication, a poetical translation of the penitential psalms, latin poems, and the like, and all from a soldier. In these kingdoms, you would be a most unfashionable military man, among troops where the least preten-

an honour that was not conferred on a foreigner for many centuries before. This gentleman soon after went into the service of Spain, where he got a government and other military commands, and distinguished himself in many engagements, being well known all over Europe by the name of chevalier, or sir Charles Wogan.

sion to learning, or piety, or common morals, would endanger the owner to be cashiered. Although I have no great regard for your trade, from the judgment I make of those who profess it in these kingdoms, yet I cannot but highly esteem those gentlemen of Ireland, who, with all the disadvantages of being exiles and strangers, have been able to distinguish themselves by their valour and conduct in so many parts of Europe, I think, above all other nations; which ought to make the English ashamed of the reproaches they cast on the ignorance, the dulness, and the want of courage, in the Irish natives; those defects, wherever they happen, arising only from the poverty and slavery they suffer from their inhuman neighbours, and the base corrupt spirits of too many of the chief gentry, &c. By such events as these, the very Grecians are grown slavish, ignorant, and superstitious. I do assert, that from several experiments I have made in travelling over both kingdoms, I have found the poor cottagers here, who could speak our language, to have a much better natural taste for good sense, humour, and raillery, than ever I observed among people of the like sort in England. But the millions of oppressions they lie under, the tyranny of their landlords, the ridiculous zeal of their priests, and the general misery of the whole nation, have been enough to damp the best spirits under the sun. I return to your packet.

Two or three poetical friends of mine have read your poems with very good approbation; yet we all agree some corrections may be wanting, and at the same time we are at a loss how to venture on such a work. One gentleman of your own country, name,
and

and family, who could do it best, is a little too lazy; but, however, something shall be done, and submitted to you. I have been only a man of rhimes, and that upon trifles; never having written serious couplets in my life; yet never any without a moral view. However, as an admirer of Milton, I will read yours as a critick, and make objections where I find any thing that should be changed. Your directions about publishing the epistle and the poetry will be a point of some difficulty. They cannot be printed here with the least profit to the author's friends in distress. Dublin booksellers have not the least notion of paying for a copy. Sometimes things are printed here by subscription; but they go on so heavily, that few or none make it turn to account. In London, it is otherwise; but even there the authors must be in vogue, or, if not known, be discovered by the style; or the work must be something that hits the taste of the publick, or what is recommended by the presiding men of genius.

When Milton first published his famous poem, the first edition was very long going off; few either read, liked, or understood it; and it gained ground merely by its merit. Nothing but an uncertain state of my health (caused by a disposition to giddiness, which, although less violent, is more constant) could have prevented my passing this summer into England to see my friends, who hourly have expected me; in that case I could have managed this affair myself, and would have readily consented that my name should have stood at length before your epistle; and by the caprice of the world, that circumstance might have been of use to make the thing known; and consequently better answer the charitable part of

your design, by inciting people's curiosity. And in such a case, I would have writ a short acknowledgment of your letter, and published it in the next page after your epistle ; but giving you no name, nor confessing my conjecture of it. This scheme I am still upon, as soon as my health permits me to return to England.

As I am conjectured to have generally dealt in raillery and satire, both in prose and verse, if that conjecture be right, although such an opinion has been an absolute bar to my rising in the world ; yet that very world must suppose that I followed what I thought to be my talent ; and charitable people will suppose I had a design to laugh the follies of mankind out of countenance, and as often to lash the vices out of practice. And then it will be natural to conclude, that I have some partiality for such kind of writing, and favour it in others. I think you acknowledge, that in some time of your life, you turned to the rallying part ; but I find at present your genius runs wholly into the grave and sublime ; and therefore I find you less indulgent to my way by your dislike of the Beggar's Opera, in the persons particularly of Polly Peachum and Macheath ; whereas we think it a very severe satire upon the most pernicious villanies of mankind. And so you are in danger of quarrelling with the sentiments of Mr. Pope, Mr. Gay the author, Dr. Arbuthnot, myself, Dr. Young, and all the brethren whom we own. Dr. Young is the gravest among us, and yet his satires have many mixtures of sharp raillery. At the same time you judge very truly, that the taste of England is infamously corrupted by shoals of wretches who write for their bread ; and therefore I
4 had

had reason to put Mr. Pope on writing the poem, called the Dunciad; and to hale those scoundrels out of their obscurity by telling their names at length, their works, their adventures, sometimes their lodgings, and their lineage; not with *A's* and *B's* according to the old way, which would be unknown in a few years.

As to your blank verse, it has too often fallen into the same vile hands of late. One Thomson, a Scotchman, has succeeded the best in that way, in four poems he has writ on the four seasons: yet I am not over fond of them, because they are all description, and nothing is doing; whereas Milton engages me in actions of the highest importance: *Modo me Romæ, modo ponit Athenis*: and yours on the seven psalms, &c. have some advantages that way.

You see Pope, Gay, and I, use all our endeavours to make folks merry and wise, and profess to have no enemies, except knaves and fools. I confess myself to be exempted from them in one article, which was engaging with a ministry to prevent, if possible, the evils that have overrun the nation, and my foolish zeal in endeavouring to save this wretched island. Wherein though I succeeded absolutely in one important article*; yet even there I lost all hope of favour from those in power here, and disoblged the court of England, and have in twenty years drawn above one thousand scurrilous libels on myself, without any other recompense than the love of the Irish vulgar, and two or three dozen signposts of the drapier in this city, beside those that are

* Against Wood's copper halfpence.

scattered in country towns ; and even these are half worn out. So that, whatever little genius God has given me, I may justly pretend to have been the worst manager of it to my own advantage of any man upon earth.

Aug. 2.] What I have above written has long lain by me, that I might consider farther : but I have been partly out of order, and partly plagued with a lawsuit of ten years standing, and I doubt very ill closed up, although it concerns two thirds of my little fortune. Think whether such periods of life are proper to encourage poetical or philosophical speculations.

I shall not therefore tire you any longer ; but, with great acknowledgment for the distinction you please to show me, desire to be always thought, with great truth and a most particular esteem, sir,

Your most obedient

and obliged servant,

J. SWIFT.

We have sometimes editions printed here of books from England, which I know not whether you are in a way of getting. I will name some below, and if you approve of any, I shall willingly increase your library ; they are small, consequently more portable in your marches, and, which is more important, the present will be cheaper for me.

Dr. Young's Satires.

Mr. Gay's works.

Mr. Pope's works.

Pope's Dunciad.

Gay's Fables.

Art of Politicks, and

some other trifles in

verse, &c.

TO

TO MR. GAY AND THE DUCHESS OF
QUEENSBERRY.

DUBLIN, OCT. 3, 1731.

I USUALLY write to friends after a pause of a few weeks, that I may not interrupt them in better company, better thoughts, and better diversions. I believe, I have told you of a great man, who said to me, that he never once in his life received a good letter from Ireland: for which there are reasons enough without affronting our understandings. For there is not one person out of this country, who regards any events that pass here, unless he has an estate or employment. I cannot tell that you or I ever gave the least provocation to the present ministry, and much less to the court; and yet I am ten times more out of favour than you. For my own part, I do not see the politick of opening common letters, directed to persons generally known: for a man's understanding would be very weak to convey secrets by the post, if he knew any, which, I declare, I do not: and besides, I think the world is already so well informed by plain events, that I question whether the ministers have any secrets at all. Neither would I be under any apprehension if a letter should be sent me full of treason; because I cannot hinder people from writing what they please, nor sending it to me; and although it should be discovered to have been opened before it came to my hand, I would only burn it and think no farther.

I approve

I approve of the scheme you have to grow somewhat richer, though, I agree, you will meet with discouragements; and it is reasonable you should, considering what kind of pens are at this time only employed and encouraged. For you must allow that the bad painter was in the right, who, having painted a cock, drove away all the cocks and hens, and even the chickens, for fear those who passed by his shop might make a comparison with his work. And I will say one thing in spite of the postofficers, that since wit and learning began to be made use of in our kingdoms, they were never professedly thrown aside, contemned, and punished, till within your own memory; nor dulness and ignorance ever so openly encouraged and promoted. In answer to what you say of my living among you, if I could do it to my ease; perhaps you have heard of a scheme for an exchange in Berkshire proposed by two of our friends; but, beside the difficulty of adjusting certain circumstances, it would not answer. I am at a time of life that seeks ease and independence; you will hear my reasons when you see those friends, and I concluded them with saying; That I would rather be a freeman among slaves, than a slave among freemen. The dignity of my present station damps the pertness of inferiour puppies and squires; which, without plenty and ease on your side the channel, would break my heart in a month.

MADAM,

See what it is to live where I do. I am utterly ignorant of that same Strado del Poe; and yet, if that author be against lending or giving money, I cannot but think him a good courtier; which, I am
sure,

sure, your grace is not, no not so much as to be a maid of honour. For I am certainly informed, that you are neither a freethinker, nor can sell bargains; that you can neither spell, nor talk, nor write, nor think like a courtier. Then you pretend to be respected for qualities which have been out of fashion ever since you were almost in your cradle; that your contempt for a fine petticoat is an infallible mark of disaffection; which is farther confirmed by your ill taste for wit, in preferring two oldfashioned poets before Duck or Cibber. Besides, you spell in such a manner as no court lady can read, and write in such an oldfashioned style, as none of them can understand. You need not be in pain about Mr. Gay's stock of health. I promise you he will spend it all upon laziness, and run deep in debt by a winter's repose in town; therefore I entreat your grace will order him to move his chops less, and his legs more, for the six cold months, else he will spend all his money in physick and coach-hire. I am in much perplexity about your grace's declaration, of the manner in which you dispose what you call your love and respect, which, you say, are not paid to merit but to your own humour. Now, madam, my misfortune is, that I have nothing to plead but abundance of merit; and there goes an ugly observation, that the humour of ladies is apt to change. Now, madam, if I should go to Amesbury with a great load of merit, and your grace happen to be out of humour, and will not purchase my merchandise at the price of your respect, the goods may be damaged, and nobody else will take them off my hands. Besides, you have declared Mr. Gay to hold the first part, and I but the second; which is hard treatment,

ment, since I shall be the newest acquaintance by some years ; and I will appeal to all the rest of your sex, whether such an innovation ought to be allowed ? I should be ready to say in the common forms, that I was much obliged to the lady who wished she could give the best living, &c. if I did not vehemently suspect it was the very same lady who spoke many things to me in the same style, and also with regard to the gentleman at your elbow when you writ, whose dupe he was, as well as of her waiting woman ; but they were both arrant knaves, as I told him and a third friend, though they will not believe it to this day. I desire to present my most humble respects to my lord duke, and with my heartiest prayer for the prosperity of the whole family, remain your grace's, &c.

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

NOV. 4, 1731.

I BELIEVE in my conscience, that though you had answered mine before, the second was never the less welcome.

So much for your topscript, not postscript ; and in very sincere earnest I heartily thank you for remembering me so often. Since I came out of the country, my riding days are over ; for I never was for your Hyde park courses, although my courage serves me very well at a handgallop in the country,

six or seven miles, with one horseman, and a ragged lad, a labourer's boy, that is to be clothed when he can run fast enough to keep up with my horse, who has yet only proved his dexterity by escaping from school. But my courage fails me for riding in town, where I should have the happiness to meet with plenty of your very pretty fellows, that manage their own horses to show their art; or that think a postillion's cap, with a white frock, the most becoming dress. These and their grooms I am most bitterly afraid of; because, you must know, if my complaisant friend, your presbyterian housekeeper*, can remember any thing like such days with me, that is a very good reason for me to remember that time is past; and your toupets would rejoice to see a horse throw an ancient gentlewoman.

I am sorry to hear you are no wiser in Ireland than we English; for our birthday was as fine as hands could make us; but I question much whether we all paid ready money. I mightily approve of my duchess's being dressed in your manufacture*; if your ladies will follow her example in all things, they cannot do amiss. And I dare say you will soon find that the more you know of them both, the better you will like them; or else Ireland has strangely depraved your taste, and that my own vanity will not let me believe, since you still flatter me.

Why do you tantalize me? Let me see you in

* Mrs. Brent, widow of a printer in Dublin, with whom the dean lodged when a young man.

† The duchess appeared at the castle in Dublin, wholly clad in the manufactures of Ireland, on his majesty's birth day in 1753, when the duke was a second time lord lieutenant.

England again, if you dare ; and choose your residence, summer or winter, St. James's square, or Drayton. I defy you in all shapes ; be it dean of St. Patrick's governing England or Ireland, or politician drapier. But my choice should be the parson in lady Betty's chamber. Make haste then, if you have a mind to oblige your ever sincere and hearty old friend,

LADY BETTY.

FROM MR. GAY AND THE DUKE OF
QUEENSBERRY*.

FOR about this month or six weeks past, I have been rambling from home, or have been at what I may not improperly call other homes, at Dawley, and at Twickenham ; and I really think, at every one of my homes you have as good a pretension as myself ; for I find them all exceedingly disappointed by the lawsuit that has kept you this summer from us. Mr. Pope told me that affair was now over, that you have the estate which was your security ; I wish you had your own money ; for I wish you free from every engagement that keeps us from one another. I think you deciphered the last letter we sent you very judiciously. You may make your own conditions at Amesbury, where I am at present ; you may do the same at Dawley ; and Twickenham, you know, is your own. But, if you rather choose to live with me (that is to say, if you will give up your

* Endorsed, " No date, received Nov. 8, 1731."

right and title) I will purchase the house you and I used to dispute about over against Ham walks, on purpose to entertain you. Name your day, and it shall be done. I have lived with you; and I wish to do so again in any place, and upon any terms. The duchess does not know of my writing; but I promised to acquaint the duke the next time I wrote to you, and for aught I know he may tell the duchess, and she may tell sir William Wyndham, who is now here; and for fear they should all have something to say to you, I leave the rest of the paper till I see the duke.

THE DUKE.

Mr. Gay tells me, you seem to doubt what authority my wife and he have to invite a person hither, who, by agreement, is to have the government of the place during his stay; when at the same time it does not appear, that the present master of these demesnes has been consulted in it. The truth of the matter is this: I did not know whether you might not have suspected me for a sort of a pert coxcomb, had I put in my word in the late correspondence between you and my wife. Ladies (by the courtesy of the world) enjoy privileges not allowed to men; and in many cases the same thing is called a favour from a lady, which might perhaps be looked upon as impertinence from a man. Upon this reflection, I have hitherto refrained from writing to you, having never had the pleasure of conversing with you otherwise; and as that is a thing I most sincerely wish, I would not venture to meddle in a negotiation that seemed to be in so fair a way of producing that desirable end. But our friend John has not done me

justice, if he has never mentioned to you how much I wish for the pleasure of seeing you here; and though I have not till now avowedly taken any steps toward bringing it about, what has passed conducive to it has been all along with my privity and consent, and I do now formally ratify all the preliminary articles and conditions agreed to on the part of my wife, and will undertake for the due observance of them. I depend upon my friend John to answer for my sincerity. I was not long at court, and have been a country gentleman for some time.

Poll manus sub linus darque dds.

Sive hig fig gnipite gnaros.*

FROM MR. GAY AND MR. POPE.

DECEMBER 1, 1731.

YOU used to complain that Mr. Pope and I would not let you speak: you may now be even with us, and take it out in writing. If you do not send to me now and then, the postoffice will think me of no consequence, for I have no correspondent but you. You may keep as far from us as you please, you cannot be forgotten by those who ever knew you, and therefore please me by sometimes showing that I am not forgot by you. I have nothing to take me off from my friendship to you: I seek no new acquaintance, and court no favour; I spend no shil-

* This is in another hand; possibly sir W. Wyndham's.

lings in coaches or chairs to levees or great visits, and, as I do not want the assistance of some that I formerly conversed with, I will not so much as seem to seek to be a dependent. As to my studies, I have not been entirely idle, though I cannot say that I have yet perfected any thing. What I have done is something in the way of those fables I have already published. All the money I get is by saving, so that by habit there may be some hopes (if I grow richer) of my becoming a miser. All misers have their excuses; the motive to my parsimony is independence. If I were to be represented by the duchess (she is such a downright niggard for me) this character might not be allowed me; but I really think I am covetous enough for any who lives at the court end of the town, and who is as poor as myself: for I do not pretend that I am equally saving with S——k. Mr. Lewis desired you might be told that he has five pounds of yours in his hands, which he fancies you may have forgot, for he will hardly allow that a verseman can have a just knowledge of his own affairs. When you got rid of your lawsuit, I was in hopes that you had got your own, and was free from every vexation of the law; but Mr. Pope tells me you are not entirely out of your perplexity, though you have the security now in your own possession; but still your case is not so bad as captain Gulliver's, who was ruined by having a decree for him with costs. I have an injunction for me against pirating booksellers, which I am sure to get nothing by, and will, I fear, in the end drain me of some money. When I began this prosecution, I fancied there would be some end of it; but the law still goes on, and it is probable I shall

some time or other see an attorney's bill as long as the book. Poor Duke Disney is dead, and has left what he had among his friends, among whom are lord Bolingbroke 500l. Mr. Pelham 500l. sir William Wyndham's youngest son 500l. Gen. Hill 500l. lord Masham's son 500l.

You have the good wishes of those I converse with ; they know they gratify me, when they remember you ; but I really think they do it purely for your own sake. I am satisfied with the love and friendship of good men, and envy not the demerits of those who are most conspicuously distinguished. Therefore as I set a just value upon your friendship, you cannot please me more than letting me now and then know that you remember me ; the only satisfaction of distant friends !

P. S. Mr. Gay's is a good letter, mine will be a very dull one ; and yet what you will think the worst of it, is what should be its excuse, that I write in a headach that has lasted three days. I am never ill but I think of your ailments, and repine that they mutually hinder our being together ; though in one point I am apt to differ from you, for you shun your friends when you are in those circumstances, and I desire them ; your way is the more generous, mine the more tender. Lady — took your letter very kindly, for I had prepared her to expect no answer under a twelvemonth ; but kindness perhaps is a word not applicable to courtiers. However she is an extraordinary woman here, who will do you common justice. For God's sake why all this scruple about lord B——'s keeping your horses ; who has a park ; or about my keeping you on a pint of wine a day ? We are infinitely

nitely richer than you imagine ; John Gay shall help me to entertain you, though you come like king Lear with fifty knights—Though such prospects as I wish, cannot now be formed for fixing you with us, time may provide better before you part again : the old lord may die, the benefice may drop, or, at worst, you may carry me into Ireland. You will see a work of lord Bolingbroke's, and one of mine ; which, with a just neglect of the present age, consult only posterity ; and, with a noble scorn of politicks, aspire to philosophy. I am glad you resolve to meddle no more with the low concerns and interests of parties, even of countries (for countries are but larger parties) *Quid verum atque decens, curare, et rogare, nostrum sit.* I am much pleased with your design upon Rochefoucault's maxim, pray finish it*. I am happy whenever you join our names together : so would Dr. Arbuthnot be, but at this time he can be pleased with nothing : for his darling son is dying in all probability, by the melancholy account I received this morning.

The paper you ask me about is of little value. It might have been a seasonable satire upon the scandalous language and passion with which men of condition have stooped to treat one another : surely they sacrifice too much to the people, when they sacrifice their own characters, families, &c. to the diversion of that rabble of readers. I agree with you in my contempt of most popularity, faime, &c. even as a writer I am cool in it, and whenever

* The poem on his own death, formed upon a maxim of Rochefoucault. It is one of the best of his performances, but very characteristic.

you see what I am now writing*, you will be convinced I would please but a few, and (if I could) make mankind less admirers, and greater reasoners. I study much more to render my own portion of being easy, and to keep this peevish frame of the human body in good humour. Infirmities have now quite unmanned me, and it will delight you to hear they are not increased, though not diminished. I thank God, I do not very much want people to attend me, though my mother now cannot. When I am sick, I lie down; when I am better, I rise up: I am used to the headach, &c. If greater pains arrive, (such as my late rheumatism) the servants bathe and plaster me, or the surgeon scarifies me, and I bear it, because I must. This is the evil of nature, not of fortune. I am just now as well as when you were here: I pray God you were no worse. I sincerely wish my life were passed near you, and such as it is, I would not repine at it.

All you mention remember you, and wish you here.

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

JAN. 11, 1731-2.

IT is well for Mr. Pope your letter came as it did, for else I had called for my coach, and was going to make a thorough search at his house; for that I was

* This was said whilst he was employed on the *Essay on Man*, not yet published, 1731.

most positively assured that you were there in private, the duke of Dorset can tell you. *Non credo* is all the Latin I know, and the most useful word upon all occasions to me. However, like most other people, I can give it up for what I wish; so for once I believed, or at least went half way in what I hoped was true, and then, for the only time, your letter was unwelcome. You tell me you have a request, which is purely personal to me: *non credo* for that; for I am sure you would not be so disagreeable as not to have made it, when you know it is a pleasure and satisfaction to me to do any thing you desire, by which you may find you are not *sans conséquence* to me.

I met with your friend Mr. Pope the other day. He complains of not being well, and indeed looked ill. I fear that neither his wit or sense do arm him enough against being hurt by malice; and that he is too sensible of what fools say: the run is much against him on the duke of Chandos's* account; but I believe their rage is not kindness to the duke, but glad to give it vent with some tolerable pretence. I wish your presence would have such a miraculous effect as your design on Biddy's † speech: you know formerly her tongue was not apt to run much by inclination; but now every winter is kept still perforce, for she constantly gets a violent cold that lasts her all winter. But as to that quarrelsome friend of the duke of Dorset's, I will let her loose at you, and see which can get the better. Miss Kelly was a very

* It was said that Mr. Pope intended the character of Timon, in his epistle on the use of riches in works of taste, addressed to the earl of Burlington, for the duke of Chandos.

† Mrs. Biddy Floyd.

pretty girl when she went from hence, and the beaux show their good taste by liking her. I hear her father is now kind to her; but if she is not mightily altered, she would give up some of her airs and equipage to live in England.

Since you are so good as to inquire after my health, I ought to inform you I never was better in my life than this winter. I have escaped both headaches and gout: and that yours may not be in danger by reading such a long letter, I will add no more, but bid adieu to my dear dean.

E. GERMAIN.

FROM MR. GAY.

DEAR SIR,

LONDON, JAN. 18, 1731-2.

IT is now past nine o'clock. I deferred sitting down to write to you, in expectation to have seen Mr. Pope, who left me two or three hours again to try to find lord Burlington, within whose walls I have not been admitted this year and a half; but for what reason I know not. Mr. Pope is just this minute come in, but had not the good luck to find him; so that I cannot give you any satisfaction in the affair you writ last about. He designs to see him to morrow; and if any thing can be done, he says you shall hear from him.

By the beginning of my letter you see how I decline in favour; but I look upon it as my particular distinction, that as soon as the court gains a man,

I lose

I lose him. It is a mortification I have been used to, so I bear it as a philosopher should.

The letter which you writ to me and the duke I received ; and Mr. Pope showed me that directed to him, which gave me more pleasure than all the letters you have writ since I saw you, as it gives me hopes of seeing you soon.

Were I to acquaint the duke and duchess of my writing, I know that they would have something to say to you, and perhaps would prevent my sending the letter this post, so I choose to say nothing about it. You are in great favour and esteem with all those that love me, which is one great reason that I love and esteem them.

Whenever you will order me to turn your fortune into ready money, I will obey you ; but I choose to leave it where it is till you want it, as it carries some interest ; though it might be now sold to some advantage, and is liable to rises and falls with the other stocks. It may be higher as well as lower ; so I will not dispose of it till I hear from you. I am impatient to see you, so are all your friends. You have taken your resolution, and I shall henceforth every week expect an agreeable surprise. The belman rings for the letter, so I can say no more.

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

FEB. 23, 1731-2.

I LIKE to know my power (if it is so) that I can make you uneasy at my not writing ; though I shall not

not

not often care to exert it, lest you should grow weary of me and my correspondence ; but the slowness of my answers does not come from the emptiness of my heart, but the emptiness of my head ; and that you know is nature's fault, not mine. I was not learned enough to know *non credo* has been so long in fashion : but every day convinces me more of the necessity of it, not but that I often wish against myself ; as for example, I would fain believe you are coming to England, because most of your acquaintance tell me so ; and yet I turn, and wind, and sift your letters to find any thing like it being true ; but instead of that, there I find a lawsuit, which is a worse tie by the leg than your lameness. And pray what is " this hurt above my heel ?" Have you had a fellow feeling with my lord lieutenant * of the gout, and call it a sprain, as he does ? who has lied so long and often to disguise it, that I verily think he has not a new story left. Does he do the same in Ireland ; for there I hoped he would have given a better example ?

I find you are grown a horrid flatterer, or else you could never have thought of any thing so much to my taste as this piece of marble you speak of for my sister Penelope †, which I desire may be at my expense. I cannot be exact, neither as to the time nor

* The duke of Dorset.

† Lady Penelope Berkeley died in Dublin, while her father was in the government, and was interred in St. Andrew's church under the altar. No monument was erected to her memory till about this time, when Dr. Swift caused a plate of black marble to be fixed in the wall over the altar piece, with this inscription.

" Underneath lieth the body of the lady Penelope Berkeley,
" daughter of the right honourable Charles, earl of Berkeley.

" She died September the 3d, 1669

year, but she died soon after we came there, and we did not stay quite two years, and were in England some months before king William died. I wish I had my dame Wadgar's, or Mr. Ferrer's memorandum head, that I might know whether it was "at the time of gooseberries *."

Surely your Irish air is very bad for darts ; if Mrs. Kelly's are blunted already, make her cross father let her come over, and we would not use her so in England. If my duchess † sees company in a morning, you need not grumble at the hour ; it must be purely from great complaisance, for that never was her taste here, though she is as early a riser as the generality of ladies are : and I believe, there are not many dressing rooms in London, but mine, where the early idle come.

Adieu abruptly ; for I will have no more formal humble servants, with your whole name at the bottom, as if I was asking you your catechism.

* In the petition of Francis Harris to the lords justices, upon losing her purse, printed in vol. VII of this collection, p. 22, there are these verses.

“ Yes, says the steward, I remember, when I was at my
“ lady Shrewsbury's,

“ Such a thing as this happened just about the time of goose-
“ berries.”

This steward, was Mr. Ferrers ; and dame Wadgar, was the old deaf housekeeper in lord Berkeley's family, when he was one of the lords justices of Ireland.

† The duchess of Dorset.

FROM MR. GAY.

DEAR SIR,

MARCH 13, 1731-2.

I HOPE this unlucky accident of hurting your leg will not prevent your coming to us this spring, though you say nothing about it. All your friends expect it, and particularly my landlord and landlady, who are my friends as much as ever; and I should not think them so, if they were not as much yours. The downs of Amesbury are so smooth, that neither horse nor man can hardly make a wrong step, so that you may take your exercise with us with greater security. If you prevail with the duchess to ride and walk with you, you will do her good; but that is a motive I could never prevail with her to comply with. I wish you would try whether your oratory could get over this difficulty. General Dormer, sir Clement Cotterell, and I, set out to-morrow morning for Rousham, in Oxfordshire, to stay ten days or a fortnight. The duchess will undertake to recommend the lords of her acquaintance to attend Mr. Ryves's* cause, if it should come on before our return: the duke will do the same. Her grace too has undertaken to answer your letter. I have not disposed of

* William Ryves, esq., was an eminent merchant in Dublin. The cause alluded to by Mr. Gay was an appeal by David Bindon, esq., another merchant, from a decree of the court of exchequer in Ireland in favour of Mr. Ryves. The appeal was dismissed, and the decree affirmed, May 4, 1733.

your

your South Sea bonds ; there is a year's interest due at Ladyday. Were I to dispose of them at present, I should lose a great deal of the premium I paid for them : perhaps they may fall lower, but I cannot prevail with myself to sell them. The rogueries that have been discovered in some other companies, I believe, make them all have less credit. I find myself dispirited, for want of having some pursuit. Indolence and idleness are the most tiresome things in the world. I begin to find a dislike to society. I think I ought to try to break myself of it, but I cannot resolve to set about it. I have left off almost all my great acquaintance, which saves me something in chair hire, though in that article the town is still very expensive. Those who were your old acquaintance, are almost the only people I visit ; and indeed, upon trying all, I like them best. Lord Cornbury refused the pension that was offered him ; he is chosen to represent the university of Oxford, in the room of Mr. Bromley, without opposition. I know him, and I think he deserves it. He is a young nobleman of learning and morals, which is so particular, that I know you will respect and value him ; and, to my great comfort, he lives in our family. Mr. Pope is in town, and in good health. I lately passed a week with him, at Twickenham. I must leave the rest to the duchess ; for I must pack up my shirts, to set out to morrow, being the 14th of March, being the day after I received your letter. If you would advise the duchess to confine me four hours a day to my own room, while I am in the country, I will write ; for, I cannot confine myself as I ought.

TO MR. FAULKNER.

MR. FAULKNER,

DEANERY HOUSE,
MARCH 29, 1732.

WITHOUT the least regard to your wager, I do assure you, upon my word and reputation, that I am not the author of one single line or syllable of that pamphlet, called, An infallible Scheme to pay the Debts of the Nation ; and, as it is a very unjust, so it is equally an imprudent and fallible proceeding, to pronounce determinately on our taste and knowledge of style or manner of writing, where very good judges are often deceived ; and in this case, few men have suffered so much as myself, who have born the reproach of many hundred printed papers, which I never saw. I do likewise protest in the same manner, that I did not write the epigram upon Taylor*, nor heard of it until Mr. Pilkington showed it me in manuscript. Therefore, pray desire your wagger, from me, to be more cautious in determining on such matters, and not to venture the loss of his money and credit with so much odds against him.

I am, your humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

If this fancy should hold, of taxing me with all the papers that come out, and at the same time I should take a fancy to be a writer, I shall be discovered when I have no mind, for it will be only to catechise me whenever I am suspected.

* The famous oculist.

TO LADY ACHESON.

AN APRIL FOOL LETTER.

1732.

A GENTLEMAN called here last night upon some business, who took Mr. ——'s house yesterday at dinner, in his return from Wicklow*. He tells me that Mrs. —— was brought to bed yesterday morning at five o'clock of a half child, just as if it were divided in two equal parts. It had one eye, half a nose and mouth, one leg, and so from top to bottom. They could see it was a boy, or rather half a boy: it was dead born, but she is very well. It was thought that this was the cause of all her colicks. Mrs. Brent tells me she has known the like more than once. I am glad the poor woman had her mother and sister with her.

Are you not undone for want of Monky? How are you? Does your milk agree with you? We shall see you no more at church until Monky returns. Adieu, &c.

I mend a little.

SATURDAY MORNING.

* A very delightful village in the county of Wicklow, about fourteen miles from Dublin.

FROM

FROM LADY ACHESON.

1732.

I AM greatly surprised at the account you give me of poor Mrs. —; but since it was so, I am heartily glad she has got rid of it. Mrs. Morris's gout seized her all over on Thursday, so that she keeps her bed. None of them know any thing of this matter: they sent a boy yesterday to Delginney (I will not mention this thing to them till he returns) to let them know she was not able to go to the country. I am sorry that you mend but a little: this bad weather has increased my cough; the milk agrees very well with me. I will be at your church to morrow. I am, yours, &c.

SATURDAY MORNING.

 TO MR. GAY.

DUBLIN, MAY 4, 1732.

I AM now as lame as when you writ your letter, and almost as lame as your letter itself, for want of that limb from my lady duchess, which you promised, and without which I wonder how it could limp hither. I am not in a condition to make a true step even on Amesbury downs, and I declare that a corporeal

corporeal false step is worse than a political one: nay worse than a thousand political ones, for which I appeal to courts and ministers, who hobble on and prosper, without the sense of feeling. To talk of riding and walking is insulting me, for I can as soon fly as do either. It is your pride or laziness, more than chairhire, that makes the town expensive. No honour is lost by walking in the dark; and in the day, you may beckon a black guard boy under a gate, near your visiting place, (*experto crede*) save eleven pence, and get half a crown's worth of health. The worst of my present misfortune is, that I eat and drink, and can digest neither for want of exercise; and, to increase my misery, the knaves are sure to find me at home, and make huge void spaces in my cellars. I congratulate with you, for losing your great acquaintance; in such a case, philosophy teaches that we must submit, and be content with good ones. I like lord Cornbury's refusing his pension, but I demur at his being elected for Oxford; which, I conceive, is wholly changed; and entirely devoted to new principles; so it appeared to me the two last times I was there.

I find by the whole cast of your letter, that you are as giddy and as volatile as ever: just the reverse of Mr. Pope, who has always loved a domestick life from his youth. I was going to wish you had some little place that you could call your own, but, I profess, I do not know you well enough to contrive any one system of life that would please you. You pretend to preach up riding and walking to the duchess, yet, from my knowledge of you after twenty years, you always joined a violent desire of perpetually shifting places and company, with a rooted laziness, and

an utter impatience of fatigue. A coach and six horses is the utmost exercise you can bear ; and this only when you can fill it with such company as is best suited to your taste, and how glad would you be if it could waft you in the air to avoid jolting ; while I, who am so much later in life, can, or at least could, ride five hundred miles on a trotting horse. You mortally hate writing, only because it is the thing you chiefly ought to do ; as well to keep up the vogue you have in the world, as to make you easy in your fortune : You are merciful to every thing but money, your best friend, whom you treat with inhumanity. Be assured, I will hire people to watch all your motions, and to return me a faithful account. Tell me, have you cured your absence of mind ? can you attend to trifles ? can you at Amesbury write domestick libels to divert the family and neighbouring squires for five miles round ? or venture so far on horseback, without apprehending a stumble at every step ? can you set the footmen a laughing as they wait at dinner ? and do the duchess's women admire your wit ? in what esteem are you with the vicar of the parish ? can you play with him at backgammon ? have the farmers found out that you cannot distinguish rye from barley, or an oak from a crab tree ? You are sensible that I know the full extent of your country skill is in fishing for roaches, or gudgeons at the highest.

I love to do you good offices with your friends, and therefore desire you will show this letter to the duchess, to improve her grace's good opinion of your qualifications, and convince her how useful you are likely to be in the family. Her grace shall have the honour of my correspondence again when she goes

to Amesbury. Hear a piece of Irish news, I buried the famous general Meredyth's father last night in my cathedral, he was ninety-six years old : so that Mrs. Pope may live seven years longer. You saw Mr. Pope in health, pray is he generally more healthy than when I was among you ? I would know how your own health is, and how much wine you drink in a day ? My stint in company is a pint at noon, and half as much at night ; but I often dine at home like a hermit, and then I drink little or none at all. Yet I differ from you, for I would have society, if I could get what I like, people of middle understanding, and middle rank. Adieu.

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

LONDON, MAY 13, 1732.

I AM sorry my writing should inconvenience your eyes ; but I fear, it is rather my style, than my ink, that is so hard to be read : however, if I do not forget myself, I will enlarge my hand to give you the less trouble. Their graces are at last arrived in perfect health, in spite of all their perils and dangers ; though I must own, they were so long in their voyage, that they gave me an exceeding heart ach ; and if that would be any hinderance, they shall never have my consent to go back to Ireland, but remain here, and be only king of Knowle* and

* Knowle, a fine old seat of the duke of Dorset's, near Seven Oaks, in Kent.

Drayton ; and I do not think it would be the worse for him, either in person or pocket. I dare say, he would not need a remembrancer's office for any thing you have spoke to him about ; but however, I will not fail in the part you have set me.

I find you want a strict account of me, how I pass my time. But first, I thank you for the nine hours out of the twenty-four you bestowed on sleeping ; one or two of them, I do willingly present you back again. As to quadrille, though I am, generally speaking, a constant attendant to it every day, yet I will most thankfully submit to your allowance of time ; for, when complaisance draws me no farther, it is with great yawnings, and a vast expense of my breath, in asking, Who plays ? Who's called ? And What's trumps ? and if you can recollect any thing of my former way of life, such as it was, so it is. I never loved to have my hands idle ; they were either full of work, or had a book ; but as neither sort was the best, or most useful, so you will find forty years and a wee bit have done no more good to my head, than it has to my face. Your old friend Biddy is much your humble servant, and could she get rid of her cough, her spleen would do her and her friend no harm ; for she loves a sly sedate joke, as well as ever you knew her do.

The duke and duchess are just come in, who both present their service to you, and will take it as a favour, if you will bestow any of your time that you can spare upon lord George*.

Adieu, for the duchess, the countess of Suffolk, Mr. Chardin, and I, are going to quadrille.

* Lord George Sackville was at this time a student in the university of Dublin.

FROM MR. GAY.

DEAR SIR,

LONDON, MAY 19, 1732.

TO MORROW we set out for Amesbury, where I propose to follow your advice, of employing myself about some work against next winter. You seemed not to approve of my writing more fables. Those I am now writing, have a prefatory discourse before each of them, by way of epistle, and the morals of them mostly are of the political kind; which makes them run into a greater length than those I have already published. I have already finished fifteen or sixteen; four or five more would make a volume of the same size as the first. Though this is a kind of writing that appears very easy, I find it is the most difficult of any that I ever undertook. After I have invented one fable, and finished it, I despair of finding out another; but I have a moral or two more, which I wish to write upon. I have also a sort of scheme to raise my finances by doing something for the stage: with this, and some reading, and a great deal of exercise, I propose to pass my summer. I am sorry it must be without you. Why cannot you come and saunter about the downs a horseback, in the autumn, to mark the partridges for me to shoot for your dinner? Yesterday I received your letter, and notwithstanding your reproaches of laziness, I was four or five hours about business, and did not spend a shilling in a coach or chair. I received a year's interest on your two bonds,

which is 8l. I have four of my own. I have deposited all of them in the hands of Mr. Hoare, to receive the half year's interest at Michaelmas. The premium of the bonds is fallen a great deal since I bought yours. I gave very near 6l. on each bond, and they are now sold for about 50s. Every thing is very precarious, and I have no opinion of any of their publick securities; but, I believe, the parliament next year intend to examine the South sea scheme. I do not know, whether it will be prudent to trust our money there till that time. I did what I could to assist Mr. Ryves; and I am very glad that he has found justice. Lord Bathurst spoke for him, and was very zealous on bringing on his cause. The duchess intended to write in my last letter, but she set out all on a sudden, to take care of lord Drumlanrig*, who was taken ill of the smallpox at Winchester school. He is now perfectly well recovered (for he had a favourable kind) to the great joy of our family. I think she ought, as she intends, to renew her correspondence with you at Amesbury. I was at Dawley on Sunday. Lady Bolingbroke continues in a very bad state of health, but still retains her spirits. You are always remembered there with great respect and friendship. Mrs. Pope is so worn out with old age, but without any distemper, that I look upon her life as very uncertain. Mr. Pope's state of health is much in the same way as when you left him. As for myself, I am often troubled with the colick. I have as much inattention, and have, I think, lower spirits than usual, which I impute to my having no one pursuit in life. I have many

* Her son.

compliments to make you from the duke and duchess, and lords Bolingbroke, Bathurst, sir William Wyndham, Mr. Pulteney, Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Lewis, &c. Every one of them is disappointed in your not coming among us. I have not seen dean Berkeley, but have read his book *, and like many parts of it ; but in general think, with you, that it is too speculative, at least for me. Dr. Delany I have very seldom seen ; he did not do me the honour to advise with me about any thing he has published. I like your thoughts upon these sort of writings ; and I should have advised him, as you did, though I had lost his good opinion. I write in very great haste ; for I have many things to do before I go out of town. Pray make me as happy as you can, and let me hear from you often. But I am still in hopes to see you, and will expect a summons one day or other to come to Bristol, in order to be your guide to Amesbury.

FROM LADY CATHERINE JONES †.

JUNE 15, 1732.

THE return of my humble thanks to Mr. dean by the date it bears, looks more like a slumber of gratitude,

* Alciphron: or, The Minute Philosopher. Printed at London, in 1732, in two volumes 8vo.

† See a letter from this lady, June 11, 1729, on the repairs of her grandfather archbishop Jones's monument in St. Patrick's cathedral.

gratitude, than the quick sense of that rare virtue which I owe to you, sir, for the trouble you have so willingly undertaken, in executing what I so much desired; since the manner you have done it in, answers my wishes in every respect. The proposal you made, I acquainted my sister Kildare, and niece Fanny Coningsby with; for I being but one part of the family, cannot act farther than they will consent, which is, that they will settle twenty shillings *per* year, that you may never be liable to any more trouble upon the same occasion.

I need not inform Mr. dean, that the world teaches us, that relations and friends look like two different species: and though I have the honour to be allied to my lord Burlington, yet since the death of my good father and his the notice he takes of me, is, as if I was a separated blood; or else, I am vain enough to say, we are sprung from one ancestor, whose ashes keep up a greater lustre than those who are not reduced to it.

I cannot conclude without saying, that were I worthy in any way to have the pleasure of seeing dean Swift, I do not know any passion, even envy would not make innocent, in my ambition of seeing the author of so much wit and judicious writing, as I have had the advantage to reap. Your most humble and obliged servant,

CATHERINE JONES.

Your opinion of Mr. French is just, and his due.

thedral. For this purpose the twenty shillings a year were doubtless settled by the family. This lady and Richard, the last earl of Burlington, were second cousins, being both lineally descended from the first earl of Cork.

TO

TO MR. GAY AND THE DUCHESS OF
QUEENSBERRY.

DUBLIN, JULY 10, 1732.

I HAD your letter by Mr. Ryves a long time after the date, for I suppose he staid long in the way. I am glad you determine upon something; there is no writing I esteem more than fables, nor any thing so difficult to succeed in; which however you have done excellently well, and I have often admired your happiness in such a kind of performances which I have frequently endeavoured at in vain. I remember I acted as you seem to hint; I found a moral first, and studied for a fable, but could do nothing that pleased me, and so left off that scheme for ever. I remember one, which was to represent what scoundrels rise in armies by a long war, wherein I supposed the lion was engaged; and having lost all his animals of worth, at last serjeant Hog came to be brigadier, and corporal Ass a colonel, &c. I agree with you likewise about getting something by the stage, which, when it succeeds, is the best crop for poetry in England; but, pray, take some new scheme, quite different from any thing you have already touched. The present humour of the players, who hardly (as I was told in London) regard any new play, and your present situation at the court, are the difficulties to be overcome; but those circumstances may have altered (at least the former) since I left you. My scheme was to pass a month at Amesbury, and then go to Twickenham,
and

and live a winter between that and Dawley, and sometimes at Riskins, without going to London, where I now can have no occasional lodgings: but I am not yet in any condition for such removals. I would fain have you get enough against you grow old, to have two or three servants about you and a convenient house. It is hard to want those *subsidia senectuti*, when a man grows hard to please, and few people care whether he be pleased or not. I have a large house, yet I should hardly prevail to find one visitor, if I were not able to hire him with a bottle of wine: so that, when I am not abroad on horseback, I generally dine alone, and am thankful, if a friend will pass the evening with me. I am now with the remainder of my pint before me, and so here's your health—and the second and chief is to my Tunbridge acquaintance, my lady duchess—and I tell you that I fear my lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Pope (a couple of philosophers) would starve me, for even of port wine I should require half a pint a day, and as much at night: and you were growing as bad, unless your duke and duchess have mended you. Your colick is owing to intemperance of the philosophical kind; you eat without care, and if you drink less than I, you drink too little. But your inattention I cannot pardon, because I imagined the cause was removed, for I thought it lay in your forty millions of schemes by court hopes and court fears. Yet Mr. Pope has the same defect, and it is of all others the most mortal to conversation: neither is my lord Bolingbroke untinged with it: all for want of my rule *Vive la bagatelle!* but the doctor is the king of inattention. What a vexatious life should I lead among you? If the duchess be a *rêveuse*, I will

will never go to Amesbury; or, if I do, I will run away from you both, to one of her women, and the steward and chaplain.

MADAM,

I mentioned something to Mr. Gay of a Tunbridge acquaintance, whom we forget of course when we return to town, and yet I am assured that if they meet again next summer, they have a better title to resume their commerce. Thus I look on my right of corresponding with your grace to be better established upon your return to Amesbury; and I shall at this time descend to forget, or at least suspend my resentments of your neglect all the time you were in London. I still keep in my heart, that Mr. Gay had no sooner turned his back, than you left the place in his letter void which he had commanded you to fill: though your guilt confounded you so far, that you wanted presence of mind to blot out the last line, where that command stared you in the face. But it is my misfortune to quarrel with all my acquaintance, and always come by the worst; and fortune is ever against me, but never so much as by pursuing me out of mere partiality to your grace, for which you are to answer. By your connivance, she has pleased, by one stumble on the stairs, to give me a lameness that six months have not been able perfectly to cure: and thus I am prevented from revenging myself by continuing a month at Amesbury, and breeding confusion in your grace's family. No disappointment through my whole life has been so vexatious by many degrees: and God knows whether I shall ever live to see the invisible lady, to whom I was obliged for so many favours,
and

and whom I never beheld since she was a brat in hanging sleeves. I am, and shall be ever, with the greatest respect and gratitude, madam, your grace's most obedient, and most humble, &c.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

JULY 18, 1732.

I WRITE this letter, in hopes that Pope, a man scattered in the world (according to the French phrase) will soon procure me an opportunity of conveying it safely to you, my reverend dean. For my own part, half this wicked nation might go to you, or half your beggarly nation might come to us, and the whole migration be over before I knew any thing of the matter. My letter will concern neither affairs of state, nor of party; and yet I would not have it fall into the hands of our ministers: it might pass in their excellent noddles for a piece of a plot against themselves, if not against the state; or, at least, it might furnish them with an opportunity of doing an ill natured, and disappointing a good natured thing; which being a pleasure to the malicious and the base, I should be sorry to give it on any occasion, and especially on this, to the *par nobile fratrum**.

After this preamble, I proceed to tell you, that there is in my neighbourhood, in Berkshire, a clergy-

* Sir Robert Walpole, and his brother Horace.

man, one Mr. Talbot, related to the solicitor general *, and protected by him. This man has now the living of Burfield †, which the late bishop of Durham held before, and, for aught I know, after he was bishop of Oxford. The living is worth four hundred pounds *per annum* over and above a curate paid, as Mr. Correy, a gentleman who does my business in that country, and who is a very grave authority, assures me. The parsonage house is extremely good, the place pleasant, and the air excellent, the distance from London a little day's journey, and from hence (give me leave to think this circumstance of some importance to you) not much above half a day's, even for you who are no great jockey. Mr. Talbot has many reasons, which make him desirous to settle in Ireland for the rest of his life, and has been looking out for a change of preferments some time. As soon as I heard this, I employed one to know whether he continued in the same mind, and to tell him, that an advantageous exchange might be offered him, if he could engage his kinsman to make it practicable at court. He answered for his own acceptance, and his kinsman's endeavours. I employed next some friends to secure my lord Dorset, who very frankly declared himself ready to serve you in any thing, and in this if you desired it. But he mentioned a thing, at the same time, wholly unknown to me, which is, that your deanery is not in the nomination of the crown, but in the election of the chapter. This may render our affair perhaps more easy; more hard, I think, it cannot be; but in all cases, it requires other measures to be taken. One of these I believe must

* Afterward lord chancellor.

† A rectory in Berkshire.

be, to prepare Hoadly, bishop of Salisbury, if that be possible, to prepare his brother the archbishop of Dublin. The light, in which the proposition must be represented to him, and to our ministers, (if it be made to them) is this; that though they gratify you, they gratify you in a thing advantageous to themselves, and silly in you to ask. I suppose it will not be hard to persuade them, that it is better for them you should be a private parish priest in an English county, than a dean in the metropolis of Ireland, where they know, because they have felt, your authority and influence. At least, this topick is a plausible one for those who speak to them, to insist upon, and coming out of a whig mouth may have weight. Sure I am, they will be easily persuaded, that quitting power for ease, and a greater for a less revenue, is a foolish bargain, which they should by consequence help you to make.

You see now the state of this whole affair, and you will judge better than I am able to do, of the mean to be employed on your side of the water: as to those on this, nothing shall be neglected. Find some secure way of conveying your thoughts and your commands to me; for my friend has a right to command me arbitrarily, which no man else upon earth has. Or rather, dispose of affairs so as to come hither immediately. You intended to come some time ago. You speak, in a letter Pope has just now received from you, as if you still had in view to make this journey before winter. Make it in the summer, and the sooner the better. To talk of being able to ride with stirrups, is trifling: get on Pegasus, bestride the hippogryph, or mount the white nag in the Revelation. To be serious; come any
how

how, and put neither delay nor humour in a matter which requires dispatch and management. Though I have room, I will not say one word to you about Berkeley's* or Delany's† book. Some part of the former is hard to be understood; none of the latter is to be read. I propose, however, to reconcile you to metaphysicks; by showing how they may be employed against metaphysicians; and that whenever you do not understand them, nobody else does, no not those who write them.

I know you are inquisitive about the health of the poor woman who inhabits this place; it is tolerable, better than it has been in some years. Come and see her; you shall be nursed, fondled, and humoured. She desires you to accept this assurance, with her humble service. Your horses shall be grazed in summer, and fothered in winter; and you and your man shall have meat, drink, and lodging. Washing I cannot afford, Mr. dean; for I am grown saving, thanks to your sermon about frugality.

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

DRAYTON, JULY 19, 1732.

I BELIEVE you will not wonder at my long silence, when I tell you, that Mrs. Floyd came ill here, but she kept pretty much to herself; and ever since she has been here, till within these two or three days, I

* "Alciphron; or The Minute Philosopher."

† "Revelation examined with Candour."

have had no hopes of her life. You may easily guess what I must have suffered for a so long tried, prudent, useful, agreeable companion and friend. And God knows, she is now excessively weak, and mends but slowly: however, I have now great hopes, and I am very good at believing what I heartily wish. As I dare say you will be concerned for her, you may want to know her illness, but that is more than I can tell you. She has fancied herself in a consumption a great while: but though she has had the most dreadful cough I ever heard in my life, all the doctors said, it was not that; but none of them did say what it was. The doctor here, who is an extraordinary good one, (but lives fourteen long, long miles off) has lately been left ten thousand pounds, and now hates his business; he says, it is a sharp humour that falls upon her nerves, sometimes on her stomach and bowels; and indeed what he has given her, has, to appearance, had much better effect than the millions of things she has been forced to take. After this, you will not expect, I should have followed your orders, and rid, for I have scarcely walked; although I dare not be very much in her room, because she constrained herself to hide her illness from me.

The duke and duchess of Dorset have not been here yet, but I am in hopes they will soon. I do not know, whether you remember Mrs. Crowther, and Mrs. Acourt: they and Mr. Presode are my company; but as I love my house full, I expect more still; and my lady Suffolk talks of making me a short visit. I have been so full of Mrs. Floyd, I had like to have forgot to tell you, that I am such a dunderhead, that I really do not know what my
sister

sister Pen's age was; but I think, she could not be above twelve years old. She was the next to me, but whether two or three years younger I have forgot; and what is more ridiculous, I do not exactly know my own, for my mother and nurse used to differ upon that notable point. And I am willing to be a young lady still, so will not allow myself to be more than forty-eight next birthday; but if I make my letter any longer, perhaps you will wish I never had been born. So adieu, dear dean.

FROM MR. GAY AND THE DUCHESS OF
QUEENSBERRY.

DEAR SIR,

AMESBURY, JULY 24, 1732.

AS the circumstances of our money affairs are altered, I think myself obliged to acquaint you with them as soon as I can; which, if I had not received your letter last post, I should have done now. I left your two South Sea bonds, and four of my own, in Mr. Hoare's hands, when I came out of town, that he might receive the interest for us, when due; or, if you should want your money, that you might receive it upon your order. Since I came out of town, the South Sea company have come to a resolution to pay off 50 per cent of their bonds, with the interest of the 50 per cent to Michaelmas next. So that there is now half of our fortunes in Mr. Hoare's hands at present, without any interest going on. As you seem to be inclined to have your money remitted to Ire-

land, I will not lay out the sum that is paid into his hands in any other thing, till I have your orders. I cannot tell what to do with my own. I believe I shall see Mr. Hoare in this country very soon; for he has a house not above six miles from us, and I intend to advise with him; though, in the present situation of affairs, I expect to be left to take my own way. The remaining 50 per cent, were it to be sold at present, bears a premium; but the premium on the 50 that was paid is sunk. I do not know whether I write intelligibly upon the subject. I cannot send you the particulars of your account, though I know I am in debt to you for interest, beside your principal; and you will understand so much of what I intend to inform you, that half of your money is now in Mr. Hoare's hands, without any interest. So since I cannot send you the particulars of your account, I will now say no more about it.

I shall finish the work I intended, this summer; but I look upon the success in every respect to be precarious. You judge very right of my present situation, that I cannot propose to succeed by favour; and I do not think, if I could flatter myself that I had any degree of merit, much could be expected from that unfashionable pretension.

I have almost done every thing I proposed in the way of Fables; but have not set the last hand to them. Though they will not amount to half the number, I believe they will make much such another volume as the last. I find it the most difficult task I ever undertook; but have determined to go through with it; and, after this, I believe I shall never have courage enough to think any more in this way. Last post I had a letter from Mr. Pope, who informs me;
he

he has heard from you; and that he is preparing some scattered things of yours and his for the press. I believe I shall not see him till the winter; for, by riding and walking, I am endeavouring to lay in a stock of health, to squander in the town. You see, in this respect, my scheme is very like the country gentlemen in regard to their revenues. As to my eating and drinking, I live as when you knew me; so that in that point we shall agree very well in living together; and the duchess will answer for me, that I am cured of inattention; for I never forget any thing she says to me*.

For he never hears what I say, so cannot forget. If I served him the same way, I should not care a farthing ever to be better acquainted with my Tunbridge acquaintance, whom, by my attention to him, I have learned to set my heart upon. I began to give over all hopes, and from thence began my neglect. I think this a very philosophical reason, though there might be another given. When fine ladies are in London, it is very genteel and allowable to forget their best friends; which, if I thought modestly of myself, must needs be you, because you know little of me. Till you do more, pray do not persuade Mr. Gay, that he is discreet enough to live alone; for I do assure you he is not, nor I either. We are of great use to one another; for we never flatter or contradict, but when it is absolutely necessary, and then we do it to some purpose; particularly the first agrees mightily with our constitutions. If ever we quarrel, it will be about a piece of bread and butter; for some body is never sick, except he eats

* The duchess here takes up the rest of the line.

too much of it. He will not quarrel with you for a glass or so ; for by that means he hopes to gulp down some of that forty millions of schemes that hindered him from being good company. I would fain see you here, there is so fair a chance that one of us must be pleased ; perhaps both, you with an old acquaintance, and I with a new one : it is so well worth taking a journey for, that if the mountain will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain. But before either of our journeys are settled, I desire you would resolve me one question—whether a man, who thinks himself well where he is, should look out for his house and servants before it is convenient, before he grows old, or before a person, with whom he lives, pulls him by the sleeve in private (according to oath) and tells him, they have enough of his company ? He will not let me write one word more, but that I have a very great regard for you, &c.

The duke is very much yours, and will never leave you to your wine*. Many thanks for your drum—I wish to receive your congratulations for the other boy, you may believe.

* When the dean was with Mr. Pope at Twickenham, he used to desert them soon after supper, with, “ Well, gentlemen, I leave you to your wine.”

FROM MRS. CÆSAR.*

AUG. 6, 1732.

PERMIT me to congratulate you upon the return of Mrs. Barber, with thanks for pleasures enjoyed in her company; for had she not come recommended by the dean of St. Patrick's, likely I had passed her by unheeded, being apt to follow a good author, in shunning those of my own coat. But hold; I must look if it runs not from corner to corner, which I more fear than length. For Pope says, Though sometimes he finds too many letters in my words, never too many words in my letters. So with Mr. Cæsar's, and my best wishes, thou worthy, witty, honest dean, adieu.

M. ADELMAR CÆSAR.

FROM LADY WORSLEY †.

SIR,

AUG. 6, 1732.

I FLATTER myself, that if you had received my last letter, you would have favoured me with an answer; therefore I take it for granted it is lost.

* Wife to the treasurer of the navy during lord Oxford's administration, in the reign of queen Anne.

† Endorsed, " lady Worsley, with a present of a writingbox japanned by herself."

I was so proud of your commands, and so fearful of being supplanted by my daughter, that I went to work immediately, that her box might not keep her in your remembrance, while there was nothing to put you in mind of an old friend, and humble servant. But Mrs. Barber's long stay here (who promised me to convey it to you) has made me appear very negligent. I doubt not but you think me unworthy of the share (you once told me) I had in your heart. I am yet vain enough to think I deserve it better than all those flirting girls you coquet with. I will not yield (even) to dirty Patty, whom I was the most jealous of when you was last here. What if I am a great grandmother, I can still distinguish your merit from all the rest of the world; but it is not consistent with your good breeding to put one in mind of it; therefore I am determined not to use my interest with sir Robert for a living in the Isle of Wight, though nothing else could reconcile me to the place. But if I could make you archbishop of Canterbury, I should forget my resentments, for the sake of the flock, who very much want a careful shepherd. Are we to have the honour of seeing you, or not? I have fresh hopes given me; but I dare not please myself too much with them, lest I should be again disappointed. If I had it as much in my power, as my inclination, to serve Mrs. Barber, she should not be kept thus long attending; but I hope her next voyage may prove more successful. She is just come in, and tells me you have sprained your foot, which will prevent your journey till the next summer; but assure yourself the Bath is the only infallible cure for such an accident. If you have any regard remaining for me,
you

you will show it by taking my advice ; if not, I will endeavour to forget you, if I can. But, till that doubt is cleared, I am, as much as ever, the dean's obedient humble servant,

F. WORSLEY*.

TO MR. GAY AND THE DUCHESS OF
QUEENSBURY.

DUBLIN, AUG. 12, 1732.

I KNOW not what to say to the account of your stewardship, and it is monstrous to me that the South Sea † should pay half their debts at one clap. But I will send for the money when you put me into the way, for I shall want it here, my affairs being in a bad condition by the miseries of the kingdom, and

* Frances, lady Worsley, wife of sir Robert Worsley, bart., and mother of lady Carteret, wife of John, lord Carteret, afterward earl Granville.

† Gay, as well as his friend Pope, ventured some money in the famous South Sea scheme. And there was a print by Hogarth, representing Pope putting one of his hands into the pocket of a large fat personage, who wore a hornbook at his girdle, designed for a figure of Gay ; and the hornbook had reference to his Fables, written for the young duke of Cumberland. To such subjects, it is to be wished, that Hogarth had always confined the powers of his pencil. " His Sigismunda," says Mr. Walpole, " is a maudlin " strumpet, just turned out of keeping, and with eyes red with " rage and usquebaugh, tearing off the ornaments her lover had " given her. And as to his scene from Milton, Hell and Death " have lost their terrors ; and Sin is devested of all powers of " temptation."

my own private fortune being wholly embroiled, and worse than ever; so that I shall soon petition the duchess, as an object of charity, to lend me three or four thousand pounds to keep up my dignity. My one hundred pound will buy me six hogsheads of wine, which will support me a year; *provisæ frugis in annum copia*. Horace desired no more; for I will construe *frugis* to be wine. You are young enough to get some lucky hint, which must come by chance, and it shall be a thing of importance, *quod et hunc in annum vivat et in plures*, and you shall not finish it in haste, and it shall be diverting, and usefully satirical, and the duchess shall be your critick; and between you and me, I do not find she will grow weary of you till this time seven years. I had lately an offer to change for an English living, which is just too short by 300l. a year, and that must be made up out of the duchess's pinmoney before I can consent. I want to be minister of Amesbury, Dawley, Twickenham, Riskins, and prebendary of Westminster, else I will not stir a step, but content myself with making the duchess miserable three months next summer. But I keep ill company: I mean the duchess and you, who are both out of favour; and so I find am I, by a few verses wherein Pope and you have your parts. You hear Dr. Delany has got a wife with 1600l. a year; I, who am his governor, cannot take one under two thousand; I wish you would inquire of such a one in your neighbourhood. See what it is to write godly books! I profess I envy you above all men in England; you want nothing but three thousand pounds more, to keep you in plenty when your friends grow weary of you. To prevent which last evil at Amesbury, you must learn to domineer and be

peevish, to find fault with their victuals and drink, to chide and direct the servants, with some other lessons, which I shall teach you, and always practised myself with success. I believe I formerly desired to know whether the vicar of Amesbury can play at backgammon? pray, ask him the question, and give him my service.

MADAM,

I was the most unwary creature in the world *, when, against my old maxims, I writ first to you upon your return to Tunbridge. I beg that this condescension of mine may go no farther, and that you will not pretend to make a precedent of it. I never knew any man cured of any inattention, although the pretended causes were removed. When I was with Mr. Gay last in London, talking with him on some poetical subjects, he would answer, “ Well, I am determin’d not to accept the employment of gentleman usher :” and of the same disposition were all my poetical friends, and if you cannot cure him, I utterly despair.—As to yourself, I will say to you (though comparisons be odious) what I said to the queen, that your quality should be never any motive of esteem to me : my compliment was then lost, but it will not be so to you. For I

* One of the last, and most elegant compliments which this singular lady, after having been celebrated by so many former wits and poets, received, was from the amiable Mr. William Whitehead, in the third volume of his works, p. 65, which compliment turns on the peculiar circumstance of her grace’s having never changed her dress, according to the fashion, but retained that which had been in vogue when she was a young beauty.

know

know you more by any one of your letters, than I could by six months conversing. Your pen is always more natural and sincere and unaffected than your tongue; in writing you are too lazy to give yourself the trouble of acting a part, and have indeed acted so indiscreetly that I have you at mercy; and although you should arrive to such a height of immorality as to deny your hand, yet, whenever I produce it, the world will unite in swearing this must come from you only.

I will answer your question. Mr. Gay is not discreet enough to live alone, but he is too discreet to live alone; and yet (unless you mend him) he will live alone even in your grace's company. Your quarrelling with each other upon the subject of bread and butter, is the most usual thing in the world; parliaments, courts, cities, and kingdoms quarrel for no other cause; from hence, and from hence only arise all the quarrels between whig and tory; between those who are in the ministry, and those who are out; between all pretenders to employment in the church, the law, and the army: even the common proverb teaches you this, when we say, It is none of my bread and butter, meaning it is no business of mine. Therefore I despair of any reconcilment between you till the affair of bread and butter be adjusted, wherein I would gladly be a mediator. If Mahomet should come to the mountain, how happy would an excellent lady be, who lives a few miles from this town? As I was telling of Mr. Gay's way of living at Amesbury, she offered fifty guineas to have you both at her house for one hour over a bottle of Burgundy, which we were then drinking. To your question I answer, that your grace should pull

me by the sleeve till you tore it off, and when you said you were weary of me, I would pretend to be deaf, and think (according to another proverb) that you tore my clothes to keep me from going. I never will believe one word you say of my lord duke, unless I see three or four lines in his own hand at the bottom of yours. I have a concern in the whole family, and Mr. Gay must give me a particular account of every branch, for I am not ashamed of you though you be duke and duchess, though I have been of others who are, etc., and I do not doubt but even your own servants love you, even down to your postillions; and when I come to Amesbury, before I see your grace, I will have an hour's conversation with the vicar, who will tell me how familiarly you talk to goody Dobson and all the neighbours, as if you were their equal, and that you were godmother to her son Jacky.

I am, and shall be ever, with the greatest respect,
your grace's most obedient, &c.

FROM

FROM THE EARL OF PETERBOROW TO
MR. POPE.

1732.

I AM under the greatest impatience to see Dr. Swift at Bevis-Mount, and must signify my mind to him by another hand; it not being permitted me to hold correspondence with the said dean, for no letter of mine can come to his hands.

And whereas it is apparent, in this protestant land, most especially under the care of Divine Providence, that nothing can succeed or come to a happy issue without bribery; therefore let me know what he expects, to comply with my desires, and it shall be remitted unto him.

For, though I would not corrupt any man for the whole world, yet a benevolence may be given without any offence to conscience: every one must confess that gratification and corruption are two distinct terms; nay at worst many good men hold, that, for a good end, some very naughty measures may be made use of.

But, sir, I must give you some good news in relation to myself, because I know you wish me well: I am cured of some diseases in my old age, which tormented me very much in my youth.

I was possessed with violent and uneasy passions, such as a peevish concern for truth, and a saucy love for my country.

When a christian priest preached against the spirit of the Gospel, when an English judge determined
against

against magna charta, when the minister acted against common sense, I used to fret.

Now, sir, let what will happen, I keep myself in temper. As I have no flattering hopes, so I banish all useless fears : but as to the things of this world, I find myself in a condition beyond expectation ; it being evident, from a late parliamentary inquiry, that I have as much ready money, as much in the funds, and as great a personal estate, as sir Robert Sutton*.

If the translator of Homer find fault with this unheroic disposition, or (what I more fear) if the drapier of Ireland accuse the Englishman of want of spirit; I silence you both with one line out of your own Horace, *Quid te exempta juvat spinis e pluribus una?* for I take the whole to be so corrupted, that a cure in any part would but little avail.

Yours, &c.

* He was expelled the house of commons for being concerned in the charitable corporation, which lent money to poor people on pledges. See very ample accounts of the whole transaction in the periodical publications of 1732 and 1733.

FROM ALDERMAN BARBER.

SIR,

LONDON, AUG. 24, 1732.

I WISH Dr. Delany had complied with your request sooner, in acquainting me with your intentions in favour of Mr. Pilkington. I could have been glad also, that he had acquainted you, as I desired him, with the particulars how I stood circumstantiated in relation to the chaplain; for I flatter myself that your usual good nature would have induced you to comply with my request, in writing a letter to me, in an authoritative way, in your recommendation of Mr. Pilkington; which would have given me a good excuse for my refusing a gentleman, whom my deputy and common councilmen had recommended to me above six months ago.

Another accident happened in this affair, by the doctor's not receiving a letter I sent him, which, by mistake, came not to his hands (though at home) until many hours after my man had left it at his lodgings; which letter, had he seen in time, would have prevented some little difficulties I lie under in this affair, and which I must get over as well as I can. For, sir, when I reflect on the many obligations I have to you, which I shall ever acknowledge, I am glad of any occasion to show my gratitude; and do hereby, at your request, make Mr. Pilkington my chaplain, when mayor. I wish it may answer his expectations; for the profits are not above one hundred and twenty pounds, if so much, as I am told.

told. He constantly dines with the mayor; but I am afraid cannot lie in the hall, the rooms being all of state. For your sake I will show him all the civilities I can. You will recommend him to Jo. (Dr. I mean) Trapp. The mayor's day is the 30th of October; so that he may take his own time.

It would add very much to my felicity, if your health would permit you to come over in the spring, and see a pageant of your own making. Had you been here now, I am persuaded you would have put me to an additional expense, by having a raree-show (or pageant) as of old, on the lord mayor's day. Mr. Pope and I were thinking to have a large machine carried through the city, with a printingpress, author, publishers, hawkers, devils, etc., and a satirical poem printed and thrown from the press to the mob, in publick view, but not to give offence; but your absence spoils that design.

Pray God preserve you long, very long, for the good of your country, and the joy and satisfaction of your friends; among whom I take the liberty to subscribe myself, with great sincerity, sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

J. BARBER.

END OF THE TWELFTH VOLUME.

The first part of the book is devoted to a description of the
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